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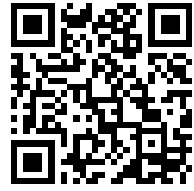

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THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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THE

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VOLUME VIII.

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IF LONDON WERE LIKE NEW YORK

A PEEP AT THE METROPOLIS AFTER THE AMERICAN INVASION.

A VIEW OF THE THAMES IN 1907.

NOTE: For the purpose of this article the gentle reader of the "London Magazine" will kindly consider himself or herself living in the year of grace 1907. The American invaders, having captured the tobacco trade, the railways, the boot and shoe market, the match factories and most other industries worth winning, found themselves feeling homesick occasionally, but rather than return to the United States they adapted London to their liking.—EDITOR.

A POLICEMAN ON THE SPEEDWAY (LATE ROTTEN ROW).

IT seems odd in these days to find a man of education who is really alarmed at the rush and noise of London streets, and I was almost upon the point of calling my cousin Dave a poseur, when he arrived at Victoria Depôt, and pretended to be upset by the way the porter grabbed his bag and made off before you could say "Jack Robinson." Yet I soon remembered that Dave had been in Africa since '01, and that great changes had come about since then. So I explained that the man had asked where he was going to put up, and was probably now half-way there; and that by the time he got to my flat the Trades' Union Trust valet would have his clothes properly unpacked, brushed and put away.

"But," said Dave, "wouldn't it have done just as well to have taken the stuff with us in a cab?"

"A cab," I replied, "why my dear boy, only back-number people do that sort of thing now-a-days. Here you are, home from an all-night journey, hungry and wanting a bath, and yet you talk of cabs. What you really want is a toilet and a breakfast, if you are anything like the old Dave of 'Varsity days."

"Oh, well, go ahead," he sighed, "shew me your Yankeefied London, if you like, only get me out of this before we are mobbed."

"Very well, come along," said I, and led the way through the crowd of yelling porters and touts, each crying the virtues of his own particular method of transmitting baggage, or extolling the merits of the hotel for which he had been sent to solicit patrons. Outside, Dave seemed surprised, but said nothing. Evidently he was wondering what had become of the cabs and omnibuses that used to fill

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the open space in front of the station, before the new street cars had killed their trade. But it seemed best not to explain matters, so we had reached the electric car-tracks before the temptation proved too strong, and I remarked, quite casually, that Buckingham Palace Road had been renamed Fifth Avenue, and that the thoroughfare once known as Piccadilly had suffered a similar fate. Dave said never a word.

"All aboard," screamed the conductor.

I jumped on where there was a small space along the narrow outside foot-board, grasped the strap, and turned for my companion. There he stood, thirty yards behind, looking as indignant as possible. The only thing to do was to go back; so, at the risk of life and limb I made the jump from the rapidly-moving vehicle and rejoined Dave.

"What's wrong, forgotten something?" I asked.

"Nothing particular," said Dave, "only I like more room when I ride."

"Then you'll have to go to the Crystal Palace, where the line begins. You see, this is seven o'clock in the morning, and there is never a seat from here before eight."

"Why in the name of common sense are people out at this unearthly hour?" he cried angrily.

"Only going to business," I said. "You see, we start early since the Yankees came. Come now, get on here while there is a chance."

With much labour Dave fought his way to standing-room on the side platform of the car, hanging out over the sidewalk in a manner now familiar to us all, but which certainly would once have made the best of us shiver.

VIEW OUTSIDE MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S OFFICE (LATE THE BANK) AND WALL STREET HOUSE (LATE ROYAL EXCHANGE), SHEWING THE OVERHEAD RAILWAY.

Clang! Clang! Clang! went the bell, and with a sudden jerk which sent him quite off his feet, my poor cousin began his first journey in a modern, rapid-fire, street railway. For just a moment it looked as though he might let go and meet his end in the street, but a good-natured chap put out a foot and drew his legs in; so he regained his place, and was as safe as one can expect to be in these days. With that capacity for taking things philosophically, which the French in their song call "Le Phlegme Britannique," he looked wise and said nothing, even maintaining a dignified silence when we turned so sharply at Hyde Park Corner that he was thrown violently into the arms of a portly old lady who had the outside seat nearest to his standing-place. She was as used to it, however, as a New York typist, and never even looked his way.

As we whisked past the Great Sherry Hotel, where Walsingham House once stood,

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I caught the suspicion of a look of surprise in his eye, but he stared calmly back at the high building, and held his peace.

"Madison Square!" yelled the conductor a minute later.

"Come on," I called, jumping off before the sudden jerk to stop had sent all the passengers in a heap.

"But I want to go to Piccadilly Circus," cried Dave, anxiously.

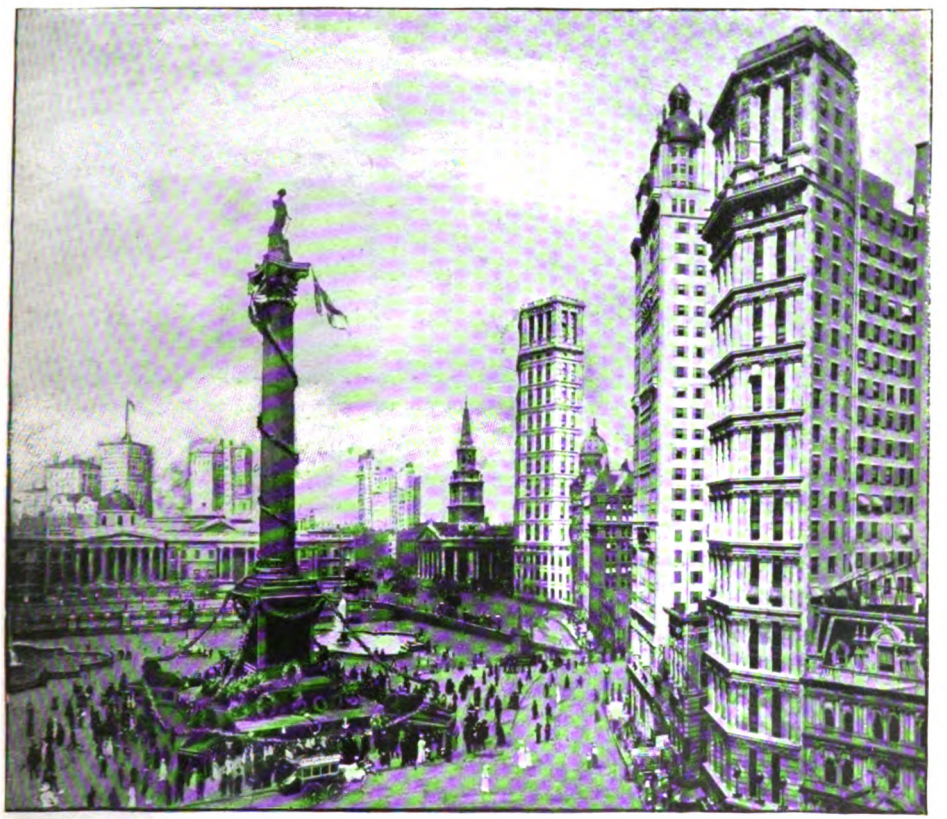
"Piccadilly Grandmother," shouted the conductor. "Th'ain't no Piccadilly Circus. Look here, young'un, you pass up five cents, and stop trying to ring in yer innercence on me."

Before Dave had time to lose his temper I paid the fare, yanked him down, and the car was scooting like mad for the City.

"Step lively there! No blocking the way," commanded the Irish policeman, giving the boy no gentle rap on the shoulder before he could be dragged to the pavement. Once there, the jam of pedestrians had to be navigated, but in a few seconds he was inside the new Criterion Restaurant, where I asked the porter to let him get his breath in the entry way, explaining that he was a stranger from the country.

"Bress him heart," cooed that individual, who was of course a negro, sympathetically, "nobody ain't gwine hurt him. Dess stan' ahind me and be as comfy as you like."

This familiarity nearly precipitated a race war, but calmer counsels prevailed.



WASHINGTON SQUARE (LATE TRAFALGAR SQUARE) WITH THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT (LATE NELSON'S COLUMN) DECORATED IN HONOUR OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The barber's shop in the basement was easily reached, and there, while Dave was being shaved, a pretty girl manicured his finger-nails, and a darky polished his boots until they shone like mirrors.

Now for a bath. Great glass doors opened into the Turkish department, and there we went. No sooner was Dave undressed than all his clothes were taken from the room, the owner, having recovered his calm, offering no remonstrance.

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Even an American Turkish bath takes nearly an hour, so it was close on half-past eight when Dave emerged, looking fresh and happy, but wondering where his clothes were. Just at that moment the man appeared and lo! there was the suit, cleaned and pressed; there was the linen, white from the laundry, and the flannels all folded as neatly as when they first came out of the shop.

"Is this magic?" asked Dave wonderingly.

"No," I laughed. "It's years old in America, though the Yankees did not originate it. The inventor was a man named Cheiro, an Italian, who made a fortune in the laundry business, and then started a Turkish bath on what he called proper principles. The thing was a success, and spread; that's all."

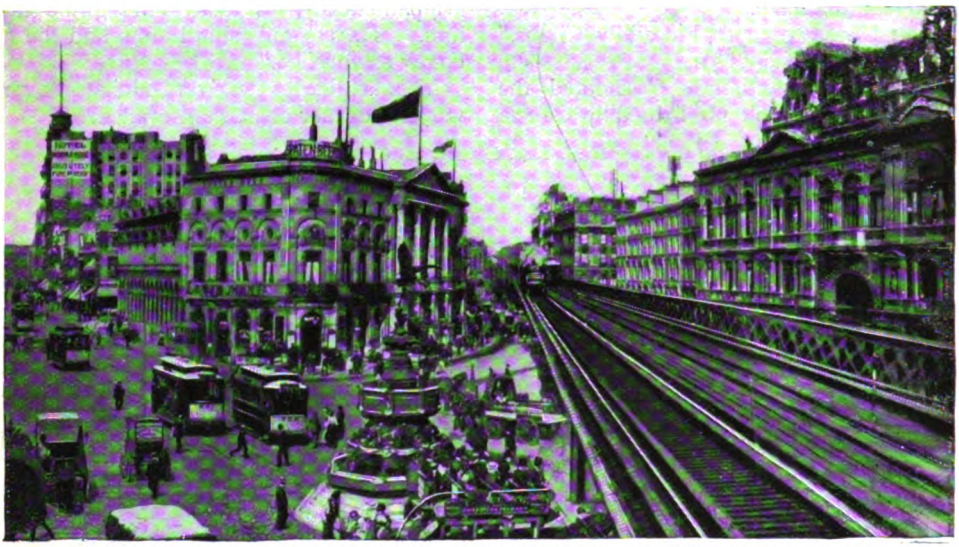
During the bath I had ordered breakfast, and nearly laughed aloud when the elevator (they used to be called lifts) started for the top, landing us eighteen stories up in as many seconds, and leaving Dave gasping. Again, however, his nerves held good, and he stepped out without a word.

The meal began in the usual American way with fruit; followed by oatmeal and cream, and ending with pumpkin pie. But what seemed most to fluster Dave was the way it was served, practically all at once, and his plate jerked away the moment he took his fingers off it.

"I must telegraph the governor," he said between the courses.

"Certainly," put in the waiter before I had a chance to speak. "Here is a blank" (they used to be called forms).

"Then I suppose I must write to Billy," he continued thoughtfully, after the message had been despatched.



MADISON SQUARE (LATE PICCADILLY CIRCUS) SHEWING THE ELEVATED RAILWAY RUNNING ACROSS IT.

"Certainly," again spoke the waiter, handing him pen, ink and paper.

"Ah—h—m," murmured Dave with studied indifference, after scribbling a few lines, "must let Uncle Tom know I am here; wonder if there is a telephone about the place."

Almost instantly a funnel was adjusted in front of him, an insulated wire taken from the wall, dropped along the floor and attached to the apparatus, and—well, to make a long story short, Dave finished all his business before half-past nine.

"What shall we do until tea-time?" he wanted to know.

"'Sh! somebody might hear you."

"Well, what if they did? Is it a crime to drink tea in Americanised London?"

"Well, you couldn't exactly call it a crime, but a fellow gets talked about doing these effeminate things. Why, only the other day, at the Club, someone asked about a chap who had just come up from Oxford. 'Oh, he appears alright,' said a fellow who knew him slightly, 'but they do say he takes tea in the afternoon,' whereupon everyone shrugged their shoulders and the subject was changed. The thing for us to do at five o'clock is just

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to drop into the nearest saloon and there have a cocktail and a free lunch of pickled pigs' feet, dried herrings, baked beans, saurkraut and other queer dishes. Pay for your drink and eat all you like, don't you know. I should say we had better go to Coney Island first."

"Coney what?"

"Coney Island, you know, where the Casino is. Used to be Southend before they dug the canal round it. We can get there in half-an-hour by the fast steamer, have luncheon, and return for cocktails by the 'L.'"

"Now what on earth is an 'L'?"

"Don't bother me, you'll see later on. Waiter, what time does the luncheon boat leave Blackfriars for Coney Island? Eleven-thirty-five? That's good. We can take in a Vaudeville show till then. Bring us two parquet tickets."

"Two what?" cried Dave.

"Parquet tickets. Parquet! Parquet! Don't you know that the stalls have been superseded by the parquet, and that there is no longer a pit? Well, you are back in the nineteenth century! What used to be the pit is now the parquet circle."

"Then, where do the pit people sit?"

"Oh, anywhere."

"But the price?"

"That's easy. It's all the American plan, don't you see? Best seats, one dollar (that used to be called four shillings in your time); first two rows in the parquet circle seventy-five cents (three shillings in old time money); all the rest on the ground half-a-dollar."

"Then one may sit next his butler?"

"One frequently does, or his barber, or his groom."

"Oh, well, all right. But we can't go to the theatre in the morning."

"Why not? La Belle Manhattan comes on at ten o'clock; then come the San Francisco sisters in their new stunt (stunt being the American for turn), and after that we shall have just time for the Staide boys in their killing stunt, 'Britons once were called quite slow.' You see it's what the invaders call the 'Continuous.' Begins in the morning and runs all day. Every theatre in London is managed by the Syndicate, and when a star has finished at one place, he or she goes on to the others. It pays so enormously that all the old legitimate actors have gone into it—George Alexander, the Kendals, Ellen Terry, Fay Davis, Julia Neilson, and the rest of them."

"Heaven save the mark! Does anyone ever see a whole show?"

"Bless you, no. No one ever has time for that. Well, here are the tickets, and there are the dollars, so come along," and I piloted him to the elevator.

A RIVERSIDE VIEW OF THE THAMES IN 1907. NOTE THE SKY-SCRAPERS AND THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL (LATE LONDON MONUMENT) ON THE LEFT.

The car stopped at each of the first six floors, so that the pace was nothing very wonderful, but at that point the man pressed a lever, threw off all connection with the machinery, and we dropped twelve stories as neatly as it could be done in Chicago. When we stopped suddenly, Dave went

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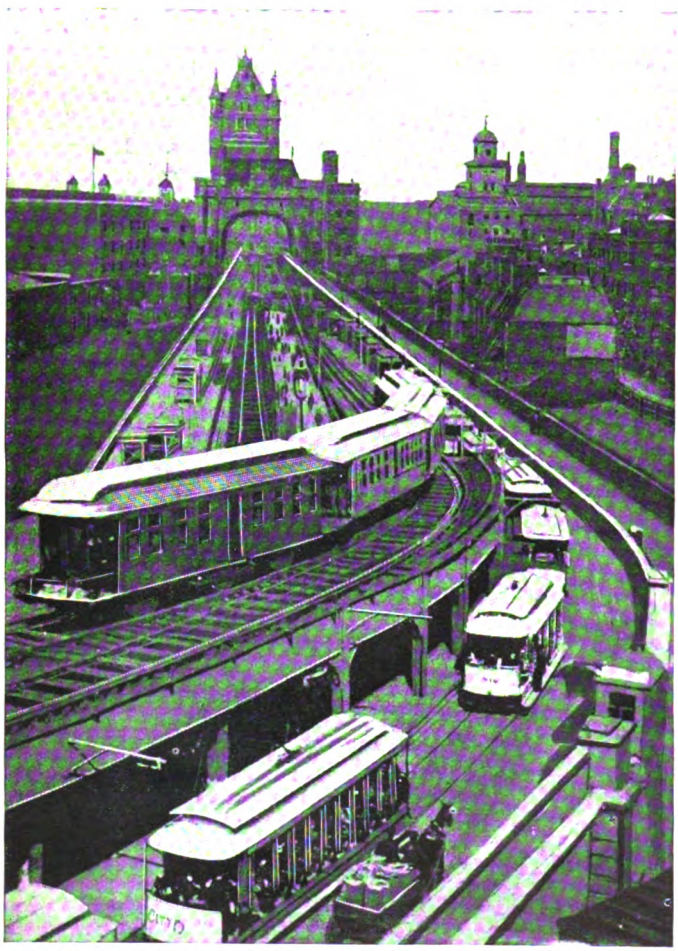
down on his knees and was white with that sort of startled feeling we all have at times, even yet, and I had to help him up.

The performance, though just what we see every day, was most interesting to Dave, who was, however, quite amazed at the number of respectable-looking girls who were there without chaperons, and who either chewed gum or ate candy all the time. He had not heard of the new and independent English girl who has joined her Transatlantic sister in setting all conventions aside.



BROOKLYN BRIDGE JUNIOR (LATE TOWER BRIDGE), SHEWING SEPARATE TRACKS FOR ELECTRIC TRAINS, TRAM CARS, HORSE VEHICLES AND PEDESTRIANS.

At eleven o'clock we started for Blackfriars by way of Washington Square, where he naïvely railed against the tall buildings, and at first refused to believe that the Nelson statue had been changed for one of George Washington, and that the decorations were in honour of that worthy's birthday.

He was frankly delighted, however, with the clean, white look of everything; and when I told him how Sir Richard Croker, "The Boss," had brought that about only last winter, by making it a penal offence to burn any but anthracite coal, which gives no smoke, he agreed to go to "The Boss's" weekly public reception next Friday.

It seemed a bit odd to him that when New York threw Mr. Croker out, he should immediately have come here and taken over the London County Council—lock, stock and barrel; but I explained that this had happened four years ago, at the time he dismissed the mayors and aldermen, as well as all the police and the judges, appointing in their places others of his own selection, all of whom were directly answerable to him; and that the expense of government had been thereby somewhat decreased, there being only one mayor and one board of aldermen, and that the apparent result was most gratifying.

To prove this I took him in an automobile along the Riverside Drive (late the Embankment), which has been improved, like its namesake in New York, with one path for fast driving, one for automobiles, and the one nearest the river for ordinary carriage traffic; but with no heavy vehicles, cabs, or omnibuses allowed. Of this Dave could not but approve, and he also liked the idea of continuing it on to the Lincoln Memorial (late London Monument).

The beautiful American steamer touched at Blackfriars Wharf exactly on time; and although Dave again objected to the big Irish policeman, who used his heavy club rather freely in pushing us aboard, he was

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rather pleased with the speed at which we swung out into the stream, and steamed away at twenty-four miles an hour.

The docks he did not find much changed, but of course the Brooklyn Bridge Junior (late Tower Bridge) was strange to him, with the elevated railway trains rushing across it. Then, too, it seemed sacrilegious to turn the old Tower itself into a second Castle Garden, where all immigrants are detained and examined. But when he learned that no foreigner was allowed to enter who had less than fifty dollars in cash on his person, he saw the advantage.

At Coney Island the boat was met, as usual, by a brass band, and we got on the moving side-walk and took three-quarters of an hour making an entire circuit of the resort along the sea-wall. The awful noise and confusion seemed to amuse Dave immensely, and he entered into the situation sufficiently to try all of the different games in the booths we passed. After that we went to the roof-garden and had the usual hurry-up luncheon, served by obsequious, but very friendly, negroes. During this meal, of course, there were the customary music and dancing and sleight-of-hand performances which go so well with our modern civilisation, and Dave was charmed with the idea of having news from all over the world given out from a phonograph between courses.

VIEW AT TAMMANY HALL (LATE MANSION HOUSE), SIR RICHARD CROKER'S HEADQUARTERS, SHEWING THE ELECTRIC CARS RUNNING UP BROADWAY (LATE CHEAPSIDE).

At half-past one we were shot to the mainland on the aerial railway, and Dave had his first experience on the Elevated. Everybody knows the terrific speed at which this route brings one back to town, so we were soon at Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's office, and Dave wanted to get down. "This Bank of England is a wonderful place," he murmured, half to himself, "not even elevated railways have entirely spoiled its beauty."

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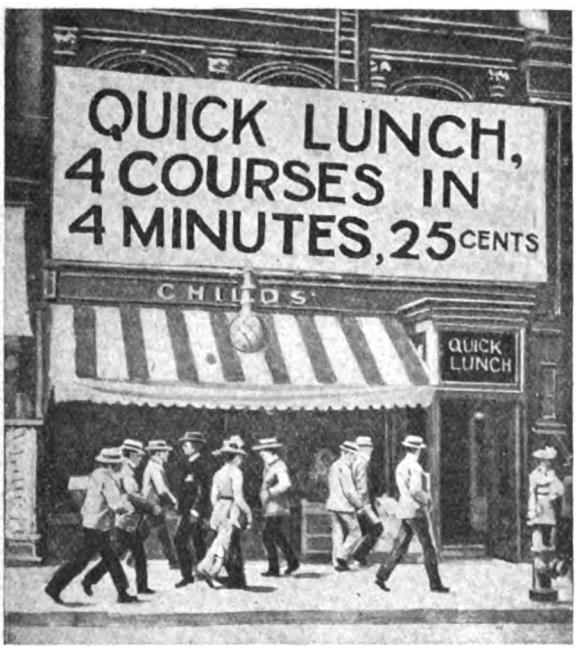
"Yes," I admitted, "it is a fine building, but you ought to know by this time that the Bank itself has only the far corner of the place, the rest being needed by Mr. Morgan."

"Take me home!" cried the boy, piteously, "take me away from this nightmare! Is there nothing left of our own? Does—does the L—Lord Mayor retain any part of the Mansion House?"

"Well, rather, he has very comfortable quarters at the back. Of course, 'the Boss' has the front. But it isn't called the Mansion House any more. It is now generally known as Tammany Hall."



QUICK LUNCH RESTAURANT—A PROMINENT FEATURE OF LIFE IN 1907. NOTE THE HURRY AND SCURRY OF THE LUNCHERS.

"And the Royal Exchange?"

"It's called Wall Street House now. You must come in one day and see how they do things. Recently there was a 'corner' in pork, and everybody acted just as they do in New York. It is what the Yankees call the 'real thing.' They smashed each other's hats, tore each other's clothes, punched each other's eyes, and got generally 'done up;' but no one shewed the slightest temper. Just a bit of fun, don't you know."

"I see, just a bit of fun."

In this pleasant converse we wandered about until five o'clock, taking short rides on the Elevated, coming back by the street cars beneath.

Then we went along Broadway (late Cheapside, Holborn, and Oxford Street) and took another Elevated over through Madison Avenue (late Shaftesbury) and so down to the Knickerbocker Club, where only Americans, or people with American blood or relations, are allowed. It seemed best to get Dave into rather an exclusive place, as he was getting a bit knocked up, else we might have gone to Delmonico's, where one sees everybody worth knowing. It really is amazing how hotel and café life have killed the old club and home idea; but, after all, one must have excitement. Two or three cocktails made my companion hungry, and it was funny to see him move about from one buffet to another, devouring made up dishes of every kind and description. After that he suddenly remembered that one must dine, and was afraid his appetite would be spoiled; but I only laughed and told him of plenty of concoctions that would make any fairly healthy man hungry in a trice.

So we went over to my flat and got into evening dress after a swim in the sunken tub, which does for all the men on my floor. Dave liked the gorgeous bath fittings, and was particularly pleased with the heating arrangements.

"I used to think that all warm air must necessarily be stale air," he admitted, after seeing how the thing worked; "but now I understand how it is, and just to think that you can keep the room or rooms at any desired temperature by simply setting the automatic indicator at the degree wanted! But, I say, I should like a messenger to carry a note for me."

"Well, there's the call."

"Where?"

"Why, on the wall."

"What, that thing that looks like a clock?"

"Certainly. Just turn the index round to what you want. It's all printed on the dial where the hour marks would be. Everything a man could want is there."

"And if I call a messenger?"

"You'll probably get a pitcher of ice water, or a tailor, or a fire in the grate."

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"How stupid you are! What is the good of the thing, then?"

"Why, it's American!"

"Is that a fetish? Must a thing be paid for, and liked, whether it's good or not, just because it happens to be American?"

"W—w—well, if you put it that way—don't you see, it's the rage."

"Well, hang it all, I don't care——"

"Now, old man, please do try to remember that this isn't 1901. It will all come easy in time. For the present, let us dine. What do you say to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and then the theatre?"

"As you like."

So we went to the hotel, and began the meal with the usual oysters, soup and fish, and then began to wonder what we had better take in the way of joints. Dave left the selection to me, and I ordered roast beef, roast lamb, a bit of turkey and some quail, with frozen punch and the vegetables. In about five minutes a grinning negro appeared, carrying over his head a huge tray, so loaded with dishes that only a sleight-of-hand performer could have balanced it. Putting plates of the ordinary size in front of us, he proceeded to range all the eatables in a semi-circle, so that the whole substantial portion of the meal was there at once, all separately served in little bowls or platters.

Dave scowled, but sat firm. He watched me bolt one thing after another, and then bravely sailed in and followed suit. After that we had apple pie, cherry pie, plum pudding and ice-cream; but, of course, there was no wine with the meal, only large quantities of iced water.

In twenty-five minutes from the time we began it was over, and I suggested that we should start for the theatre.

"Dear boy," said Dave, dismally, "do you think I look quite right?"

"A little wild," I responded; "but you'll buck up after a while. What you need is excitement. That's what makes a man forget his cares."

"I don't think I have any cares," he sighed. "I feel miserable. Everything inside me seems going wrong, and the room's turning round."

I promptly dosed him with a quinine tabloid from the miniature drug-store which, like every other man who values his health, I, of course, carry in my vest pocket.

"Perhaps you're nervous," I said, soothingly. "Somehow people do get nervous these days."

"Do you think they go mad?" he asked, glaring wildly about him.

"It isn't called madness any more. We say nervous prostration. All of our prominent men have it more or less. I suppose it is because we live so much in such a short time."

"What do they do for it?"

"Go to Germany for the baths, generally."

"Waiter," he yelled, striking the table with his fist and making the glasses and dishes ring again, "get me a ticket for Germany, and be quick about it!"

Grasping his shoulders, I tried to hold him in a chair, but with yells and curses he threw me off, and it took the combined efforts of half the waiters to capture him and carry him to the Prostration Shute, whence he was conveyed to my flat, where he collapsed entirely.

At the time of writing I understand he is slowly recovering, but until his mental balance is quite restored I am forbidden to hold any communication with him, as the sight of me might cause a relapse. Still, I did my duty.

HOW WE TRAVEL FROM LONDON TO THE COAST.

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An Unrecorded Peerage

A COMPLETE ROMANCE.

By Henry A. Hering.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

"WELL, sir, and how are we to-day?" said the little man as he unwound his wraps. "Ah, Mistress Dorothy, your very humble servant. 'Tis long since I saw summer roses blooming in November. Can you not impart the secret of your cheeks to our town beauties? I warrant me they'd give much to know it."

Mistress Dorothy coldly curtsied her acknowledgments: but her father was more complacent. He returned to the previous question with enthusiasm.

"Pretty well, Mr. Bucknell, for an old man. A little of rheum, perhaps, and a touch of gout; yet these are naught so long as the heart is sound. But come along, sir. These passages are full of draughts, and you must be stiff after your long journey." Saying which he bustled his guest into the parlour.

It was a large room, and a cheerless one; for the solitary candle but dimly illumined it, and the few logs burning on the hearth scarcely did more than air the temperature. Nevertheless, Mr. Bucknell seemed vastly suited.

"Ah!" he said with a deep sigh of satisfaction as he stepped to the fireplace. "This is what I like. Without, wind and cold; within, warmth and comfort. You country folk have caught the trick—yes, caught the trick," he repeated, as he briskly rubbed his hands together and stamped his feet.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Bucknell," said his host. "The fire has burned low. Had we known you were coming we would have had a warmer welcome for you. Dorothy—see that Tom brings more logs and candles. And let's have some ale, lass—mulled your very best."

While Mistress Dorothy so busied herself, her father pushed up an armchair and thrust his guest into it. Then drawing his own beside it he leaned forward and eagerly asked: "Have you brought it, Bucknell?"

The little man looked cautiously around. Then in a stage aside he whispered, "I have brought you a king's thanks."

If Mr. Slingsby tried to look pleased he signally failed. Disappointment stood confessed upon his brow. "I had hoped that His Majesty would have seen fit to accompany his thanks with a substantial repayment of my loan," he said at last. "A date was named—now three months past."

"His Majesty hath many claims upon his purse," said the other. "He bids me tell you that he has not forgotten the promise of repayment, and none could regret more than

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himself his inability to keep it. To shew he bears you in mind, His Majesty hath been pleased to send something for which many in England would give half of their possessions."

"Ah!" said the other, eagerly. "What is it?"

"His Gracious Majesty King James the Third, in recognition of your services, and as an earnest of his favour, hath been pleased to confer upon you a peerage," said the little man with much pomposity as he drew from a capacious pocket a roll of parchment, which he handed to Mr. Slingsby.

"A peerage!" cried the latter. "I a peer!"

"Yes, my lord. Baron Slingsby, of Nidderdale, or whatsoever title it pleases your lordship to take."

As the new lord undid the parchment with eager hands, there entered Mistress Dorothy bearing on a tray, pewters and a jug of steaming liquor. "Listen, girl," cried her father. "What say you to this? Read it, Bucknell."

Mr. Bucknell spread out the document on his knees and read with unction:

"Know all men by these presents that in recognition of the loyalty displayed by our subject, Ralph Slingsby, of Hampsthwaite, in the county of York, gentleman, it is our pleasure to bestow upon him a barony of our Peerage of England, and that on our accession we shall duly cause a patent to be issued for the said peerage in conformity to the law, and that in the meantime we confer upon the said Ralph Slingsby all the privileges of his order, and hereby ordain that all loyal lieges and subjects do render unto him the honour, title and consideration appertaining to his high dignity.

"Given at our Court at St. Germains this first day of October, 1713.

"Jacobus Rex."

"Now, lass, what sayest thou to that? Thy father a peer!"

Mistress Dorothy had commenced to pour out the steaming liquor, but the portentous phraseology of the document had stayed her hand. She now made an elaborate curtsey before her father. "My sincerest congratulations, your lordship," she said. "Will your lordship be pleased to

SHE MADE AN ELABORATE CURTSEY.
"MY SINCEREST CONGRATULATIONS, YOUR LORDSHIP," SHE SAID.

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drink this tankard of your lordship's ale, just brought from your lordship's cellar."

"Curse me, if she isn't laughing at me," cried her father; "laughing at a peer! Hold your saucy tongue, jade, or I'll have you put in the stocks."

"I hope you'll have more respect for a peer's daughter, my lord," Mistress Dorothy continued. "Mr. Bucknell, your pardon. The glamour of the peerage has so much upset me that I have forgotten your ale. Drink, sir, to his lordship's health, and his lordship's barony—the barrenest barony in the kingdom."

Mr. Bucknell took the pewter, but his sulky looks betokened his disapproval of her levity. Nothing daunted, she continued: "And what consideration are we to pay for this honour, sir? Surely the two thousand pounds already advanced is not enough; that would be but the price of a baronetage."

"His Majesty makes no conditions, Mistress Dorothy," said the little man. "This peerage is in recognition of the loyal services so freely rendered by your father. Should my lord feel disposed to help his sovereign's purse still further, his loyalty would be duly appreciated; but His Majesty hath made no such stipulation. This is a free gift." Saying which, Mr. Bucknell buried his nose in his pewter.

"His Majesty shall not be disappointed," cried the new baron. "Times must be bad, indeed, when a peer cannot help his sovereign. Times are bad; but a little more economy here and there will put this right. His Majesty shall have another thousand pounds."

Here Mistress Dorothy broke in indignantly: "You cannot spare it, father. We have pinched and screwed till there is nothing left to pinch and screw. Why have we but one candle, why that poor fire, but for the support we have given His Majesty? Why have we but one horse in the stable and one servant in the kitchen, but for His Majesty? Tell the king we cannot afford the state of simple country folk, let alone adorn a peerage."

Mr. Slingsby had listened to this outburst with growing indignation. As she finished he brought his fist down on the table with a bang. "Harkee, mistress," he cried. "I'll have you put a bridle on your tongue. His Majesty hath been pleased to shew his royal recognition of what little I have done for him, and he shall not find me niggard in my thanks. Tell him, Bucknell, I accept the honour with gratitude, and beg his acceptance of a further thousand pounds, until such time as he can redeem the loan. One hundred guineas I have by me. They were meant for our wants, but the king's are surely greater; and I will give you an order on my London agent for the balance. I have some New River stock which he can sell. Silence, girl. Not another word. Leave us."

Mistress Dorothy left the room with flashing eyes and trembling lips. Mr. Bucknell carefully avoided meeting her gaze.

"A wilful child," continued her father. "Breathe not a word of this to His Majesty. The peerage was kindly thought of. Gad, sir, I should like to air it before some of my neighbours." Then after a pause—"When do you return?"

"To-morrow, my lord. I have bespoken a seat in the coach which leaves Knaresbro' for York at six o'clock. That means leaving here at dusk."

"So soon? Well, the money shall be ready for you. Now let us talk of other things. What of the rising? When comes it off?"

And so on mighty matters of state did the two converse. Mistress Dorothy did not again appear, but the well-filled tray brought in by the ancient servitor proved her busy in the background.

My lord and his guest sat up far into the night, and it was with unsteady steps that they sought their couches. And at that moment Mistress Dorothy was lying awake on her bed, lost in anxious and indignant thought, for well she knew their slender resources could not bear the drain of this last outburst of her father's loyalty. Thanks to the unwavering support given to the Stuart family by two generations of Slingsbys, their income from rents was now reduced to a mere pittance. Retrench as they might, it became daily more difficult to get both ends to make a semblance of meeting. Without the interest on the New River stock, even that would be impossible. Yet her father had promised the gift, and Dorothy well knew that he would not retract his word. Ruin stared them in the face.

Round and round these unhappy thoughts Mistress Dorothy's brain spun, and no ray of comfort suggested itself. Then she fell asleep, and her dreams must have brought

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the inspiration denied her waking senses, for when she rose in the morning there was a look of resolute but cheerful determination on her face.

It was late when the gentlemen appeared. My lord had forgotten the hard words of the previous night, and was exceedingly cheerful. Mr. Bucknell, on principle, always tuned his spirits to his company, and to-day Mistress Dorothy was nothing loth to follow his example, thereby causing him much satisfaction.

"Mr. Bucknell leaves at dusk to catch the coach at Knaresbro'," said her father when breakfast was over.

"Then I must bid him farewell beforehand, for I have promised Nancy Houseman to ride over to Birstwith to-day, and I don't expect to be back before nightfall."

Mr. Bucknell was loud in his protestations against her desertion. "Nay, sir," she replied, "if you wish it I will stay, and shew his lordship some house accounts in sore need of settlement." At which her father laughed uneasily, and Mr. Bucknell protested no longer.

So about noon Mistress Dorothy bade farewell to her father's guest, and on the grey mare, with a fair-sized bundle strapped behind, set out for Birstwith.

"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS, OR I FIRE," CRIED HIS COMPANION.

At four o'clock Mr. Bucknell, having mounted his hack, rode away; and my lord went into the house again to pore over his Sovereign's sign-manual and the fine words for which he had paid so dearly. It was already dark, and the roads were bad, but Mr. Bucknell knew his way—across the Nidd, up the bridle path and down, and then through Ripley woods. The blackness and utter loneliness of the last got on his nerves, and he was glad indeed when the lights of the Castle glimmered in the distance. The little village looked companionable enough after the road he had traversed, and he was loth to leave it behind. He jogged on till he came to where the Knaresbro' road branched away, and there

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he found another horseman trying to decipher the wording on the sign-post.

"Your pardon, sir," said the latter, "but can you tell me which is the York road?"

Mr. Bucknell eyed him with the wariness of an old traveller. The scrutiny was evidently not unfavourable, for he replied, "Here to the left. I am going as far as Knaresbro' myself."

"Then may I ride along with you? These roads are so plaguey bad and deserted that I don't relish riding them alone this time o' day."

"My sentiments entirely, sir. I shall be pleased to have company," said Mr. Bucknell.

They trotted along side by side. The stranger was taciturn perforce, for he was evidently suffering from a severe cold, and a racking cough seized him whenever he attempted to reply to Mr. Bucknell's remarks. So, after a few fruitless attempts at conversation, they rode in silence along the dreary road.

Three miles they had perhaps traversed in this fashion, and Mr. Bucknell's thoughts were doubtless busy with his own private affairs, when they were unpleasantly called to the immediate present by his nag being suddenly reined up, and by the cold touch of a pistol barrel on his cheek.

"Hold up your hands, sir, at once, above your head, or I fire," cried his companion in a strangely altered voice. Instinctively, Mr. Bucknell did as he was bid.

"So that is well. Your pistols? Ah, here they are. Now your purse. No tricks, please. My weapon has an ugly habit of going off at the slightest provocation. Thank you. 'Tis light, sir, very light. Surely not enough for your requirements. Nay, sir, you may spare your protestations. What about your boots? They are often fine money-boxes. Dismount, if you please. Sit down in the mud, and off with them, sir. I will count six, with a liberal allowance of seconds between. At six I fire if the money is not forthcoming. One—two—three. Make up your mind, sir. Four. 'Tis an inquest matter of a surety. Five. Take one last look at God's earth. Ah, I thank you. One duty the less for the crowner. Now your pocket book. Nay, nay, did you ever hear of a snug gentleman like yourself travelling without papers—valuable ones, too, I'll be bound. Shall we repeat the argument? Four, sir, is my limit this time. One—two—What! A jury matter after all? Three. Oh——!"

The last exclamation was pitched in an entirely different key. It was caused by the speaker's pistol being suddenly struck out of his hand. So busy had the highwayman been that he had not heard the approach of two horsemen, and now the tables were turned on him in pretty fashion.

"Harkee, sirrah," said a commanding voice. "I am not going to count. If you stir by the space of an inch I fire."

The highwayman sat there motionless—abjectly miserable.

"Thank you, gentlemen, for your timely assistance," cried Mr. Bucknell. "This scoundrel had pretty well cleared me out of all I have. My purse—a little bag ——"

"Hand them back," said the horseman. "By the Lord, sir, if you hesitate I will shoot you."

"Sir," said the highwayman, in quavering accents. "Here they are." And then occurred an event surely unparalleled in the history of highway robbery. The highwayman burst into tears.

Mr. Bucknell grabbed at his belongings with avidity. "You snivelling cur," he cried, as he took them. And at the same time he dealt a blow at the highwayman's head which incidentally knocked off his hat—and down the robber's shoulders fell a fine array of golden locks.

"What mummery is this?" cried the last comer, peering close into the highwayman's face. "Your hand, please. Ah, by the Lord, if it isn't a woman!"

"And a pretty one, too," said his companion, who had not yet spoken.

The pseudo highwayman hung down her head in an agony of shame. Then she suddenly raised it. "Yes, gentlemen," she said, "a woman. A woman who is fighting as best she can for her own, which that man has robbed her of."

Mr. Bucknell had drawn back in dismay at the result of his unlucky blow. He had mounted his horse, and was slinking away when the stranger called out:

"Softly, sir, if you please. There is some mystery here which must be unravelled. Till we have got to the bottom of the matter, neither of you go. Isn't that so, sir?" he said deferentially to his companion.

"Quite so, Hal; but we cannot unravel it here. The comedy is too pretty and one of the actors too charming for the play to take place in the dark. Is there no inn hard by?"

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"There is one at Ripley, a few miles further on."

"Then there will we settle matters."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bucknell, "I beg your pardons both, but I have to catch the coach at Knaresbro' for York, where I have urgent business. This purse and bag are mine, and no talk can deprive me of my right to them."

"Hang your business, sir. To Ripley you turn back. But for our arrival you would have lost your money altogether. Have you no thanks for us? Go on a few paces ahead, if you please. Madam, here is your hat. Shall we advance?"

Mistress Dorothy—for it was indeed she—was in a whirl of consternation, for how could she substantiate her claim for the purse without incriminating her father?

"Gentlemen," she cried, "spare me, I beg of you. The money is mine, but I will forego all claim to it rather than be put to the trial of making good my title."

DOWN THE ROBBER'S SHOULDERS FELL A FINE ARRAY OF GOLDEN LOCKS.

"Madam," said the other, gravely, "you need not be alarmed. We are gentlemen, and not legal quibblers. If the money is yours, it shall be returned to you. If there is any doubt in the matter, the decision will still be in your favour. Isn't that so, sir?" and again he appealed to his companion.

"True, oh Solomon," laughed the other.

Half-an-hour later the four were in the parlour of the "Star" Inn at Ripley, and the door was locked. The light fell on Mistress Dorothy, more beautiful than ever in her confusion; on Mr. Bucknell, looking singularly ill at ease; on the two strangers, the one standing in front of the fire, keenly scrutinising the fair robber and her victim; and the other, the silent one, gazing into the fire with averted face.

"Your name, madam?" asked the man who was standing.

"Dorothy Slingsby."

"Any relative of Mr. Ralph Slingsby, of these parts?"

"Yes. His daughter, sir."

"Madam," said the stranger, with a low bow, "your father is well known to me. And you, sir?" addressing Bucknell.

"William Bucknell, attorney-at-law, of London."

"And since when did you adopt that style for your knavish practices?"

"Sir, you have me at a disadvantage, or you should repent your insulting words."

"No bluster, please," said the other. "I

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know you. There is no need for further inquiry into this matter. It seems to me you are now a bigger rogue than ever. Out with the money, sir; I am waiting."

Mr. Bucknell, with a very ugly face, produced the bag. "Is this all, madam?" asked the gentleman, as he handed it to Mistress Slingsby.

"There was an order on my father's agent in London."

"Hand it over." And again the luckless Bucknell had to disgorge.

"How can I thank you sufficiently, sir?" said Mistress Dorothy, now radiant.

"Nay, madam, you owe us few thanks. We have but delayed you in the possession of your own. You had gained it without our help, and we need your pardon for our interference. But tell me, I pray you, was not the money intended for an exile? We mention no names."

"It was."

"And you disapproved of its destination?"

"Ah, no. Am not I a Slingsby? All our wealth has gone for that same exile and his fathers. That I do not grudge. But now we have barely enough left to keep our poor house together. Twice has Mr. Bucknell obtained large sums of money, and, God help me, sir, if this had gone as well we could not have paid for our very food."

The other stranger had been content to take no part in the conversation; but now he turned, and the light shone on a tall, pale young man of distinguished bearing. He rose from his seat at Mistress Dorothy's last words and turned to Bucknell.

"You hound!" he cried, in fierce anger.

Mr. Bucknell's face was livid with fear. He fell on his knees, clasping his hands and stammering incoherent supplications.

Not heeding him, the stranger turned to Dorothy. "Madam," he said gravely, "I am he in whose name you have been robbed. Words cannot express my feelings of gratitude for your devotion to me, and indignation that your loyalty should have been so basely imposed upon. Three years ago this villain was dismissed from my service for writing letters and important documents in my name for his own benefit, and for forging my signature; and since then it seems he has continued in his evil ways. I can only hope that some day, and that not far distant, I may be able to make some amends to you and your father for what you have suffered on my behalf. To-night," he added with a charming smile, "I can but express my admiration for your wit and courage. Would that all my adherents were as brave as Mistress Slingsby." Saying which, the Prince raised the girl's hand to his lips.

"Sire — your majesty —" said Mistress Dorothy, and then could say no more.

"Allow me to present my Lord Castlebar, who surely owes you some apologies," continued the Prince.

"Can you forgive my rough handling, Mistress Slingsby?" said my lord. "And indeed, I nearly shot you," he added ruefully.

"All the greater compliment to my acting," answered Mistress Dorothy, and her smile carried forgiveness with it.

There was a noise of a key being turned. "Ah!" cried the Prince as he dashed to the door. But he was too late. Mr. Bucknell had taken full advantage of his opportunity, and was gone. Lord Castlebar rushed out after him, but he had gained the road, and was lost in the mist.

"Sire," said the nobleman on his return, "we must push on to Ripon, and at once. The scoundrel may raise the alarm."

The Prince sighed wearily. "So be it," he said. "But what of Mistress Dorothy."

"Don't think of me, your Majesty," she urged. "I know the road well. Do not delay an instant, sire, I beg of you."

The reckoning was called for and paid, and a few minutes later the three had mounted their horses. "With your permission, sir," said Lord Castlebar, "I will see Mistress Slingsby on her way clear of the village. That scoundrel may be awaiting her return."

The Prince smiled. "I envy you your mission, Hal. Farewell, Mistress Slingsby."

For five minutes or so Lord Castlebar trotted by her side. "Now I must return," he said, abruptly. Then, very earnestly: "Mistress Slingsby, I would not that our friendship, so strangely begun, should end to-night. May I dare to hope you would not have it so?"

"Indeed, my lord, I do wish to see you again," Mistress Dorothy as earnestly replied.

"Your words will help to make the time pass until we meet," said Lord Castlebar. He bowed in his saddle as he kissed her hand.

A twelvemonth later Lord Castlebar came back, and wooed and won Dorothy Slingsby. So there was a peerage in the family after all.

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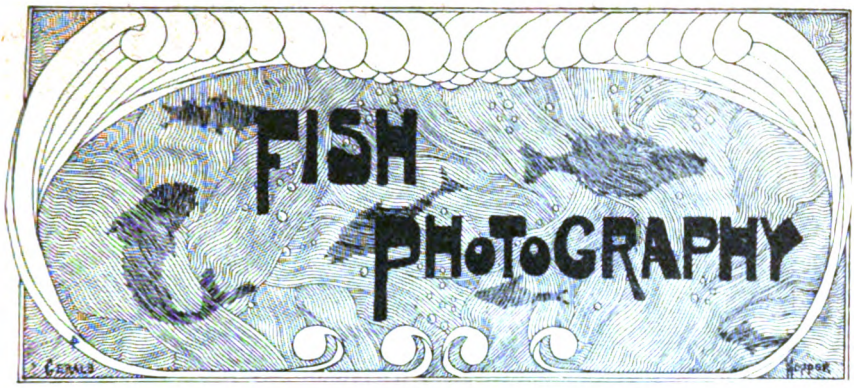
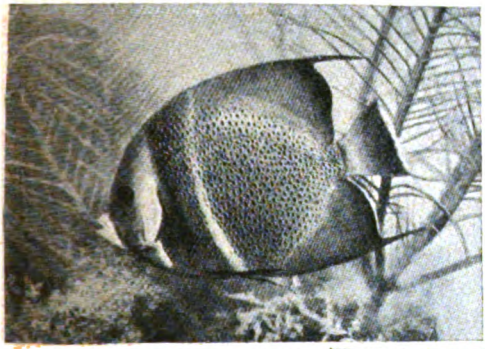


SNAP-SHOTTING SOME BEAUTIFUL CITIZENS OF THE DEEP.

By F.Z.S.

IT is only within the last few years that the photographer's art has been called in to the assistance of the practical naturalist.

The invention of new methods and the exercise of indomitable patience and perseverance have enabled the naturalist-photographer to secure pictures of some of the most shy birds and beasts "at home" in the woods and fields; and in this way we have learned much of their habits and characteristics in the wild state.

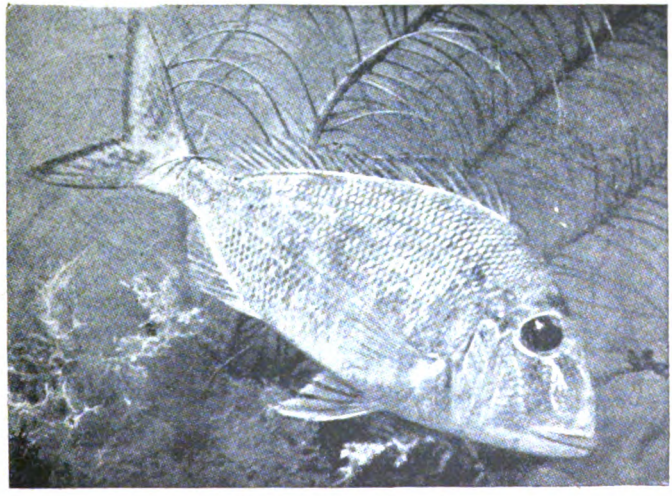


A YOUNG SPECIMEN OF THE BLACK ANGEL FISH.

Fish, however, present new difficulties, mainly arising from the fact that it is only under water that they can be seen alive and amid their natural surroundings. Now, anyone who has tried to take a photograph through water knows that the result is not usually very satisfactory. It is even worse when the glass front of an aquarium intervenes between the lens of the camera and the object to be photographed.

There is an enormous loss of light under water, rendering it necessary to give a more or less prolonged exposure. But when we try to do this we realise the fact that fish are in almost constant motion. Even when asleep at the bottom of the tank their gills, and often their fins, keep gently moving. An instantaneous, or at least very rapid, photograph is necessary, and this cannot be successfully obtained in a poor light.

Another difficulty of a more technical character is presented by a certain amount of distortion and blurring arising from the fact that the rays of light are refracted or bent by passing through the



THE JOLT HEAD PORGY.

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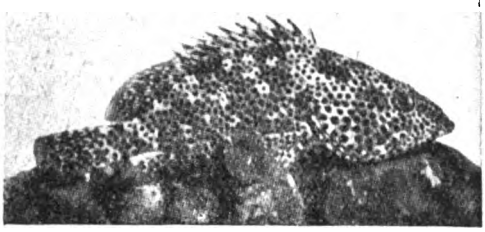
water and the glass front of the tank or aquarium before reaching the lens.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, some remarkably successful fish photographs have been taken by Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, who has made a special study of



THE ROCK HIND IS A BEAUTIFULLY SPOTTED FISH.

the subject. The examples of his work which illustrate the present article shew better than any explanation how completely he has surmounted the obstacles that stood in his way.

His method is to use a special tank, the front of which is constructed of extra clear and polished glass. It is of comparatively small dimensions, in order that the fish may not get far away from the front, as every inch of distance means a very appreciable loss of light.

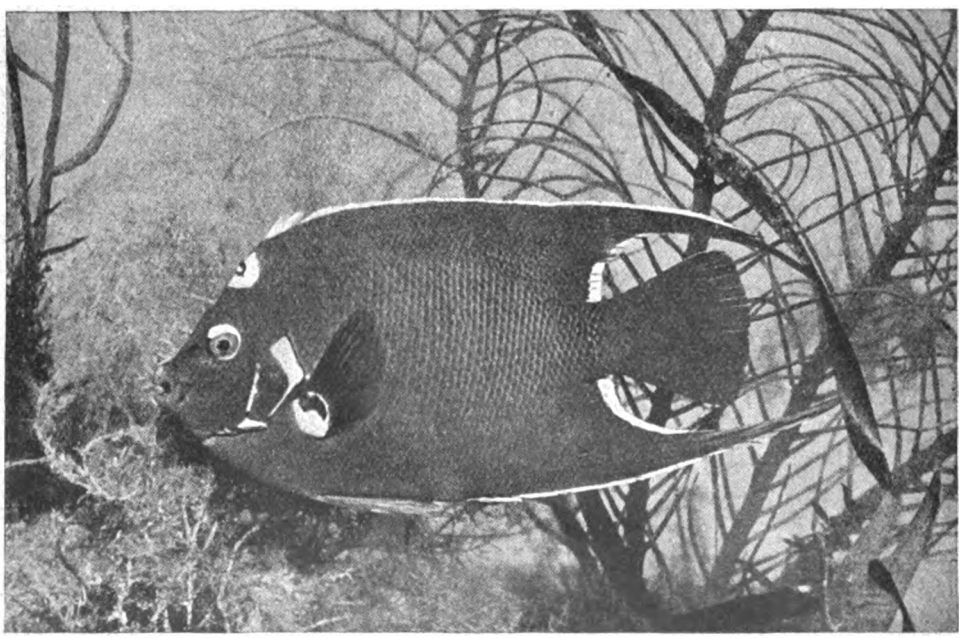
All sides, except the front, of the tank are covered with white cloth, in order to reflect as much light as possible on the fish, and the photographs are taken in the open air on fine, clear mornings when the light is at its best.

Rapid isochromatic plates are used in the camera, as they shew colour distinctions more clearly than any others. Needless to say, the apparatus for this work needs to be of the highest grade obtainable. Mr. Dugmore uses a camera specially built to his order, and containing certain features of his own invention, to which he largely attributes his success with the fish. The lens is of the most rapid type procurable, and the shutter is absolutely noiseless in its action.

Having arranged the apparatus, the photograph is on the way to be taken. First catch your fish! In doing so, mind that it does not get injured. A fish with a torn fin, or with part of its scales rubbed off, does not make a pleasing picture. A half-dead fish is also a thing to be avoided, for its attitude in the water entirely lacks the grace and litheness of a healthy specimen.

Having placed the fish in the tank, the next business is to wait with patience until it quietens down. As this will often take some time, it is well to put the fish in the water an hour or two before you are ready to operate.

The camera should be already in position, as its approach generally alarms the fish.



THE YELLOW, OR QUEEN, ANGEL FISH, SO CALLED FROM THE CIRCLE ON ITS HEAD.

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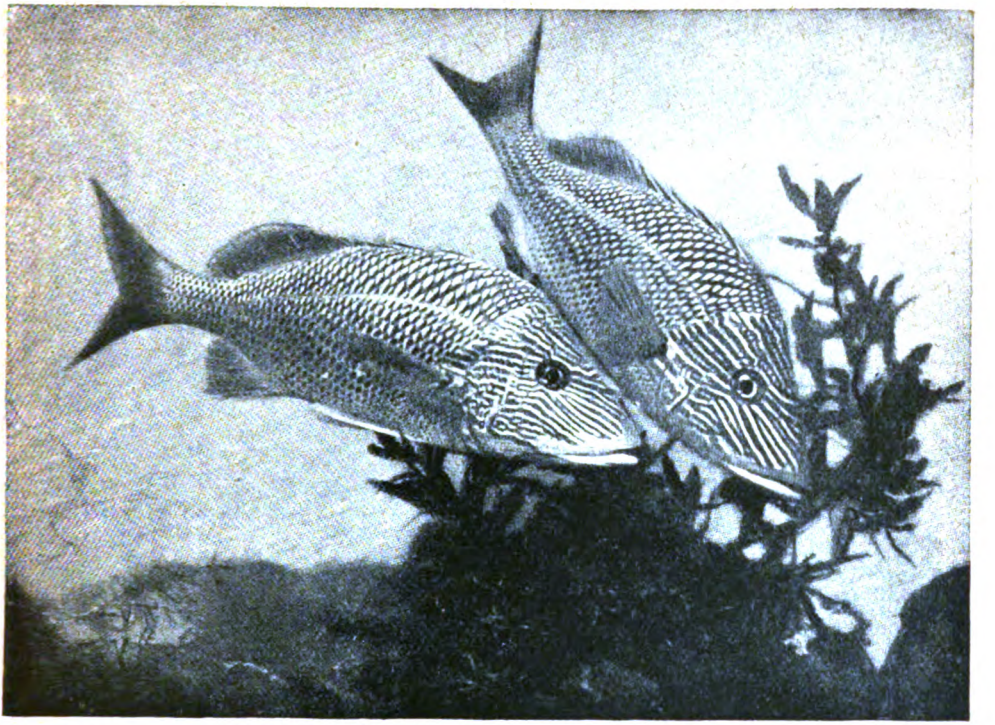


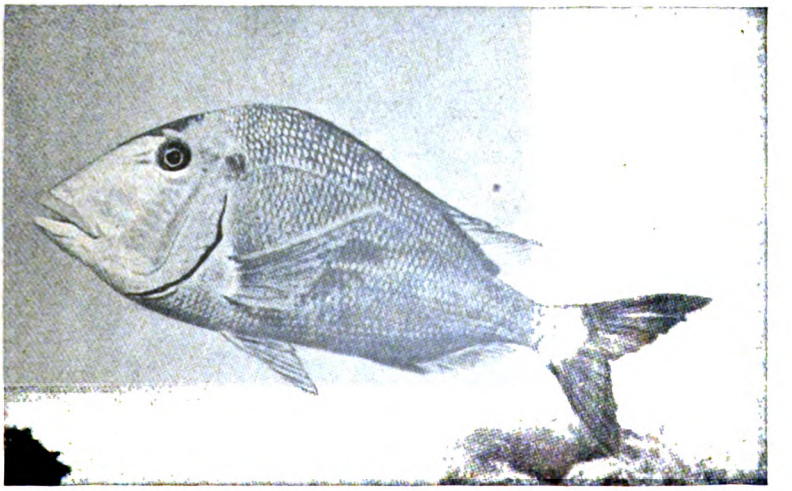
THE COMMON GRUNT IS A FAVOURITE FOOD-FISH.

In fact, the less movement you make the better. Everything should be arranged beforehand.

There are two good methods of taking the photograph. One is to wait until the fish settles down to sleep on one of the rocks with which the bottom of the tank is strewn. Then the camera can be quietly focussed upon it, and a fairly prolonged exposure may be given.

This method gives very good results, but it has its drawbacks. When you want a fish to go to sleep, it invariably suffers from determined and prolonged insomnia. Sometimes you may wait for days without catching your specimen napping.

So one generally has to resort to another plan. The lens is so focussed as to give a sharp picture of the fish as he swims close to the front glass, and the operator waits, pneumatic bulb in hand, until the fish happens to pause for a moment, when a snapshot is secured. If the light on the fish is bright, the photograph so taken will be satisfactory; otherwise—well, it won't!



THE JOLT HEAD PORGY CAN CHANGE ITS COLOUR TO SUIT ITS SURROUNDINGS.

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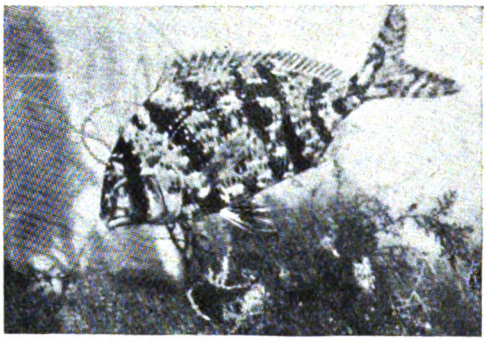
Sometimes the fish can be persuaded to pause at the right point by means of a scrap of food judiciously dropped in its way. After seizing the food, it will generally stop for a moment to swallow it.

The man who goes in for this kind of work must be prepared for plenty of disappointment. He will expend many hours and waste dozens of dry plates before he attains to success. But now and then he will get a picture shewing the fish in all its living beauty, which will more than make up for the preceding failures.



THE GRASS PORGY, SHEWING THE BRILLIANT BANDS THAT THE FISH SOMETIMES DISPLAYS.

Mr. Dugmore found that when some of the more brilliantly-coloured tropical fish were placed in the photographic tank they appeared to lose their colour partly, and to assume a pale, silvery hue. He attributed this to an ability on the part of the fish to accommodate itself to its surroundings, especially as when plenty of rocks and weeds were introduced the fish was at once seen in all its native beauty.

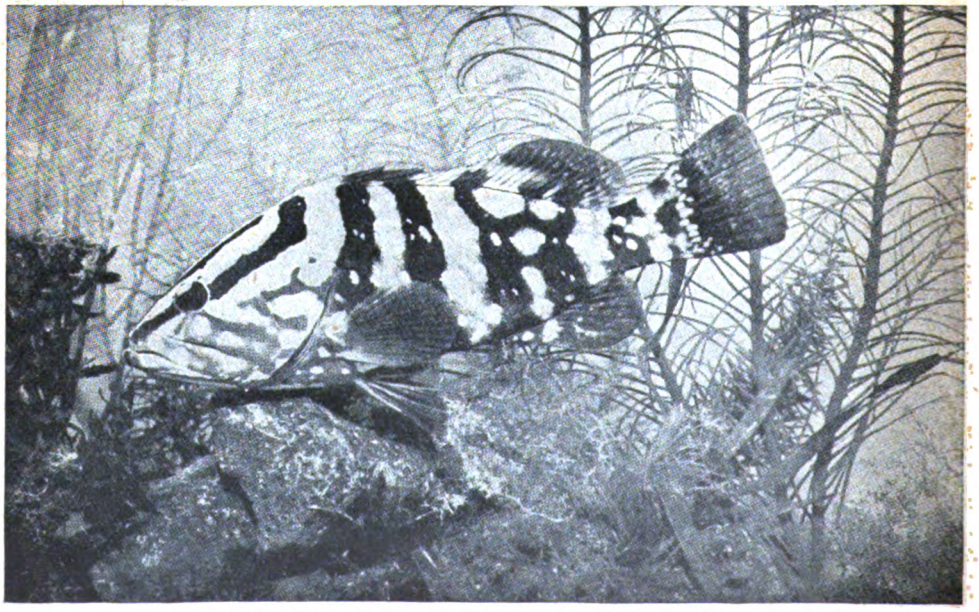
It is quite true that many living creatures —of which the chameleon is the most familiar example — possess this faculty of accommodative coloration. Some scientists, however, think that the change witnessed by the photographer was simply due to the reflection on the fish's scales of the bright, white light from the lining cloths. The introduction of rocks and weeds would modify this state of things, and so enable the true colours of the fish to be seen.

Every angler is familiar with the fact that a fish which appears almost black in the water will look white and silvery when laid out in the sun.

The photographs shewn in our illustrations are all of them taken from Florida fishes, caught at Key West—a name with which we were familiarised at the time of the operations of the United States forces against Cuba.

These tropical fish are of extraordinary brilliance and beauty, and many of them are as remarkable for their shape as for their colour. In fact, a netful of them has been described as resembling "silver and gold, and precious stones flashing in the sunlight."

Unfortunately, their names have little



THE NASSAU GROUPER, WHICH OFTEN EXCEEDS FORTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT.

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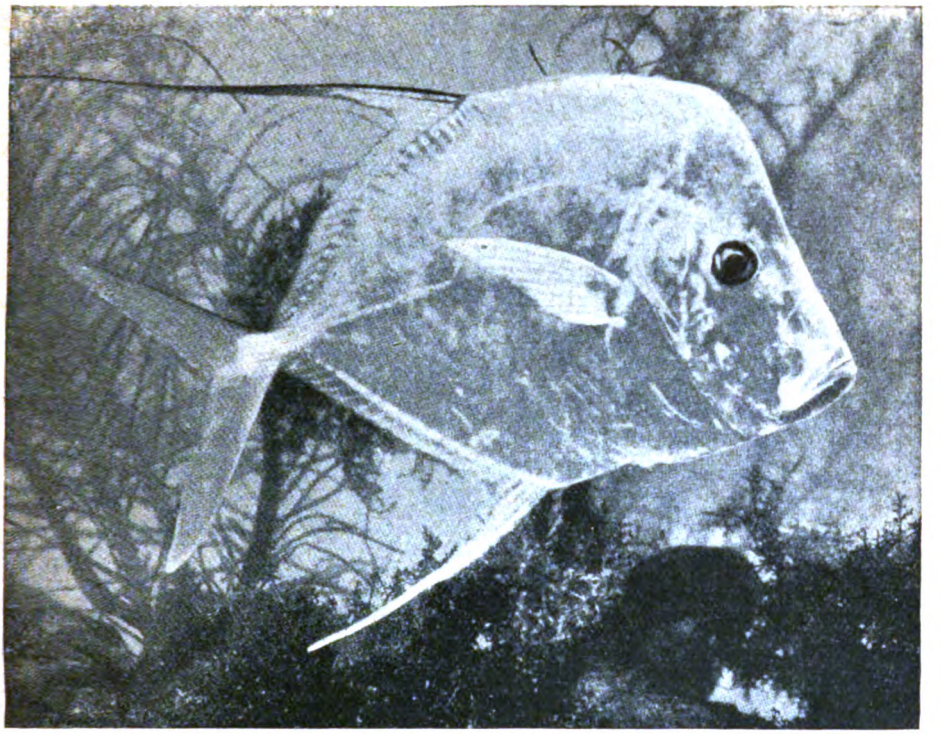
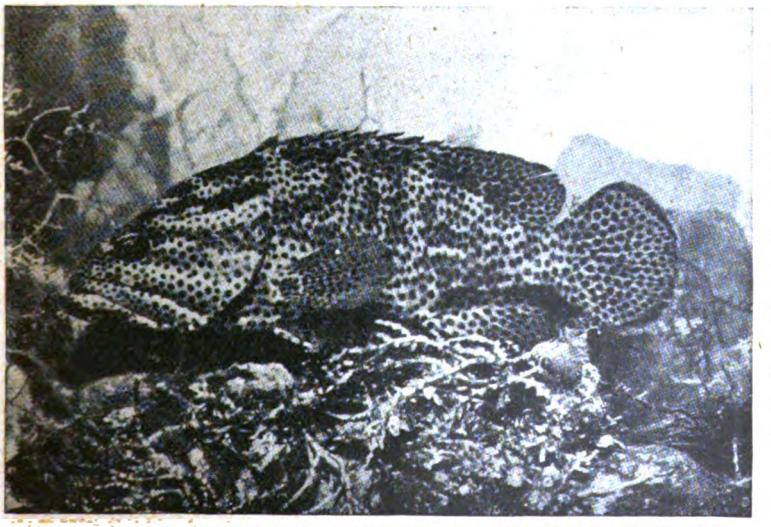


THE MOON FISH IS ALMOST TRANSPARENT, AND RESEMBLES A LARGE SHEET OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

meaning on this side of the Atlantic. They are purely local, and in many cases are absolutely misleading to a European naturalist. For example, the Angel Fish, Parrot Fish and Moon Fish of Florida are entirely different from those that bear the same names in British works on marine zoology.

As we cannot inflict a bewildering scientific nomenclature on our readers, and there are no English equivalents for the local names used in Florida, we must here adopt the latter, only with the warning that they should not be misunderstood.



THE CONEY IS REDDISH-GREY IN COLOUR AND IS COVERED WITH RED AND BROWN SPOTS.

The Nassau Grouper is one of the most important fish caught on the shores of the Southern States. It often weighs over forty pounds, and is excellent eating. Its colours are rich and varied, and the fish is one of the handsomest of the larger kinds.

The Porgies, like the Groupers, are bottom fish, and live amongst the rocks

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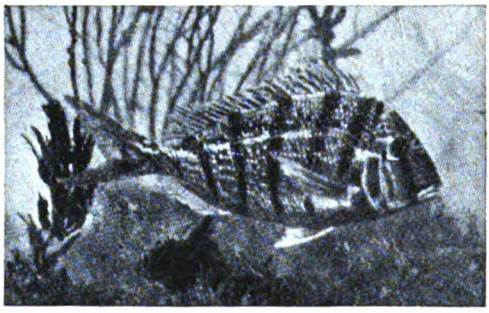
and seaweed, to which their strangely-varied colours assimilate them.

Seen out of their natural surroundings, these fish appear most conspicuous, but their brilliant mottling blends so exactly with the many-coloured seaweeds of the Tropics that when lying on the rocks they are almost invisible. The zebra and the tiger—conspicuous though they look in a menagerie—are similar examples of protective coloration.

One of the loveliest examples of the inhabitants of the tropic seas is the Moon Fish, which appears to be made of silver and mother-of-pearl, shining with an almost ghostly sheen. A boatful of them is always a wonderful sight, but notwithstanding their semi-translucent appearance, they are pretty solid, and are very highly appreciated as a table fish.



THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LITTLE HEAD PORGY SHEW HOW THE FISH CAN VARY ITS COLOUR AT WILL TO MATCH ITS SURROUNDINGS.

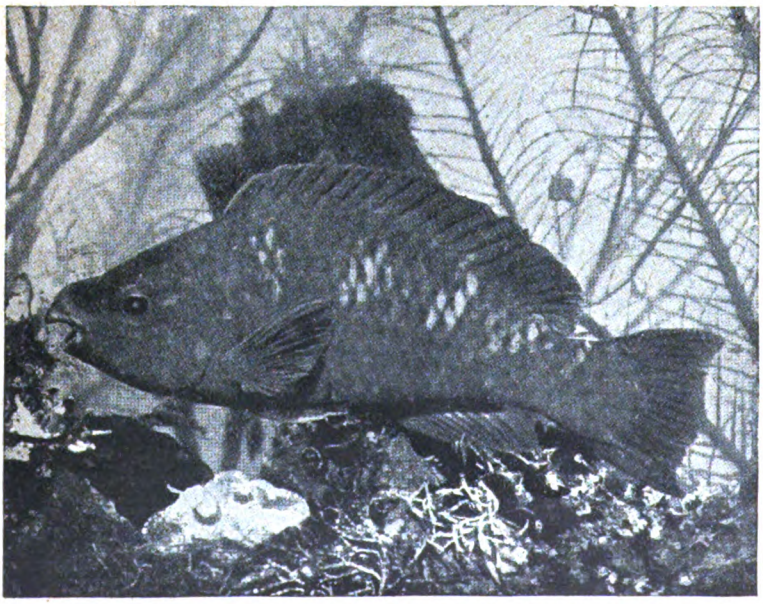
The Parrot Fish, on the other hand, is quite uneatable, but its projecting, beak-like upper jaw—from which it gets its name—always makes it an object of interest when caught.

The Yellow Angel Fish is simply radiant in its dress of azure blue and golden yellow. It bears a curious circlet on its head, from which fact the fishermen have given it the title of Queen Angel.

The Grunts are quite small fish, and—like our sprats—are a popular article of diet with the people. Most of them present a prettily dappled appearance.

The Coney is another of the smaller fishes, being usually about six or eight inches long, and is an excellent article of food. Its colours must be seen to be appreciated. It is of a reddish-grey tint, and is thickly covered with red and brown spots.

No amount of description would succeed in conveying to the reader an adequate idea of the gorgeous beauty that characterises most of the five hundred or more different species of salt water fish that live off the coast of Florida.



THE PARROT FISH IS SO CALLED BECAUSE ITS MOUTH RESEMBLES THE BEAK OF A PARROT.

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THE TRAIL OF THE GOLDEN SCORPION.

A COMPLETE STORY.

By Sydney Clive.

Illustrated by S. H. Vedder.

I.

"LOOKS pretty and innocent, doesn't it?" observed the Man of Science.

"No, don't agree with you, it has a nasty expression in the bend of its tail, and all those jewels add to the native ugliness of the creature," said the Man of Action, decidedly. "Why on earth did Mahathala give it to you?"

"Gratitude; saved his little Princelet's life when he had smallpox. Bestowed on me no other fee, which rather distressed me, for though I'm not a licensed practitioner, I wouldn't mind taking a small acknowledgment of my services. You see, travelling in India is expensive, and I'm not over flush."

"And I should say you would need to be, in your walk in life," retorted the Man of Action. "You don't make much out of dried plants and herbs, I should think. Can't be much demand for them."

"No, there is not much, and the general public looks but coolly on a man who spends his life in scientific research," observed the Man of Science, with gentle sorrow. "The State ought to provide us with incomes, so that our minds should be left free for our great works. I have spent the best part of my life in this kind of thing"—he waved his hand towards a tray of withered leaves and plants—"and have received no return, save—a golden scorpion, for washing and dressing—I really did little else—a young coffee-coloured potentate. It makes one pause and consider whether one's time might not be more profitably employed."

The Man of Action laughed in answer to this tirade, as he lit his long cigar, and threw the match at the botanist's tray of dried treasures. It just escaped it, and the Man of Science sank back once more into his lounging attitude.

"Come now, Voltervane, talk sense—if you can. What are you going to do with this thing?"

As he spoke, the Man of Action lifted the jewelled scorpion gingerly by its tail, and suspended it in mid-air between finger and thumb. In the half-darkness of the shadowed verandah, it gleamed and flashed with a strange lustre, quivering in every joint of its scaled and incrusted body.

"It shouldn't be made in *scales*," said Voltervane, surveying it critically. "But I suppose it was intended to give it that trembling, life-like appearance. You ask what I'm going to do with it, Dersingham? I ought to sell it, but I'm afraid I shall be tempted to keep it, as a beginning of a museum, which will never exist, but that plea will salve my conscience for the extravagance of laying up so much gold, and so many precious stones."

"If you take my advice, you will get rid of it," said Ralph Dersingham, eyeing the glittering thing with little favour, as it swayed gently backwards and forwards in his grasp. "Didn't the Rajah tell you anything about it, man? It has an evil name throughout the whole Presidency."

"When His Highness presented it to me with a flowery speech on my various virtues and talents, he informed me that it ensured the best possible fortune to the possessor," rejoined Voltervane; "and I don't see why it should have a bad reputation on that account. Of course, I didn't believe the Rajah; I regarded what he said as meant to enhance the value of his gift, nothing more."

"Well, every man who has this little beast in his possession dies, Voltervane; and, in the two cases that I know of personally, the death was not a pleasant one. The scorpion gives three warnings; you have three accidents, I believe, before the final one."

"But does the Rajah keep a selection of these reptiles for presentation to his friends, as other people give photo-frames and note-books?" enquired Voltervane. It was the glaring defect of his character that he could

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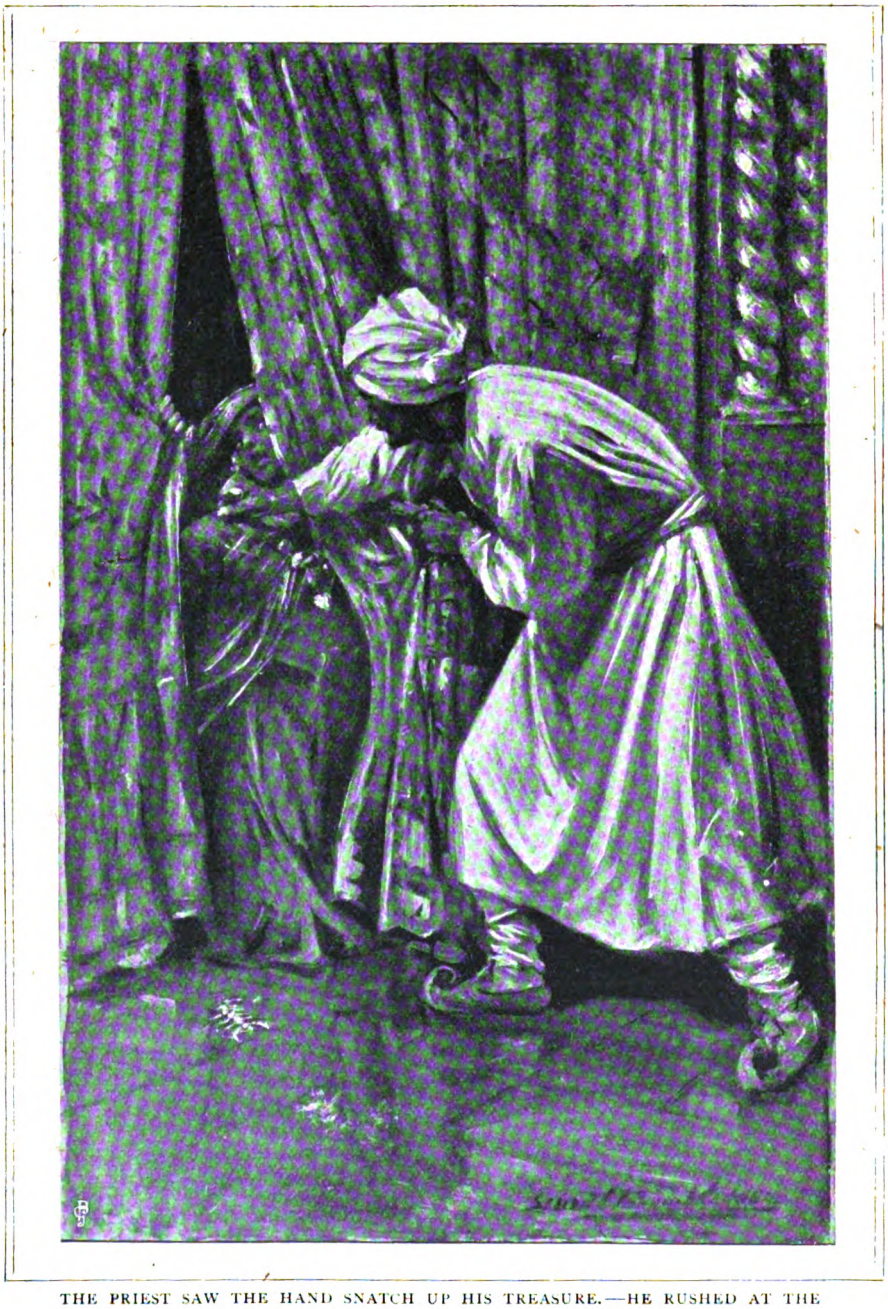
take nothing seriously. India—with her mystery, her tragedy, her shadows that hang equally over black and white; the land for ever by dawn, and the hand that touched the banjo strings is cold and heavy. India, where man walks for ever in the Shadow



THE PRIEST SAW THE HAND SNATCH UP HIS TREASURE.—HE RUSHED AT THE CURTAIN AND THRUST AT IT WITH FURY.

where the voice that sang the song at the camp fire in all innocent mirth—is hushed of Death, would, so one imagines, have a sobering effect on all, save the hopelessly

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stupid and frivolous; and certainly Correth Voltervane was neither, but the habit of life stuck to him: he would laugh until the end.

Ralph Dersingham had spent the best years of a steady, practical life in Mahapore. He was Commissioner of a district that all other Government servants shunned — a district as large as England and Scotland, with a dismal name for plague, pestilence and famine, and for treachery and silent vengeance on the part of its inhabitants.

But the Man of Action knew the people, and lived and worked amongst them fearless and unharmed, though in the last plague visitation he had narrowly escaped being shot by an infuriated Hindoo, whose ill-smelling premises he was carbolicing—if one may coin a word—and whitewashing with his own hands. He had listened to native legends, native tales, native dreams; he had imbibed the mystic history of a mystic people, till he hesitated to call aught impossible. He looked gravely at his companion who put that careless question anent the Rajah's stock of precious scorpions, and shook his head.

"No," said Dersingham, thoughtfully. "It's always the same little beast; there is only one, and it always comes back to Mahathala, always."

"A cheap present, 'pon my word," answered Voltervane, laughing. "But come, Ralph, do tell me what you know about it; you should give a sceptic, like myself, information calculated to convert him. I assure you if that little creature makes me a man of wealth, I'll believe every one of the stories you tell me. Yes, from the evil eye downwards."

"Listen to me, then, Voltervane," said Dersingham, solemnly. "This thing is hundreds of years old. The legend runs that it was made by a priest who loved a dancing girl; made of no one knows what; gold it seems to us; but they say that human blood is what cements these scales."

"Hardly possible, after all these years, I should imagine," murmured the Man of Science. "No, I didn't mean to interrupt, old chap, do go on."

"This scorpion," continued Dersingham, slowly, "was meant to aid him in his incantations, sorceries, and so on, but the Nautch girl saw it, and coveted it wildly, for the sake of the jewels. So she hid one day behind a curtain when the priest was at his unholy work, with this little beast beside him, so close to the girl that she could have reached out her hand and taken it. When her lover's back was turned that was precisely what she did, but the priest saw the hand snatch up his treasure, and he rushed at the curtain and thrust at it with fury. The fingers that closed on the scorpion relaxed their hold, and the thief fell forward, enveloped in the folds of the curtain, stabbed to the heart. The priest, in his rage, spurned the body, but even as he did so, he saw that it was none other than his beloved Zeenut. Mad with anguish and remorse, for, so the legend runs, he had worshipped this girl with a love that was idolatry, he stabbed himself and died beside her; not, however, before he had invoked a terrible curse on the scorpion and on all who should possess it."

"Is that all?" enquired Correth Voltervane, with interest. "Don't you know what the curse was?"

"It is death," replied Dersingham. "I don't know how the scorpion came into the Rajah's possession, but this I do know, he is always trying to get rid of it. Over and over again has it been presented to people; they are delighted, naturally, till they die, and then in some mysterious way it comes back to Mahathala, and the old game begins."

"Why doesn't *he* die?" enquired the Man of Science, indignantly. "It seems a little hard that he should escape, when he is always palming it off on other people, doesn't it?"

"He probably has some counter charm; but sickness is always rife in his household, and his favourite wives are continually dying," returned the Man of Action, gravely. "And he can't get it out of the house, save by giving it to someone. They've tried to break it; they've tried to throw it into the pond; they've dropped it down a well; they've had it trampled on by scores of horsemen: but all to no purpose, the golden scorpion always——"

"Turns up smiling," supplemented Correth lightly. "And what do you advise me to do, Dersingham, with such a tough piece of goods? You said get rid of it, but how?"

"There's only one way—give it to someone," replied Ralph promptly. "You won't be able to sell it in India, and by the time you get to England it will probably have killed you."

"Humph! nice prospect. Well, may I give it to *you*?" said Voltervane, laughing.

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"Here, chuck over the poor little beastie. And now, my dear friend, I beg your acceptance of this very elegant reptile. What! won't have it? Ah, well, then I'm afraid I must keep it myself."

"Will you grant me one favour," said Dersingham, earnestly; he knew it was useless to argue with Correth. "It's for your own sake; will you promise me one thing?"

"One, a million! Ask on, and it shall be granted thee," and Voltervane struck a theatrical attitude, whilst his friend continued:

"You will, I expect, disregard the first warning; you will probably pay no attention to the second; but don't persist in your pig-headed obstinacy when you receive the third; that I do implore and entreat you."

"Oh, if I recognise the warning—and I'll try to—I won't treat it lightly," answered the Man of Science, still swinging the topic of conversation by its pliable tail. "I'm off now to see that missionary, poor fellow. I can't do him much good, but it's a comfort to his daughter, and—she really is a very charming girl, Ralph."

Under the deep yellow-brown of Indian tan the Commissioner flushed red. "She is," he said, briefly. "Correth, I—I think I'll come with you, if you've no objection. It's a pleasant ride in the cool to the Mission House."

"I shall be delighted," rejoined Voltervane, in all sincerity, and the two set forth to visit the man who was dying of decline, after battling, with a sublime patience, against the difficulties that beset a missionary in that Presidency.

II.

For the natives objected strongly to conscientious meddling with their religious opinions, and their way of shewing their resentment was apt to cause hurried and secret flittings on the part of the zealots. Sometimes the missionaries had sought a refuge with the Commissioner, whom they regarded as a very backsliding and lukewarm adherent in the days of their authority, but who protected them when they had brought a hornets' nest about their ears, and kept them from the wrath of an aggravated and superstitious population.

Alan Dene had not had sufficient time to make himself obnoxious to his desired flock; also, he was a very gentle enthusiast, large-hearted, if narrow-minded, and more anxious to win the love of the people than a martyr's crown.

He lay in placid content on the verandah of the dilapidated old Mission House, waiting patiently for the last grains of the sands of life to run out.

"It is pleasant to see you, Mr. Voltervane," and two shadowy hands were held out. "Oh, I am much the same. Ralph, it is good of you to come; we have missed you lately, haven't we, Mary?" and the missionary turned to his daughter.

"We have," said Mary, quietly. "We thought we were forgotten."

And even as she said the words she read in Ralph Dersingham's eyes a silent protest against such an impossible supposition.

She was a delicately-moulded creature, whose chief charm lay in her extreme refinement of feature and form. The Commissioner loved her with all the strength of a nature deepened and mellowed by years of silent abnegation, and she returned his affection. There was the unspoken compact between them that marriage should not be thought of whilst Alan Dene lived; and it comforted the missionary to know that his daughter would not be left desolate by his death, that a strong arm would be there to support her, a steady heart to cherish her.

Now Ralph Dersingham had complained often of Correth Voltervane's incurable habit of laughing at everything; had the Commissioner but known, it was his—Dersingham's—salvation. For, when the Man of Science appeared at Mahathala, Mary Dene was strangely attracted by him, and he by her; and the ship that contained the Commissioner's entire and only cargo of happiness seemed in danger of foundering on the rock of treachery. But Voltervane laughed *to* himself *at* himself so consumedly, and was so entertained at the idea of a cross-grained, poverty-stricken, scientific bachelor of over forty falling in love; he put himself before Mary in such a ridiculous light, his constant frivolous tone of scepticism contrasted so unfavourably with Ralph's grave reserve, that Mary was disappointed and disgusted, and turned willingly from the Man of Science to the Man of Action. And the former had the pleasure of knowing that as he sank in Mary's estimation, her lover rose. "Which is very proper, and just as it should be," he told

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himself, but his laugh was not quite so frequent after the visits to the Mission House.

They stayed to share the evening meal of the Denes, and afterwards the lovers wandered in the compound, with jackals to serenade them, and Correth stayed with the sick man. The two friends rode home in silence, Dersingham enjoying the delicious luxury of recalling every look, word and tone of Mary's, now that they were parted, and Voltervane deep in thought, with his head sunk on his breast, and a careless hold on his bridle rein.

"THE FIRST OF THE SCORPION'S WARNINGS!—HOW WILL IT END?"

Which was, perhaps, the reason that his trusted mare shied suddenly, and threw him violently against the low stone wall of an adjacent garden. Ralph leaped from his horse, and was beside him in an instant.

"The first of the scorpion's warnings," he muttered, as he raised his senseless friend. "How will it end?"

But Correth was merely stunned for a second or two; he opened his eyes upon his friend, with such a terrible expression in them of horrible, insane fear, such a look of hideous, soul-shaking terror, that Dersingham turned away his head with a shudder.

"My God," said Voltervane, sitting upright and glaring at some object before him, "did you ever see such a devil's face, and the blood—and snakes—and the dead body, and——" he gave a sudden shriek, and hid his face like a frightened child on Dersingham's shoulder. "Don't leave me, don't leave me," he moaned; "Ralph——"

"All right, old fellow, I'm here," said the Commissioner soothingly. "You've had a fall and are a bit shaken, that's all."

But Voltervane was himself again. He rose to his feet with Ralph's assistance, and looked at him steadily.

"It seems to me," he said collectedly, "I've made a silly ass of myself. All the fault of your bogey tales of scorpions and priests, my boy. What made the mare shy, I wonder? If I weren't a teetotaler," he added lightly, "the vision I had as I 'came to' would make one think I was in for an attack of D.T.'s. My liver's out of order, I

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presume. I'll take a dose of calomel this very night."

As he slowly mounted his horse, he glanced at Dersingham's troubled face.

"I suppose you think that the scorpion had something to do with my fall and visions," Correth said with an unsteady laugh. "Why, man, did you never hear before of a rabbit hole, and of a man having a threatening of a bilious attack?"

To which brave words, however, Ralph gave no answer.

III.

The stillness of an Indian night, disturbed only now and again by the howl of a jackal, was suddenly broken by a shrill scream—the scream men utter when taken unawares by death.

"The scorpion," said Dersingham, as he leaped from his bed and rushed to Voltervane's room, where he saw something very different from what he had expected.

On the floor, with Voltervane kneeling on his chest, lay a Hindoo, his dusky face turned to a deep plum colour, his eyes protruding in a manner horrible to see, and his tongue lolling out in the agonies of suffocation, as the iron hand of the Man of Science slowly choked the breath from his body.

In an instant Dersingham had dragged his friend from the prostrate creature, and dashed cold water over the Hindoo, who lay gurgling and gasping with the relief of the removal of that relentless grasp from his throat.

"Man alive," cried Ralph in horror, "why did you nearly kill the poor wretch?"

"Because of this," panted Voltervane, and, as he spoke, he shewed his left arm, dripping blood from a deep knife wound. "That beggar came to rob me, I went for him though I was unarmed, and he tried to kill me. He would have done it, too, if I hadn't tripped him up, and taught him a little lesson. Ah, you brute," as the man moaned and writhed on the floor, "I fancy you won't try to stab an Englishman again in a hurry."

"We must have this investigated," observed Dersingham, assuming his official manner, as the Hindoo put up a prayer for mercy. "You caught him in *flagrante delicto*, Voltervane?"

"Oh, I don't want to prosecute the beggar," replied Correth carelessly. "I wanted to kill him, it is true, a few seconds ago, but I bear no malice. I wonder who he is?"

"A stranger to me," answered Dersingham, scanning the man who grovelled before him. "I suppose we ought to search him, he may have——"

But the words died on his lips, as the Hindoo, with trembling hands, took something from his breast, and laid it with averted face at Voltervane's feet. It was the golden scorpion.

"Oh, if you had only let him escape with it!" cried Dersingham involuntarily. "Let him keep it, for God's sake, let him keep it!"

"It seems a dashed cowardly thing to do, if it really has the power of killing the poor beggar," returned Voltervane. "But I don't think you'll find him accept the generous present. Ask him."

Ralph spoke to the would-be thief and offered him the precious creature, that represented untold wealth to the Hindoo, but the latter retreated from the gift in horror, saying something Correth could not catch.

"He says he would not have taken it had he known what it was, and that he has no desire to die in torments," Dersingham translated grimly. "You were right."

"Then tell him to be off immediately, and not sit there," retorted the Man of Science impatiently, and at a word from Dersingham, the Hindoo gathered himself up and disappeared through the open door.

"Remember your promise," said Ralph entreatingly to Correth. "The third warning you will take notice of."

"I don't consider I've had the second," replied Voltervane coolly. "And now, my dear fellow, let us go to sleep again; what a fool I was to have my revolver just beyond convenient reaching distance!"

The next morning when the two friends met, by tacit consent neither mentioned the night's adventure. Correth thought a good deal of the scorpion that, prompted by some strange whim, he had put in his pocket, and Ralph was distinctly preoccupied. Both were, however, startled into practical life by a message from Mary Dene, saying her father had died during the night.

"We'll go over at once," said the Man of Science. "Poor fellow, I little thought yesterday was the last time I should see him in life. What a pity, as he was going to die any way, that I did not give Alan Dene the scorpion," Correth said to himself, but he

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laughed the next moment at having for an instant believed in the absurd powers with which the small reptile was credited.

They found Mary very quiet, very composed, but she clung to Dersingham in a manner that shewed she was thankful for his support and presence.

The Man of Science turned abruptly on his heel, and left them. He went into the neglected, untidy compound, and here the third warning of the scorpion came to him, in the shape of a cobra, on which, in unusual carelessness (for as a rule he walked with the utmost circumspection), he trod, and had it not been for almost unprecedented quickness in stepping back, it would have bitten him.

Such an escape is a thing to set a man's heart beating with uncomfortable rapidity, and to make his knees fail beneath him. Correth Voltervane made his way back to the house and sat down rather suddenly, whilst he wiped from his forehead a dew that fear had brought there.

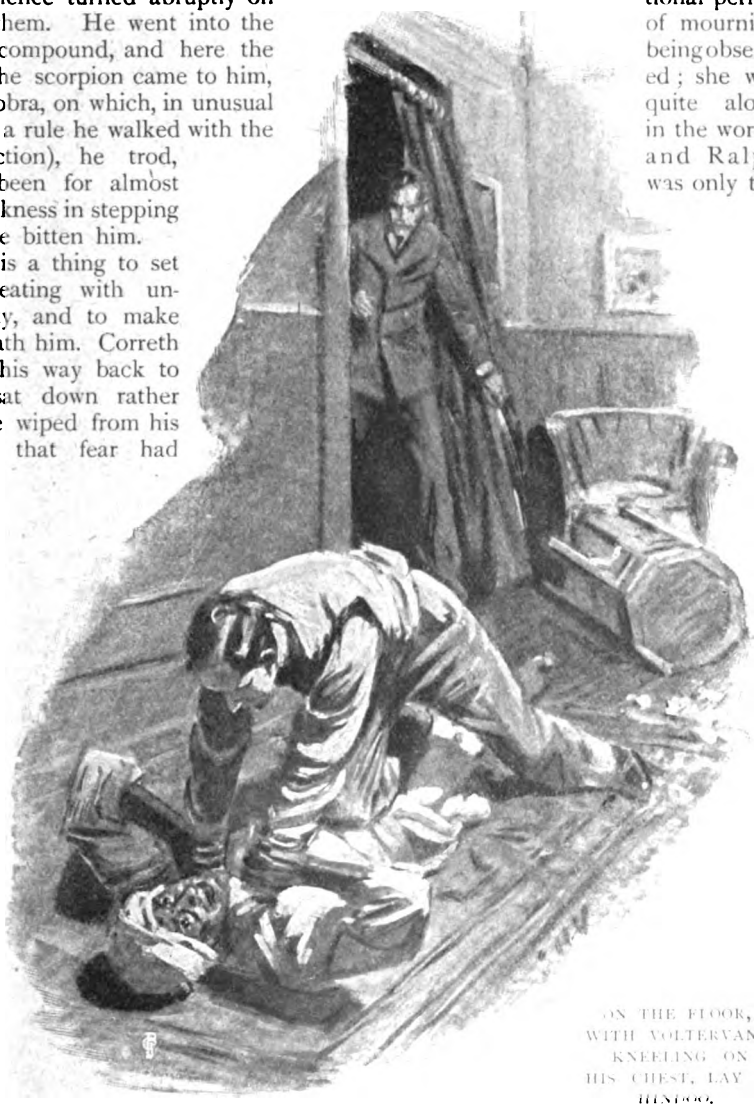
"I am getting nervous and confoundedly fanciful; sowhetherthislittle beast is to blame or not, I'll get rid of it before I lose my nerve, quite," he said, and as he looked at the shining thing lying on his palm a sudden idea came to him.

Lightly, with an air of furtiveness, as though about to commit some crime, he stole through the house to the death chamber. It was empty of all save what lay there. Voltervane looked earnestly at the placid face, then he slipped the scorpion between the pale folded hands, and withdrew as silently as he had come.

"Its chances of doing mischief must be over now," he murmured. "I've given it away to a man whom it can't possibly harm; I fancy I've broken the charm, or removed the curse, whichever you like to call it."

IV.

A week after her father's death, Mary Dene was married to Ralph Dersingham. Her desolate position had prevented a conventional period of mourning being observed; she was quite alone in the world, and Ralph was only too eager to have the right to protect and cherish her. The wedding took place at a little station many miles from Mahathala; the bride was the guest of the chaplain and his wife, and Ralph stayed at the hotel. He had in vain tried to persuade Correth to accompany him in the capacity of best man,



ON THE FLOOR, WITH VOLTERVANE KNEELING ON HIS CHEST, LAY A HINDOO.

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but the Man of Science refused firmly, rather to Ralph's surprise.

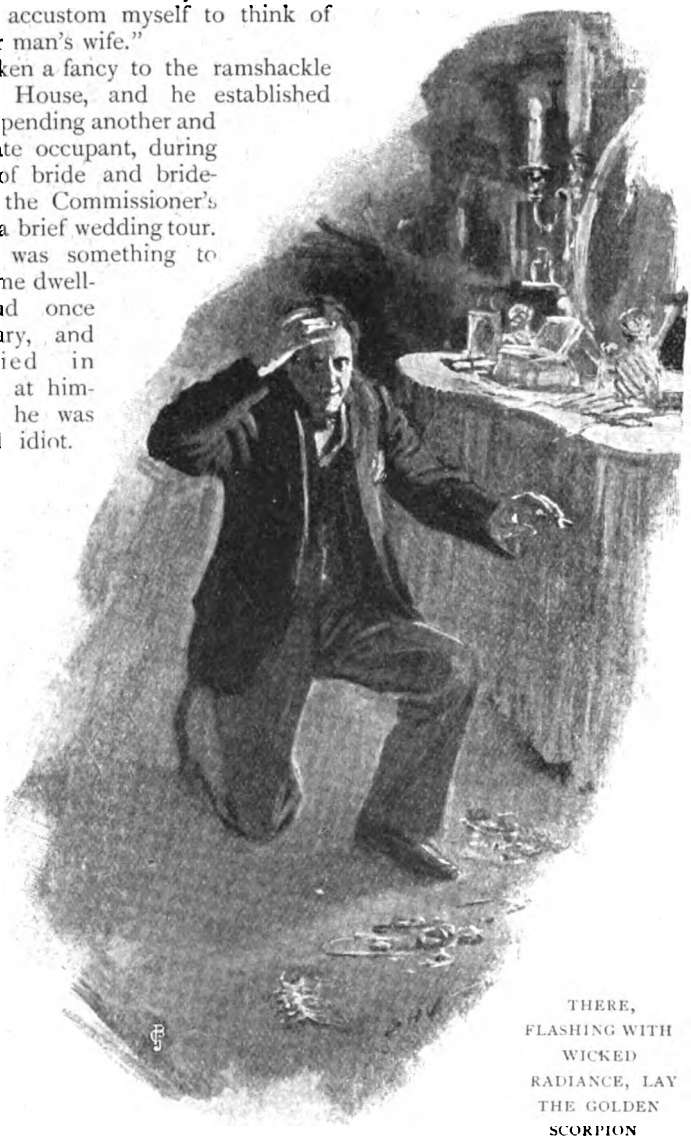
But as Correth said to himself: "Though I've killed my happiness, I don't think I can attend its funeral. I shall stay on here and endeavour to accustom myself to think of her as another man's wife."

He had taken a fancy to the ramshackle old Mission House, and he established himself there, pending another and more legitimate occupant, during the absence of bride and bridegroom from the Commissioner's bungalow on a brief wedding tour. After all, it was something to inhabit the same dwelling that had once sheltered Mary, and Correth tried in vain to laugh at himself, and say he was a sentimental idiot.

The night the happy pair arrived at Mahathala, he was invited to dinner, and went to see Mary in her new character, with a strange mingling of pain and pleasure.

"Welcome home, Mrs. Dersingham," he said gaily, as he clasped Mary's hand in his. "As an old friend I may claim a privilege," and without waiting for permission, he kissed her brow lightly, but the touch of his lips was icy cold.

"It's nice to be at home again," said Ralph, as he surveyed his graceful young wife with pardonable pride. "In the first place, there's no place like it, and in the second, Correth, we were really unfortunate; our honeymoon was a chapter of accidents; some ill-fate seemed to pursue Mary. She had a narrow escape from drowning when we were fording a river; then when we were out riding, her horse fell, and it was a miracle that he did not crush her; and lastly, the wing of the hotel we were staying in caught fire, whilst she was having a siesta, and it was with difficulty I rescued her. Really I assure you, I am glad to have her at home."



THERE, FLASHING WITH WICKED RADIANCE, LAY THE GOLDEN SCORPION

As Dersingham spoke, Correth thought of the golden scorpion, and in spite of all scepticism, he shivered with apprehension as he wondered whether from the grave that mysterious, wicked creature could exert its awful power over the dead man's daughter.

No, it was impossible, how could it be?

When Mary left the dinner table, Ralph turned to his friend, eager to ask a question that had been on his lips the whole evening.

"Voltervane, what have you done with that infernal little reptile?" he asked eagerly; "have you it still in your possession?"

"No," answered Correth briefly, "you can make yourself quite easy, old fellow. The

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golden scorpion will harm no one again. It is safely out of the way."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Dersingham with a sigh of relief. "I was haunted by the idea you would disregard the third and last warning. I am thankful you didn't, that's all. Shall we join Mary now?"

"I wonder what he would think of the way in which I rid myself of the noxious little beast," thought Correth. "Somehow, I fancy he would object."

He did not stay long, though Ralph pressed him to, and Mary added her entreaties very prettily, but even though you are a philosopher, and a laughing one to boot, it is not always easy to look at happiness, the happiness you coveted for yourself, through another man's eyes.

"For a man to fall in love at my age is stark, staring lunacy, and I ought to be shut up in an asylum," he said to himself as he remained smoking on his verandah, for he hated sleep, and had trained himself to manage with an infinitesimal quantity.

And he remained on, in the glorious, pure splendour of an Indian night, thinking, smoking and enjoying the perfect peace, when the latter was suddenly broken by the sound of a horse's galloping. Voltervane threw away his cigar and sprang to his feet. There was a sound of dire terror, of great need, in that mad gallop. Fearing he scarcely knew what, Correth waited with beating heart for that reckless rider to draw rein at the Mission House.

A half-inarticulate exclamation escaped him as the horseman threw himself from the saddle and Correth recognised in him one of Dersingham's servants. The man leaped up the verandah steps, holding out a note which Correth snatched from him. One glance at the few words it contained was sufficient to make the Man of Science leap into the saddle the servant had just vacated, and ride back with mad speed to the house he had quitted but a few hours since. And to Correth it seemed that the horse galloped to the sound of the words that had struck cold terror to his heart: "Come, for God's sake, Mary is dying!"

As steed and rider thundered along, these words were everywhere—in the air, whispered in his ear by a thousand voices, and in the distant cry of a jackal, Correth heard that one awful sentence. It seemed to him as though the whole world were telling him that Mary must die, and he set his teeth and swore that if human skill could avail aught she should be saved. With the first vague hint of dawn, he arrived at the Commissioner's bungalow, which, in the cold chill of unborn morning, had that desolate, lonely air which houses often wear when death is an inmate.

No one was about, no one seemed stirring, and Voltervane left his horse and went to the room where the dying girl lay.

Several servants were huddled round the open doorway, but they fell aside as Correth passed and made his way to the bed, beside which knelt Ralph Dersingham.

At the sound of his friend's footsteps, the Commissioner turned and Correth saw that his pale face was very tranquil.

"Thank you for coming, old fellow," he said, quietly; "but it's too late—she died half-an-hour ago—yes—it was cholera. She suffered a good deal—for two hours."

Voltervane gazed at the figure on the bed; he scarcely grasped that it was Mary who lay before him; Mary, whom he had last seen in all the glory of her ethereal loveliness but a few short hours ago.

"I sent for you because I knew—you would help us—if anyone could." Dersingham's voice was curiously even and monotonous. "It—if you'll manage all for me, old fellow, I shall be very grateful—I don't feel as though I could."

Voltervane could only say "yes," and watch Ralph in some anxiety, as the latter, with an abstracted, musing air, smoothed back the fair hair that had fallen half over the dead girl's face, hiding it from view.

"Ralph," Correth said, gently, but with determination, drawing his friend away, "come with me, you must not stay here, it is worse than useless. Go into your dressing-room, and I will give you something to make you sleep. Come, old fellow, do obey me."

"Very well," said Dersingham, with strange docility. "I'll do anything you like, Correth, and—I'm *very* tired."

He walked in a groping, half blind fashion to the dressing-room, stumbling like a drunken man. Voltervane followed him, and once he had him lying on the sofa, he hurriedly looked in the medicine chest for a sleeping draught, and administered one that would at least ensure some hours of blessed oblivion. Then he left him, and once more entered the death-chamber where lay all that was mortal of the woman the two men had loved so well.

With reverent hands, Correth arranged the

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richly-hued hair on the pillow and, sceptic though he called himself, he wished he could lay some emblem of Christianity upon that quiet breast.

On the dressing table lay Mary's Bible and little crucifix; the latter was what he wanted, and he took it. But, as he turned away, with his elbow he swept off the table a crystal box, lined with velvet. It fell with a crash to the floor, and broke into many fragments.

It had been Mary's jewel box, and her trinkets went rolling in every direction. With an impatient exclamation at his carelessness, after listening to hear if the noise had awakened Ralph, Voltervane stooped to collect the scattered ornaments, when he beheld a sight that seemed to paralyse him with horror.

There, on the matting, flashing and shining with wicked radiance in the darkened room, lay the golden scorpion—the evil thing he had fondly imagined buried for ever in Alan Dene's grave.

Carefully Correth picked it up and examined it. Yes, it was the same; of that there could be no doubt. He thought of Dersingham's description the previous night of the perils that had beset Mary; the dangers she had undergone; three in number. She had in all probability removed the scorpion from her father's lifeless hands, to substitute some more pious token. Then she placed the creature for safe keeping in that box, and entirely forgot its existence in the sorrows and joys that were so quickly crowded on her.

Correth saw it all, and he knew that he was the passive murderer of the woman for whose sake he would have died.

Mechanically, he slipped the scorpion into his pocket, and tried to think what he could do. What was there to be done? Only one thing—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

The day wore on; Dersingham awoke to find his friend watching beside him, and the unnatural composure of the Man of Action gave way. Correth was glad to see him weep; his own eyes were hot, but the well of tears seemed dried.

"I've done all," he said very gently.

"Yes; it is at sundown."

There was no chaplain at Mahathala, and Dersingham could not command his voice, so it fell to the lot of Voltervane to read the Burial Service over Mary. Quietly, reverently, the solemn words fell on the still air; Correth read not only for the dead, he read for himself, the living. When all was over, he went back to the deserted, bereaved house, and stayed some time with Dersingham, then with a solemnity not unbefitting the occasion, he bade his friend good-bye and returned to the Mission House.

In his room, with locked doors, Voltervane placed the jewelled scorpion on the table, beside a loaded revolver. Then he sat down and wrote a letter to Dersingham, telling him briefly the story of his attempt to rid himself innocently of the evil creature, and the harm he had so unwittingly wrought thereby.

"Bury the accursed thing with me, and, old fellow, if you can, forgive me for having ruined your happiness. I am making what reparation I can by carrying out the old Scriptural law of 'A life for a life,'" Correth wrote, with a steady hand. "I am cured of my scepticism, and I could not live after having been the cause of Mary's death, for, Ralph—I loved her, too."

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THE ROMANCE OF FANCY DRESS.

SOME TRIUMPHS OF "DISGUISE."

By Mary Howarth.

IT was in Italy in the infancy of the sixteenth century that fancy dress balls, called masques, were initiated. The salient feature of the dress was that each person who attended the entertainment was masked, or, in other words, wore a domino, a course of procedure that led to all sorts of fun and frolic. This form of amusement, which now would be called carnival, and flourishes still in Continental cities, and particularly in the Riviera, Henry VIII. introduced into England, and was very fond of patronising it himself, thereby seeing much life among the people in both streets and houses, which, in his proper person as king, would have been impossible.

From mere displays of grotesque and handsome costumes, at which every point was strained to make them amazing spectacles, these masques were improved into more serious efforts under James I., at whose Court they became theatrical sets, gorgeously appointed, with kings and queens for actors and actresses, and the most renowned poets of the realm responsible for the "books of words." Masques continued in popularity until the Commonwealth set a veto on them.

Once suppress a custom by law, and though the law become so obsolete and musty as to beg defiance, it is not easy to revive the vogue. During the latter part of the eighteenth century, however, a certain German lady, named Teresa Cornelys, who had been a well-known cantatrice, searching about for a sensational amusement that should take Society's fancy and become fashionable, revived the masquerade, which had been frowned upon and forbidden by the Court for many years. Her entertainments, which speedily became the talk of the town, she held in Soho Square, renting and enlarging for her purpose a mansion called Carlisle House. Thither flocked all the rank and fashion of London Society. One peculiarity of these parties was that those who attended them not only personated characters other than themselves, but acted up to the impersonation. Fancy a lady "gone mad for the loss of her lover" sustaining the part to admiration, and "a nurse with a child" being pronounced diverting, until the "brat" became over noisy and troublesome! The newspapers of the day chronicling the occasions were then, as now, very keen

Photo, Lafayette.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING AS THE GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

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upon the sensational prices paid for the gewgaws displayed. Lord Galway's daughter, Miss Monckton, as an Indian Sultana, magnificent in veil and a robe of cloth of gold, had her costume sewn up each seam with real precious stones, and such a magnificent cluster of diamonds on her brow that £30,000 represented the cost of her jewels alone.

One of the most splendid of the masquerades was held on February 7th, 1771, when not only all the rank and fashion of the capital appeared, but two royal dukes graced the revels with their presence. On that occasion the dress which attracted most attention was that worn by the notorious Colonel Luttrell, who appeared as a corpse in a shroud with his coffin.

Photo, Lafayette.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AS "LA REINE MARGOT."

The nineteenth century witnessed a revival of the splendours and beauties of the old-world masques and fancy balls, deprived of all the disadvantages that had sullied them before. That great display, the famous Eglinton Tournament of 1839, took nearly two whole years to arrange and perfect. To the Earl of Eglinton had occurred the idea that a living picture of a mediæval tournament would be an intensely interesting spectacle, so with the help of the leading aristocrats in Great Britain, the affair was enacted in the beautiful park surrounding his castle in Ayrshire, and lasted three days. An area of four acres, with a boarded fence all round, comprised the tourney ground. Galleries were provided to hold three thousand persons, and the decorations everywhere lavished were of the most costly description, aided by many of the trappings which had been recently used at the late Queen Victoria's Coronation. Not only was open house kept at the castle, but the Earl provided two temporary saloons, each two hundred and fifty feet long, for banquets and fancy dress balls. All the spectators who were present (and it was estimated that approximately two hundred thousand persons availed themselves of the unique opportunity of seeing a tournament on one or other of the three days) wore fancy costumes.

The Earl of Eglinton himself, as "Lord of the Tournament," was attired in a rich damasked suit of gilt armour with a skirt of chain mail. The Marquis of Londonderry was "King of the Tournament," wearing a crown and a dress over which fell a gorgeous train of green velvet embroidered in gold, covered by a crimson velvet cloak trimmed with gold and ermine. Lady Seymour was "Queen of Beauty" in a robe of crimson velvet, with the Seymour crest on it embroidered in silver on blue velvet, and a cloak of cerise velvet trimmed with gold and ermine. One personage was present whose part in European history was destined to become a very

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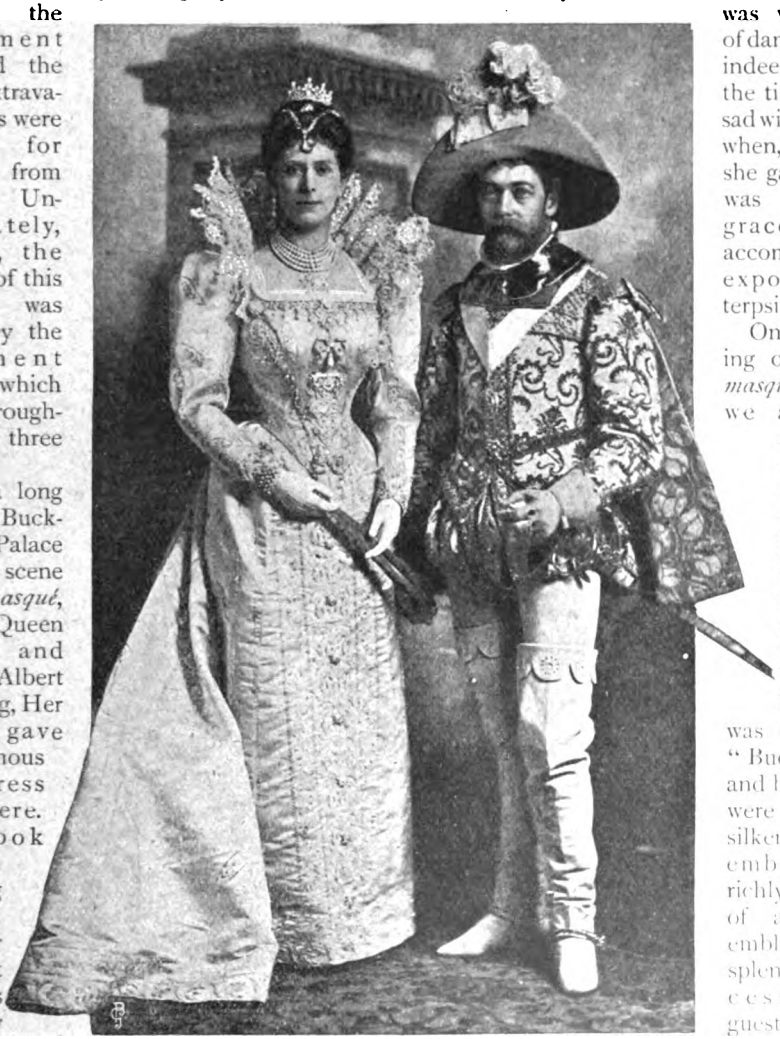
important one—Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor Napoleon III. of France. The affair is still talked about in Scotland, where it is remembered that the Ardrossan Railway Company trebled its fares for the Tournament days, and the most extravagant prices were charged for vehicles from Glasgow. Unfortunately, however, the grandeur of this spectacle was marred by the inclement weather, which lasted throughout the three days.

It is a long time since Buckingham Palace was the scene of a *bal masqué*, but when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were young, Her Majesty gave some famous fancy dress balls there. One took place in the spring of 1842, when our present King was a baby only six months old. Her Majesty the Queen, who represented Queen Philippa of Hainault, was attired in the rich dress of the period, and wore a very heavy crown with gold pieces falling down on each side of her face. The Prince Consort was Edward III., in a most magnificent dress of embroidered cloth of gold of brilliancy so supreme that even the splendid diamonds and other jewels he had on paled before it. The cloth alone cost fifteen guineas a yard! So exquisite looked the young husband that he was the cynosure of every eye, and universally acknowledged, not only to be the best-dressed man present, but the handsomest.



Photo, Lafayette.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AS LADY-IN-WAITING TO "LA REINE MARGOT."
THE PRINCE OF WALES AS QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAMPION KNIGHT.

In those days our late-beloved Sovereign was very fond of dancing, and, indeed, until the time of her sad widowhood, when, of course, she gave it up, was a most graceful and accomplished exponent of terpsichore.

On the evening of the *bal masqué* to which we are now alluding she sat, surrounded by her Court, upon a raised throne, upon which a blaze of brilliancy was cast by a "Bude" light, and behind her were arranged silken hangings embroidered richly with coats of arms and emblems. A splendid procession of guests filed before the royal dais, walking in couples, who, with deep curtsey and bow, bent low before the throne.

One prominent quadrille of that august occasion was called the Waverley, and was danced by impersonators of characters from Sir Walter Scott's novels.

The announcement that on the 21st of July their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, as our most gracious Majesties then were, would bring the season

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of 1874 to a close by a fancy dress ball at Marlborough House, stirred the Court circle to most pleasurable excitement. The royal entertainers placed no restriction as to period upon their fourteen hundred guests, who

Photo, Lafayette.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AS QUEEN ELIZABETH'S COMMANDER OF THE FORCES.

arrived at 10.30 p.m. on the appointed evening in attire of the most gorgeous and beautiful description, and were marshalled by Lord Colville of Culross, attired as a cavalier, into the suite of rooms set apart for the entertainment. To the expectant assemblage the royal host and hostess presently appeared, the Prince attired as his romantic and ill-fated ancestor Charles I. He was an exact reproduction of Van Dyck's portrait of His Majesty, wearing a costume of maroon satin and velvet, over which came a short velvet cloak, whereon blazed a diamond star and the jewelled Order of the Garter hanging from the blue ribbon. His head was crowned with a large black Cavalier hat, plumed with a long drooping white feather fastened on with an aigrette of brilliants. The Princess was a vision of loveliness in a magnificent Venetian dress, richly enhanced with diamonds and precious stones. On her head the beautiful lady wore a most becoming Venetian cap of ruby velvet scintillating with jewels. Her two little sons were her pages, in white satin doublets, trunk hose, and short cloaks.

Immediately after the royalties had entered, the customary quadrilles were danced, the Princess of Wales choosing for her partner Lord Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire, who impersonated a Venetian grandee, and the Prince leading out the Duchess of Sutherland, who was so dear a friend of the late Queen Victoria. Other sets were the "Card," in which Princess Christian, wearing a sumptuous gown of red velvet and silver tissue, was the Queen of Clubs, and Princess Louise, now Duchess of Argyll, the Queen of Hearts, in blue velvet; the "Fairy Tale," in which H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was the "Beast," and the beautiful Miss Graham "Beauty"; and Lord Rosebery was "Bluebeard." After the last quadrille, called the "Cavalier and Puritan," dancing became general, and later a magnificent supper was served in marquees erected in the garden, then in full summer beauty, and before the last guests left, flushed with the early dawn of another day.

The two great costume balls of the past few years were the Countess of Warwick's, given under the most perfect conditions for such a display at Warwick Castle, and the imposing and splendid Jubilee Ball of 1897, held at Devonshire House by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Up and down the marble staircase of that great Piccadilly mansion, their hands pressing the solid crystal balustrades with

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their silver settings, through the gold and white and more gorgeous colourings of their

MR. AND MRS. NOAH.

magnificently-appointed saloons, decorated with masses of roses, on that splendid night in June passed and repassed the flower and bravery of all England, and of many of the illustrious great families of Europe. Upon them waited servants all garbed in fancy attire, some of them as Egyptian footmen, others as negroes—many of the latter in the quaint dress of their native country. Not a few of the costumes seen cost £1,000, while millions of sovereigns would not have purchased the jewellery displayed.

The ducal host impersonated the great Emperor Charles V., after Titian's portrait of His Majesty; and the Duchess of Devonshire was Zenobia, Queen of

CHILDREN IN FANCY DRESS.

A LITTLE JAP.

A RISING K.C.

Palmyra. The Princess of Wales, now our Queen, elected to be Marguerite de Valois, "La Reine Margot," daughter of Catherine de Medici, whose proud boast it was that she was daughter of a king, sister of a king, and wife of a king, all of which our Queen now is herself. She was accompanied by her daughters

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and the Duchess of York, as ladies-in-waiting upon Her Majesty, in gowns not unlike that worn by herself, of white satin sparkling with silver and diamonds, and with diadems of diamonds in the hair. The Prince of Wales wore the costume of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The Duke of York, as the Prince of Wales was then, was Queen Elizabeth's Champion Knight, George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, in a very splendid costume of grey satin, crimson velvet, and gold embroidery, with a gorget of steel damasquined with gold, the ribbon of the

A FANCY DRESS CONCEPTION OF JOHN BULL.

Photos, Langfier.

Garter round his neck, and a cordelière glove in his high felt hat to signify his rank as Champion Knight. The Duke of Connaught was Queen Elizabeth's Commander of the Forces, and the Duchess of Connaught appeared as Anne of Austria. The Duke of Fife was a courtier of the period of Queen Margot, and was one of Her Majesty's train, in a blue silk doublet slashed and belted with gold armour, and a picturesque hat slashed and plumed.

Among the beautiful women present were Princess Henry of Pless as Queen of Sheba; Lady Cynthia Graham as another Queen of Sheba; Lady Warwick as Marie Antoinette; and Mrs. George Keppel as Madame de Polignac.

This pageant was strictly an historic fancy dress ball. That is to say, the costumes of all the guests—and they numbered some seven hundred in all—were reproduced with unerring faithfulness from royal personages who have figured in history. The masquers were classified in different periods anterior to 1820, which was the latest date admissible. It was a brilliant, cosmopolitan throng, comprising Oriental and Venetian Courts, and the contemporary Courts of Catherine II. of Russia, France, Austria, Italy and Spain. The quadrilles were consistently organised from the mythological epochs to the picturesque eras of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. of France. This historic ball, so vivid in its dazzling brilliancy and beauty, recalled the Plantagenet Ball of 1842, and the "Powder and Patch" Ball of 1845, both offered by the late Queen at Buckingham Palace. In the latter function the costumes were exclusively restricted to the period of

A TILT AT THE WATER COMPANIES.

A FANCIFUL IMPERSONATION OF LORD KITCHENER.

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1745—just one hundred years previous—during the reign of George II. The picturesque costumes of the Georgian era were peculiarly adapted to such a pageant, with the result that the "Powder and Patch" Ball was one of the most magnificent, popular, and successful functions of this description ever presented under royal direction.

The Devonshire Ball required unremitting attention and the exercising of considerable patience and perseverance in its preparation on the part of the privileged guests. Ancestral portraits and reliable contemporaneous authorities had to be carefully studied, so that the details of each individual costume might be reproduced with absolute fidelity, even to the minutest particulars. As a consequence, the preparations of certain costumes, such as those pertaining to the Court of Elizabeth, entailed an enormous amount of time and research to bring them to perfection. The dress of Queen Zenobia, impersonated by the Duchess of Devonshire, whose efforts were responsible for this dazzling assemblage, which was described as a "private entertainment in a private house," was a magnificent blaze of Oriental luxury and splendour. She wore a skirt of gold tissue, elaborately decorated with star-like designs and outstretched peacock tails, lavishly embellished with gold. This was turned back, displaying an under-dress of cream crêpe de chine, embroidered in gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds, with a train of sumptuous green velvet, embroidered in the Oriental style, with the lotus-flower executed in a variety of gems.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

In these commercial days it is not surprising that fancy dress balls should be made the medium of raising money for charitable purposes. A neat idea was perpetrated in Brisbane, Queensland, a short time ago, when, on behalf of the Hospital for Women, founded by Lady Lamington, the then Governor's wife, the leading firms of the city were represented personating their individual wares. Her Excellency herself appeared as a hospital nurse.

Every Twelfth Night there is held at the Mansion House by the Lord and Lady Mayoress of London a Fancy Dress Ball for Children, which is one of the prettiest sights in the world. It is pretty generally admitted that whereas the loveliest women rarely look their best in fancy dress, unexpected points of beauty are developed in those ordinarily deemed plain and commonplace, and even amongst children this noticeable rule holds good. There rub shoulders quaint and picturesque conceptions in the form of frocks and little suits.

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UNCLE'S COAT.

By G. Macpherson. *Illustrated by Fred Pegram.*

A RAW winter afternoon was closing in, and thick grey mists swept up from the river and hung round the towers of Norchester Cathedral, hiding the grinning gargoyles, but helping them to shower vexatious little streams of water upon those who passed by.

Picking his way carefully amongst the flying buttresses, came a dignitary of the Church, the Honourable and Reverend Edward Lester, Rector of Trittenham and Canon of Norchester, and as a grim-looking fiend discharged a little rivulet of water and soot into the brim of his clerical hat, he looked up with short-sighted, mild annoyance. As the Canon hastened along the Close, the cold November wind forced him to draw his great-coat closer and turn the velvet collar up to his ears. Truth to tell, the coat was green with age, and the velvet worn threadbare, but the Canon cared naught for that; the old friend kept his spare form both warm and dry. From the quaint, irregular, monastic-looking houses in the Close, long streams of yellow light pierced the fog.

Hopefully the Canon picked his way towards the little gabled end house in the Close, and thought with pleasure of the bright fire, the gleaming silver tea-pot, the general welcoming air of his sister-in-law's drawing-room. But in that little house, peaceful and monastic to the eye as it might be, there raged at that moment a very bitter war. The Honourable Mrs. Tom (she was never called anything else, though the widow of a Prebendary of the cathedral and a dweller in its solemn precincts) was engaged in a battle royal with Mrs. Moriarty.

Poor Hon. Mrs. Tom! Left a widow with four daughters, her life had not been a path of roses. The little drawing-room was rarely empty of a merry, chattering crew of girls and subalterns, for Norchester was a garrison town. The Hon. Mrs. Tom's jolly face, worn enough and care-lined as she wrinkled her brow in private over the never-ending problem of "making both ends meet," smiled a perpetual welcome. The furniture was shabby, but the chairs never elsewhere seemed so comfortable or so happily placed for a *tête-à-tête*. Molly, Jennie, Gwen and Lil Lester were the prettiest girls in the town, and their friends were legion. As for their foes, they, too, were many and active, armed with ominous-looking blue envelopes, and tiresome, loudly-reiterated requests for "something on account." A little cheque from wealthy, close-fisted Uncle Edward smoothed the way occasionally, but with the usual hard-heartedness of a trustee, he was generally blind to tears, and deaf to cajolery.

None know the daily toil and struggles of poor gentlepeople save those who have sorrowfully undergone them — the sordid trials, the petty shifts to compass a new frock or pretty shoes for the girls at their next ball, and so forth; but the Recording Angel may have his own ideas on the subject, and halos may await many struggling mothers.

Little enough did the Hon. Mrs. Tom spend on her own portly person. A perfectly historic mauve satin was her *toilette du bal*, but to see her girls in their "bravery" was the joy of her existence.

At luncheon that day mother and daughters had held very anxious conference. The Yellow Hussars had sent out invitations for a ball, and, alas! it was now the end of the quarter; the family funds were very low. Lil, the youngest and prettiest Miss Lester, needed a new frock. How was it to be obtained? All hope of help from Uncle Edward had vanished; his last cheque, sent when a butcher proved less amenable than usual, was accompanied by four pages of angry warnings.

Lil pushed away her plate with a laugh, although a tear or two may have twinkled in her eyes.

"Never mind, dear old mum, if we can't do up the old white silk—and I think Teddy Fortescue's spurs about did for it last time I wore it—I'll stay at home. I can have mumps or influenza or something of the kind on the 25th."

A chorus of protest rose from her sisters, for the Lester girls knew nothing of the

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snapping and snarling of some wealthier homes; and while the girls chattered and laughed, the Hon. Mrs. Tom wrinkled her brow under its white curls and pondered.

"TEDDY FORTESCUE'S SPURS ABOUT DID FOR IT LAST TIME I WORE IT."

She was too old a general to be routed thus. After deep thought she spoke.

"I will send round for 'the Duchess,'" she said, and her daughters went laughingly up the low caken staircase to arrange the drawing-room. Bad as the weather might be, someone was sure to seek a welcome and an amusing hour. Gwen stood at the window re-draping the curtains, while her sisters tweaked and patted the cushions and rearranged the flower vases.

"We shall only have Uncle Edward

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to-day," said Gwen as she looked out at the dripping grey fog. "He can't miss the diocesan conference."

"Well," said Jennie, "as the Mum will be so busy with 'the Duchess,' we must entertain him as best we can till 'her Grace' goes."

They laughed again, and Molly, with her grey eyes twinkling, drawled "Dear Duchess" as she balanced her smart little patent shoe on the tip of her toe.

The afternoon wore on and daylight waned, lamps were lit, and the tea-tray arranged on the little black oak table. Molly's little head with its curling rings of fair hair shone like satin in the firelight as she toasted muffins. Molly was a wise young woman, and, let other girls twist and torture and puff their hair into monstrous shapes as they would, she kept her fair coils in the nape of her long, slender neck, and her sleek little head was always trim and dainty.

Uncle Edward paddled through the damp and fog, and noted with satisfaction the dancing firelight shining invitingly from the drawing-room windows. He reached up for the knocker, but the front door swayed and he found it was ajar. Quickly he entered the dimly-lit old panelled hall, took off his damp great-coat and hung it, with a loving pat for the friend of many years, upon a peg. As he did so, a very voluminous old black waterproof cloak fell to the floor. Without ceremony the old Canon climbed the stairs and walked into the drawing-room.

"Where's your mother, girls?" he asked as he was duly kissed by all four and ensconced himself in the most cosy of the deep, old-fashioned armchairs.

"Oh!" said Molly as she brought his tea and muffin, "the Mum will be here soon; she's rather busy for a little time."

The three other girls looked at her and laughed, and murmured, too low for Uncle Edward's deaf ears — "*busy with 'the Duchess.'*"

And who was "the Duchess" engaged in such deep and intimate converse with the Honourable Mrs. Tom?

She was a very red-faced old woman, encased in a very shiny gown of what had once been black satin, but now was moulting in threadbare patches on the most rotund portions of her massive frame. A large bonnet of blue plush, with red roses, and the peculiar scraggy ostrich feathers which are generally seen on the heads of laundresses on holidays, was perched high on her grey hair. A huge shawl of a fancy tartan, yellow and green predominating, enveloped her great shoulders. "The Duchess" kept a little shop in a back street in Norchester for "Left-off wardrobes," and over it was painted in huge white letters this legend:—

"Mrs. Anna Maria Moriarty
Does fairly by ye."

Many a time had the Honourable Mrs. Tom sent for this useful person, whose nickname amongst the Misses Lester was "The Duchess," and after mighty wranglings and diplomatic concessions on either side, Mrs. Lester — denuding her own wardrobe — wrested from the reluctant Mrs. Moriarty the price of a new fur for Molly, or a smart pair of buckled shoes for Gwen.

The battle this November day had been fierce, and every inch of ground contested.

The Hon. Mrs. Tom fought with spirit, but "The Duchess" stuck to her guns manfully. Fortified by much strong drink "to keep out the fog," she proved more obdurate than usual, and was scathing in her remarks as she decried the various goods thrown *pêle mêle* upon the dining-room table.

"Not a coin will oi give ye for all this trumpery and trash unless yez can throw in an old cloak or something warrum and more seasonable like for this weather. Begorra what 'ud oi be doin' wid all these thin things at all at all?"

"The Duchess" breathed hard and sniffed contemptuously as she put her finger through a weak place in an old brocade gown. The Hon. Mrs. Tom frowned and grew red, but dared not take offence. She tapped her foot on the threadbare carpet and pondered deeply.

Ah! her old black rain cloak, the very thing. Quickly she rushed into the hall and whirled the garment from its accustomed peg.

"Mother, Uncle Edward is here and wants to see you," called Jennie, from the drawing-room door, "do come! He says he must catch the 6.10 train to Breccles."

"Yes, yes. I'm coming," cried the Hon. Mrs. Tom, and hurried back to "the Duchess." Flushed with haste, she flung the cloak on the pile of shabby garments. "Quick, Mrs. Moriarty! I must go; the Canon's getting impatient," and she held out her hand—the beautiful taper-fingered hand of "the wicked Darrells" from whose race she came—to receive the money. Grumbling and with slow deliberation, the old woman

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counted out the coins from a large, greasy leather purse, and well pleased to see a sum which would at least help towards Lil's new ball gown, the Hon. Mrs. Tom dropped them into her pocket, while she hastily arranged her cap and curls at the mantel glass. "The Duchess" crammed her goods into a large sack.

"WHERE'S YOUR MOTHER, GIRLS," HE ASKED AS HE WAS DULY KISSED BY ALL FOUR.

"Good-night, me lady, I've made a bitter bad bargain, but God bless yez all the same."

The Hon. Mrs. Tom chuckled as she shut the front door on Mrs. Moriarty and her burden, and breathing heavily after her exertions, went upstairs to greet Uncle Edward and enjoy a well-earned cup of tea.

* * *

The Canon looked at his watch. "My dear Elizabeth, I must be off, I've barely left time to catch my train." The girls and their mother trooped downstairs after the old man to help him into his wraps; he liked these little feminine fussings. The large white muffler was pinned carefully round his throat, the fur-lined gloves and hat held ready by Lil, the crutch-handled stick found by Gwen—but where was the overcoat? The old man pished and pshawed angrily as his nieces turned over the rugs and wraps on the hall chairs.

"No, no, I tell you I hung it here on the peg, and it's gone. Ah! here it is," and he stooped and picked up a black mass at his feet. But no, it was a huge, shapeless garment of worn black frieze. The girls chorused together—"That's the Mum's old rain cloak, Uncle Edward," Molly adding as she hung it up "It's a disgraceful old thing, but mother *loves* it."

The Hon. Mrs. Tom was dumb from sheer

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terror. The awful situation flashed upon her at a glance. She had thrown Uncle Edward's cherished warm great-coat into the maw of "the Duchess." With a courageous smile she protested Uncle Edward had come *without* an overcoat till the old man roared in fury "Elizabe'h, you're a fool!"

The coat was gone, the train had to be caught, and grumblingly the old cleric departed muffled like a Napoleon in the ample folds of his sister-in-law's shapeless garment.

Helpless from suppressed laughter, the girls closed the front door, and turned to their mother to enjoy the good joke. She was seated on the lowest step of the stairs almost in hysterics, and between her sobs they gathered the ominous words—"'The Duchess'—Uncle's coat—thought it was mine—he would never forgive me if he knew it—never!"

* * *

The Canon splashed through the wet streets to the station, ruffled in temper, and, as the wind rose and whistled round the corners, embarrassed by the ample folds of the cloak. As he passed down a by-street the wind impishly hurled the folds over his head, and as he righted the cloak he saw he was standing in front of a little second-hand shop. The window was lit by two flaring gas jets, and faded silk gowns and crushed looking bonnets were displayed on stands. A very fat woman suddenly obscured the light as she spread on a stand by the door a thick great-coat, and hung from the collar a ticket with the price. The Canon saw the coat, it looked comfortable, and the wet, flapping folds of the rain cloak sorely embarrassed him. Cautiously he peered round, no one was in sight. He would buy the coat and leave his incubus behind him.

SHE SPREAD ON A STAND A THICK GREAT-COAT.

"Sure 'tis cut for yez it is," said Mrs. Moriarty, gleefully, as she buttoned the coat, having hastily added considerably to

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the price marked on the ticket, and shaken the despised rain cloak into pleasing folds on the stand. Hastily the Canon paid her and turned to go; as he did so he mechanically felt in the pockets and drew forth—his own card case, his own handkerchief, and two letters addressed to

THE HON. AND REV. EDWARD LESTER,
Trittenham Rectory,
Breccles.

He cleared his throat, and drew himself up with his most dignified air.

"My good woman, this is my great-coat! Two hours ago I hung it on a peg in a house in the Close. It was stolen from there, and I shall give you in charge for receiving stolen goods."

Mrs. Moriarty's face flamed crimson, and she put her hands on her hips and challenged the old man.

"Give me in charge, will ye. Faith, I got that same coat in honest dealin' with the Honourable Mrs. Thomas Lester, in the Close—and many's the deal I do be havin' with her. Ye can ask her if yez like, it's not herself will be sayin' the bad word on *me*. I'm too useful to the poor lady wid the struggle she and her purty gurls has to keep their heads up in Norchester."

Mrs. Moriarty had all the quickness of the Celt; she noted every shade on the old Canon's face as he listened to her voluble speech.

"'Tis the old uncle Miss Lil laughs and jokes about. I'll be making him ashamed of his own dirty meanness," thought she.

"Bad cess to the rich relations who never help the widdy and orphins, sez I. The purty dears have often to be pinched, though they do be of the quality," and Mrs. Moriarty snorted contemptuously, and looked the Canon fairly and squarely in the eyes.

Edward Lester stood silent. Often he preached to his congregation and shewed them their duty; none ever dared to preach to *him!*

Silently he put the letters back in his pocket, and walked slowly down the squalid street. He remembered boyish pranks played with his dead brother; he pictured the bright faces of his pretty nieces so like their dead father. He thought with a pang that the Hon. Mrs. Tom's jovial face had grown more lined and careworn of late. As the train bore him homewards the engine seemed to beat out:

"Poor Elizabeth! Poor Elizabeth." Were the words in his dead brother's voice?

The old man stared out at the mist wreaths floating by the carriage windows, and thought deeply.

"Poor things—what shifts they have been put to. I always meant to leave the girls my money. Well, they shall not long for the old man's shoes—they shall thank me by their happiness while I live." Never before had the old aristocrat, accustomed to luxury from his babyhood, but frugal by nature, realised what *genteel poverty* really meant.

As the Honourable Mrs. Tom, still red-eyed and depressed, struggled the next morning to compose an apologetic letter to the Canon, having hastened the girls forth to retrieve his coat from Mrs. Moriarty, Uncle Edward's old man-servant mounted the steps. With trembling fingers she opened the letter he brought, but a joyful surprise awaited her. A cheque for £50 fluttered to her feet, and with beating heart she read these words:—

Trittenham Rectory.

My dear Elizabeth,—

I do not think that your income is equal to your needs, and in addition to it, each quarter you will receive a cheque for £50. Do not thank me—thank an old woman named Moriarty in Star Street, who taught me, wittingly or unwittingly, a lesson I needed.—Yours affectionately,

EDWARD LESTER.

P.S.—Buy yourself a new rain cloak.—E. L.

While she still pondered over the letter, the girls rushed in and clustered, like bees around their queen, to hear the news.

"Poor old Duchess," said Molly, putting her soft cheek against her mother's worn face. "You will have to go round and cheer her up, Mums darling. She almost collapsed when I told her how much depended upon our never offending Uncle Edward."

"Yes," said Gwen, "but she put on her fighting look—you know it, mother, well enough—at the last, and said, 'the worruds were given me to spake, and spake I did. An' not a bit o' harrum will come o' it in the end.' So we left her quite happy over her 'prachin' to a Canon.'"

Their mother laughed, and kissed all the bright young faces tenderly. "Come, girls, help me on with my cloak and bonnet and we'll choose some new gowns at Amberley's for the Yellow Hussars' ball. We'll call on 'the Duchess' on the way home and promise her the reversion of them all."

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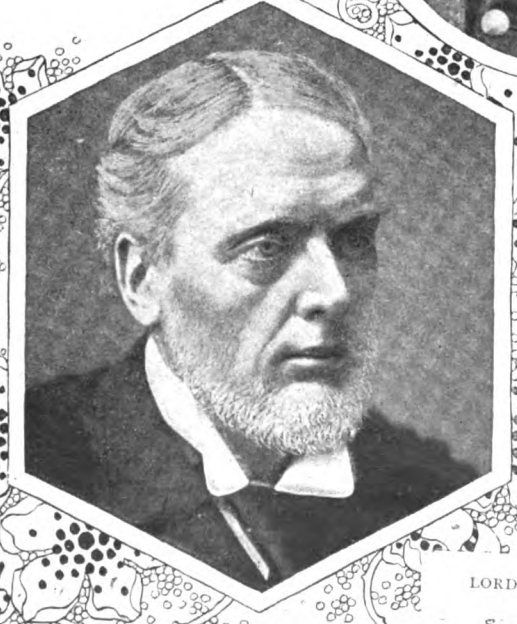
In their Old Age

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE,
BY OUR
PHOTOGRAPHIC PROPHET.

This remarkable series of photographs has been obtained by simply exaggerating the lines and other physiognomical features of the subjects dealt with, and by whitening their hair. This has been done on strictly scientific lines. In the case of Lord Kitchener, a striking resemblance to the stern, commanding countenance of the late Prince von Bismarck has developed itself. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, puts on a grave and studious air, and has evidently taken up the burden of statesmanship again.

LORD KITCHENER.



LORD ROSEBERY.

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LORD SELBORNE.

M. PADEREWSKI.

H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

The addition of beards to the first two subjects on this page has wrought a startling change, especially in the case of M. Paderewski, but advancing years have only added strength and dignity to the commanding countenance of the German Emperor, who evidently retains in old age much of the vigour of youth.

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Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour have such alert and youthful eyes that even snow-white hair fails to make them look aged, but in the latter case a certain resemblance to Lord Salisbury may be noticed. The Earl Marshal gains—if possible—in dignity with advancing years.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

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MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

H.I.M. THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

It will be generally agreed that the most marked change in this trio is to be seen in the case of the Czar of Russia. As at the present time His Majesty is the double of the Prince of Wales, our portrait may perhaps be predictive of the future appearance of King George V.

THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES.

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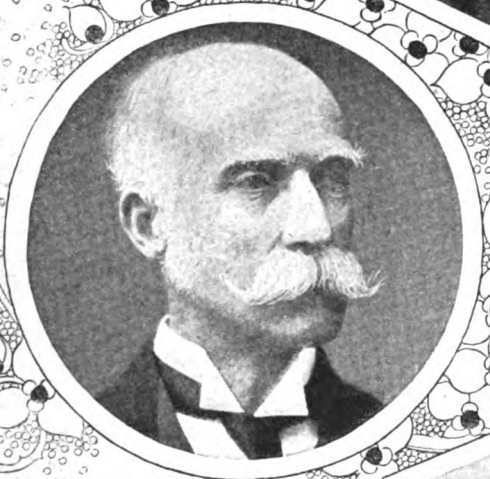
LORD MILNER.



LORD LANSDOWNE.

The change wrought by the march of time is perhaps more marked in the case of Lord Milner than in any of the other examples given in this series. Not one reader in a hundred would guess his identity. Lord Lansdowne has hardly changed, but the King of Italy looks worn with the cares of State.

H.M. THE KING OF ITALY.

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PUZZLING TIMES AT SOLVAMHALL CASTLE.

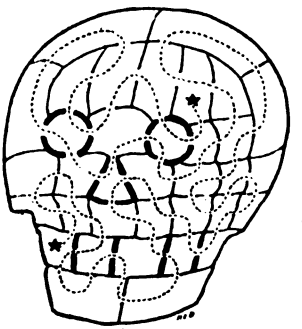
SIR HUGH EXPLAINS HIS PROBLEMS.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

Illustrated by Paul Hardy.

THE friends of Sir Hugh de Fortibus were so perplexed over many of his strange puzzles (which were recorded in the last number of the London Magazine) that at a great gathering of his kinsmen and retainers he undertook to explain his posers.

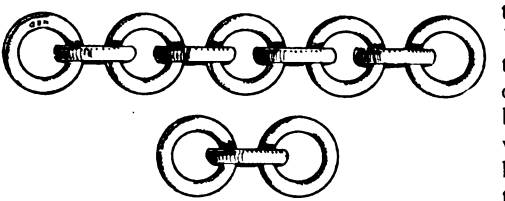
"Of a truth," said he, "some of he riddles that I have put forth would greatly tax the wit of the unlettered knave to rede; yet will I try to shew the manner thereof in such way that all may have understanding. For many there be who cannot of themselves do all these things, but will yet study them to their gain when they be given the answers, and will take pleasure therein."



"THERE BE TWO ODD CELLS, YET MAY WE, BY BEGINNING AT THE ONE AND ENDING AT THE OTHER, MAKE OUR JOURNEY WITH SUCCESS."

BANDY-BALL.

Sir Hugh explained, in answer to this puzzle, that as the nine holes were 300, 250, 200, 325, 275, 350, 225, 375, and 400 yards apart, if a man could always strike the ball in a perfectly straight line and send it at will a distance of either 125 yards or 100 yards, he might go round the whole course in 26 strokes. This is clearly correct, for if we call the 125 stroke the "drive" and the 100 stroke the "approach," he could play as follows:—The first hole could be reached in 3 approaches, the second in 2 drives, the third in 2 approaches, the fourth in 2 approaches and 1 drive, the fifth in 3 drives and 1 backward approach, the sixth in 2 drives and 1 approach, the seventh in 1 drive and 1 approach, the eighth in 3 drives, and the ninth hole in 4 approaches. There are thus 26 strokes in all, and the feat cannot be performed in fewer.



"THE LENGTH OF ANY CHAIN HAVING LIKE RINGS IS EQUAL TO THE INNER WIDTH OF A RING MULTIPLIED BY THE NUMBER OF RINGS AND ADDED TO TWICE THE THICKNESS OF THE IRON WHEREOF IT IS MADE."

TILTING AT THE RING.

"By my halidame!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, "if some of yon varlets had been put in chains, which for their sins they do truly deserve, then would they well know, mayhap, that the length of any chain having like rings is equal to the inner width of a ring multiplied by the number of rings and added to twice the thickness of the iron whereof it is made. It may be shewn that the inner width of the rings used in the tilting was one inch and two-thirds thereof, and the number of rings Stephen Malet did win was three, and those that fell to Henry de Gournay would be nine."

The knight was quite correct, for $1\frac{2}{3}$in. × 3 + 1in. = 6in., and $1\frac{2}{3}$in. × 9 + 1in. = 16in. Thus De Gournay beat Malet by six rings. The drawing shewing the rings may assist the reader in verifying the answer and help him to see why the inner width of a link multiplied by the number of links and added to twice the thickness of the iron gives the exact length. It will be noticed that every link put on the chain loses a length equal to twice the thickness of the iron.

THE NOBLE DEMOISELLE.

"Some here have asked me," continued Sir Hugh, "how they may find the cell in the dungeon of the Death's Head wherein the noble maiden was cast. Beshrew me! but 'tis easy withal when you do but know how to do it. In attempting to pass through every door once, and never more, you must take heed that every cell hath two doors or four, which be even numbers, except two cells, which have but three. Now, certes, you cannot go in and out of any place, passing through all the doors once and no more, if the number of doors be an odd number. But as there be but two such odd cells, yet may we, by beginning at the one

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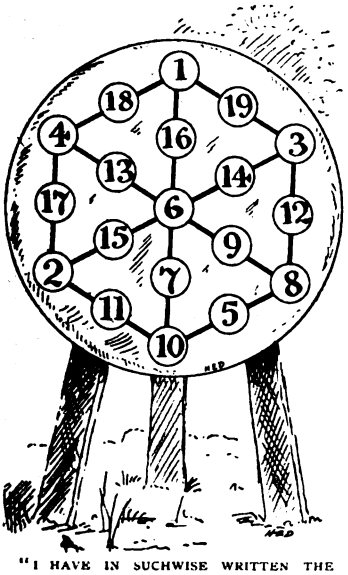
and ending at the other, so make our journey in many ways with success. I pray you, albeit, to mark that only one of these odd cells lieth on the outside of the dungeon, so we must perforce start therefrom. Marry, then, my masters, the noble demoiselle must needs have been wasting in the other."

The drawing will make this quite clear to the reader. The two "odd cells" are indicated by the stars, and one of the many routes that will solve the puzzle is shewn by the dotted line. It is perfectly certain that you must start at the lower star and end at the upper one; therefore, the cell with the star situated over the left eye must be the one sought.

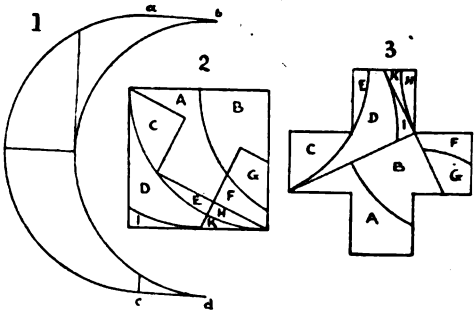


"I HAVE IN SUCHWISE WRITTEN THE NUMBERS THAT THEY DO ADD UP TO TWENTY AND THREE."

THE ARCHERY BUTT.

"It hath been said that the proof of a pudding is ever in the eating thereof, and by the teeth of Saint George I know no better way of shewing how this placing of the figures may be done than by the doing of it. Therefore have I in suchwise written the numbers that they do add up to twenty and three in all the twelve lines of three that are upon the butt."

We think it well here to supplement the solution of De Fortibus with a few remarks of our own. The nineteen numbers may be so arranged that the lines will add up to any number we may choose to select from 22 to 38 inclusive, excepting 30. In some cases there are several different solutions, but in the case of 23 we believe there is only this one. In every instance there must be an even number in the central place, and any such number from



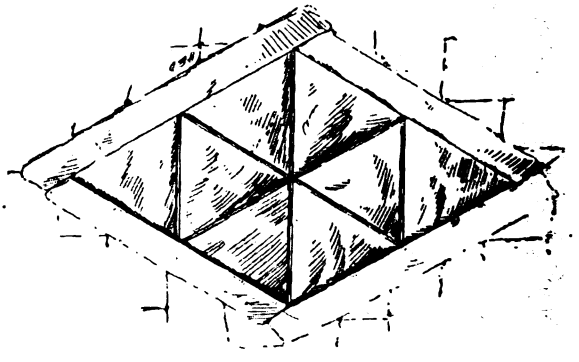
HOW THE CRESCENT IS CUT INTO TEN PIECES TO CONVERT IT INTO THE CROSS.

2 to 18 may occur. Every solution has its complementary. Thus, if for every number in the accompanying drawing we substitute the difference between it and 20 we get the solution in the case of 37. Similarly, from the arrangement in the original drawing, we may at once obtain a solution for the case of 38.

THE DONJON KEEP WINDOW.

In this case Sir Hugh had greatly perplexed his chief builder by demanding that he should make a window measuring one foot on every side and divided by bars into eight lights, having all their sides equal. The illustration will shew how this was to be done. It will be seen that if each side of the window measures one foot, then each of the eight triangular lights is six inches on every side.

"Of a truth, master builder," said De Fortibus slyly to the architect, "I did not tell thee that the window must be square, as it is most certain it never could be."



EACH SIDE OF THE WINDOW MEASURES ONE FOOT AND IS DIVIDED INTO EIGHT LIGHTS, EACH SIX INCHES ON EVERY SIDE.

THE SNAIL ON THE FLAGSTAFF.

Though there was no need to take down and measure the staff, it is undoubtedly necessary to find its height before the answer

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can be given. It was well known among the friends and retainers of Sir Hugh de Fortibus that he was exactly six feet in height. It will be seen in the original picture that Sir Hugh's height is just twice the length of his shadow. Therefore, we all know that the flagstaff will, at the same place and time of day, be also just twice as long as its shadow. The shadow of the staff is the same length as Sir Hugh's height: therefore, this shadow is six feet long and the flagstaff must be twelve feet high. Now, the snail, by climbing up three feet in the daytime and slipping back two feet by night, really advances one foot in a day of twenty-four hours. At the end of nine days it is three feet from the top, so that it reaches its journey's end on the tenth day.

The reader will doubtless here exclaim, "This is all very well, but how were we to know the height of Sir Hugh? It was never stated how tall he was!" No, it was not stated in so many words, but it was none the less clearly indicated to the reader who is sharp in these matters. In the original illustration to the Donjon Keep window Sir Hugh is shewn standing against a wall, the window in which is stated to be one foot square on the inside. Therefore, as his height will be found by measurement to be just six times the inside height of the window, he evidently stands just six feet in his boots!

SIR HUGH DE FORTIBUS UNDERTOOK TO EXPLAIN HIS POSERS.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

"By the toes of St. Moden," exclaimed Sir Hugh de Fortibus when this puzzle was brought up, "my poor wit hath never shaped a more cunning artifice or any more bewitching to look upon. It came to me as in a vision and oftimes have I marvelled at the thing, seeing its exceeding difficulty. My masters and kinsmen, it is done in this wise."

The worthy knight then pointed out that the crescent was of a particular and somewhat irregular form, the two distances *a* to *b* and *c* to *d* being straight lines, and the arcs *a c* and *b d* being precisely similar semi-circles. He shewed that if the cuts be made as in figure 1, the four pieces will fit together and form a perfect square as shewn in figure 2, if we there only regard the three curved lines. By now making the straight cuts also shewn in figure 2, we get the ten pieces that fit together, as in figure 3, and form a perfectly symmetrical Greek cross. The proportions of the crescent and the cross in

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the original illustration were correct, and the solution can be demonstrated to be absolutely exact and not merely approximate.

THE AMULET.

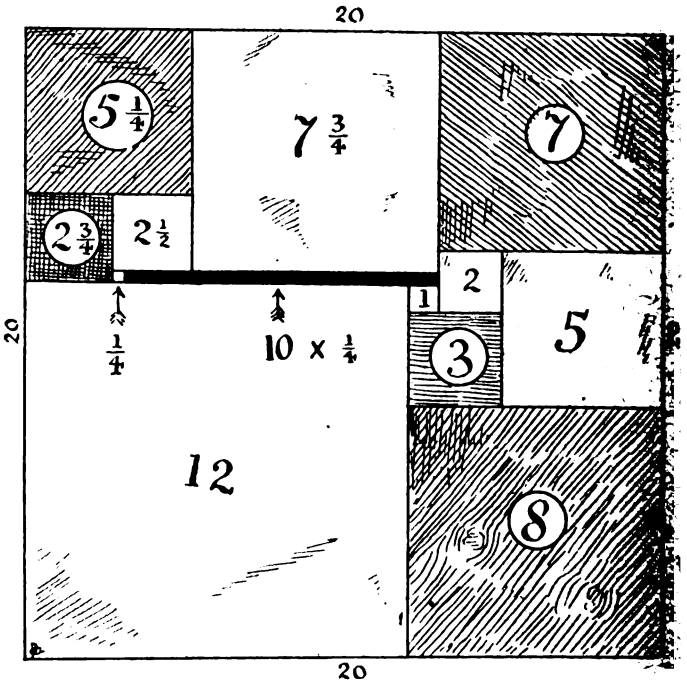
The puzzle was to place your pencil on the A at the top of the amulet and count in how many different ways you could trace out the word "Abracadabra" downwards, always passing from a letter to an adjoining one.

A
B B
R R R
A A A A
C C C C C
A A A A A A
D D D D D D D
A A A A A A A A
B B B B B B B B B
R R R R R R R R R
A A A A A A A A A A A

"Now, mark ye, fine fellows," said Sir Hugh to some who had besought him to explain, "that at the very first start there be two ways open: whichever B ye select there will be two several ways of proceeding (twice times two are four); whichever R ye select there be two ways of going on (twice times four are eight); and so on until the end. Each letter in order from A downwards may so be reached in 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, etc., ways. Therefore, as there be ten lines or steps in all from A to the bottom, all ye need do is to multiply ten 2's together and truly the result, 1,024, is the answer thou dost seek."

LADY ISABEL'S CASKET.

The last puzzle was undoubtedly a hard nut, but perhaps difficulty does not make a good puzzle any the less interesting when we are shewn the solution. The accompanying diagram indicates exactly how the top of Lady Isabel de Fitzarnulph's casket was inlaid with square pieces of rare wood (no two squares alike) and the strip of gold 10 inches by a quarter of an inch. This is the only possible solution, and it is a singular fact that the number, sizes and order of those squares can be calculated direct from the given dimensions of the strip of gold, and the casket can have no other dimensions than 20 inches square. The number in a square indicates the length in inches of the side of that square, so the accuracy of the answer can be checked almost at a glance.



HOW THE SIZE OF THE TOP OF LADY ISABEL'S CASKET MAY BE DETERMINED BY THE STRIP OF GOLD.

Sir Hugh de Fortibus made some general concluding remarks on the occasion that are not altogether uninteresting to-day.

"Friends and retainers," he said, "if the strange offspring of my poor wit about which we have held pleasant counsel to-night hath mayhap had some small interest for ye, let these matters serve to call to mind the lesson that our fleeting life is rounded and beset with enigmas. Whence we came and whither we go be riddles, and albeit such as these we may never bring within our understanding, yet there be many others with which we and they that do come after us will ever strive for the answer. Whether success do attend or do not attend our labour it is well that we make the attempt, for 'tis truly good and honourable to train the mind, and the wit and the fancy of man, for out of such doth issue all manner of good in ways unforeseen for them that do come after us."

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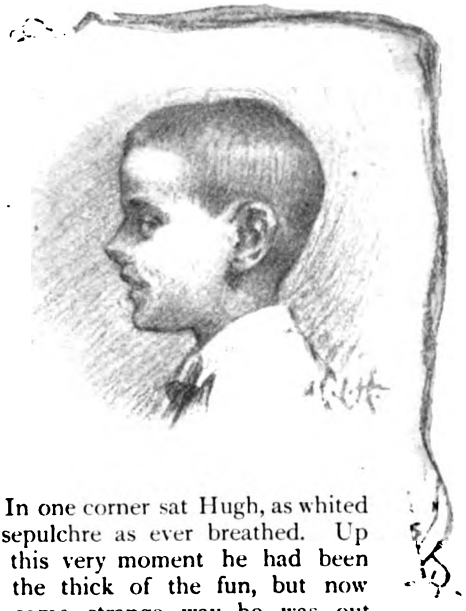
AN OUTCAST'S HOLIDAY.

HOW A BAD BOY WAS GOOD FOR ONE DAY.

COMPLETE STORY BY MARION HILL.

Illustrated by Mabel Humphrey.



THE Outcast knew well that his lot was the hardest that ever belonged to mortal boy. For twelve freckled, eventful years he had been the family scapegoat.

When he looked at a bric-a-brac, it fell; and when it fell it broke. If he chanced to drink out of a china cup of high value in the eyes of its owner, the handle always grew loose under his touch, like a tooth, and came away in his fingers.

At the least movement of his arms or legs, his clothes ripped—the better the clothes the more ghastly the rip. And if he so much as wiggled a finger, the other boy always fell down and got a bump. In this respect, his own brother Hugh was more insecure upon his feet than all the rest of them. Positively he was not responsible for these things. They happened of themselves. Never in his life had the Outcast done anything but what he should not have done, nor made a speech but what fell as "impudence" upon the abnormally sensitive ears of his elders.

So used was he to being scolded that he never had a very clear idea of what any particular "row" was about, and so lost much of the benefit of the same.

At the moment of which we are now writing, he was being scolded by both parents at once. This made a brisk engagement. The Outcast was quite dazed. Whenever his mother made an accusation so self-evidently true that to deny it would be folly, his father kept insisting, "Answer your mother, sir"; and whenever she made a statement so inaccurate that the Outcast was stung into stammering, "Why I—why I—I—why—" his father kept saying, "I forbid you to interrupt your mother, sir"; so, under the circumstances, he felt that there was nothing better for him to do than to melt from the room as imperceptibly as possible; and with this end in view he was squirming a great deal, apparently in contrition, but always towards the door.

He had two more reasons for wanting to be elsewhere. One was that he was most apt to smile when least amused. If this happened the consequences would be awful. The other reason was that the room was too full.

In one corner sat Hugh, as whited a sepulchre as ever breathed. Up to this very moment he had been in the thick of the fun, but now in some strange way he was out of the reckoning, and looked the picture of innocence, with his eyes glued to a book. In another corner sat Angela, the most annoying sister a boy could have, for she never told on you as long as you let her play, but rounded on you the minute you put her out of the game. She was now pretending to dress her doll, but the two red spots in her cheeks shewed that she had a deeper interest in wanting to find out whether or no the Outcast would be thrashed. Not that she wished for this calamity, for she held loud howls in reserve should the sentence fall, but she was human enough to be considerably entertained by the doubt. In the middle of the floor sat the Infant. Too young to know the propriety of disguising her interest, she had dropped all her toys to stare stonily at the Outcast. That evening, at the tea-table, when the affair had blown over, she would be ready to bring it all up again by pointing a spoon at him, and observing scornfully, "Ah! Bad boy. Oo nassy."

Why these three never figured unhappily in the final wind-up, although they were always his cheerful partners in what turned out to be crime, was a source of continual wonder to the victim. Hugh had only to make a bluff at manly repentance, Angela to display warm love mingled with tears, the Infant to smile vacuously and gurgle "goo," and straightaway all three were forgiven; whereas the Outcast's repentance

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was doubted, his love spurned, his smile prohibited, and his equivalent for "goo" stigmatised as impertinent.

Forbidden to speak, he was taking much comfort in listening to his inward voice say, "Shut up, shut up, shut up," to each accusation addressed to him; he was also extracting balm from imagining that he had bowled over his brother and sisters and incidentally both parents by hurling the globe of goldfish skilfully among them. A boy's mind is his best consoler.

"After all we have done for you!" was a paternal reproach which stabbed his wandering attention.

What had they done for him that he could honestly consider a benefit? Take Jake Haswell, for instance. Jake was allowed to smoke, shoot, go swimming, build bonfires, keep rabbits, and ride. His were certainly parents of which a boy could be proud. They never went around bragging of what they had done for Jake.

Listening to his further arraignment, he found out to his unfeigned surprise that such outrages as school, music lessons, church, the society of his sisters, and good clothes were reckoned among his great and undeserved advantages. Advantages! Good Heavens! Was the world going mad? Quite aroused, he suggested definitely and too loudly for good taste, that he would suffer a deprivation of each and all of those particular advantages with no emotion other than the liveliest gratitude, whereupon his mother burst into tears and his father pronounced sentence thus:—

"You are not fit to be in the presence of your brother and little sisters. Leave the room. I forbid you to remain another instant."

"Why, who wants to remain?" bellowed the Outcast, indignantly. The inconsistency of these adults was proving too much for him. "Haven't I been trying to get away for the last hour or more, I'd like to know?"

Instead of being calmed by this new view of the case, his father made a strenuous movement. The Outcast ducked and slid through the door. The key, catching in his pocket, ripped a three-cornered tear in his blouse, and, mistaking that temporary restraint for the paternal clutch, the Outcast freed himself with such violence that he fell headlong down the hall stairs, never pulling up till he had landed in the vestibule with his feet in the fragments of the hall lamp.

It did not take him long to regain his feet and to shoot out through the front door. The garden being all too small an asylum for his large need of privacy, he did not linger there, but raced onward through the green gate and up the hot and dusty lane until he came to the comparative safety of the river road. Along this secluded path he tore madly, so furious at heart that he entirely forgot to remember that the river road was one upon which he was expressly forbidden to set foot.

Blind to his surroundings, he hastened on, shaken by indecision: Should he leave his parents for ever? Should he repudiate them and move in their midst a free, untrammelled soul? Or should he die a lingering and painful, but beautiful, death?

The fresh originality of this last idea appealed strongly to him, but its drawback was the staying dead. There obviously was no use at all in death, if the lost one could not return to reap benefits showered upon him by repentant parents.

"WHO WANTS TO REMAIN?"

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Going off for a soldier was impossible; running away to sea impracticable in an inland village. The Outcast sighingly concluded that it was his dire fate just to stay and suffer.

Relinquishing his wilder imaginings, he fell into the more dangerous occupation of sanely and mercilessly judging his father and mother. There is nothing more just than a boy's unimpassioned review of his own punishment. He knows to a shade what he deserved, and he knows, too, what others deserved—especially if they do not get it—and he remembers perfectly when the same delinquencies were passed over in silence and thereby tacitly encouraged. Moreover, when a boy finds out that parental severity is a variable quantity dependent upon moods and atmospheres and conditions of body, he feels as insecure from assault as a frontier town.

"LEAVE THE ROOM."

With many disturbing knowledges rampant in his mind, the Outcast refused longer to be the innocent scapegrace of his brethren; and, as he sped furiously along the lonely road, he determined then and there that he would hereafter earn his title to the full, even if he had to work overtime at villainy. He would shew the world what a bad boy really was.

At this black crisis he caught a sudden and cheering sight—a river nook filled with pond lilies—odorous white ones, radiantly different from the stumpy yellow things to be found nearer the village. The curse left him. He relaxed his muscles and unclenched his teeth. He pushed back his cap and began to whistle. The blessed instincts of divine childhood once more took possession of him, and, picking up four stones, he shot them in rapid succession at a bird. Not to hit it—just to see if he could. He felt worlds better. The pond lilies were forgotten: there was so much else to notice. Though he had stumbled blindly upon this path, he now realised to the full how culpably out of bounds he was; but philosophically aware that the unfortunate had already happened, he determined to find out if there were any "fun" to be had in the vicinity or not. He sauntered onward instead of turning back. He was not dull with anger now, but had suddenly become keenly alive to the witcheries of the new precinct.

A bend in the road brought him into the very midst of a gipsy encampment; and, as he strolled by, he felt as much an intruder as if he were walking unasked through a strange man's house. He was not so abashed, however, that he could not make good use of his eyes; and he curiously took in the details of the open-air household—the iron pot hanging over a dead fire, the canvas-covered

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wagon leaning tipsily against some trees, the bony horse tied to a stake, the calico garments spread to dry upon furzes, and the members of a party lolling dejectedly in an open space. There were four of them, and they were a listless lot. A red-eyed woman sat indolently upon a log; a man made a half-hearted pretence of patching some dilapidated harness; a very clean baby lay asleep upon a board under a piece of white muslin; and a very dirty wakeful baby sat under a wild crab-apple tree, and fretted dismally for the unripe fruit fallen beyond her reach.

The Outcast marvelled at the inactivity of these people, for their kind invariably yelled profane witticisms at passing travellers, and generally relieved little boys of cuff-buttons and boots, if they wore them. He passed on all the quicker for the recollection, and was glad when the curving road took him from sight. Further on he met a little girl, a most slatternly young person, evidently belonging to the people behind him, for she was red-eyed and listless, too. Moreover, she was red-haired, and wore a red bonnet of a fiercer shade, and a red dress of the fiercest yet seen. She had red legs and feet, too, which did not seem to be bare on account of being so well coated with dust. She seemed to be engaged in picking flowers, for the sole purpose of throwing them away again. He wondered at her actions, and reasonably confident of being able to defend his books against attack, he paused a moment and stared at her.

NEVER IN HIS LIFE HAD THE OUTCAST DONE ANYTHING BUT WHAT HE SHOULD NOT HAVE DONE.

She promptly put out her tongue, but the insult was involuntary and the result of long habit, for she evidently took no comfort in it. Here was grief of some sort.

"What's the matter?" asked the Outcast, chivalrously. He, too, knew sorrow.

"Our baby's dead," said the girl, and grinned widely.

Not being grown up to uncharitableness, he translated that grin correctly as a wan mixture of misery and embarrassed lack of words. He knew now the reason for the cleanliness and stillness of the baby under the muslin.

"I saw it," he whispered. His heart beat painfully with awe. He bent his head and traced patterns in the dust with his boot. She did the same with her big toe. The silence became oppressive. Then:

"What's your name?" she asked, in the don't care sing-song belonging to that inquiry.

"Cecil," answered the Outcast, and, for a wonder, truthfully. He invariably told strangers, especially of this sex, that his name was Joe—Joe Wheeler. The fictitious title had a martial ring, whereas Cecil had a "sissy" flavour very distasteful to him.

"And what's yours?"

"Joe," answered the girl.

He shook his head reproachfully.

"'Tis," she assured him. "Josephine: people call me Joe."

He let it go at that, and felt a spasm of respect for truth, seeing that it had carried safer than falsehood.

"Cecil's a nice name," droned the girl, apathetically, eyeing one of her discarded bouquets.

"Why do you throw them away?" asked the boy, ignoring the foolishness of her spoken words.

"Not purty 'nough. I want 'em to put on baby."

Again the mystery of death awed them into silence, and again they traced patterns in the dust. As before, the girl spoke first—

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"Ef I could on'y get some purty 'uns—white 'uns; can't you he'p me find none?"

Incited by the quaver in her voice to peer within her sunbonnet, he saw that she was weeping. "Leaking" he would have called it in a sister. But this was different. There was a quietness about this that was rather awful, and it set his heart to weeping, too, but his brazen little face shewed no change.

"Come on," he said, remembering the lilies, "and stop crying." The surprise of his life was to find himself holding her hand. Recalling how he and Angela loathed each other even to the clawing point when forced by circumstances (such as a night return from a circus) to take each other's hands, he expected every minute to drop dead with the novelty of his present predicament, but, oddly enough, the clutch of Joe's skinny fingers awakened in him a sensation no less than that of feeling himself to be an important and protecting personage.

ANGELA, THE MOST ANNOYING SISTER A BOY COULD HAVE.

Their retracing steps soon brought them again to the encampment. He dared not look at the sleeping baby. The woman never lifted her eyes. The man asked, dully:

"Where goin', Joe?"

"Flowers," responded his daughter, passing on. The man again bent over the harness.

"Paw's a-goin' to hitch up to take baby to the cem't'ry this evenin'. Preacher likely's a-goin' to be there," explained she to her escort. He had no words for this subject and let her gabble on unanswered.

"The babies is twins. It's queer twins should take things so different. Now, Luella, she gits along on them appuls fust rate, but Rowena, now, she died."

So the dead baby was a twin. That fact seemed to make the tragedy all the sadder, though he did not know why. Perhaps it was the mystery of the one being taken and the other left which was tugging at his heart-strings. He was glad when the cheerful host of pond lilies hove into sight.

"Anything the matter with those?" he asked, with a proprietary air.

"Nawthin'," replied she, beamingly. Comfortably accepting the privileges of womanhood, she dropped upon the grassy bank and allowed him to struggle perspiringly for the prizes.

"There!" he panted later, triumphantly staggering up the bank, his arms full of dripping, long-stalked lilies, which he cast in tribute at her feet, "did you ever see anything lovelier?"

"They're purty on the top," said she, "but them stems's very much like snakes."

Trust the eternal Eve to find a snake in every paradise; and look for the eternal Adam to be incited thereby to deeds of helpfulness. The lad rose to the occasion. He produced from his pockets much string—kite-twine, fish-line, and plain, every-day grocery store string, all hoarded by blind instinct for the needs of the future. Then he opened his knife and was ready for business. What a boy can do with enough string and a knife puts Robinson Crusoe to the blush. By garroting the lilies and binding them upon sticks he soon produced a solid white cross of no mean beauty.

Bearing it between them, they carried it safely to the camp. Joe's father was stretched flat on his back, his face hidden under his hat. The sleeping baby was no longer in sight, but near the board upon which the muslin lay in a heap was a wooden box. The woman sat beside it, and her

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eyes, redder now than before, overflowed completely when she saw the cross.

"Well, I declare, what be that?" she exclaimed, taking it tremblingly and putting it upon the little box.

"We made it—Cecil an' me," explained Joe, cheerfully. Then she threw herself upon the ground, her various limbs disposed about her like the rays of a star-fish, and went to sleep as immediately as if she had been walking in slumber for hours past and had just fallen. The boy gazed at her astounded. It beat even his prowess in the sleep-going way. The woman never noticed her, but looked woefully at the wakeful baby under the crab-apple tree.

"Jes' hark at her?" she cried, frowningly. "Jes' hark at her, will you? Why can't she stop that fret for a spell. It cl'ar sets me wild!" Then with no attempt to minister to the living, she crouched again beside the little coffin and hid her face in the cross.

The boy looked thoughtfully at the three prone figures. They had practically given him his dismissal. The perfume of the lilies was getting upon his nerves and bidding him begone, but he did not have the heart to desert the miserable crab-apple baby; so he went over to it. It was squirming and gasping and sobbing and choking and rubbing dirt into its eyes, and struggling for apples and seeming in worlds of trouble generally.

"Hullo," ventured the boy, gently.

"'Lo," responded the baby, staring and sobbing.

"Are you Luella? What's your name?"

"Name," replied the baby, sobbing less, and in a comforted degree.

"What are you crying for?"

"'Rying fo'," said Luella, with the hint of a smile, a damp one, and giving a long shiver of exquisite delight at having company.

"Why you funny little echo," murmured the boy, lovingly; then with vehemence: "Here! stop that!" for the remaining twin, having captured an apple, particularly rocky, had fastened her few teeth into it. "These apples aren't to eat. These are only good to make into Rory Bory Alices. Shall I shew you how to make a Rory Bory Alice?"

"Roar Boar Als," agreed the baby.

At the permission, he introduced her to a game which he and Hugh had invented along the lines suggested by a rayed manifestation which they had once witnessed in the northern heavens, and which had been labelled Rory Bory Alice by some adults who might be expected to know what they were talking about. He stuck an apple full of short twigs until it bristled like a porcupine, then he put it on the end of a sapling, twirled the latter several times around his head, and finally shot the apple giddily into space, where it careened along upon its rimless spokes, a veritable wheel of magic.

"Oh, Roar Boar Als!" chanted Luella rapturously, making frantic attempts to jab spokes into an Alice of her own. In this fashion he beguiled her into making safe use of the perils surrounding her. While he bestowed upon her, gladly, the wealth of a whole hour's time of sweet summer liberty, he wondered why it was that he felt ready for the grave whenever his mother required him to guard the Infant for ten minutes. The wonder grew as he found himself washing away Luella's grime upon his wet handkerchief and lulling her to sleep in his encircling arms. When she drifted off to that land so strangely like the one to which Rowena had gone, he put her down into a nest of leaves and turned his cap inside out to pillow her tiny cheeks against the softness of its lining.

Knowing from hard experience that a baby never goes to sleep until it is time for everyone else to wake, he was not in the least surprised to find that the others were now yawning and stretching. "Don't we never eat?" demanded the man. He distributed his sudden anger impartially among the group.

"Mebbe it's done now," said the woman, tardily remembering the stew-pot and slouching over to it. "Fire's gone out," she commented, blowing upon the ashes. She sat down and looked about her vaguely. "I ain't got a match," she murmured. Then she propped her chin in her hand and went on brooding. The man mercifully let her alone, and made a step towards the pot as if to attend to it himself. Then he, too, grew distraught and helpless.

"Where d'you reckon them matches is?" he asked frowningly of the boy, who stood interestedly close to his elbow.

"In the wagon," answered he, promptly. Probabilities were on his side, anyhow. "I'll find them. I'll get dinner, too," he promised, not without another thrill of

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wonder at his own regeneracy. At home, when asked to perform so simple a duty as shutting the door, the Outcast always required to know what door, *why* he was to shut it, who wanted the door shut, and when it was to be opened again, and, satisfied upon these points, he was not inapt to shut the wrong

SHE PROMPTLY PUT OUT HER TONGUE.

door after all, and with a slam, too. But he poked intelligently among the wagon's motley contents until he had found not only matches, but odds and ends of cold vegetables and bread crusts, to add materially to the contents of the stew-kettle. Whatever he found he put in, even to a handful of flour for thickening purposes, but as this last refused to mix and sailed around on the top of the stew in independent white lumps, like swans, it was more decorative than useful.

To say that the Outcast was enjoying himself is to state the case inadequately. He was having the one giddy, good time of his life. He even served the stew after cooking it, apportioning it thoughtfully according to the need of the consumer, giving the baby the soaked bread, Joe the vegetables, and the grown people the meat. He took a little himself, and it struck his fastidious palate as the divinest thing in food that had ever come his way.

The meal over, a general activity broke out in the party. It was time to hitch up. The man began to harness the horse. Joe pulled a garment from a furze bush, and made an unembarrassed and chatty toilet in the open. The woman arrayed Luella and herself in the remaining garments. The Outcast washed the dishes, using a chip of wood and his elbow.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"Well, come on," called the man, gruffly, when the horse was finally hitched up and the wagon made decent for its quiet tenant. He put his hands upon the little box.

"Oh, it don't seem right!" wailed the woman, suddenly. "It don't seem kind to take her this way, with no prayers nor nuthin', like she was a bundle! Folks allus

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sing to a baby's fun'ral. Oh, she's so pretty and little she ought to have some singin' 'fore she's taken from home! She ought to have some singin'!" The mother's former torpor was all swept away, and she was crying and wringing her hands and throwing herself about in wildest grief. The Outcast put his hand upon her arm to catch her attention.

"I can sing. Would you like me to?" he asked.

The climax had come. At any time in the past, had a boy of his size suggested that he would one day volunteer to sing, the traduced would have knocked the traducer flat. Sing! Sickening disappointment! The Outcast scorned the pastime and never indulged in it unless he were one of a crowd, as in school, and consequently secure from individual notice. Whenever the teacher wandered down his way, as she often did, to discover the ownership of his particularly good voice, the lad always obeyed a demoniacal suggestion to howl through his nose in another key. And now, instead of evading the ordeal of singing, he was inviting it.

The woman became calm at his offer, and accepted it by falling into a devoutly listening attitude. The man did the same.

The Outcast was not in doubt as to what he should sing, for he knew only one song, and had learned it in spite of himself from hearing another boy sing it. One of his schoolmates, Bemis McGuffey, a tadpolish sort of chap, all thin legs and wide collars, used to warble "The Holy City" to represent the melodic value of the class to stray visitors. As visitors were frequent, the room heard "The Holy City" some nine times a week. From constant and contemptuous scrutiny of the self-sacrificing Bemis facing the class from the teacher's platform, the Outcast knew even the muscular attitude that belonged to the song, and he now took it.

Spreading his legs a trifle to insure stability of base, clasping his hands behind his back, scowling earnestly at an invisible point of space above and ahead of him, he lifted up his beautiful young voice in the melody of the enduring hymn.

The common objects about him became oddly transfigured. The moving leaves, the checkered light and shade in the brush, the afternoon shadows on the road, the breath of the pond-lilies, the floating specks of dust, all incorporated themselves into the song to be a part of its sacredness for ever after.

Tone upon tone, verse after verse, the music flowed from him in a golden stream. When he came to the triumphant final phrase, "Hosannah to the highest!" he struck some clear notes of such impelling beauty, of such tender, solemn promise, that the father and mother of the dead child involuntarily raised their eyes from earth and fixed them, instead, upon the friendly sky.

The song seemed to linger upon the air long after it was finished, and under its quieting influence the man lost his roughness, and in most orderly fashion lifted his children, living and dead, into the wagon which was to take them all to the lonely and distant little burying-ground.

"'Bye, Cecil," called Joe. She was cheerful. A ride's a ride.

Her father wrung the Outcast's hand quite as if the boy were a man. He tried to express gratitude, but all he could muster was, "Young gentleman, you're all right; you're all right."

The lad choked with surprise, not at the idea, for he had held it privately for years, but that anyone would be fair enough to express it.

The man, climbing to the seat of the wagon, was motioning to his wife to mount.

"Come a-here," she said to the Outcast. Then she pushed back his cap and kissed him upon the forehead—only once, but long and tender.

The Outcast neither writhed under the caress, nor shrank from it, nor resented it, but took it with that queer thump of the heart which thrills a boy when he looks first upon the dawn, or comes upon grand mountains, or hears the under voice throbbing from a far-away brass band.

"Git in the wagon along o' me," she said.

"I have to go home," replied the boy.

"Then tell your maw she's got the bes' lad in all the wide world," said the woman, as a parting benediction. In a few moments the wagon had wound creakingly out of sight.

He had to go home. The important necessity for this had only just come to him. And he had to go in a tremendous hurry, too, for the long shadows warned him that the afternoon was very, very old. He, therefore, sped back to the village in almost as mad a haste as he had left it in the morning. His emotions, though, were far different.

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He was now at peace with the world, and a friend to virtue. After having been absolutely unharried for several blissful hours, the conviction was borne in upon him that if people would simply *let* him be good instead of for ever *telling* him to be good, he might in the course of time come to take kindly to their society, even if they happened to be his parents.

For the first time in his life, this "bes' lad in all the wide world" found himself hungering for his father and mother. He could hardly get home quickly enough. He wanted to pour his tale into sympathetic ears and win another friendly handshake, another kiss. He felt so good, so large, so happy.

But both himself and his emotions appeared to dwindle considerably as he approached the garden of his home. He saw his parents in the garden.

SPREADING HIS LEGS A TRIFLE, HE LIFTED UP HIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG VOICE IN THE MELODY OF THE ENDURING HYMN.

The whole family was assembled in the garden, everyone tidied immaculately for the evening meal. They were evidently keeping dinner for him. And they did not seem to look nice about it, either. Pangs and misgivings took the elasticity out of his legs, and he lagged somewhat on his way to the gate. He

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feared there might be difficulties in the way of explaining that he was the "bes' lad in all the wide world." The pangs increased as he looked over the gate and became aware of his own frowsiness as compared with the fearful propriety of the others. His mother was in flounced lawn, his father was in linen; Hugh was spruce as to hair, smug as to face and spotless as to collar. Angela was ruffled to the chin in pink, and the Infant was a marvel of starch.

It makes people nervous to wait for dinner. They expectantly eyed his approach. He stepped within the gate. The garden was fresh from its recent watering, but his appreciation of its beauty was tempered by the accusing knowledge that this should have been his evening for wielding the hose. The flowers had a wonderful perfume. A tall tuberose nodding upon its slender stalk almost seemed to speak to him. Its waxen purity reminded him with such sudden painfulness of the sleeping baby at the encampment that the first tears of the day rushed crowding to his eyes, and he bent his head over the flower.

"Stop skulking and come here, sir!" commanded his father.

"Don't handle the plants," warned his mother.

"Who's skulking?" demanded the Outcast, in answer to one parent. "Who's handling the old plants?" in answer to the other. Accompanying this last inquiry with a sweep of the arm in repudiation of the whole plant world, he was thunderstruck to see the hateful tuberose snap itself off its stalk and flop itself upon the path.

The Outcast snorted with frightened rage, and deliriously ground the inconsiderate blossom beneath his heel, whereat the family group in the hall rose at him tumultuously as one—a domestic wave of wrath destined to swamp and destroy him.

Calling up a fiendish scowl adequate even to the horror to come, and ramming his hands deeply into his trouser pockets, the Outcast strode up the path to his doom. He was with his own again.

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YOUTH.

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THE KING'S CLUBS.

HIS MAJESTY AS A "MEMBER."

By Bernard Owen.

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. is well known as a man of many parts, but the public have hardly realised how prominent a part he has taken in the club-life of London.

The King is by nature a "clubable" man, loving to lay ceremony aside and to meet his friends in quiet, social intercourse. All who have been privileged to make His Majesty's acquaintance have been struck by the hearty geniality and total absence of "side" that characterise him, though anyone who attempted to take a liberty would quickly find himself out in the cold.

When Prince of Wales, the King was connected, at one time or another, with a considerable number of the leading London clubs. Most of these were Service clubs, but a few were included that are purely social in their character and objects.

Since his accession to the Throne, His Majesty has not visited any of his clubs, but he has permitted his name to be retained on the members' list of a few institutions, of which a description will be given in the present article. Possibly, now that the period of Court mourning for Her late Majesty has come to an end, the King will occasionally be able to spare time from the onerous duties of State to visit some of the clubs where in the past he has spent so many pleasant hours with his friends.

THE GUARDS' CLUB.

First among the clubs of which he is still a member, must be named the Marlborough, which is situated at 52, Pall Mall, almost opposite the gates of Marlborough House. Externally the premises are of the most unassuming character, and are mistaken for a small private house by most persons who are not in the secret. But the narrow frontage and small closed door are quite deceptive, for the house runs back and contains a number of very good rooms.

THE MARLBOROUGH CLUB, EVERY MEMBER OF WHICH MUST BE PERSONALLY KNOWN TO THE KING.

The Marlborough Club is the most exclusive in the world. Its membership is strictly limited to five hundred, and only the most influential introduction can secure admission. Indeed, it is the unwritten rule of the club that no one can be admitted unless he is personally and favourably known to the King. In other words, the club is a *coterie* of the King's most intimate friends.

The annual subscription is ten guineas, with an entrance fee of thirty guineas. The club has existed since 1859, but owing to its very exclusive character it has been little known outside its own circle.

The interior of the club is plain to the verge of severity. While thoroughly comfortable in all its appointments, there is nothing whatever approaching luxury.

The coffee room is one of the plainest rooms in the house, the walls being relieved by a few engravings and the light being mainly derived from a skylight. Here the King often lunched in past days, occupying a seat at one of the side tables beside a pillar and beneath an engraving of some ancient battleships.

Another interesting nook is to be found in the writing room, where a little table in the corner was in very frequent use by the King when Prince of Wales.

The table bears a stationery cabinet, containing paper and envelopes, mainly black-edged, in various depths, for the Court is in mourning more often than not. An inkstand,

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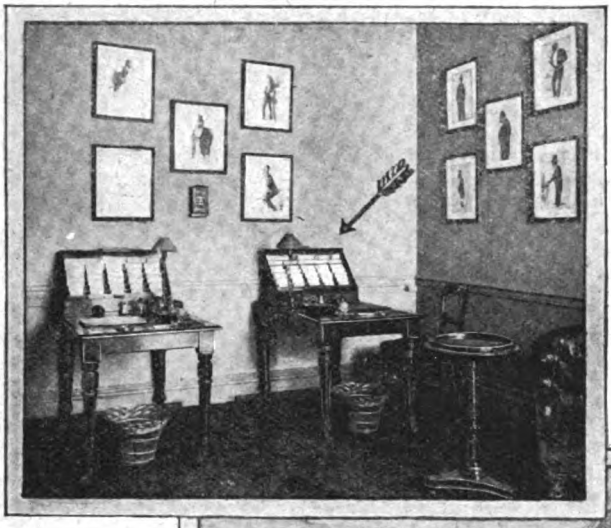
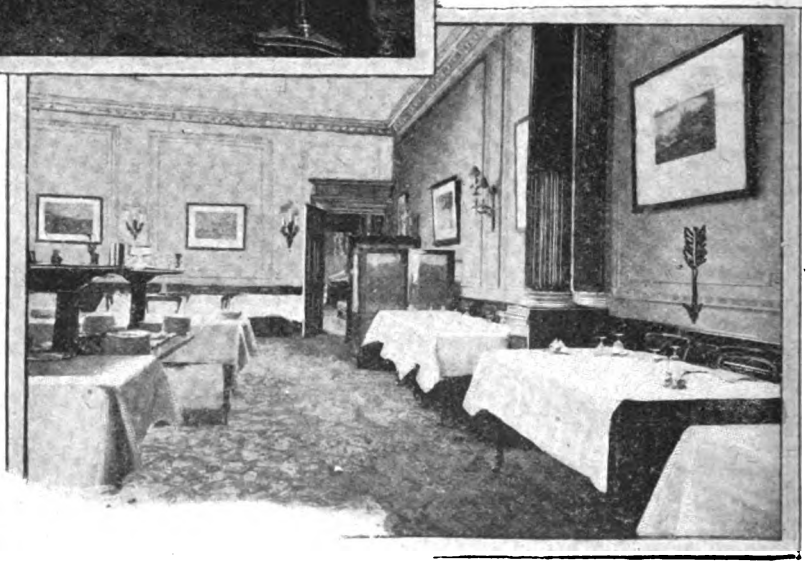
blotting-book, electric lamp, matchbox and cigar cutter, together with an electric push, make up the rest of the furniture of the table, under which reposes a capacious waste-paper basket.

The adjacent walls bear a selection of cartoons from *Vanity Fair*, conspicuous among them being caricatures of his present Majesty and Lord Salisbury. Such was the "cosy corner" where the first gentleman in the land was often to be seen, beaming over a big cigar and industriously working his way through a pile of correspondence.





THE INTERIOR OF THE MARLBOROUGH CLUB. THE ARROWS INDICATE THE KING'S WRITING TABLE, AND THE CHAIR HE OCCUPIES AT LUNCH IN THE COFFEE ROOM.

It was a rule at the Marlborough that no notice whatever was to be taken of its most exalted member. He came and went as he pleased, without ceremony of any sort. It was largely this entire absence of fuss that constituted the charm of the place for the then Prince of Wales.

The first of the great Service clubs, in which the King naturally takes great interest, came into existence on May 31, 1815, when the General Military Club was founded.

Before that time, officers visiting London had no places of call except the hotels and the old coffee houses, such as "The Coal Hole" and "The Cider Cellar." Those who have read Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* will remember Slaughter's coffee house, which gives a capital idea of these once popular establishments.

Early in 1816 the General Military Club enlarged its scope and received officers of the Navy into membership, at the same time changing its name to the United Service Club, by which it is now known.

It occupies a very fine clubhouse at the corner of Waterloo Place and Pall Mall, opposite to the Athenæum Club. The premises were designed by Nash, and completed in 1829, at a total cost of nearly £50,000. A large wing was added in 1858.

The interior impresses the visitor with a sense of solid comfort and dignity. The rooms, which are very spacious and lofty, are not specially remarkable for beauty or richness of decoration, but many of them

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contain fine portraits and busts, chiefly of celebrated officers in the two Services. Those in the Library and Writing-room are almost exclusively of monarchs.

The membership of the United Service Club, which is limited to sixteen hundred, is one of the most distinguished in the world. At the head stands His Majesty the King, followed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Christian. No fewer than ten foreign sovereigns and thirty princes are included in the roll, which also contains the names of all the most distinguished officers of the day.

Closely allied to the older institution is the Junior United Service Club, which occupies the premises in Charles Street, Waterloo Place, which formerly housed "The Senior," as the other club came to be called. It was established in 1827, and was intended more especially to accommodate officers below the rank of Major in the Army and Commander in the Royal Navy, who at that time were not eligible for the United Service Club.

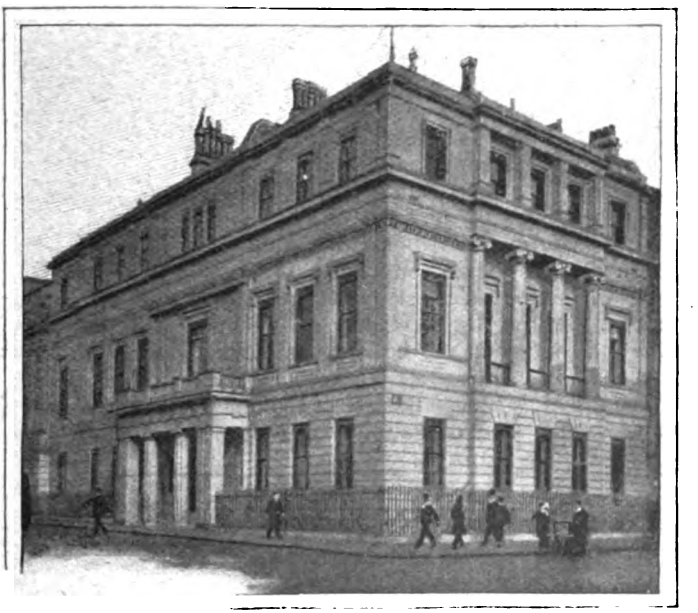
The club was founded by officers of the Headquarter Staff, with the approval of the Duke of Wellington, who became one of its first patrons. Originally the entrance fee was five guineas, and the annual subscription was the same; but at the present time the former is forty pounds and the latter eight guineas. It may here be noted that the more prosperous the club the higher will be the entrance fee, and the greater the difficulty of securing election.

The hall and grand staircase at the Junior United Service Club are among the finest in London. On the staircase hang two very notable paintings, "The Battle of Trafalgar" by W. L. Wylie, and "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada" by Dudley Hardy.

The house contains some fine paintings, notably in the library and drawing room, and an interesting collection of curios, most of which are arranged in the corridor. Among the more important may be mentioned a uniform and other articles belonging to the first Duke of Wellington, and the sword carried by General Viscount Hill at Waterloo. There are also some fossil remains of the mammoth found when digging the foundations for the club house.

The King is the patron of the Junior United Service Club, and among its honorary members are included the German Emperor, and the Kings of Italy, Portugal and the Belgians. The effective members are limited to eighteen hundred.

Soon after the establishment of the club the number of candidates on the waiting list grew to such proportions that Sir Edward Barnes and a few officers returned from India proposed to found a new Service Club. This was at first called the Army Club, but at the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington, its first patron, it was decided to admit naval officers, and in this way the Army and Navy Club came into being.



THE UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB.

This club rejoices in the sobriquet of the "Rag." In fact, if you ask a London cabman to drive to the Army and Navy Club, he will probably look puzzled; but ask for the "Rag," and he will make straight for it at once.

The nickname originated with the notorious "Billy" Duff, an ex-captain of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who in his day was

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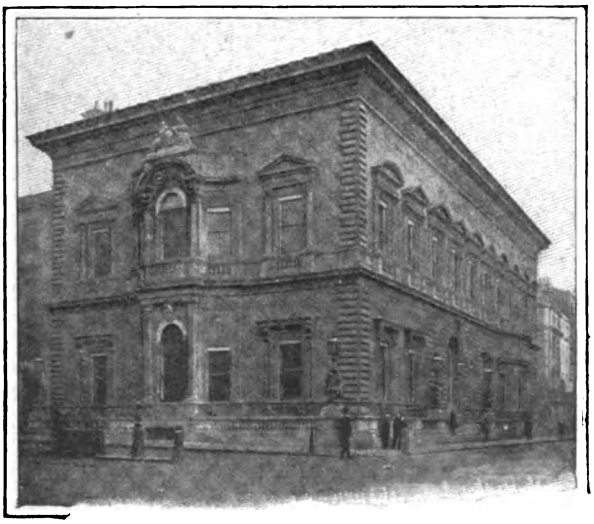
at once the terror and the joke of the West End. He had a pleasant practice of snatching the scarf pins of his friends, and of wrenching off the door-knockers and bell-knobs of the London householder.

One night he arrived very late at the Army and Navy Club, and called for grilled bones. When they came they were not altogether to his liking, and he angrily declared that the kitchen arrangements were a "rag and famish" affair. The name was talked about, and quickly caught on as a good joke.

"Billy" Duff was so pleased with himself that he designed a club button, which is still worn by some of the members in evening dress. It represents a ragged boy gnawing a beef bone, and bears the legend "Rag and Famish."

The present club house is one of the handsomest in London, and is designed after the famous Palazzo Rezzonico, which occupies such a prominent position on the Grand Canal at Venice. The total outlay on the building amounted to £116,000.

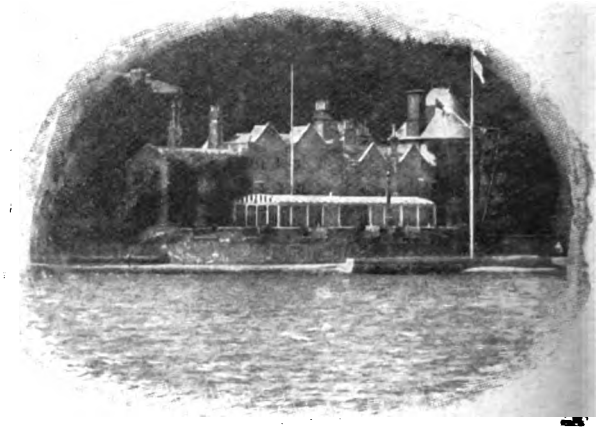
The premises occupy the site of the house on the north side of Pall Mall, given by



THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

Charles II. to Nell Gwynne. In the first smoking-room are preserved a mirror and a silver fruit knife which belonged to that fair, but frail, lady. The club also possesses a portrait of her by Sir Peter Lely, but it is of very doubtful authenticity.

The Army and Navy was the first Service Club where members were permitted to



THE CLUB HOUSE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON AT COWES.

introduce their friends. The Emperor Napoleon III., in his early days when he was an obscure exile living in King Street, practically made his home at the club, and when he became Prince President of the French Republic he sent a fine piece of tapestry, which now hangs on the grand staircase. When he returned to England after his downfall, he resumed his honorary membership and often lunched in the coffee-room at the club when in town. A fine collection of works of art relating to the Bonapartes is kept in the visitors' drawing-room.

The membership of the Army and Navy Club is very large, the limit being set at 2,400 members. H.M. the King is the patron, and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge has for many years been the president. Among the honorary members are the Czar of Russia and the German Emperor.

When the King looks out from the window of his private sitting-room, overlooking the right hand side of the quadrangle at Marlborough House, he has immediately before him the windows of the card-room at the Guards' Club, of which he is the most distinguished member.

This club, which dates from 1813, is one of the most exclusive institutions in the

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kingdom, its membership being restricted to officers in the four regiments of the Guards. When a gentlemen receives the King's commission he becomes at once a member of the club, unless he expresses a wish to the contrary, without the formality of being proposed and elected. On his retirement from active service he ceases to be a member, but may, if he desires, be readmitted by ballot.

THE GARRICK CLUB, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE LUNCHING PLACES.

A curious point about this club lies in the fact that most of the members are related to one another. Commissions in the Guards seem to have a tendency to run in families, and intermarriage is not uncommon.

The Guards' Club possesses a kind of family character, and its premises are rigidly closed against visitors. Members are not permitted to entertain their friends or to shew them any part of the club house on any pretext whatever.

The exterior of the building, which is situated at 70, Pall Mall, is far from imposing, but on passing the closely guarded portal and ascending a short flight of stairs, one finds a range of excellent rooms, many of them containing good paintings.

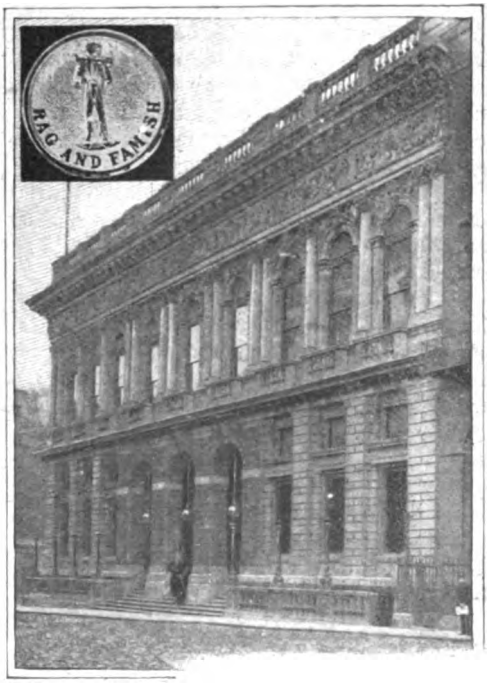
It is a far cry from the Guards' to the Garrick, which latter club has had H.M. the King for its president from as long ago as 1867. Nor has His Majesty's connection with the famous theatrical club been only a nominal one, for when Prince of Wales he was fond of bringing a few special friends to dine in a club, which is not only the most interesting, but is one of the most comfortable in London.

It is by no means easy to get elected at the Garrick, as the members—who are the most "clubable" set of men in the metropolis—are not at all wishful to increase their numbers. Unless the candidate is exceptionally distinguished, and is known as "a thoroughly good fellow," he is pretty certain to be blackballed.

The Garrick is famed for its magnificent collection of paintings and art treasures, which are valued at an immense sum.

H.M. the King generally uses a small private dining-room when he brings visitors to the club. On the occasion of his last visit this room happened to be engaged by another member, and the King took his place without ceremony in the small coffee-room. He invariably takes his friends to see a large painting in the club billiard-room which contains a number of portraits of men whom His Majesty has known as fellow members.

We must not omit to mention the United University Club, situated at the corner of Suffolk Street and Pall Mall, which has for a long period included the King on its roll.



THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB, COMMONLY KNOWN AS "THE RAG." THE FAMOUS CLUB BUTTON IS SHEWN IN THE UPPER CORNER.

Another club—though of quite a different type—that enjoys the King's patronage is the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, whose club house is situated on the shore of the Solent.

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WHAT MEN ADMIRE MOST IN WOMEN

A LITTLE HEART-TO-HEART CHAT.

By Rafford Pyke.

WHAT do men admire most in women? At the outset it is necessary to admit that with reference to one thing which is usually regarded as important to a degree, it is quite impossible to speak with any definiteness. This is the question of personal beauty. Every man will say that he admires a beautiful woman, and, indeed, expects her to be beautiful; yet no two men are wholly in accord when they try to give expression to their conception of what feminine beauty is.

In beauty there exists no absolute ideal, but every definition given will represent only the preference of a particular temperament. The artistic notion of beauty, based upon classic regularity of features, is coming to be less and less important every year; or if not less important theoretically, at least less really cared for. What most appeals to the majority of men is a winsome face, a face that is very human in its suggestions—mobile, expressive, sympathetic, and made piquant by just the faintest trace of archness. For the rest, it would be absurd to say anything specific. To the man who is worth while, indeed, that beauty really counts for very little. There is even a kind of plainness that has a distinct attraction of its own, so that some of the greatest passions of which we possess any record have been inspired by women in whom even ordinary good looks were wholly lacking.

The fact is, that if a woman have the traits and attributes which I am going to enumerate, the man who cares for her will soon behold them all reflected in her face: and then that face will come to be for him supremely beautiful, the one face in the world, the face that will endure for ever in his memory.

There is one thing, however, which appeals to every man of taste and of imagination, and that is grace. Awkwardness in a woman is very hard to overlook. Perhaps grace is admired the more by men because it is the last thing which they ever acquire themselves. And more essential even than grace is daintiness: an exquisite regard for all the niceties of daily life. A woman does not become dainty merely from taking thought. By care, by attention, by making it a subject of study, any woman may be made neat and wholesome, and she may surround herself with dainty things; yet all this will not quite be daintiness in the full meaning of the word. It is just as likely to make her finical and fussy, "old maidish" and impossible. True daintiness is nature's gift. These things, however—beauty and grace and daintiness—belong to the externals of our subject, and are essentially superficial. Far more important are those which now demand consideration.

I suppose that the quality in woman which first attracts a man's more serious attention is the quality of responsiveness. Women know this by a sort of instinct, or, at any rate, they seem to; for every woman of experience tries to be responsive. Like daintiness, however, responsiveness, while it may be imitated, cannot possibly be acquired. The responsive woman is the woman of sure sympathy. When she meets you, she comes at once into complete harmony with you, not from any effort on her part, but just because she is so sensitive to impressions that she can for the time see everything precisely as you see it. And in all this she is very different from the

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artificially responsive woman. She does not necessarily say much; there is no perpetual flow of words, no shower of exclamation points. Perhaps, indeed, she will say very little, if that happens to be her mood; but her responsiveness is just as perfect none the less. The woman who laboriously tries to be responsive, or who is unintelligently responsive, is for ever driving men to the verge of exasperation by missing the real point of everything; by looking at it through a sort of fog, or getting everything so utterly askew that the effect mentally is like that which is produced musically by a person who sings off the key. But the really responsive woman knows everything almost before the word is spoken. Her intuition runs ahead of explanation.

If we declare that a man very dearly loves a woman to be dependent upon him we shall give a text from which the strong-minded sisterhood will preach many a pertinent sermon. "Aha!" they will say; "see the tyrant peeping out at last!" But they will be wholly ignorant in this as they are in so much else. It is true that there are men who like dependence in a woman, and who like to make her feel the burden of dependence, because of an innate love of bullying.

But of men like these we are not speaking. The man who is worth while derives an exquisite pleasure from the dependence of a woman, because this dependence appeals to all that is generous and chivalrous and tender in his nature. That one he loves should look to him for everything—protection, maintenance and happiness—what else can be so thrilling to a manly man? To give is sweeter than to receive; the appeal of a woman's weakness is more powerful than any other motive in the world. And this is not said especially of material things, since all that may be taken quite for granted. Where a man most loves to feel a woman's absolute dependence on him, and where he loves to give the most, is in the myriad little things that belong to sentiment, the finest, truest sentiment which considers the slightest thought and word and act as of infinite importance, because in some way it concerns that which is the greatest thing in human life. The dependence, then, that a man likes to recognise in woman is not a material dependence, but a spiritual one; and if he desires to give much, it is only because he has received so much. He wants her to depend on him, because in his soul he knows that he depends on her.

Finer than any other single trait in woman, because it is rarer, is perfect frankness, not in word alone, but in thought and act—the courage of conviction, the splendour of sincerity. Women for countless ages have cherished a tradition which has now become a fixed belief with the vast majority of womankind, a tradition that it is a grave mistake to lay bare their whole heart even when they feel the deepest, and that a man's serious interest is more firmly held and endures the longer when he is kept in ignorance of how truly he is cared for. This feeling is at the base of every form of coquetry. It teaches women to play at indifference even when their very bones are turned to water and when their hearts are melting like wax before the flame of their

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desire. It makes them strive against their nobler instincts, in order to pique and puzzle and perplex. It bids them say "No" when they mean "Yes," and to hesitate and vacillate when they really have made up their minds beyond the shadow of a doubt. They have been taught to believe that a man values most that of which he is never wholly sure, and that he will think but lightly of what is given to him freely and frankly and without reserve. There is a certain element of truth in this, but it applies only to cheap men and to cheap women. To the man who is worth while, this very frankness and complete abandonment of self possesses a charm supreme above all other charms that woman ever shews. Coquetry is in itself so poor a thing, it is so universal, that it simply wearies one who has a wide experience of life. Every milk-maid can assume it, and therefore only the very usual man regards it as attractive. It is one of the many forms and symbols of caprice ; and there is nothing that so quickly tires love as pure caprice when once it becomes a woman's second nature. It means continual exasperation, continual disappointment, perpetual doubt, and an apprehension which in the end becomes indifference and coldness.

The last thing that a woman will give up is her pride ; but the man who is worth while knows that no woman ever truly, deeply, and passionately loves until her pride has become to her a thing of no account—a thing to be trampled under foot with a fierce exultation in the thought that even this she is sacrificing for the one man of her life. Hence, while the tricks and small pretences of the flirt, the insincerities and hesitancies of the woman who still holds something back, may fascinate the man who does not count, they merely bore the one who is worth while.

Grace, daintiness—essential elements of "charm"—are what men like in women. Responsiveness that springs from an instinctive and intelligent sympathy ; fineness of thought and delicacy of feeling ; the gentleness that appeals to strength ; the frankness that gives all and asks all without fear—these I think are the traits which render their possessors supreme among their sex. To have felt their influence is in itself enough to make life worth the living. They glorify friendship and they deify love. Indeed, unless in some measure they are all united, true love cannot exist, for true love is the love that lasts. The love that lasts is too divine a thing to be often met with in this imperfect world of ours ; yet one must fain believe in it, because it sometimes can be found.

Springing first of all from the sympathy of two kindred souls, and exquisitely blended with respect and reverence made firm by single-hearted loyalty, it is the greatest and most beautiful of all God's gifts. It draws its marvellous power from within, and nothing that is external can prevail against it. The passing years add strength and confidence. Adversity serves only to attest its truth. Not even death itself can daunt it, since love is life ; and in the lowering presence of the grim destroyer it rises undismayed, a rare and radiant spirit—triumphant, invincible, immortal.

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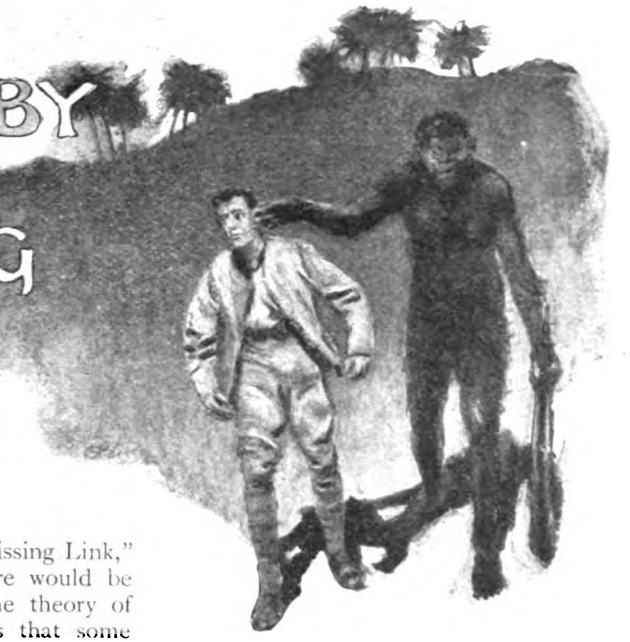
FOUND BY the MISSING LINK.



ONE OF MR. W. L. ALDEN'S QUAINT SHORT STORIES.

[NOT FOUNDED ON FACT.]

Illustrated by S. H. Vedder.

"IF we could only find the Missing Link," said the Professor, "there would be an end to all doubt as to the theory of development. My own idea is that some day he will be found."

"Wasn't there an expedition in search of the Missing Link a few years ago?" asked young Horton. "If I remember rightly, the expedition went to Borneo, or some such place, and never returned."

"Precisely so," replied the Professor. "I fancy that the whole affair was mismanaged, for the man at the head of the expedition was certainly not the man for the place."

We were sitting in the smoking room of the Lord Warden hotel at Dover—a company of weather-bound travellers, waiting for the storm to abate sufficiently to permit the Calais steamer to leave the shelter of the breakwater. There were a dozen of us all told, but the Professor, as we called him, without, however, having any real authority for conferring the title upon him, rather monopolised the conversation, which for some time had been devoted to the Darwinian theory. Suddenly an American, who had something of the look of the merchant sailor about him, took his cigar from his mouth and remarked: "Finding the Missing Link is all right. But having the Link find you mightn't be altogether satisfactory."

"I do not quite understand you," said the Professor rather stiffly.

"O! I ain't giving out any conundrums. I said that having the Link find you might not suit you all the way down to the ground. I'm speaking, sir, from experience, for I was once found by that identical Missing Link that you are so anxious to see, and the experience was a mighty curious one. If you gentlemen want to hear about it, just sing out, and I'll give you the whole yarn."

Several of us replied that we should be glad to hear the sailor's story, and without any further delay he launched into it.

* * * *

About six years ago I was at Singapore, and I don't mind saying that I was on the beach—if you know what that means. I had shipped as A.B. aboard a big four-masted ship out of Newcastle, bound to Shanghai, and I got disgusted with the grub, and the way in which I and the rest of the men were treated. So when we put into Singapore for water—having met with calms and head winds that had delayed us on the passage out—I deserted, and kept shady till the ship had sailed. I found out afterwards that I would have done better if I had stuck to the ship, for after waiting pretty near five weeks in Singapore, and not being able to get a ship, I was kicked out by the boarding-house keeper, and had to sleep in the open, and live on food that I could beg from the natives.

Well! One day there came to Singapore a scientific chap by the name of Butler, and my idea is that he was the identical chap

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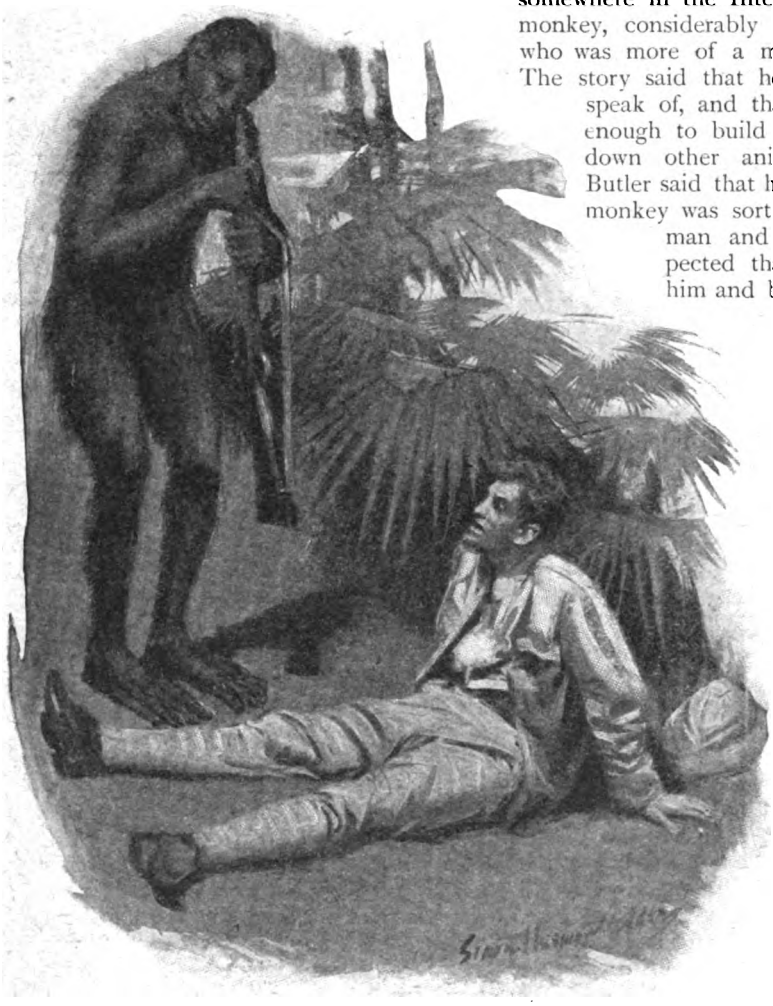
that the Professor was speaking of just now. He was going into the Interior to hunt for a new style of monkey that he called the Missing Link, and he was anxious to find a white man who would join him. I needn't say that I was glad to go with him, for it meant food and the half of a tent and twenty dollars a month to me. I was the only white man in the expedition besides Butler. We had three Malays with us, who were to carry our provisions and things and act as a sort of guard, and the five of us calculated to travel across the peninsula, heading in a North-easterly direction, and coming out on the opposite coast. The country that we were to go through had never been visited by a white man, and we supposed that it was full of tigers, and savages, and such-like things. But Butler was full of his project of finding the Missing Link. He had heard from the natives that somewhere in the Interior there was a big monkey, considerably bigger than a man, who was more of a man than a monkey. The story said that he hadn't any tail to speak of, and that he was intelligent enough to build huts, and to knock down other animals with a club. Butler said that he was sure that this monkey was sort of half-way between man and beast, and he expected that if he could find him and bring him to Europe, his fortune would be made. I didn't take any stock in the story, and didn't care whether it was true or not. All I wanted was to get a berth where I could earn my living, and it was all the same to me whether I was hunting Missing Links in the jungle, or doing sailor work aboard ship.



WHEN I WOKE UP, WHAT I THOUGHT WAS AN ENORMOUS MONKEY WAS STANDING OVER ME WITH MY GUN IN HIS HAND.

We started in good spirits, but I'm free to say that if any man who knew anything about expeditions in the jungle had seen us and expressed his opinion, he would have said that we were a set of—well, everlasting fools! We were armed all right, for every man had a rifle, and Butler had a spare shot-gun besides. And we had plenty of ammunition—about enough, as I judged, to supply a small army for a six months' campaign. But in the matter of food we were on short rations from the first. Butler carried very little except a sort of lozenge, made, as he said, out of meat. He calculated that we would find all the game we wanted, and that the lozenges would come in handy when he happened to be out of

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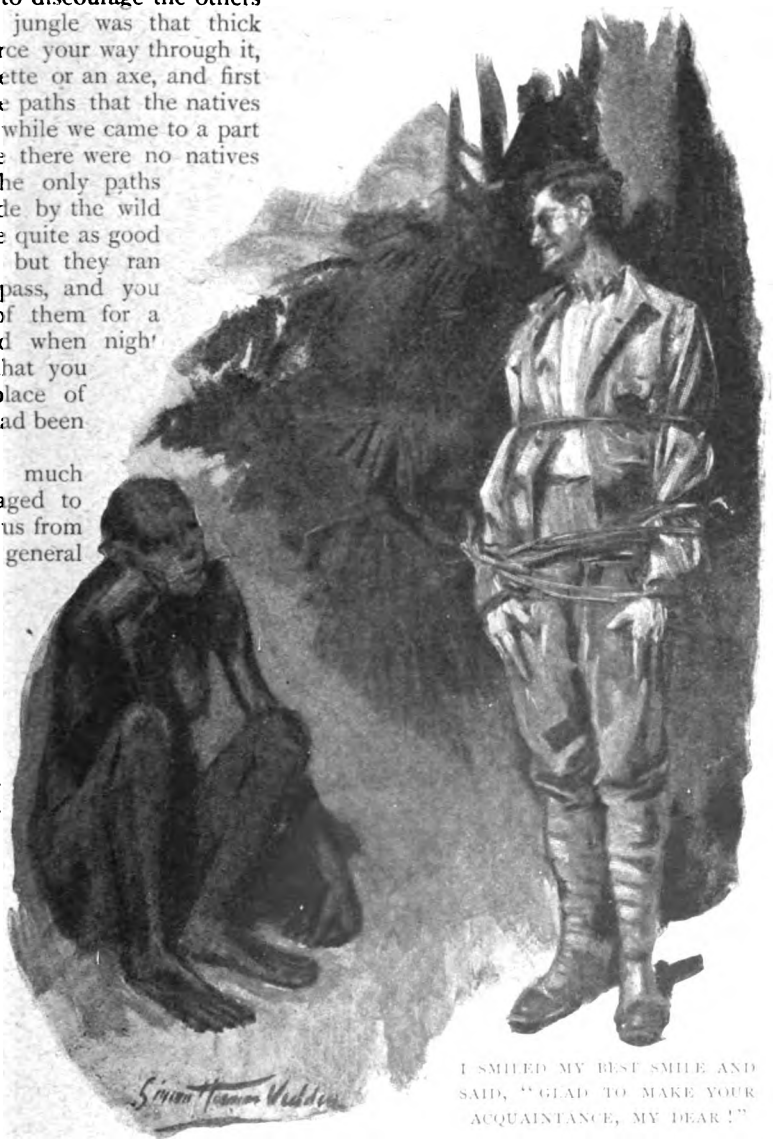
game. We didn't take any water except about a pint for each man in a water-bottle, and there was only a pint of brandy in the whole expedition, Butler being a teetotaler.

We had bad luck from the very first. We didn't meet with many natives except for the first week, and most of them were reasonably friendly, though we did have to shoot one chap just to discourage the others from looting. The jungle was that thick that you couldn't force your way through it, except with a machette or an axe, and first along we kept to the paths that the natives had made. After a while we came to a part of the country where there were no natives to speak of, and the only paths were the tracks made by the wild animals. They were quite as good as the native paths, but they ran all round the compass, and you might follow one of them for a whole day and find when night came round again that you were nearer your place of departure than you had been in the morning.

We didn't see much game, but we managed to get enough to keep us from starving, though, as a general thing, we were pretty hungry. About the tenth day, as near as I could reckon, one of the Malays was gathered in by a tiger. We shot the beast, but there wasn't enough left of the Malay to be of any use. Three days later the other two bolted in the night, taking their rifles with them. This left Butler and me alone, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. We filled our pockets with cartridges, and left the rest of the outfit behind us. Butler said that, according to his reckoning, we had about reached the part of the country where he expected to find his Link, but he didn't see any signs of him. We marched along pretty steady during the morning and evening, but we had to halt during the middle of the day on account of the heat. Our tobacco gave out after the first week—that is, mine did, for Butler didn't use tobacco—and I suffered more from that than I did from the heat or hunger. We couldn't make a fire, except once in a long while, for we hadn't brought but a few boxes of matches, and we couldn't afford to run through with them. Of course, we had to take watch and watch at night, so as to be ready for any wild beast that might try to investigate us; but with the exception of



I SMILED MY BEST SMILE AND SAID, "GLAD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MY DEAR!"

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the tiger that carried off the Malay, hardly any animal came near us. I suppose the jungle was too thick to be a handy place for big game, but it suited the small fellows and the snakes and other vermin. I never saw such a place for snakes of all sizes and colours, but Butler said most of them were harmless. Perhaps they were, but I never put any confidence in a snake, no matter who he is; and it might have been better for Butler if he'd done the same.

I tell you it was lonesome, sitting down in that jungle in the dead of night, with Butler asleep close by, and all sorts of strange rustlings going on among the trees and the underbrush. Overhead I could see the stars stretched along a narrow lane made by the tops of the trees on each side of the wild beast track. I found it lonesome sometimes at sea when I was on the fo'c'sle-head on the look-out, with the rest of the watch snoring under the weather bulwarks, and not a sound stirring except the creaking of a block and the strokes of the bell from aft. But in that jungle you felt as if you was cast away in a boat without another soul. It's queer what noises go on in such a place —noises that are not made by animals, or yet by the wind. I've heard deep breathing close beside me, when there wasn't a breath of air stirring and not an animal within hearing. An animal can't move in a jungle without rustling the leaves or making the twigs crackle, but that heavy breathing would come within a yard of me without the least rustle or crackle. It was as if the earth itself breathed in the night; as if she had been overheated and tired in the day, and then when night came she took long breaths and settled herself to sleep.

We'd been marching through that jungle for more than a fortnight—perhaps three weeks—after leaving Singapore, when Butler was bitten by a snake, and died in less than six hours. He was a brave man, if he wasn't a first-class explorer, and he died as coolly as if he was going to sleep. There was nothing I could do for him, for we hadn't any medicine for snake bites, and if he had been loaded down with it I don't believe it could have saved him. I got him to take some brandy, but he wouldn't take enough to do him any real good. He talked sensibly with me, though he was suffering a lot of pain. He told me to take his compass and steer north-east till I came to the coast, where I would stand a chance of finding a settlement. He left me all his money, which was about three hundred pounds in gold, and urged me to keep my weather eye lifting for the Missing Link, and, if possible, to capture him and take him down to the coast with me. Finally, he made me promise not to bury him—and, considering that I had no undertaking tools except a knife, I don't know as I could have buried him if I had tried. It was his idea that the wild beasts would superintend his funeral, and he said he had as soon be disposed of in that way as in any other. Perhaps he was right. We do take a lot of trouble about what is left of us when we die, and perhaps it's all sentiment instead of sense.

When Butler was gone, I dragged him a little way into the jungle and covered him as well as I could with leaves and twigs. He and I had never been pals, for I was just a sailorman hired to work for him, but when he died and I was left alone in the jungle, I felt as you feel on a bright, breezy day, when the sun suddenly goes under a thick cloud, and the sea turns grey, and the wind begins to moan in the rigging. I knew that I hadn't any chance worth speaking of. I was alone with the thick jungle around me, that seemed to press tight on my throat like a hot Hooghly fog. If the wild beasts didn't gather me in, or savages make a dinner of me, I should probably die of starvation long before I could reach the coast. All that day I tramped along, getting hungry and tired, and not meeting any game that I could shoot; and when night came I lay down, wishing that I was back at Singapore starving among human beings in what you might call a social sort of way.

When I woke up it was daylight, and what at first I thought was an enormous monkey was standing over me on his hind legs with my gun in his hand. I jumped up pretty lively, but he had me by the scruff of the neck by the time I was on my feet. His hand was like a steam engine. I could fairly feel his fingers sinking into the flesh. However, I didn't say anything, or even try to twist myself loose. He had me, and the only thing I could do was to wait and see what would turn up.

We started along the narrow path, I in front and he behind, shoving me along with his grip on my neck. The only part of him I could see were his feet which now and then came into sight when he took a long step.

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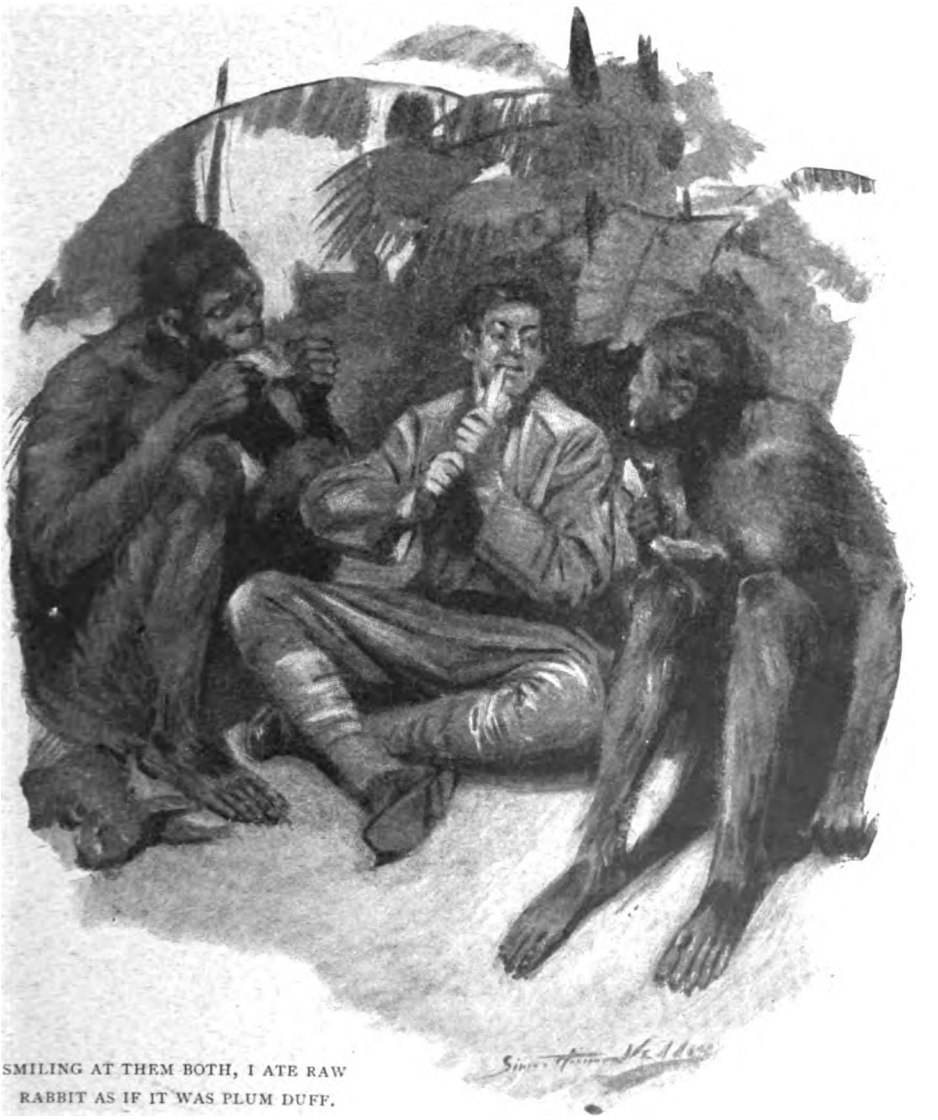
I noticed that they were like hands. They had fingers instead of toes, and a regular thumb in the place where a man's big toe is placed. All of a sudden it came to me that this was Butler's Missing Link. I had often heard him say that the Link would be covered with hair, and would probably have feet something like hands, but in other respects he would be pretty much like a human being. The creature that had captured me answered exactly to this description; I knew he wasn't any sort of a monkey—or ape, as I should say, for apes don't walk on their hind legs, and carry guns in one hand and hold a man by the neck with the other. He wasn't a man, for he had the feet of an ape, and he wore fur instead of clothes. Consequently, he must be the Missing Link, and I remember thinking that it was a big joke that I should have started to find him and that he should have found me instead.



SMILING AT THEM BOTH, I ATE RAW RABBIT AS IF IT WAS PLUM DUFF.

In about half an hour, as I should judge, we left the path, and pushing our way through the jungle where the undergrowth was thinner than usual, we came to

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a little clearing, where there was a hut built of young saplings, driven into the ground, and lashed together at the top with vines. We stopped outside of the hut and the Link sang out in his lingo, and presently there came out of the hut another Link, his wife, as I supposed. The two chattered about me, Mr. Link shewing me and my gun, and they evidently agreeing that I was a valuable specimen. Finally, Mr. Link stood me up against a tree and made me fast to it with a rope of twisted tendrils, and then, picking up a big club, went into the forest.

I needn't say that I was pretty badly scared. Without my gun I was helpless, and there didn't seem to be much chance that I would get hold of it again. I couldn't get my hands free, for Mr. Link had lashed them to the tree with the judgment of an able seaman. I imagined, from his having taken his club with him, that he had gone off in search of game, which looked as if he and his wife didn't consider me to be good eating. You needn't remind me that monkeys don't eat meat. I knew that, and thought of it at the time, but a Missing Link has risen above the monkey species so far that I thought it very probable that he might have learned to eat his cousin man, as well as other sorts of meat.

Mrs. Link sat on the ground about two yards distant from me, looking at me with what I fancied was a rather admiring expression in her eyes. Says I to myself—"You're in a mighty tight place, and your only chance is to make friends with these Links." So I smiled my best smile and said to Mrs. Link —"Glad to make your acquaintance, my dear!" It fetched her the first time. She couldn't smile, for her mouth wasn't built for it, but she chuckled in a way that shewed she was pleased, and then she came over to me and patted me on the cheek. I kept on smiling for all I was worth, and talking to her in a friendly and respectful way. Of course, I knew that she couldn't understand a word I said, but I calculated that she, being a female, would understand that I was paying her compliments, and that I was full of respect for her character. A woman is a woman even when she is a Link, and I didn't make any mistake about this one.

By-and-by Mr. Link came back with a dead rabbit, and the two sat down to breakfast. They evidently didn't know anything about a fire, for they ate the rabbit raw, pulling it to pieces with their hands and teeth. Presently Mrs. Link tossed me over a choice bit, and when I looked reproachfully at her, as if to say, "How on earth do you expect me to eat with my hands tied behind my back!" she said something to her lord, and he then came and cast off the lashing. I didn't lose any time in sitting down close to Mrs. Link, and smiling at them both, while I ate raw rabbit as if it was plum duff. They were a good-tempered couple, and before I had got through with breakfast they had plainly made up their minds that I was an intelligent and harmless animal, and that they'd take me in and make a sort of domestic pet of me.

I don't propose to read off a regular log of every hour I spent with the Links. I was with them close on to four weeks, and they treated me civilly all the time. At night I slept in the hut with them, and they gave me a pile of leaves for a bed that was twice as thick as the beds they used for themselves. Mr. Link wouldn't let me go into the forest either alone or with him, but that was about all the restriction that he put upon me. He was gone on the hunt for game most of the day, and Mrs. Link and I stopped at home, and slept and talked. That the Links had a genuine language I never had the least doubt, though I could never get to understand more than three or four words of it, and those I have forgotten. It sounded to me something like French, though I don't really know much about French, and perhaps the reason why I fancied it sounded like French was that somehow a man always associates French with monkeys. As I said, Mrs. Link and I talked a lot to one another, and it seemed to do her good, though I could never exactly see why.

I did considerable work for the Links first and last. I improved and enlarged their hut until they regarded it as the swellest place ever built. I made forks for them out of big thorns, and I was tempted to shew them my matches, and teach them the use of fire. But I had only a small box of matches left, and I knew that if ever I escaped from the Links, I would need them myself—the worst way. They never discovered them, for they never dreamed that I had pockets. Their idea was that my clothes were permanent, just like their fur, and as I never took them off while I was with them they never suspected that I wasn't born in a blue flannel shirt and ragged trousers. Why,

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Mrs. Link mistook a hole in the left leg of my trousers for some new kind of sore, and one day she insisted on rubbing it with some patent salve that she got out of a sort of gum tree. They saw very soon that raw meat didn't altogether meet my views, and after that they always brought me nuts, and a sort of wild turnip. Take those Links by and large they treated me the best they knew how, and in my opinion Mr. Link was her. She used to pick out the best bones and the biggest nuts for me, and she was always bringing me water to drink in a cocoanut shell, and she never got tired of patting me on the head. Mr. Link never shewed the least sign of jealousy. I supposed that he considered the idea that a Link could fall in love with a creature like a man was too ridiculous to be thought of for a moment. All the time I kept longing for

I PUT MY ARM ROUND HER WAIST AND GAVE HER A KISS. YOU NEVER SAW A GIRL AT CHRISTMAS TIME MORE DELIGHTED.

more of a gentleman than half the men in Singapore, though I'll allow that isn't saying very much.

As for Mrs. Link, I don't deny that she made a dead set at me. Mind, I'm not saying a word against her character, for as far as I know, she was a perfectly respectable Link. All I mean is that she took a great fancy to me, and tried to make me take the same to her, for which nobody could blame my gun, which the Links had hid in some place where I couldn't find it. I don't know what they thought of the gun, or why they hid it. Perhaps their idea was that it wasn't respectable for a Link to be seen in the possession of such a thing, just as an Englishman when he goes to Italy thinks that it is preposterous in the Italians to wear cloaks. I'm ashamed to say that the way I got possession of that gun again was

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by teaching Missus Link the art of kissing. I often made signs that I wanted the gun, and I could see that she understood them, but she would never bring it to me. One day I put my arm around her waist and gave her a kiss. It hit her where she lived, and you never saw a girl at Christmas time, who had been kissed under the mistletoe by her young man, seem more delighted than Mrs. Link seemed.

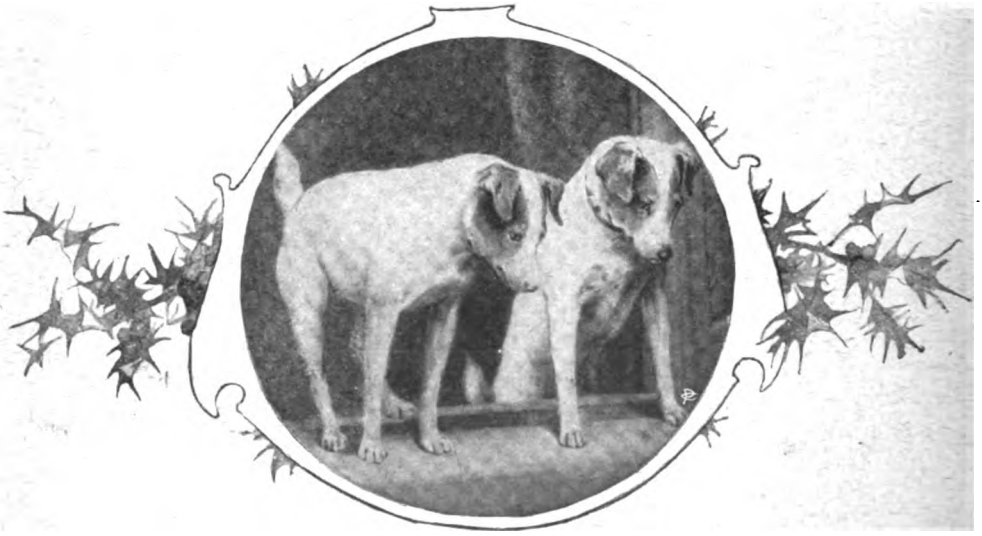
The next time we were alone she hinted by her manner that she would like to try the lesson over again, but I wouldn't understand her, and kept on making signs about the missing gun. After a while she got up, and went into the jungle, and I began to think that she was pouting, but in a few minutes she came back and handed me the gun.

Then I did give her an honest kiss, and to tell the truth, though she wasn't much more of a beauty than the orang in the Zoo, I felt almost fond of her.

I hid the gun under my bed, a plan which she evidently approved of, and that made me understand that she had run some risk of displeasing the other Link by sneaking the gun. That night, when the two Links were sound asleep, I reached for the gun and slipped out of the hut. I hated to leave them without saying good-bye, but, of course, that wasn't possible. However, I did leave on the side of Mrs. Link's bed a little bit of a looking glass that I had carried in my pocket, and I hope it reconciled her to my loss.

I ran the most of that night, and must have put fifteen miles between myself and the Links by daylight. Then I lay down for a nap, and when I got up, and started on the march again, I caught sight of something blue shewing through the jungle; I had found the sea after all, and by noon I was safe aboard a ship that I had sighted close into shore, and swam to, taking the chances that it was an honest ship and not a pirate.

Now gentlemen, you may not believe this story, but it's the solemn truth! The Missing Link lives somewhere in the north-east part of the peninsula, and though I can't exactly say that I found him, I'm dead certain that he found me. I've never told the story before, because I hate to be taken for one of your newspaper reporters, that are always having tremendous adventures that never happened. But if you should see my old rifle, and notice the marks of teeth on the barrel where one of the Links tested it, you'd have to admit that either the marks were made by the teeth of a man who could bite laminated steel, or that they were made by an animal answering to the description of the Missing Link.



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WATCHING THE PROCESSION.

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FIGHTING THE WORLD'S SCOURGE.

HOW THE GREAT WAR AGAINST CONSUMPTION IS BEING WON.

By T. F. Manning.

THE greatest single enemy of the human race is the tubercle bacillus. It is so small that about five hundred millions could lie side by side on the surface of a shilling. Yet this little speck of vegetable matter kills two hundred people every day in Great Britain alone. It is responsible for the deaths of one million Europeans every year. For ages it has been the scourge of nearly every country in the world, and yet until a comparatively recent period, no organised measures were taken to combat it.

Until Dr. Koch's brilliant discovery of the tubercle bacillus in 1882 we did not know the cause of consumption, and believed the disease to be hereditary and incurable.

What Dr. Koch discovered was an almost infinitesimal microbe, measuring $\frac{1}{125,000}$ of an inch in thickness, and from $\frac{1}{20,000}$ to $\frac{1}{35,000}$ of an inch in length. This little atom has no power of motion, but it is very tenacious of life. It can be frozen for months without suffering the least injury. And what renders it such a dangerous pest is that it can thrive equally well in liquids, such as water or milk, and in dry dust. Therefore, not only do we swallow the germs in our food, but we inhale them in the air we breathe. But experiment has revealed the weak points of the microbe. It cannot exist in a moderately high temperature, for instance. So, by boiling milk and cooking meat thoroughly, we can guard against two dangerous sources of infection. It cannot contend against sunlight and pure air, and this fact shews us at once how to escape and how to cure consumption. Could we but live always in pure air, this most destructive of all diseases would be unknown. "If everyone slept with open doors and windows," said Dr. Scholefield, of the beautiful Ventnor Sanatorium, "there would be an end to consumption of the lungs." Again, it has been found that the bacillus is rarely victorious in a battle with the white corpuscles of the blood in a fairly vigorous person. Consequently, by taking pains to maintain a high standard of health, even those who are predisposed can preserve themselves from invasion. These facts go to shew how hopeful the outlook is.

DR. KOCH, WHO DISCOVERED THE CONSUMPTION MICROBE.

Dr. Koch's discovery and the study of the bacillus and his ways which have followed prove, therefore, that consumption is both preventable and curable, and that heredity is a bogey. Thus the disease has been robbed of half its terrors.

Under existing conditions, none of us can escape infection, since the microbes surround us on every side. But science tells us the way in which we may, to a great extent, protect ourselves, and, if everyone will co-operate in the effort, complete immunity can be secured to future generations.

Let us consider, first, what each individual can do for himself.

Perhaps the most important measure is the maintenance of bodily vigour by means of nourishing food, moderate exercise, pure air, and avoidance of such excesses as bring about exhaustion. The necessity for this measure arises from the fact that the human body is supplied by nature with numerous defensive forces which do daily battle against disease germs, and the efficiency of these forces varies with the bodily vigour. There are in the blood, for instance, the white corpuscles, whose function it is to destroy any microbes that enter. They seem to have a regular military organisation, with scouts, outposts, telegraph system, and even a reserve. Anyhow, when a few hundred microbes invade the body, these corpuscles hasten to the spot in large numbers and fall upon the intruders. It is partly a question of relative numbers and partly of the

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"condition" of the white corpuscles whether they will eat the disease microbes or be themselves devoured. And on the issue of the battle will depend whether the man gets consumption or escapes it.

Besides these defenders, our muscles and blood contain some substance, of which very little is known, that is capable of poisoning the microbes, or of neutralising the effects of the poison they manufacture. And the stomach is supplied with a powerful germicide in the form of hydrochloric acid. Both of these agents are effective or ineffective, according as the body is in a state of robust or of indifferent health. So that attention to health is one of the chief fighting measures against consumption.

Another measure is concerned with dust. One can do little in the way of self-protection out-of-doors. It is well to keep the mouth closed, and any one who is susceptible to throat and lung ailments might, with advantage, spray the nostrils with some mild antiseptic fluid in dusty weather. At home, the advice of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption ought to be followed :—"Rooms, passages, and staircases must be kept free from dust. Where there is dust there is danger. Do not chase dust about, nor stir it up. Use damp dusters. Use plenty of tea-leaves or damp sawdust when sweeping the floor. Boil the dusters. Burn the tea-leaves and sawdust."

These will seem unnecessarily troublesome precautions to most people. But it should be remembered that one person in every nine dies of tuberculosis !

A third important measure relates to food —milk and meat. Here are the instructions of the National Association with regard to milk, and every drop of milk that comes into the house should be treated in accordance with them :—

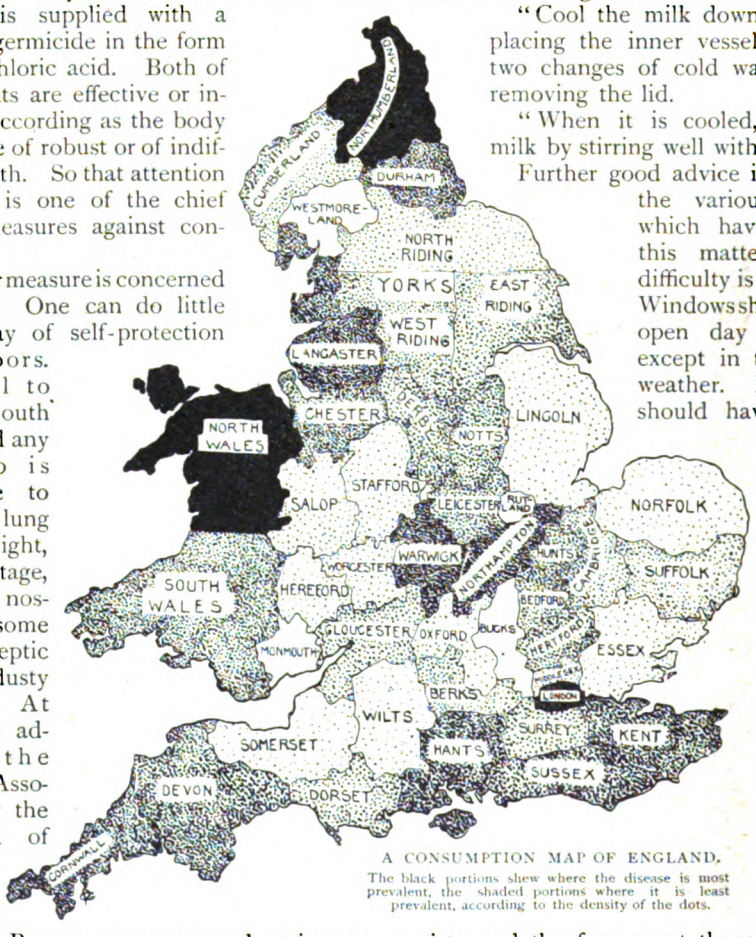
"Put the milk into a covered saucepan, and place this inside a larger vessel containing cold water. Bring the water to the boil and maintain it at that point for four minutes without removing the lid of the inner vessel.

"Cool the milk down quickly by placing the inner vessel in one or two changes of cold water, without removing the lid.

"When it is cooled, aërate the milk by stirring well with a spoon."

Further good advice is offered by the various societies which have taken up this matter, but the difficulty is to accept it. Windows should be kept open day and night, except in the severest weather. Every room should have an open fireplace. And those who value their health will avoid back-to-back houses.

Those who are predisposed to tubercular disease should choose their occupation, the two best being those of fishermen and agriculturists, and the four worst those of Cornish miners, earthenware manufacturers, filemakers and cutlers.



A CONSUMPTION MAP OF ENGLAND.
The black portions shew where the disease is most prevalent, the shaded portions where it is least prevalent, according to the density of the dots.

So much for what one can do for one's self. Although it is on organised effort, to which we shall refer presently, that the chief reliance is placed, the results of personal effort might be considerable, nevertheless. But the average man will not trouble to take these, or any, measures until he is really ill and wants to be cured. How the cure is effected is a matter of

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great interest. The latest method is the open-air treatment, carried out in sanatoria, but it includes a great deal more than fresh air.

A HYGIENIC STAIRCASE. THE SIDES DO NOT TOUCH THE WALL, THUS PREVENTING THE ACCUMULATION OF DUST, AND, THEREFORE, MICROBES.

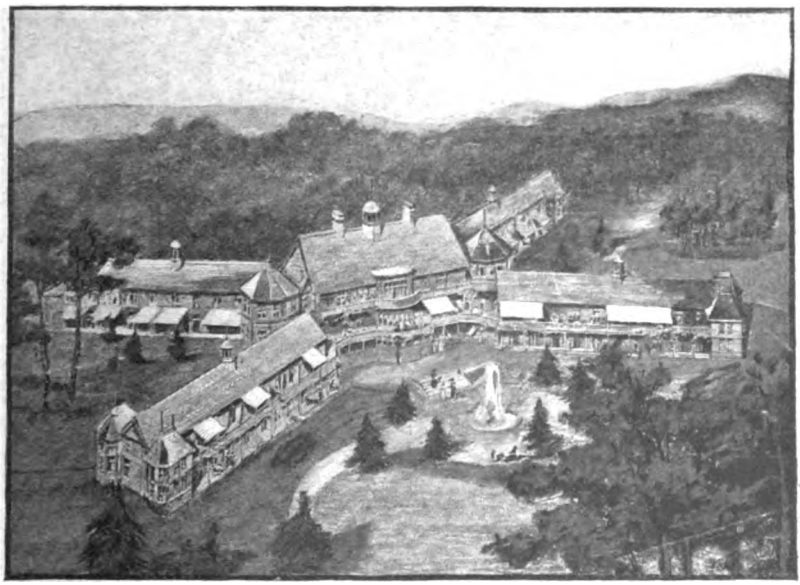
The belief prevails widely that consumption can be cured only in Germany, Switzerland, or some other foreign country. As a matter of fact, it can be cured as well, if not better, here at home. England has been the pioneer among nations in this matter. According to Dr. Koch, "The only country that possesses a considerable number of special hospitals for tuberculous patients is England, and there can be no doubt that the diminution of tuberculosis in England, which is much greater than in any other country, is very largely to be attributed to this circumstance."

These special hospitals are, unfortunately, situated in large cities, and generally in the most populous portions. But, for some time past, great efforts have been made to establish sanatoria in the open country.

The methods of cure differ in many details among the various sanatoria. But in the main points they are similar. A description of one is practically a description of all. And we may take the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, as an example. By the kindness of the chairman, Mr. P. B. Burgoyne, the writer visited it for the purposes of this article. In this hospital, or, as it ought to be re-christened, sanatorium, one realises at a glance the four chief factors in the successful treatment of consumption—cleanliness, pure air, light, and abundance of food.

The Ventnor hospital was founded thirty-two years ago by Dr. Hassall, and in that period it has treated no fewer than 18,200 in-patients. It consists of thirteen separate blocks, and is beautifully situated under shelter of the high and thickly-wooded cliff, and within a few score yards of the sea. It contains 152 patients, one-third of whom are women.

Patients come from all parts of the country—from any county in England, as well as from Scotland, Ireland and Wales, but nearly half are Londoners. Almost every occupation is represented. Each



OPEN-AIR CURE SANATORIUM IN COURSE OF ERECTION FOR THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

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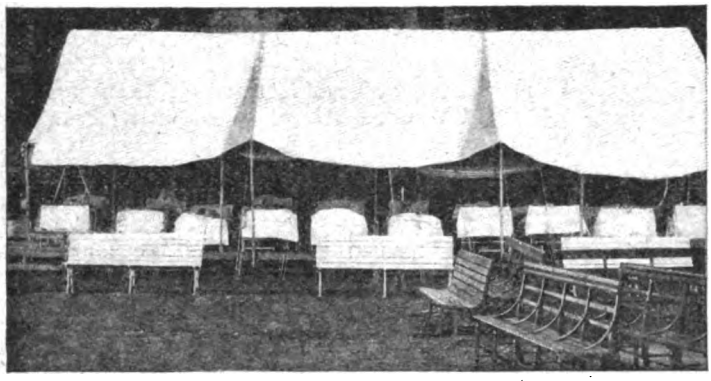
patient pays ten shillings a week, while the cost of his maintenance is about thirty-two shillings. No well-to-do patients are admitted, and it need scarcely be said only a fraction of the poorer applicants can be



THE "TENT CURE" AS PRACTISED IN AMERICA.

accommodated. The average stay of a patient in the hospital is a little over two months. This is obviously too short a period, but is inevitable owing to the numbers seeking admission. In those sanatoria where patients pay several guineas a week, it may be remarked, the average stay is four months.

The results obtained at the Ventnor hospital seem marvellous to the average layman, who still believes that consumption is incurable. During 1900, 899 cases were treated. Of these, 755 were "completed," while 144 still remained in the hospital. No less than 233 patients were very much improved—"very much improved" being the modest Ventnor equivalent of "cured" in the foreign advertising sanatoria. Then, 383 patients were much improved. Only 108 remained as they were, or grew worse, while 31 died. Thus, 82 out of every 100 patients were sent away partially, or practically, cured.

The gain in weight was very remarkable. One man gained 34lbs. in fourteen weeks, two others gained over two stone, 104 gained over one stone, while 627 patients out of the 755 gained something, the average being 8¾lbs.

This being the result, let us see how it was brought about. Cleanliness being one of the most important factors, the floors and walls are painted, there are no corners, all angles being filled in and rounded, and curtains, blinds, carpets and mats are entirely absent. Every day the whole hospital is cleaned with damp cloths, and probably not a single microbe could be found from end to end of the building. Thus, not only is the staff saved from infection, but patients are preserved from re-infection. Every individual might take a hint from this. Here are gathered together 152 people stricken with consumption, and, in the experience of the resident medical officer, Dr. Scholefield, not a single member of the comparatively large staff has suffered infection.

If cleanliness averts infection, fresh air and sunlight bring about the cure. At Ventnor the open-air treatment has not been carried to the excessive degree prevailing in some foreign sanatoria. The common-sense mean has been chosen. Each patient has a separate bedroom, with a large window from ceiling to floor. This window is wide open day and night, summer and winter, the door

Frith & Co., Reigate, Photo.

ST. MORITZ, THE FAMOUS SWISS NATURAL SANATORIUM.

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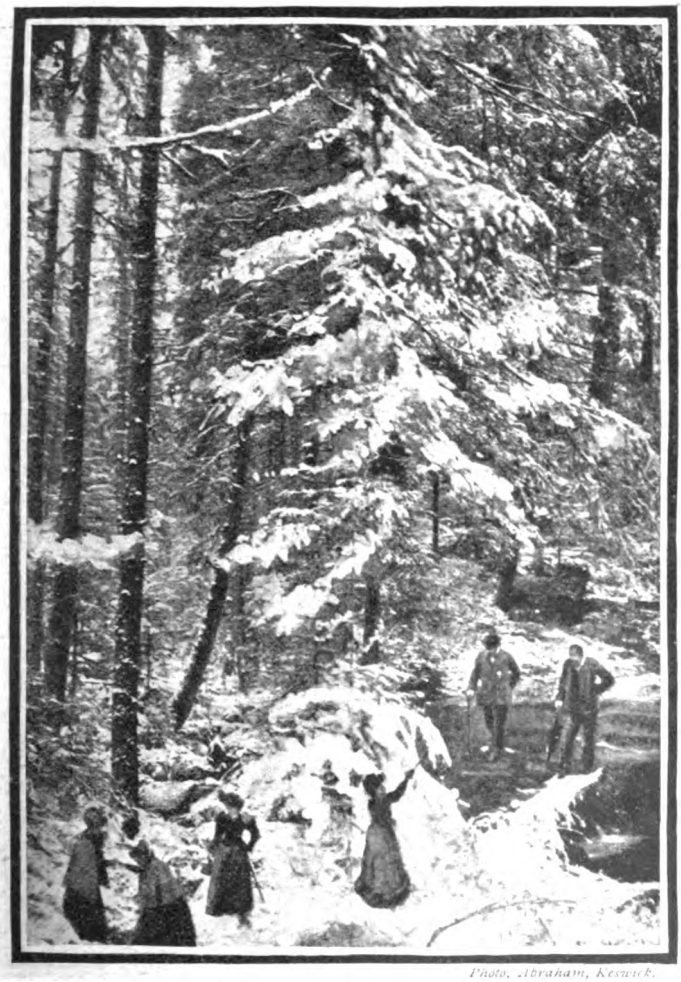
being generally open, too. For every four or six patients a beautiful sitting-room is provided—with windows and door always open. All dine together in a magnificent room, seventy feet long, forty-eight feet wide, and no less than thirty-two feet high. This, likewise, has doors and windows always open, and the patients often dine in a veritable gale of wind. Do they catch cold? By no means. On the contrary, there is no better cure for a cold.

But the patients spend most of the daytime out of doors, either walking through the grounds, playing croquet, or reclining on the verandah. Even at night they sit on the verandah, which is lighted by electricity. This is practically the open-air treatment. In some places it is carried further, patients sleeping out of doors, and braving hail, rain, and snow. But this seems like gilding refined gold. Of course, there are patients and patients. Some are highly feverish and must be kept resting in bed. Some are too feeble to walk without injury. Some can stroll over level ground with advantage. Others can walk up a moderate hill. Careful examination is therefore made of each patient every day, and instructions are issued as to what he is to do. He may be told to remain in bed, or to lie on a chair in the open air, or to walk five times along a certain level path, or three times up an ascent of one in forty, or twice up an ascent of one in twenty. This is where the advantage of sanatorium life comes in — the doctor is always at your side.



Photo, Abraham, Keswick.

THE OPEN-AIR CURE AT NORDRACH—NO WEATHER TOO SEVERE FOR EXERCISE.

Food is quite as important as fresh air. At Ventnor, great attention is paid to this factor. The provisions are stored in an airy, well-lighted cellar, lined with glazed white tiles. The milk is carefully sterilised. The meat is the best that can be bought. In several sanatoria patients are forced to eat excessively. Here there is no compulsion, but every encouragement to eat heartily is given. And there are no bad appetites.

Drugs are, of course, used. What are called "symptoms" have to be treated. In one a troublesome cough must be relieved, in another a feeble heart requires stimulation, in a third dyspepsia has to be corrected. But the one drug on which reliance is placed in all cases is cod-liver oil. In some mysterious manner this accelerates the accumulation of flesh, and the latter is most imperative in consumption.

There is a considerable number of open-air sanatoria now in England, mostly for

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paying patients. Two or three northern cities have such institutions exclusively for the poor. But Germany and Switzerland are far ahead of us in this respect.

We have hospitals and sanatoria in the Isle of Wight, at Torquay, Bournemouth, St. Leonards, and other mild southern places. At all of them patients thrive well. We have other similar establishments at Cromer, several in Norfolk, one near Edinburgh, and one near Belfast. These are cold and bracing places, yet patients do quite as well there as at the southern resorts.

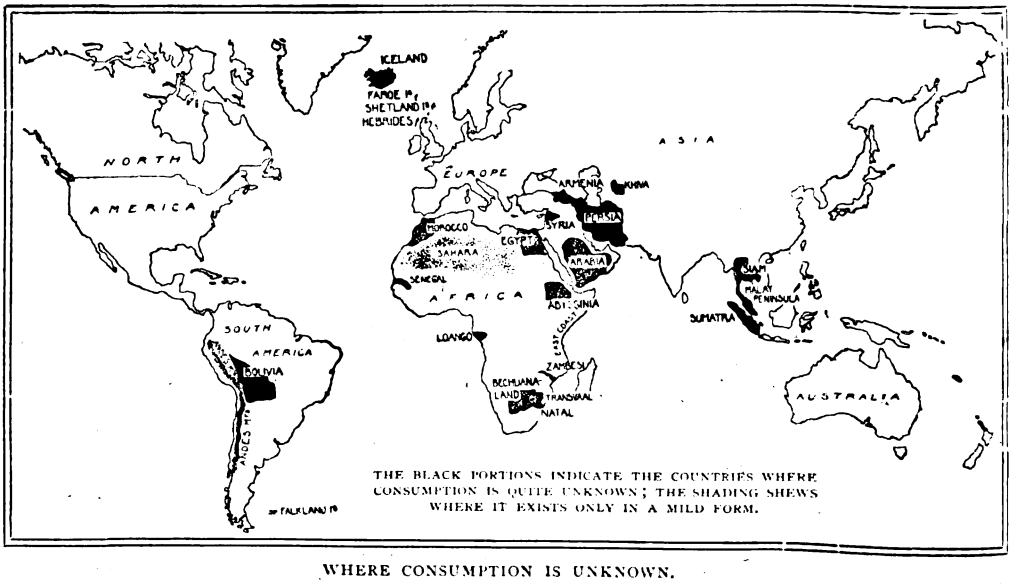
Abroad they have sanatoria by the sea in warm southern France, at Gorbeesdorf in the Harz Mountains, at Nordrach in the Black Forest, on the Rhine. High up in the Swiss Mountains there are sanatoria at Davos and St. Moritz; they have them in chilly Norway and Sweden, in cold St. Petersburg, at moist and rainy Falkenstein, and in dry, warm Egypt. Consumptives thrive at them all. It does not matter whether it is warm or cold so long as there are no great and sudden changes. The air should be pure. And there should be as much sunshine as possible. There are also certain constitutional differences among people which should influence the choice of habitation. A patient ought to live where he eats best, sleeps best, and feels most comfortable.

That the destructiveness of consumption could, by a determined effort of the whole community, be reduced to vanishing point is proved by the statistics of the Registrar General. During the past half century the public authorities have worked wonders in sanitation. Coincidently the prosperity of the nation has increased, and the result of both these factors is that people are much better housed, fed, and clothed than they were fifty or sixty years ago. The effect on the death-rate from phthisis (consumption of the lungs) alone is shewn in the following figures:—

DEATHS FROM PHTHISIS PER MILLION PEOPLE LIVING.

1840	3,897
1850	2,624
1860	2,564
1870	2,410
1880	1,869
1890	1,682
1899	1,326

These are the figures for England and Wales. Even more striking are the records of the actual number of deaths. In 1850, when the population numbered slightly over eighteen millions, there died of phthisis 46,618 persons. In 1899, when the population was nearly thirty-two millions, the deaths from phthisis amounted to 42,408. Suppose that there had been no improvement, then, in place of the latter figure, we would have 82,000 deaths. So that, as compared with fifty years ago, there is an annual saving of about 40,000 lives from this disease.



WHERE CONSUMPTION IS UNKNOWN.

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OUR MONTHLY GALLERY.

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THE LOVE LETTER.

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MARGUERITE.

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"DON'T TELL MAMMA!"

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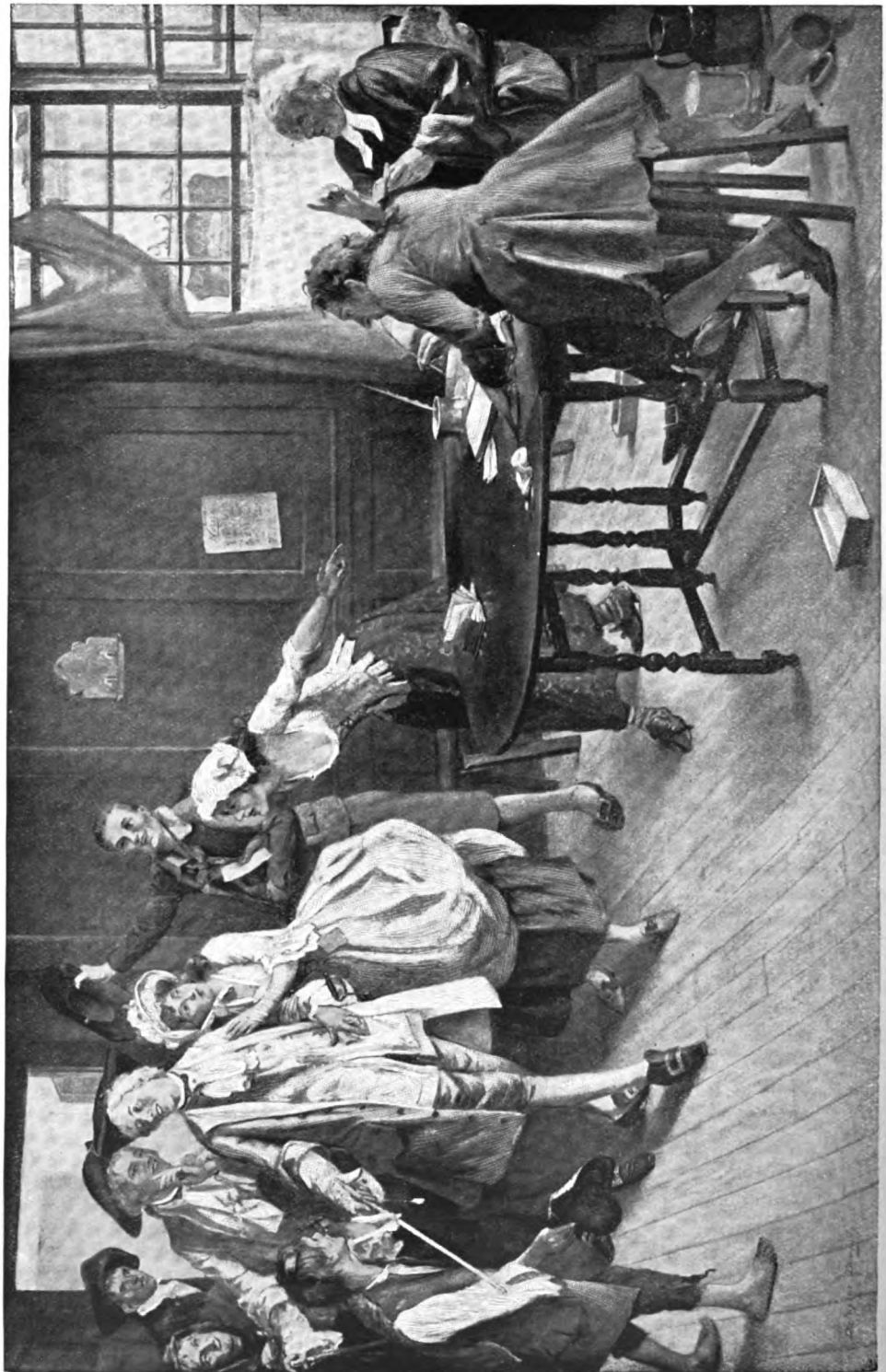

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

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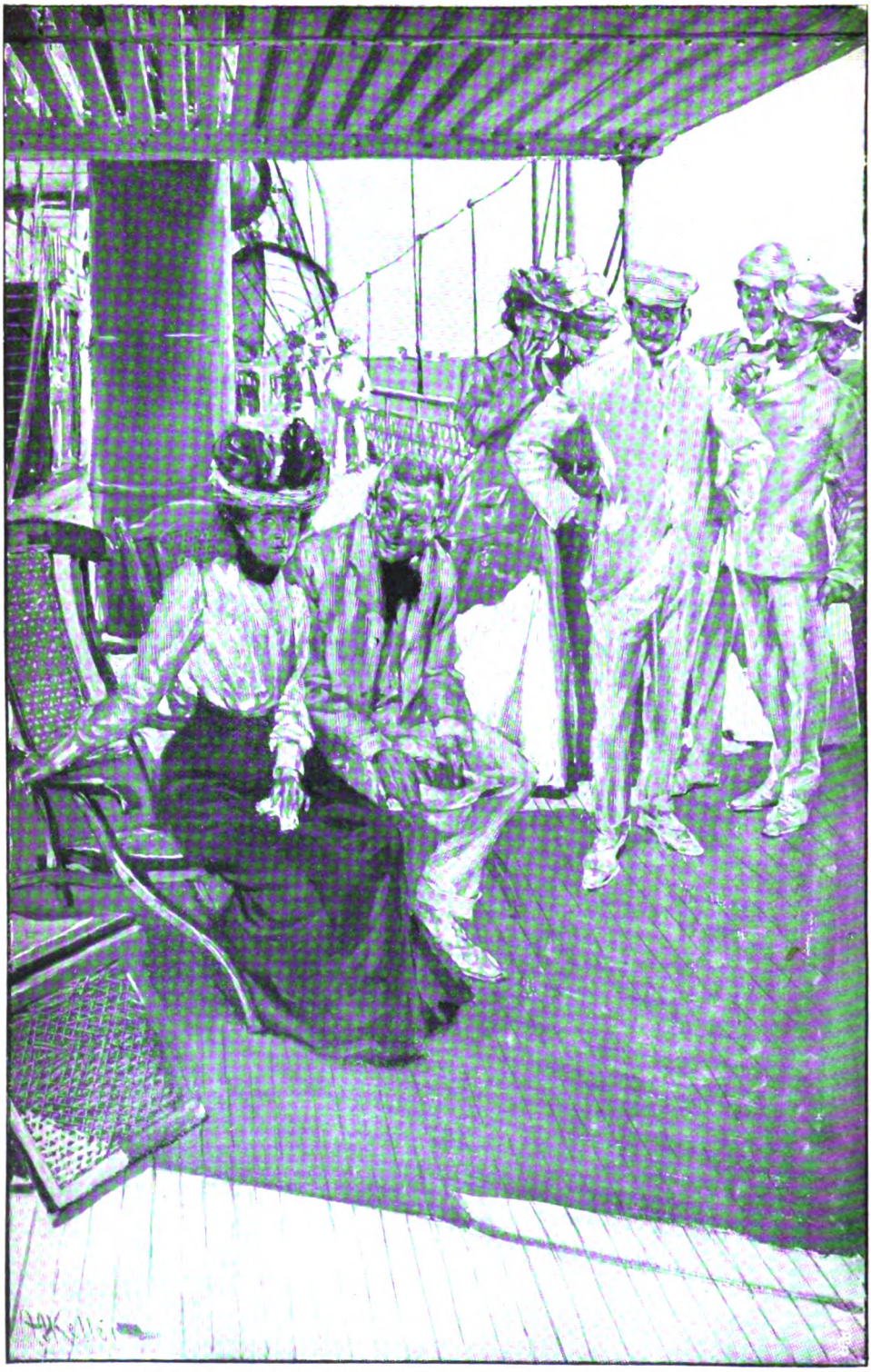

"THEY WERE ASTOUNDED AT THE SITUATION."

See "The Man from Sheffield," page 139.

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What would I like to be?

BEING SOME NOVEL CONFESSIONS MADE BY CERTAIN CELEBRITIES TO THE *LONDON MAGAZINE*.

IT is a curious fact that however successful and happy a man may be in his profession, he has nearly always a half-suppressed wish that he had chosen some other path in life.

Every man knows the hardships and inconveniences of his own occupation, while he is generally more or less ignorant of those pertaining to other kinds of work. Thus he is apt to take a roseate view of some other man's career, and to wish that it had been his own.

Very curious tastes and wishes in this direction are to be met with, and in search of a few we recently applied to a number of well-known people asking what they would like to be. Naturally enough, a considerable proportion begged to be excused from revealing their secret longing, and a certain number assured us that they really did not know; but others were good enough to give the very interesting replies that we shall proceed to quote. Some of them will be found rather surprising.

"WHAT WOULD I LIKE TO BE IF I WERE NOT WHAT I AM? WHY, THE EDITOR OF THE 'LONDON MAGAZINE.'"—SIR HENRY IRVING.

Commencing with the stage, we of course applied to the leading actor of our times, and in reply Sir Henry Irving wrote: "What would I like to be if I were not what I am? Why, the Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE. And the reason is that I should then possess an astonishing ingenuity in discovering fresh topics of interest to a jaded world."

The Editor is very sensible of the compliment, and makes no doubt that a magazine under Sir Henry's editorship would be the most brilliant success of the age. But does he realise the cares and worries that have traced deep lines on the editorial brow, and have sprinkled silver threads amongst the raven locks that once adorned it?

Place aux dames! But of the various ladies to whom we applied, only one gave us permission to publish her views on the subject. Miss Irene Vanbrugh wrote: "What would I like to be if I were not what I am at present? My answer is: I should not care to be at all"—an answer which leaves nothing more to be said!

Mr. Lewis Waller, who knows what it feels like to wear a crown, expresses a wish that at least nine persons out of every ten will echo. He writes:—"I beg to say, if I were not by profession an actor, I think on the whole I should prefer being a millionaire. The reason for my choice is, I presume, not far to seek."

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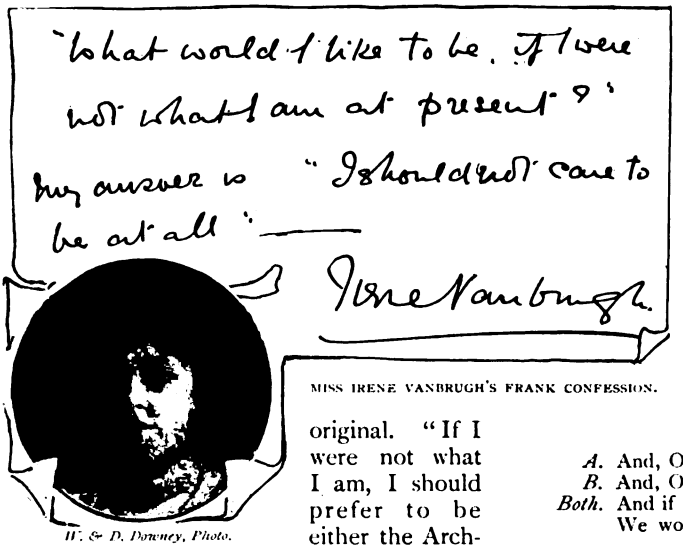
Turning from the player to the playwright, we applied to Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the well-known author of the Drury Lane dramas. His reply was as unexpected as it was original. "If I were not what I am, I should prefer to be either the Archbishop of Canterbury or — better still — Assistant Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE."



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH'S FRANK CONFESSION.

W. & D. Downey, Photo.

The vision of the late Secretary of the Pelican Club as the Primate of all England simply takes one's breath away, but no doubt Mr. Raleigh's genius would be equal to the occasion! Certainly he would be a much poorer man by the exchange, and if he had his alternative wish—well, he would then speedily wish himself back again!

From the dramatic author to the dramatic critic is not a very far cry, so we next approached Mr. Clement Scott on the subject, and he favoured us with his views at some length:—

"I should like to have been a yeoman farmer, and to have possessed one or other of the ideal farms on the top of the hill at Sidestrand, Cromer, Norfolk; or, failing that, the farm in the lovely dip at South Repps in the same district. My reasons? Well, an intense love of Nature, a passion for fresh air, and an abiding desire to 'worship God in the fields.' Think of the life—up with the birds: at rest when Nature sleeps. I believe somehow in the transference of souls. I hope, after some thousands, perhaps millions, of years in purgatory, I may be of some service in the Church in the very humblest capacity. But all that is a mystery. 'How long? How long?' That is to be the cry of the 'poor souls.'"

Let us hope that Mr. Clement Scott's experience of purgatory may not be as prolonged as he seems to anticipate!

Mr. F. C. Burnand, the ever-genial Editor of *Punch*, sent the following highly characteristic contribution to our symposium:—

"In answer to your query . . . Well, it reminds me of the old verse:—

DUETT.

A. And, O, if I were you;
B. And, O, if you were me;
Both. And if we all were somebody else,
We wonder who we should be!!

"'Pon my word I don't know. Select a millionaire in perfect health (I name no names), and that is the individual I should like to be."

That well-known journalist and dramatist, Mr. G. R. Sims, was at his villa "Opposite the Duck Pond," busily engaged in watering his extensive mustard and cress beds with "Tatcho," when we had an opportunity of putting the question to him. His reply was to the point, and was uttered with an air of pain that shewed how deeply the iron had entered into his soul:—

"The ambition of my life was to be a circus rider. I would still much sooner be that than a journalist!"

Major Arthur Griffiths—distinguished alike as soldier, expert on prisons, editor and author—is eminently a man of contented disposition, as he well may be on viewing the success that he has achieved in more than one profession. His contribution shews it:—

"I cannot honestly say that I have any desire to be anything but what I am. My predilections, such as they were in youth,

Were I not a Member of Parliament, I should prefer to be an honest and useful member of society, in what capacity would not matter much
Melville Hardie

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were in the main fulfilled. I wished to be a soldier, and I was; I had an ambition to be known as a writer, and that has come to me in some small measure. Had I to go over my life again, I should be well pleased if it fell in the same lines."

Pursuing our enquiries in military circles we elicited from Sir Evelyn Wood the startling statement :—"If I were not a General, I would like to be a Bugler;" while Sir Henry Trotter, Commanding the Home District, replied, "I suppose if I were not a soldier I should live at my homes in Scotland, and manage my estates."

Turning next to the law, we inflicted our enquiries upon Sir Francis Jeune, the distinguished President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, and were courteously favoured with his views at some length :—

"I think that if I had not been a lawyer, I should have liked to be one; but as your question seems to preclude this declining of an alternative, I think that if I could not have been an English lawyer, I should have liked to have been in the Indian Civil Service.

"No doubt if I had been able to command a safe seat in Parliament, I should, like most men, I believe, of my age, have thought *that* the best avenue to possible distinction and success. But I am afraid I never had sufficient taste for electioneering to have made the acquisition of a safe seat a thing at all practicable.

"Next to English politics, I think a share in the Government of India, however humble a one—and whether it be humble or not depends on the aspirant—an object capable of absorbing all a man's best energies. India has always fascinated me as a country in which Englishmen have achieved, are achieving, and will be certain to achieve, a work unequalled by that of any other nation at any age, and I cannot imagine a life fuller of worthy interest than that of a civil servant in India, while it lasts.

"Of course, when it ends, the end is Leamington, or Cheltenham, or Cornwall Gardens, with a blue ribbon and a yellow face—but, after all, the end of all careers is not a pleasant or profitable subject of contemplation."

"THE AMBITION OF MY LIFE WAS, AND IS, TO BE A CIRCUS RIDER."—GEO. R. SIMS.

Going from the Bench to the Bar, we applied to Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., whose answer was as follows :—

"You ask what I would like to be if I were not what I am. I have not the least idea. I find a barrister's life very enjoyable, and have no experience of any other."

In this connection we may add that Mr. William Whiteley, general furnisher

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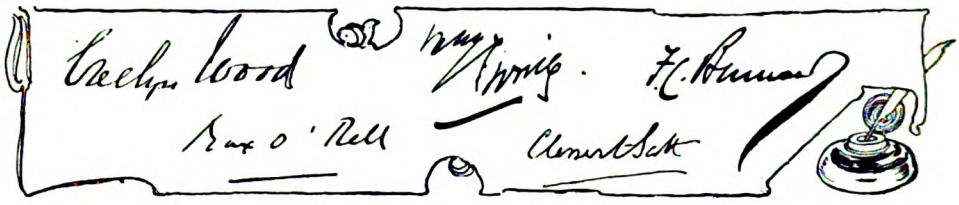

to the King, and universal provider to His Majesty's subjects, recently confided to us his secret longing to be a K.C.

Among authors and editors, Mr. Max Pemberton holds an honourable place, and he has favoured us with the following reply to our question :—

"I am afraid I cannot add much to this interesting investigation. Anyone who is fond of art would, I think, like to have done all artistic things—painting, music and other branches ; but there are moments when the burden of 'proofs' leads me to believe that the profession of 'retired country gentleman' would be one I could fill with some satisfaction. I have absolutely no ambition to be Archbishop of Canterbury."

We next have an expression of far more ambitious wishes. It comes us from Mr. Herbert Vivian, and has a special interest when his somewhat ultra views on political matters and his adhesion to Jacobite principles are borne in mind.

WERE HE NOT A SUCCESSFUL ACTOR, MR. LEWIS WALLER WOULD PREFER TO BE A MILLIONAIRE.

"I have always desired to be Prime Minister," he writes, "and sometimes I have hankered to be Archbishop of Canterbury. It would be a fine thing to combine the two offices, and administer the country on theocratic lines. Best of all, I would choose to be the absolute monarch of a small and very loyal state!"

Mr. F. T. Bullen, whose writings on life at sea are so deservedly popular, has no such lofty inclinations, but tells us that he would like to be an electrical engineer.

"Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*, otherwise Mr. Henry W. Lucy, favours us with a candid expression of desire, as to the wisdom of which we can of course express no opinion.

"Since you ask me what I would like to be if I were not what I am at present, I will frankly admit that if I were not an occasional contributor to Messrs. Harmsworth's literary undertakings, I should like to be their proprietor."

Next, Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., appears on the scene with a wish that fairly takes one's breath away.

"Were I not a Member of Parliament," he says, "I should prefer to be an honest and useful member of society—in what capacity would not matter much. The reasons for this feeling on my part are so obvious as not to require explanation."

The clergy to a man—so far as we made enquiries—declined to be drawn into a confession that any other vocation than their own had any attraction for them. One very popular Bishop assured us that his work was so overwhelming that he had no time to wish for anything.

Amongst Nonconformist ministers the same thing was found to apply ; but the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, wrote that,

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.part from the higher claims of the Christian ninistry, there is no profession that would ›ave been more congenial to him than the egal. If he had not been called to the ninistry, he would have gone to the Bar.

It is a far cry from the pulpit to the letective's office, but the following note rom Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., until ecently the Head of the Criminal nvestigation Department, dis-overs a link between the two.

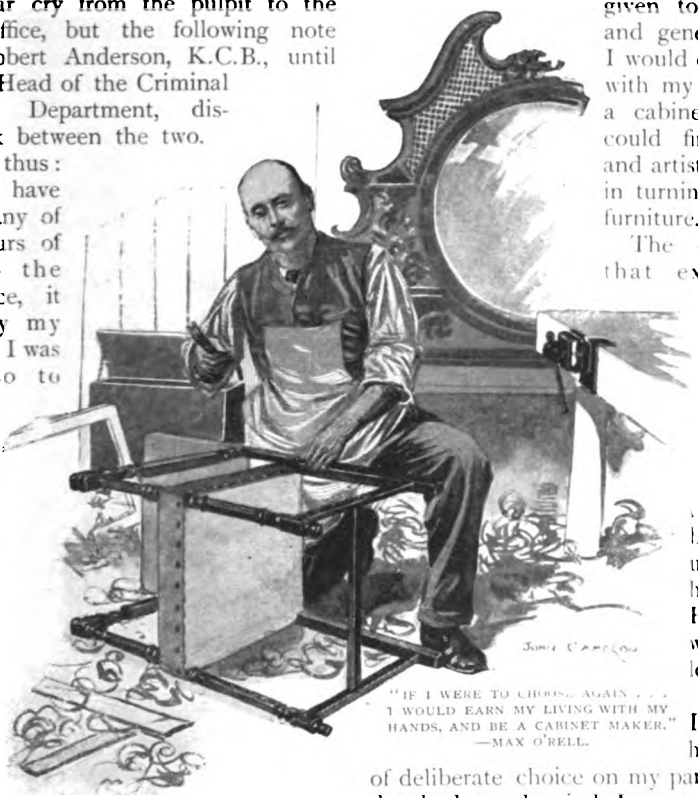
He writes thus:

Though I have iven so many of ıe best years of ıy life to the ublic service, it as not by my wn choice. I was ecoyed, so to peak, into ıe public ervice, and ntered and emained in , with many nisgivings, o my own oss.

"The Bar as the pro ssion of y choice. ıd were I eginning fe over gain I ould refuse to be drawn away from it. nd yet I must qualify this; for I would ther be a preacher of the Gospel than a ırrister. But I would rather be a barrister an an ecclesiastic, and in these days cclesiasticism is supreme. This seeming nigma will explain to you my position xactly."

It is curious how many people lean towards e very uncertain profession of a barrister. he same wish crops up in our next note, hich is from M. Paul Blouet, who, under his pen name of Max O'Rell, is so well known both as writer and lecturer:

"If I were to choose my profession again, I would study law and make a barrister of myself. If I had not the education that was given to me by kind and generous parents, I would earn my living with my hands and be a cabinet maker. I could find happiness and artistic satisfaction in turning out a bit of furniture."



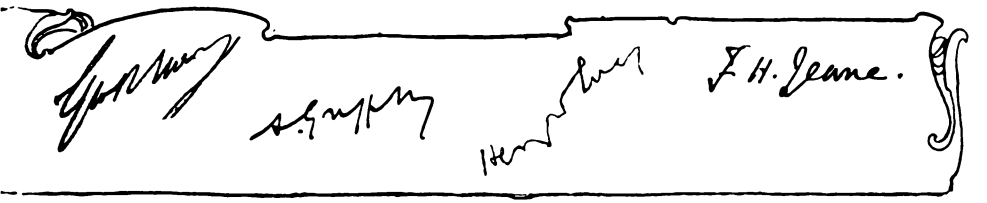
"IF I WERE TO CHOOSE AGAIN . . . I WOULD EARN MY LIVING WITH MY HANDS, AND BE A CABINET MAKER." —MAX O'RELL.

The discoverer of that extraordinary animal, the Okapi, in the Semliki forest, may well congratulate himself upon a profession that has put both fame and usefulness in his way. Sir Harry Johnston writes as follows:—

"The career I have followed has been one of deliberate choice on my part, and—given the body and mind I possess—I do not suppose I should have found greater happiness or interest in any other. If I followed nothing but my own predilections, it is possible I might give up most of my time to painting and biological studies, as these are my favourite pursuits."

Harking back for a moment to the theatrical profession, we have Mr. Weedon Grossmith's explanation of his secret aspirations.

"I am already attached," he says, "to three arts—painting, writing and acting—all of which I follow with more or less success,



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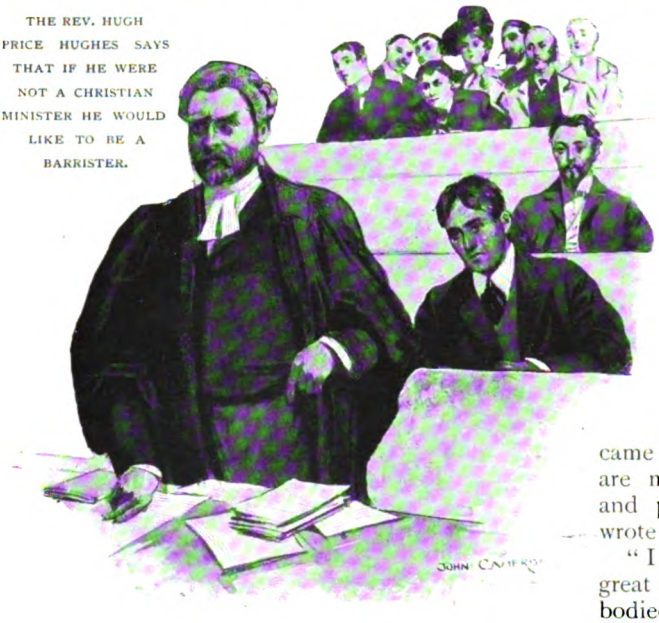
mostly *less*. I don't think I have any desire to be anything else than what I am, except a little richer."

Last, but not least, we have a cryptic utterance from Mr. Harry Quilter, the Editor of *What's What*:

"I am happy to inform you that I have been for the greater part of my life perplexed to know either what I am, or what I have been. But I have been described



THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES SAYS THAT IF HE WERE NOT A CHRISTIAN MINISTER HE WOULD LIKE TO BE A BARRISTER.

in at least half-a-hundred different ways, by equally infallible authorities (*i.e.*, the writers in the public Press), and the only clear opinion I hold upon the matter is that I should like to be a *persona grata* with yourself and your contemporaries, instead of, as I fear, one of those inside-outsiders whose words and writings are subjected to the fiercest light that ever beat upon an editorial throne."

Thus far we have been enabled, by their courtesy, to give the views of a number of people — each eminent in one way or another — upon this curiously-interesting subject. There still remain a few contributions made to our symposium by persons who do not wish their names disclosed.

First comes the Editor of a weekly paper and a monthly magazine, whose rise in his profession has been both early and rapid. He was well-nigh buried in copy and proofs when we put our question to him, but with characteristic promptness he jerked out t decisive reply, "If I were not a slave of journalist, I would go and be a stockbrok sooner than anything!"

This was clear and to the point, so tried another member of the journalist profession. This was the Editor of one the best-known annual books of referenc which his retiring disposition, unfortunatel forbids us to name.

"What would I like t be?" he exclaimed; "wh out of it all—that's what I like to be! Give me fi thousand a year, and I be off to-morrow. I woul not wait to make it t thousand, but I'd shake o the London smoke at on and settle down to a peac ful existence in a litt rose-covered cottage i some quiet spot, f away from the noise an worry of the towns. Don I wish I could do it!"

A somewhat similar wis came from an author whose interest are mainly occupied with zoology and practical natural history. H wrote thus:—

"I have often wished to be great many things—such as an abl bodied Crœsus—but on the whol should like best to be a gentlema farmer with a sufficient independent income for, as things go now, it is not easy work t make a living at farming. There is no li like it for the man who is not depende on it. The outdoor work, the songs of th birds, the multitudinous life of the wood and hedgerows, the quiet growth of th crops, and the sincerity of rural characte —all these are a joy for ever to the man wh has eyes to see them and a soul to appre ciate them. There is more true life and interest to be found on an upland farm than in a dozen cities rolled into one."

We next put our question to an artis whose delicate work has often adorned th pages of this Magazine. He proved to be man of contentment, as the following repl will shew:—

"I really should not like to be anything other than what I am," he said. "In m opinion, there is no career in the world s pleasant as that of a fairly-successful arti

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If he is a true artist he loves his work supremely, and is, in consequence, always working at what he likes best. He is generally able to select his own subject, and to treat it in the way that he pleases. He works when he likes and how he likes. He is very much his own master, and his profession is a remunerative one. Give me a pleasant studio and a good model, and I would not change places with the King upon his throne."

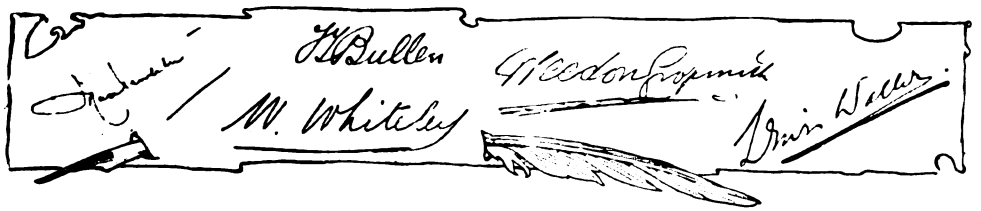
"IF I WERE NOT A GENERAL, I WOULD LIKE TO BE A BUGLER."—SIR EVELYN WOOD.

An energetic young American journalist chanced to cross our path as we were bent upon these investigations, so we fired the inevitable question at him. "What would I like to be if I were not what I am?" he reiterated, gazing meanwhile at us as if he had happily alighted upon an absorbing new subject for a paragraph. "Waal, I guess I'd rather be a globe trotter. Why? Waal, you see, travelling round this small globe of ours, studying the various nationalities, their conditions of life, peculiar characteristics, natural beauties of their respective countries—an ever-changing and incomparably beautiful kaleidoscope of life and colour—constitutes one of the greatest pleasures of existence. And, besides being an unparalleled source of recreation, is an unequalled fount of learning. Travel is the greatest form of education extant in my estimation, and——"

But at this moment a cab-horse fell down, and he rushed off to study the British method of raising the fallen creature, or, as he tersely described it as he tore away, "Animal salvage;" so we were deprived of further developments of his views.

In the course of our investigations upon this absorbing topic we only confined our enquiries to the popular men and women of the day. We did not venture to intrude with our note-book into very exalted circles, but one wish expressed by a personage in the highest rank has reached us, and may be included among the replies given to our question.

His Majesty the King some time ago confided to a friend that he never felt so happy as when he could get away from all ceremony, and for a time live the life of a private country gentleman. It is well-known that our King delights to break away from the stress of Court and society life in town, and hie him away to the quiet seclusion of his country home at Sandringham. His Majesty can there roam over his extensive game preserves in Norfolk—some of the finest in the kingdom—or follow the hunt, at his own sweet will. Then, again, he displays a deep interest in the rearing of prize cattle, and on more than one occasion has carried off the laurels at our leading agricultural shows. Pigeon-flying also possesses a great attraction for our Sovereign, and his birds have loomed prominently in several pigeon-flying contests. All in all, King Edward VII. cherishes a deep-rooted affection for rural England, and would be an ideal country gentleman if he were not a Sovereign.



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HE AND SHE

A ROMANCE OF THE PIT—FRONT ROW.

By Alice Livingstone.

Illustrated by Charles Horrell.

IT was eight o'clock, and she had come down from South Hampstead to the Strand by the first omnibus. Grasping the little shopping basket of netted string which contained her luncheon and dinner, she flew towards the pit entrance of the Lyceum, ambitious to be first on the field; but lo, there was a Man. He was sitting placidly on a camp-stool, and that reminded the Girl that she had left hers in the omnibus. She thought of eleven hours on her feet before the doors of paradise would open, and she could have cried.

The Man did not turn round. He was reading a newspaper, and from the pockets of his overcoat, which he wore with the collar turned up, protruded more newspapers, also the top edges of magazines. And there was a queer bulge which looked like a book, though it might have been lunch.

If the Girl had been sitting with her nose almost against the pit entrance of the Lyceum, in the proud position of first comer, first to be served, she could not have resisted looking to see who was behind her, for it becomes maddening to hear a breathing and not to know whether it be male or female. But she could guess why the Man repressed the natural promptings of curiosity. Once he yielded, threw a glance over his shoulder and beheld a woman standing, his conscience might reproach him through the rest of the day for not offering her his camp stool. It was a case of ignorance and bliss.

The Girl did not want the Man's stool, and was convinced that she would be ready to die at her post, in an upright position, rather than accept an offer of it, made on the knees. Still, she resented that placid back. It suggested a belief that she might take the stool if she were given the opportunity. She also resented the fact that the Man was before her. It would have been worth some suffering to tell her friends afterwards that she had been first.

The Man's back looked young. His hair, under the neat bowler hat, was agreeably short, with an inclination to curl. His ears also were well-shaped. But the Girl stood with chin in air and gazed at the unchivalrous back with such withering scorn that the crisp wintry air of early morning might well have become crisper in that neighbourhood.

It was far too late to dream of running after the omnibus which had borne away her camp-stool, and even if she had been willing to sacrifice the second place in the *queue* which was now rapidly lengthening, she had not enough money in her purse to buy another. She had only brought with her the price of admission, with a few extra pence for return omnibus fare, to purchase a programme of the new play (she saved programmes) and a cup of hot coffee, in case such a luxury were attainable during the long hours of waiting.

With each five minutes the *queue* grew in length, for the worm was worth an early bird's catching, and each bird had hurried to the spot lest some other bird, more enterprising, should bolt the best bit.

As these early birds collected, the Girl was pushed nearer to the Man. Inadvertently she knocked against his imperturbable back, and before she knew what she was saying, had exclaimed in a voice which

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nature, not good will, had made singularly sweet, "I beg your pardon!"

Every man has his price. This Man's was the silver of the Girl's voice.

He looked round.

His face had the unmistakable South African bronze; he had bright grey eyes, and there was a long, fresh red scar which reached from the left side of his forehead down to the right cheek.

To look round was to see a Girl, sweet and twenty, and charmingly pretty even in winter-before-last's jacket, and two summers-ago sailor hat.

The Man rose with the aid of a stick, which the Girl had not noticed as it leaned between his knees.

"I beg *your* pardon," said he.

She had thought darkly of his conscience; it was now her own which pricked.

"I don't know why you should," she answered, as she could not have fancied herself answering two minutes ago.

The Man flushed, and his scar assumed a purplish tinge in the force of his emotion. "For turning so suddenly," he stammered; and his voice was nice, for a man. "My face, you see, isn't—well, I don't much like shewing it to people. It — it frightens babies sometimes, and they howl. One did on the Underground this morning. That's the reason I was bound to get in the front row of the pit, and the reason I didn't know there was a lady behind me without anything to sit on. Please take my stool."

"Oh, thank you, I wouldn't dream of it," cried the Girl, but in a very different tone from that which she had imagined herself using in the event of such an offer. Instead of freezing the Man, it warmed him with a pleasant glow. He had hardly seen or heard a nice girl for two years.

"And you shouldn't think your face could frighten anyone. I'm *sure* the babies had eaten something which disagreed with them, or else their mothers had given them a pinch. It would be a shame if a soldier's scars were to terrify the—the people he'd fought for."

He blushed again, but that was because she was blushing. Others in the crowd were shivering; the Man and the Girl, however, were suddenly of opinion that the warmth of the morning was unseasonable. They were both standing up now, and the Man was swinging his camp-stool slightly, in an absent-minded manner; but it was not the kind of standing up that is tiresome.

"What makes you think I am a soldier?" he enquired. "I might have got hurt some other way than fighting."

"Ye—es, you might," admitted the Girl. "But I just *know* you didn't, somehow. Perhaps it's because—because——"

"Because what, if you please?"

"Well, your—er—your complexion's rather brown, isn't it?"

She was painfully conscious that it is not the thing to allude to the colour of a stranger's skin, especially where the stranger is a man. It is the sort of remark which the "Answers to Correspondents" in a young lady's paper would say that "no *nice* girl" would ever make. Yet this Girl really was a nice girl, though she was poor and earned her own living, and was obliged to take her pleasure in the pit.

"Thank you for calling it a 'complexion,'" returned the Man. And then they both began with a smile and ended with a laugh. "Now, do please take my camp-stool. You think perhaps because I got a bullet in my leg it must hurt to stand up. But it doesn't. It feels better—a *lot* better. I only brought the thing because my landlady, good soul, would stick it in my hand as I was coming out."

"What a nice old thing!" exclaimed the girl. "It's what one's mother would think of."

"Mine would have. But she—isn't with me any more."

"Nor mine. *Please* sit down again."

"No. If you won't have the stool nobody else shall. Do take it. I haven't been able to do anything for a woman for such a long time. And—and you——"

"I——"

"I don't think I ought to say it. *You* might be offended. But you wouldn't, if you knew. Well—it was only that you're—the sort of woman men like to do things for."

"Oh!"

"Now you are offended. Please don't be. Some women are like that, you know. It isn't only that they might be young and—pretty. It would be so when they're old. The kind of girl you'd want your sister to be. The sort that—that remembers a fellow's name if it isn't worth remembering, and how many lumps of sugar he takes in his tea."

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"I wasn't offended. And I *will* have the stool, thank you *very* much," said the Girl.

"Oh, I *am* obliged to you," said the Man, as if she were doing him a favour. This was pathetic from a wounded hero; for the Girl did not doubt that he was a hero, revulsion of feeling as much as simplicity of soul being to blame for such recklessness in faith. So she took the stool, and it would have been rude not to have given him a smile in exchange.

When the Girl smiled, a deep dimple appeared in each pink cheek. And there is something electric in the effect of dimples in girls' cheeks upon the sensitive minds of battered young Colonials, without a friend in London. A man needs friends, numerous, pretty friends, to be able to withstand new dimples.

"Won't you have something to read, too?" he asked.

She would rather have gone on talking, for the conversation had really begun to be interesting; but she wouldn't have had him suspect that for worlds. Therefore, she said that she *would* like something to read, if he could spare it. She was very fond of reading, and they had such a long time before them, hadn't they?

He had hoped that she would refuse; but he reproached himself for being conceited enough to imagine such a thing possible. Would she have a novel, or an illustrated weekly?

That depended upon what the novel was, in the Girl's opinion. It was Kipling, the Man answered, as he dragged a volume out of his overcoat pocket. After all, then, it *hadn't* been lunch!

When it appeared that the tastes of both met in glowing accord of admiration for Kipling, it was imperative that more talk concerning the author should distract attention from his printed words. Each one was interested in hearing what the other thought of him; and it needed but a chance word to turn the channel of conversation from one author to a second. Really it is wonderful what a bond unites two strangers if both love the same books; and the next best thing to eulogy is argument.

Their tongues were busy without ceasing until the hour when people began to open little paper parcels or pinned-up serviettes; though to be sure by that time they had discussed more subjects than are dreamed of in philosophy.

The Girl had not realised that she was hungry until she saw the contents of those packages being frankly consumed by fellow pittites, most of whom appeared to have come in family parties. Even sandwiches can smell good in the nostrils of those who have hurried away from their lodgings with only a piece of toast and a cup of tea; and the Girl thought with content of what her string-basket held.

"Shall we have our lunch, too?" she suggested, and, seeing the bulging eyes of a schoolboy-on-holiday fixed upon her, she hoped everybody might believe (if they noticed) that she and the Man were also—well, not exactly a "family party," but that they had known each other for *years*.

The Man had not felt the need of food; indeed, so prosaic a thought was in itself like brushing the bloom from a butterfly's wing.

Still, the fiat had gone forth; obediently he delved first into one pocket and then into another.

"I must have forgotten that packet of sandwiches my landlady put up for me," he said.

The Girl was delighted. She had now the opportunity of repaying his courtesy. Besides, she was in the frame of mind when to share something with the Man, to be kind to the Man, was distinctly an agreeable experience.

"I have lots of things, enough for both of us for lunch and dinner, too," exclaimed she. And it was not the certainty of plenty which brought a gleam to the grey eyes of her companion. To a lonely fellow, without a home or friends in all the Motherland, where he was motherless and sisterless and sweetheartless, those three crisp, short words "*both of us*" carried a thrill with them. He ate her dear sandwiches and her precious cheese and one of her inestimable tarts; and together they laughed quietly at the funny people who drank things out of bottles. He told her queer experiences of his in South Africa, and they laughed more, though sometimes the Girl's tears were close behind the smiles—so close that they almost shewed through.

By teatime they knew a great deal about each other's lives, from childhood up, and had even exchanged amusing anecdotes concerning one another's early infancy. She informed him that she had earned her living, since her mother died, by making pretty silk lampshades, which she sold to a big shop;

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and they were a "speciality" and in great demand. She also confessed that it was a treat to her to come to a theatre; but these were holidays, even for her, and it was going to be such a wonderful play, she had not been able to resist the temptation of a first night.

The Man responded with confidences; in fact, it was he who began them, and he ended up by saying that, as he was invalided and could fight no more, he was going back to Australia.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Girl, shyly adding, "When?"

"Next Saturday I sail," he answered.

And it was a relief to both that at this instant a youth came their way with tea in cups on a big tray, which he cried for fourpence apiece. It was lucky the hot beverage arrived when it did, for suddenly they had realised that it was a cold, grey, winter's day, and that the world was a very large, lonely place to live in.

Fourpence was more than the Girl had counted upon paying; still, with chilly fingers she searched the string basket for her purse. It was not there. With crimsoning cheeks she tried her pocket, and that was as empty as her life.

She jumped up from the Man's camp-stool. "After all," she said, "I can't stay for the theatre this evening. I—I've just remembered something that—that will call me away."

WITH CRIMSONING CHEEKS SHE TRIED HER POCKET AND THAT WAS EMPTY.

He looked at her gravely. "I see; you've lost your purse," he divined. "But when you go home you'll probably find it there. It would be a pity to give up the theatre just for that. You *might* let me get you some tea, as you're sharing yourmeals with me. And you might let me lend you the money for to-night."

With this, the Man ordered the tea, and the Girl could not make a scene with the vendor looking on. But she could refuse the loan, and she did. As soon as she had drunk the tea, for which she was *very* much obliged, she must really go, though he was extremely kind. She was using long, precise words now, and the tea did not make her warm again; and the thought of turning her back upon the Man and the camp-stool was a cold, cold thought.

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Of course, though, that was because she was disappointed about the play.

The lights were lit now; and they seemed to shut the outside world away.

"If you go, I shall go, too," said the Man.

"But you mustn't. I couldn't permit it," said the Girl.

"I don't mean with you. I shouldn't dare—even ask to call. Although I—what I mean is, I shouldn't enjoy the play now without you."

"That's nonsense!" exclaimed she.

"It may be to you. It's earnest to me. I—don't feel as if I could ever enjoy anything after this—without you. Oh, I know what you're going to say. I had not seen you nine hours ago. That's true. But what hours these have been! Supposing we'd been ordinary acquaintances; I'd been introduced, and called on your people, and all that. Perhaps I might have been with you twice a week, for an hour. So you see at that rate we've had a month's worth of acquaintance. And we couldn't have known each other at the end of such a month half as well as in this one whole, long, glorious day. Besides, I've been waiting for you all my life; and I'm twenty-eight years old. Think of that. Just *you*. Nothing but you. And I don't see how I'm to get on without you."

"Why, we don't know each other's names!" the Girl protested.

"What of that, if we know each other's hearts and souls? I'll tell you my name now, if that's the difficulty."

He told it. It was a name for which no girl need be sorry to change hers.

"And yours?"

She told it. It was a winsome name for a man's sweetheart.

"Now—couldn't you love me—a little?"

"How can I tell—yet?"

"If I gave you till after the play to-night to decide; could you tell me then?"

"Perhaps I might. If I *stayed*."

"You *will* stay? I've got such lots of half-crowns. Enough to keep you from making silk lampshades—except for your own house—all the rest of your life. And I will try to make it such a happy life. Will you promise to marry me, if I can prove to you, by friends of mine whom you may trust, that I'm not a bad sort of fellow?"

"Why, I trust *you*—already. Somehow I *know* I may. The same way that I knew you were a soldier. But you're going away, and——"

"I want you to go with me. We could be engaged four whole days. It's a long time too long, when one can get a licence in three. *Don't* you believe that the only love worth having *must* be love at first sight?"

"I never did believe so before," said the Girl. "But——"

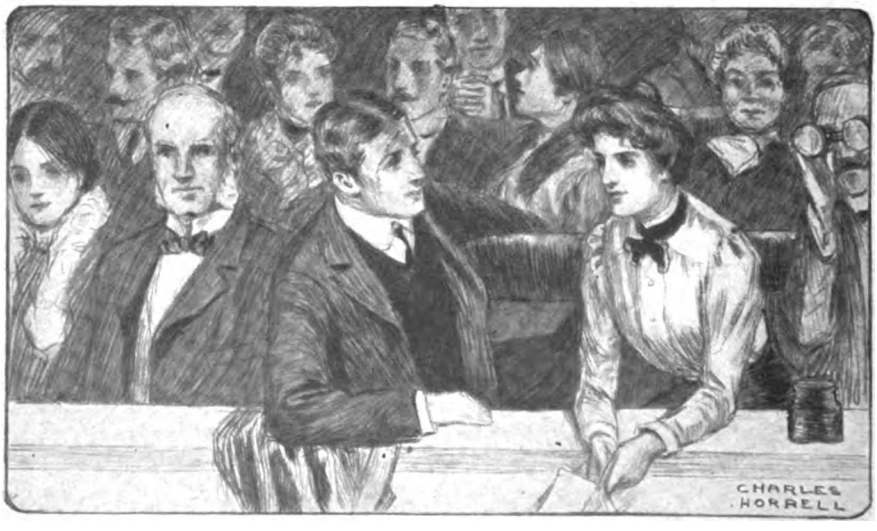
"But what?"

"It seems as if it might be. Anyway——"

"Anyway?"

"I'm glad I came, and—sat next to you."

And when the play was over she had not changed her mind.



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CURIOS BOUGHT FOR TRIFLES AND SOLD FOR FORTUNES.

By the Editor of the "Connoisseur."

NEVER was there such a craze for collecting as at the present day, and never did prices range higher than they do now.

Almost everything under the sun is collected by someone or other. Not only works of art and curios of historical, antiquarian, or scientific interest are sought after by the connoisseur, but objects of no intrinsic value—such as post-cards, livery buttons, Army badges and the like—are keenly collected, and frequently purchased at prices altogether out of proportion to their true value.

A few years ago, old and worn silver could be bought for a mere song by the man who wished to furnish his table economically, but now its price is advancing by leaps and bounds. In some cases the value of a piece has increased twenty-fold in the last fifteen years. Not long ago a silver Elizabethan salt-cellar fetched at auction the amazing price of £69 per ounce, and a set of thirteen apostle spoons realised £1,060.

MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL DE GUISE, PURCHASED FOR £2,000.

The same rule holds good all round: prices are steadily going higher and higher, and there are as yet no signs that a slump will follow the present boom.

In 1876 a vast sensation was caused by the sale at Christie's of the famous Gainsborough portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, for 10,100 guineas, which at that time constituted a record price. But a few months ago the same painting was privately sold to Mr. Pierpont Morgan for a sum stated to be 30,000 guineas. Other portraits by the old masters have lately fetched phenomenal prices.

Last year Hoppner's three-quarter length portrait of Louisa, Lady Manners—afterwards Countess of Dysart—was sold at Willis's Rooms for 14,050 guineas, which is said to be the highest price ever given for a picture at public auction. The painting measures 4ft. 3in. by 3ft. 5in., so that it realised more than £7 per square inch.

Size, however, has nothing at all to do with value. The sum of £4,100 was given in 1875 for the "Enamoured Cavalier" of Francis Mieris, which only measures seventeen inches by fourteen. This works out at about £17 4s. 6d. per square inch.

If we are not mistaken, the highest price, in proportion to size, ever given for a painting was the sum of £25,000 paid in 1885 for the Dudley Raphael, "The Three Graces," which only measures seven inches square.

One of the highest prices ever paid by a Government was the £70,000 given by the authorities of the National Gallery for

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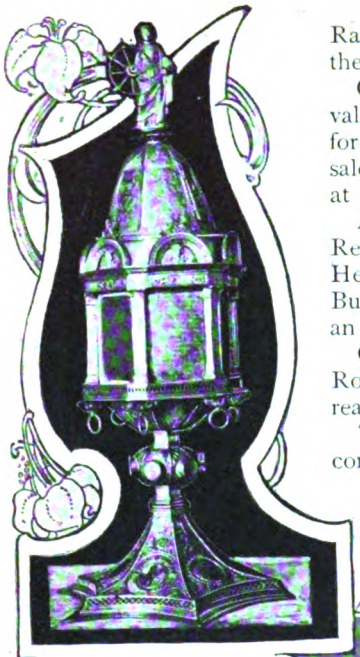


A RELIQUARY, SOLD FOR £1,144 10s. od.

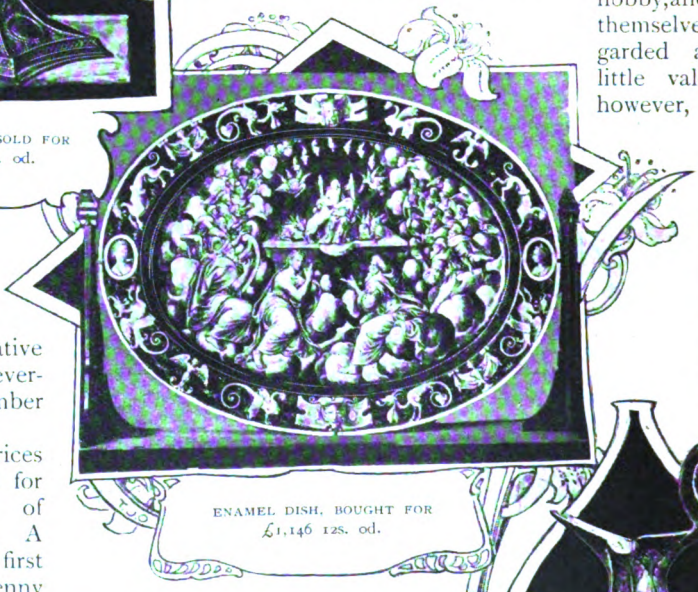
Raphael's famous Ansidei Madonna, which now occupies the place of honour in the national collection.

Gainsborough's paintings have advanced immensely in value of late years. A landscape by him, which was sold for £840 in 1867, realised £3,225 at Sir Julian Goldsmid's sale in 1896, and would probably fetch a still higher price at the present day.

All etchings, too, have gone up in price, notably those of Rembrandt. In 1755 an impression of his print of "Christ Healing the Sick" realised only £7; but in 1887, at the Buccleuch sale, no less a sum than £1,300 was given for an example.

Often the advance in price is startlingly rapid. For example, Rowney's "Miss Shore," which was sold for £1,953 in 1895, realised £2,887 in the following year.

To descend from the sublime to what many people will consider the ridiculous, the price of foreign postage stamps has witnessed an extraordinary advance. Thirty years ago stamp collecting was little more than a schoolboy's hobby, and the stamps themselves were regarded as of very little value. Now, however, philately holds up its head, and has its recognised journals, and provides a lucrative business for an ever-increasing number of dealers.



ENAMEL DISH, BOUGHT FOR £1,146 12s. od.

THREE COSTLY WORKS OF ART PRESERVED IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Enormous prices have been paid for rare examples of foreign stamps. A specimen of the first issue of the penny Mauritius stamp on the original envelope was recently sold by Mr. W. Peckitt, a well-known London dealer, for the sum of £1,000. This transaction involved a rather risky speculation on the part of the dealer, who sent something like £900 out to Mauritius to secure the stamp, which he had never seen.

A few years back great bargains were to be picked up in purchasing collections of old stamps, but of late the public have awakened to the fact that these little bits of paper are of great value. We know a dealer who was lucky enough to find a V.R. black penny stamp of Great Britain on a twopenny sheet of stamps in a sweetstuff shop, and not long afterwards disposed of it again for no less than £6. But this is the sort of chance that does not come in everybody's way.

SMALL EWER, PURCHASED FOR £992 5s. od.

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We give an illustration of the corner of an old envelope valued at £2,000, because it bears what is supposed to be a unique pair of stamps. Quite recently a blue Mauritius stamp changed hands for £1,050, which is probably the high water mark for a single stamp. It is a risky thing to give these high prices, for if a few more specimens of these particular stamps were to be found, their value would immediately drop.

THE UNIQUE AND PRICELESS PORTLAND VASE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

An example of the extraordinary rise in the value of colour prints may be found in the wail of a collector, who wrote thus in a recent number of the *Connoisseur*:—

"It is rather sad to possess 'Nature' in colours, purchased not many years ago at eighteen shillings, and to be unable to add 'Bacchante' as a pendant to her, because fashion has raised its hue and cry after the pair, and there is a price of £500 on its head."

Occasionally great bargains are still to be met with in things artistic, by the man who has both his eyes wide open. The Duke of Marlborough a little while ago excited the envy and admiration of his rivals in the collecting world by unearthing and buying for a trifle in Paris a terra cotta figure of "The Water Nymph," by the famous sculptor Fauconnet. It is regarded as one of the finest examples of that master, and the Duke — who is said to have paid only £400 for it — has already refused an offer of £6,000 for the statuette.

TRIPTYCH, BY NARDON PENICAUD, BOUGHT FOR THE NATIONAL COLLECTION FOR £2,000.

A few years back, a young man, strolling through Northfleet, saw a saucer of old coins in a shop window. They were mostly battered pennies and halfpennies of the Georges, and were priced at a penny each —quite as much as they seemed to be worth

On looking them over, he found a medal or token, perfectly black with a thick incrustation of dirt, and feeling curiously heavy. Wondering if it were made of lead, he purchased it for a penny and took it home, where he subjected it to a thorough cleaning. Judge of his surprise when he discovered it to be a gold medal of the Stuart period, and worth £20.

At a picture sale held a few months ago a remarkable instance of the advance in prices that the past century witnessed was afforded. A small "View in a Dutch Town," by J. van der Heyden — measuring only 8¼in. by 10½in. — was sold in 1802 for 60 guineas; in 1807 for 63 guineas; in 1827 for 60 guineas; in 1836 for 210 guineas; and in 1901 for 920 guineas. Incidentally it may be noted that the enhanced value of this little painting was practically contemporaneous with the Victorian era.

Although the general tendency is for prices to advance, yet one can never be quite sure that a price will be maintained even for a week. Last year two sets, both in good condition, of the thirteen "Cries of London," after F. Wheatley, printed in colours, were sold at auction. One set realised 1,000 guineas, and the other only 510 guineas.

It does not follow that the name of a great artist, or even excellence of workmanship, will determine the value of a print at auction. Prettiness —if one may be allowed the expression— is an important determining factor.

Every collector of mezzotints knows the

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pair of portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Pott of London. Both are excellent; yet, while Mr. Pott only fetches fifteen shillings—and sometimes less—Mrs. Pott, who is represented as Venus, is good for £500!

A £1,000 COFFRET.

The truth is that portraits of men are not wanted, especially if middle-aged and portly. A picture of a pretty youth will fetch a fair price, as for instance the mezzotint of Master Lambton, by Cousins, for which as much as £150 can be obtained.

A few years back the collector of old furniture and china could get many an extraordinary bargain by hunting among the farmhouses and cottages in out-of-the-way country places. Often a £5 note has secured pieces that soon afterwards have been sold for more than twenty times that amount. But these happy hunting grounds have been so diligently worked that there is now little left to collect, and that little is generally priced pretty high.

The highest price given last year for old furniture was the sum of £15,000 paid by Mr. Charles Wertheimer at Christie's, for a pair of Louis XV. commodes, from the collection of the Duke of Leeds. These two pieces are made of oak, veneered with king and tulip woods in floral designs, and richly framed in ormolu.

High-class French furniture of this period has now become exceedingly rare and valuable. The specimens in the Victoria and Albert Museum cost over £400,000, and the Wallace collection is valued at about £4,500,000.

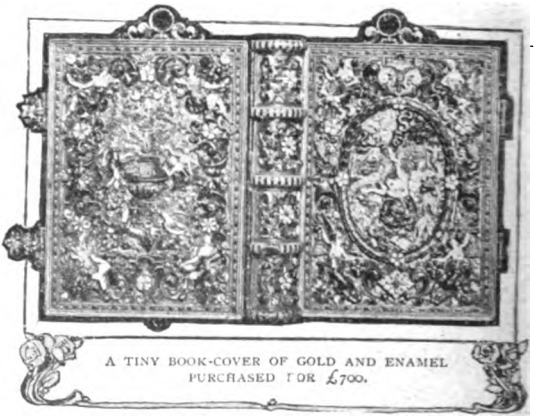
The Duke of Argyll possesses a unique double bureau, for which he has refused an offer of £7,000. The piece in question is considered to be worth about a third more.

Old china—especially Chelsea, Worcester, Derby, and other English types—is always in demand, and often fetches fabulous sums. Last year, at the Hope Edwardes sale, over a thousand pounds was given for a dessert service of Worcester ware; and on July 11th a set of four Chelsea vases were sold for £5,400. Three small vases from the Chelsea pottery realised 1,000 guineas.

In the national collection at South Kensington are many examples of artistic work of all kinds, for which extraordinary prices were given. By permission of the Board of Education we are enabled to give illustrations of some of the most notable examples, from photographs specially taken for this article.

A tiny book—or missal—case of gold and translucent enamel, shewing in high relief designs apparently representing the Creation of Eve and the Fountain of Life, was purchased in 1864 for £700, and is now worth much more. It formerly belonged to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.

Near at hand may be seen a pair of enamel candlesticks, not quite a foot in height, for which the startling price of £1,263 was paid in 1885. Here there is no precious metal, and not much beauty of the kind that would impress the casual visitor.



A TINY BOOK-COVER OF GOLD AND ENAMEL PURCHASED FOR £700.

A copper triptych, enamelled with a picture of the Annunciation in the centre, with Louis XII. and Anne of Bretagne in the left and right volets respectively, fetched

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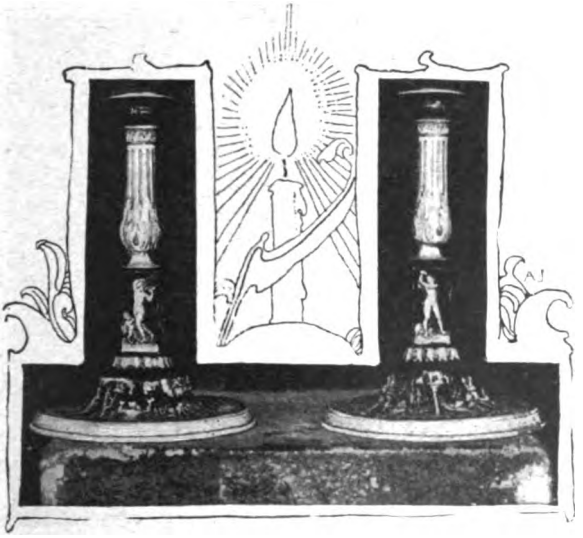
no less than £2,000 in 1877. It is a specimen of the work of Nardon Penicaud, and was made between 1499 and 1513.

THE JUXON MEDAL, RECENTLY SOLD FOR £770.

Another of the artistic treasures at South Kensington is a medallion portrait in enamel on copper of Charles de Guise, Cardinal de Lorraine, who died in 1574. The portrait is attributed to Leonard Limousin, and, like the triptych, was purchased in 1877 for £2,000.

In the Prince Consort's Gallery at the Museum are many other fine examples of Limoges enamel, for which high prices have been paid—£1,146 12s. for a dish, £992 5s. for a small ewer, £1,000 for a coffret, and no less than £1,144 10s. for a reliquary.



A PAIR OF ENAMEL CANDLESTICKS SOLD FOR £1,263.

Turning to another aspect of our subject, it is not very often nowadays that really great bargains turn up for curio collectors. Still, they happen occasionally.

A few months back a London collector purchased an old deed for eight shillings at a bookstall in Marylebone Lane, which subsequently proved to bear the signature of Guy Fawkes, of which only one had previously been known to exist. The value of the document thus cheaply acquired was estimated by an expert at anything up to £10,000.

Old bookstalls are always the happy hunting-ground of the collector. Not only is there the chance of picking up a rare first edition in the penny box, but scarce old prints and documents are occasionally found pasted into the binding of musty old books. Many a drawing by the old masters has thus been secured for a few pence on the stalls on the Quai Voltaire at Paris.

So, too, in the lumber rooms of ancient homes many a valuable piece of old furniture has been found half buried beneath the dust. One of the finest existing portraits of Queen Elizabeth was found in a garret rolled up and partly eaten by rats.

In a room of an hotel at Greenwich there used to be a fine game piece by Snyders, the value of which was quite unsuspected. At last the place changed hands, and the furniture and effects were sold, when the picture was bought, frame included, for fifty shillings, by a man who recognised its worth.

A well-known art connoisseur, Mr. Ralph Bernal, was in his day a genius for acquiring bargains. One of his treasures—now in the British Museum—was an engraved crystal circle formerly belonging to Lothaire, King of France. It was originally found in an old curiosity shop in Brussels, where it was priced at ten francs, or about eight shillings.

It next came into the hands of a Bond Street dealer, who sold it to Mr. Bernal for £10. The British Museum bought it for £267.

A GOOD SPECIMEN OF THE PETITION CROWN, BOUGHT FOR £500.

On one occasion Ralph Bernal actually caught a famous expert, Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, napping, and secured from him a

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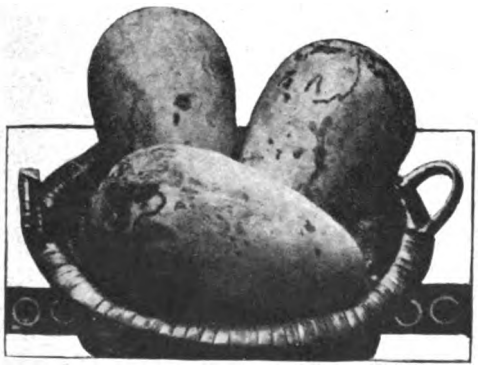
fine proof of Hogarth's "Midnight Modern Conversation" for three guineas. It was afterwards sold to the British Museum for £81.

We need hardly say that the amateur collector has but small chance of securing bargains in the sale-room. He is much more likely to give a long price for a worthless article. Only a few months ago a certain private collector—whom, for obvious reasons, we do not name—gave several thousands for a certain object, which we were assured by an eminent expert was not genuine and was only worth £10!

In 1869 four pictures, reputed to be the work of Turner and Constable, were offered for sale and excited extraordinary interest in the art world from the fact that they had hitherto been quite unknown. The experts were puzzled until one of them tried the pin test. This consists simply in pricking a thick lump of paint with a pin. If the paint is old the pin will not penetrate it, owing to its extreme hardness, but in the case of the supposed "Constables," the paint beneath the surface was found to be quite soft, and therefore, recently put on.

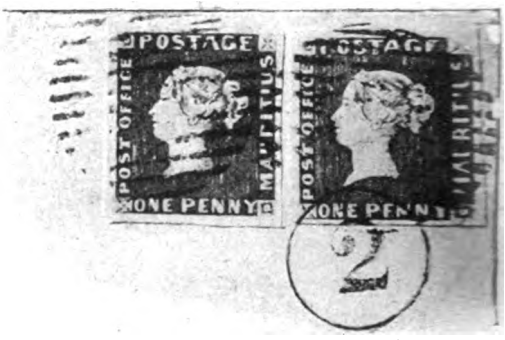
Mr. Joseph Gillott, the pen maker, had commissioned his agent to buy the three "Constables" at any cost, but happily the



THREE GREAT AUK'S EGGS, FOR WHICH £1,100 WERE REFUSED.

fraud was exposed in time to save his pocket. The pictures subsequently perished in the great fire at the Pantechnicon furniture warehouse in 1874.

A few years back a painting which professed to be a contemporary portrait of Shakespeare came to light, and for a while



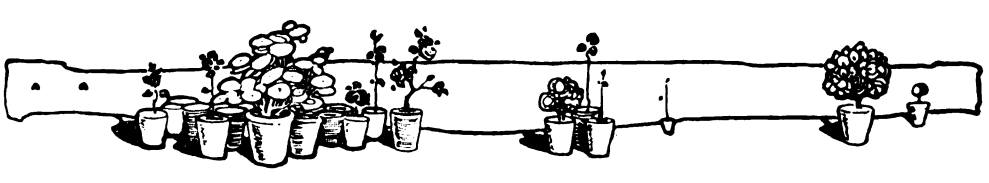
TWO SPECIMENS OF THE MAURITIUS PENNY STAMP, BOUGHT FOR £2,000 THE PAIR.

created quite a *furore* in the art world as well as among literary people. It had every appearance of genuineness until the back of the picture was examined, when it was found to be painted on an Italian white wood panel! This practically proved that it was not English work at all, and further investigation brought to light the fact that it was a modern forgery painted over a portrait of a lady!

Caveat emptor—let the buyer beware—should be the motto of the curio collector. There are factories in existence for the production of "antiques," and nine-tenths of the bargains offered for sale are spurious. Worm-eaten old oak even can be precisely imitated. The present writer possesses an "ancient" Madonna in carved oak, which has deceived everybody to whom he has shewn it; but as a matter of fact it was made in France only two or three years ago.

"Old" porcelain is constantly being produced; and even old hall-marked silver cannot be depended upon, for the marks of an unimportant old piece have been cut out and skilfully inserted in a larger article of modern manufacture.

In a word, the best possible advice to the curio-hunter contemplating a purchase at a so-called bargain sale is, unless you are a connoisseur—don't!



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RAILWAY ENGINES IN HOLIDAY DRESS

E. Moore, Photo.

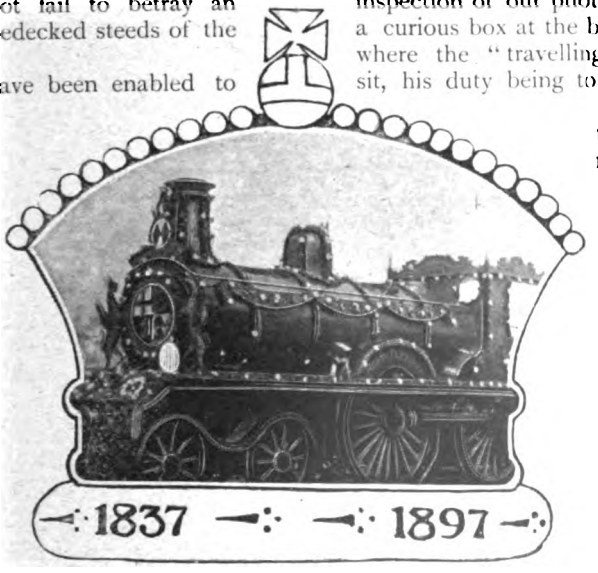
THE FIRST DECORATED ENGINE. IT HAULED THE GUARDS FROM PLYMOUTH TO LONDON, IN 1856, UPON THEIR RETURN FROM THE CRIMEA.

By H. J. Shepstone.

IT is doubtful if the majority of the travelling public look upon a railway engine as a thing of beauty; yet the smoky and oily locomotive can be made the object of admiration when occasion demands it, as a glance at the illustrations accompanying this article will testify. And whatever one's opinion may be regarding the extent of their beauty, one cannot fail to betray an interest in these bedecked steeds of the iron road.

So far as we have been enabled to ascertain, through inquiry from various railway officials, the first railway engine to don the "flowers" in this country, if not in the world, was the famous old broad gauge Great Western engine, "Lord of the Isles," on March 30th, 1856. It was this engine that drew the Guards from Plymouth to London on their return from the Crimea. In the scheme of decoration, which consisted of flags and a crown, the colours of the Allies were represented as follows: In front of the smoke-box, the Sardinian; on either side of the foot-plate, the Union Jack and the Royal Standard; at the end of the tender, the French tricolour and the Turkish star and crescent. The headlight, which was specially designed for the occasion, was capped with a gorgeous *facsimile* of the Crown.

The "Lord of the Isles" was a "flyer" in her day, for she easily covered the 193 odd miles between Paddington and Exeter in four and a half hours. A close inspection of our photograph will reveal a curious box at the back of the tender, where the "travelling porter" used to sit, his duty being to look back along the train in order to see that all was right.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE ENGINE.

Another early and notable example of the decorated railway engine was that which drew the King and Queen upon their wedding day, March 10th, 1863, from Windsor to Southampton, where the Royal couple and suite embarked upon the yacht *Fairy*, for Osborne, where the honeymoon was spent. Although the scale of embellishment on that festive occasion was not so lavish as it is to-day, yet the locomotive presented a gay and festive appearance with its outlined festoons of flowers. A noteworthy incident of the Royal wedding was the driving of the

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engine which hauled the Princess, upon her arrival in England the day before, from Paddington to Slough, by the Earl of Caithness, an expert amateur engine driver.

For years past, all the English railway companies have been in the habit of decorating their engines when conveying members of the Royal Family. It must not be imagined from this fact, however, that every time a member of the Royal Family takes a railway journey the engine is covered with flags. The late Queen Victoria and our King have travelled scores of times behind our express engines with no such emblematic displays. It is only on special occasions that the locomotive superintendent of the particular system over which the royal personage travels, gives instructions that the engine deputed to draw the royal party shall be adorned for the performance.

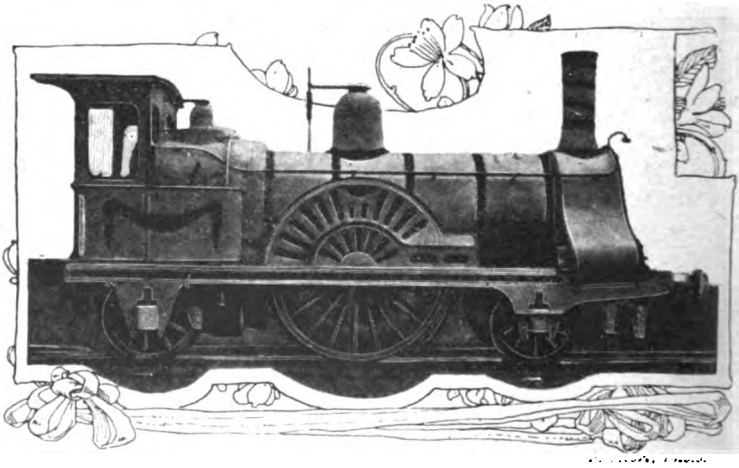
THE FRONT OF THE ENGINE WHICH DREW THE C.I.V.'S TO LONDON.

A very pretty and striking example of how beautifully an engine may be decorated is afforded in the picture of the locomotive, "Rathdown," which conveyed Her late Majesty Queen Victoria from Kingsbridge to Kingstown Pier, on her departure from Ireland, April, 1900. The principal feature of the decorations was the immense floral shamrock on the engine's "chest." It consisted of red geraniums, white narcissi and blue violets making the trio of colours, the whole being surmounted by the Royal Arms.

From two flagstaffs placed on either side of the front of the engine the Union Jack and the Royal Standard were wafted to the breeze. At the base of each flagstaff a large bouquet of arum lilies and yellow gorse blossoms was attached with red, white and blue ribbon. The handrail all round the engine was looped with evergreens, arum lilies and gorse blossoms, interwoven at intervals, the whole being secured with red, white and blue ribbon. The Duchess of Connaught and her children were specially interested in the handsome appearance of the locomotive, and congratulated the railway officials upon their taste and skill.

But this is by no means the only occasion upon which Ireland has turned the tangle of tubes, cranks, rods, cylinders and wheels of which a modern locomotive is built, into a thing of beauty. When the Prince and Princess of Wales (then Duke and Duchess of York) visited the Sister Isle in 1897, the Great Northern Railway of Ireland not only attired their engine in innumerable flags and a large quantity of bunting, but built a spacious saloon coach with an expedition that not even Yankee smartness could excel. The interior of the saloon was artistically decorated with choice flowers.

It has been the custom of the Great Western Railway to decorate the royal engine with a large Royal Coat-of-Arms for State occasions, and a smaller one for semi-State purposes. In addition, the headlight is surmounted with a replica of the Royal Crown. A few flags are also called into requisition and this completes the embellishments. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee the Royal Arms was


THE ENGINE OF THE KING'S WEDDING TRAIN PAINTED WHITE AND OUTLINED WITH FESTOONS OF FLOWERS.

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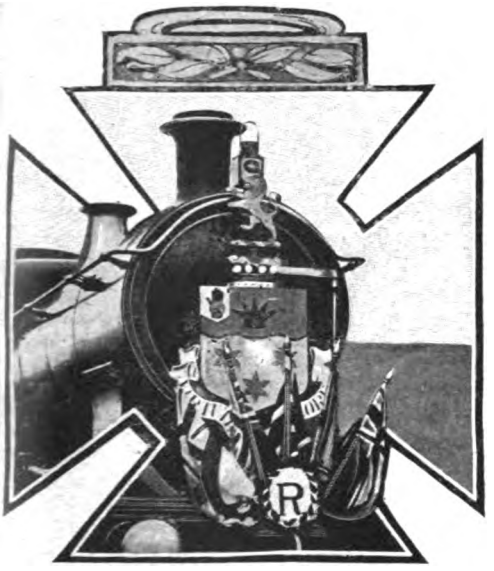
placed upon each side of the engine and also on either side of the tender. The Great Western has had occasion to mark



F. Moore, Photo.

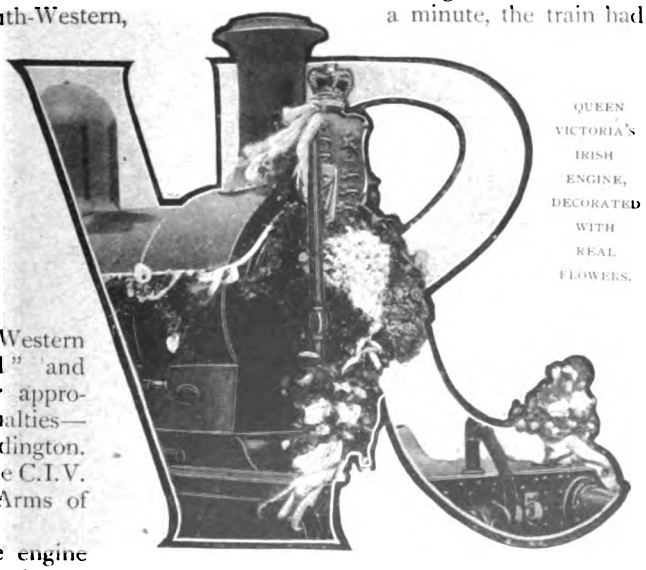
THE ENGINE WHICH CONVEYED EARL ROBERTS TO LONDON ON HIS RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

the observance of decorating engines more than any other line, on account of the fact, no doubt, that it is the royal route to Windsor, the London and South-Western, probably, claiming second place, and the Great Eastern third.

The present war has been responsible for not a few ornamented engines, viz., on the occasion of the home-coming of the City Imperial Volunteers and the return of Earl Roberts. Four locomotives of the London and South-Western Railway brought the Volunteers to Basingstoke, when the Great Western engines, "Roberts," "Powerful" and "Maine"—the last-named very appropriately conveying the casualties—"horsed" the specials to Paddington. On the engines' "chests" were the C.I.V. shield, and on the tender the Arms of the City of London.

An interesting picture is the engine that drew Earl Roberts to London upon his return from South Africa. Correctly speaking, two locomotives shared this honour. Leaving Southampton on January 3rd, 1901, the special was drawn by a South-Western engine to Basingstoke. The locomotive was bedecked with evergreens and a portrait of the gallant commander and his name. At Basingstoke the locomotive was replaced by the Great Western engine "Roberts." This powerful steed, with its huge boiler, mountainous fire-box and four two-coupled driving wheels, was gaily bedecked with flags, and the noble Earl's shield of Arms, surmounted by a coronet, with the motto "Virtute et Valore," and a huge "R," completed the embellishments.

Owing to the fog in the Solent, the arrangements for bringing the gallant commander to the capital were completely disorganised. But the engine "Roberts" made up for much of the lost time between Basingstoke and London. Leaving the former place at 12.19, it steamed into Paddington at 1.12, a distance of 52 miles in 53 minutes, and exactly as the Prince of Wales, now our King, arrived on the platform to welcome the returning hero. In railway circles this is regarded as a remarkable performance. No train may run through Reading station at more than twenty-five miles an hour, as the line for a short distance west of Reading is complicated by the Hants and Berks and South Wales junctions. In order, therefore, to make up the average of about a mile a minute, the train had



QUEEN VICTORIA'S IRISH ENGINE, DECORATED WITH REAL FLOWERS.

to travel at a very high rate of speed over some portions of the line. As a matter of fact, the powerful engine "Roberts" was found when tested by an official on board to be actually running, on some sections of the route, at the

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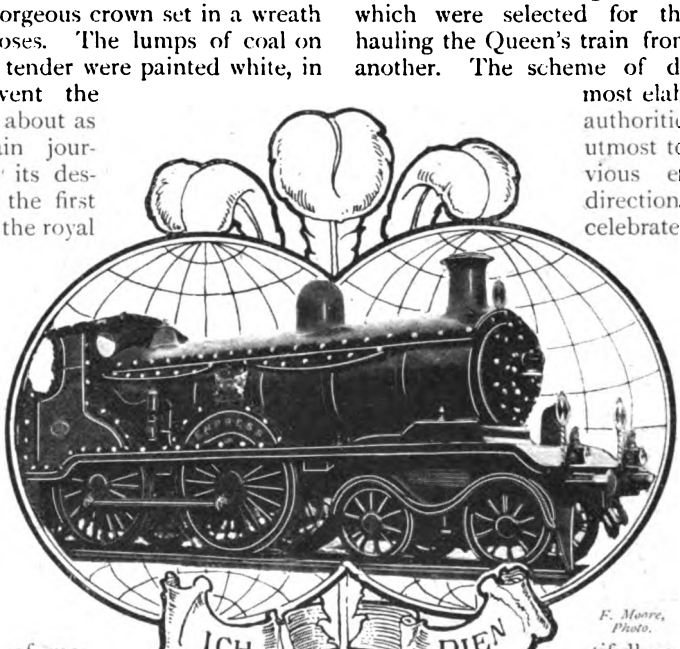
tremendous speed of eighty miles an hour! It may here be mentioned that no driver is allowed to decorate his engine without permission. As a rule, such orders emanate from the locomotive superintendent, or from the general manager of the line, as was the case of the "Empress," which drew the Prince and Princess of Wales (then Duke and Duchess of York) from Portsmouth to Victoria on their return from their triumphant journey round the world, and is the most recent example of the art of decorating railway engines. On the front of the locomotive was a gorgeous crown set in a wreath of moss and roses. The lumps of coal on the top of the tender were painted white, in order to prevent the coal-dust flying about as the royal train journeyed towards its destination. For the first time in history the royal saloon was warmed by electricity, a special installation for this purpose having been put in.

It is estimated that the saloon carriages which the "Empress" drew cost £80,000. They are built of mahogany. The outside is polished so perfectly that it reflects the passing scenery like a mirror.



F. Moore, Photo.

THE ENGINE WHICH BROUGHT THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES FROM PORTSMOUTH TO LONDON AFTER THEIR JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

The interiors of the coaches are beautifully and artistically upholstered in sage-green morocco, from designs selected by Queen Alexandra herself. The general scheme of decoration is cream and gold. The floors are covered with crimson carpets of a design much favoured by His Majesty—the same pattern as that used in the state-rooms on the royal yacht. The train was hand-signalled along the whole of the eighty-six miles of its route, from Portsmouth to London, by over 800 platelayers, standing about 200 yards apart.

The precautions observed by the railway officials to ensure the safety of the Royal traveller are thorough and complete. In addition to hand-signalling the train throughout the whole journey, a pilot engine precedes it by half-an-hour, and no other train is permitted to cross that particular set of metals under any pretext whatsoever until the Royal train has passed. In fact there is a complete cessation of traffic for the greater part of an hour.

The Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria afforded the railway officials exceptional opportunities for excelling in the work of ornamenting those iron steeds which were selected for the honour of hauling the Queen's train from one point to another. The scheme of decoration was most elaborate, and the authorities strove their utmost to excel all previous efforts in this direction, in order to celebrate such a unique event. The engines were literally buried in garlands of flowers from front buffers to back. In one instance the locomotive's "chest" was flanked by a huge emblematic design beautifully executed in real flowers.

We may mention, in passing, that real flowers are not always employed for this purpose. Artificial blooms are considered to be better and more effective for this work, since the real flowers, owing to the heat emitted from the boiler, soon lose their freshness and droop.

During the last journey of the late President McKinley through the United States, the engine hauling his train through the State of California was most lavishly decorated by the loyal citizens of that part of the country. California is the land of roses, and several hundred blooms of this fragrant flower were utilised to bedeck the Presidential train, while a huge bouquet was presented to Mrs. McKinley.

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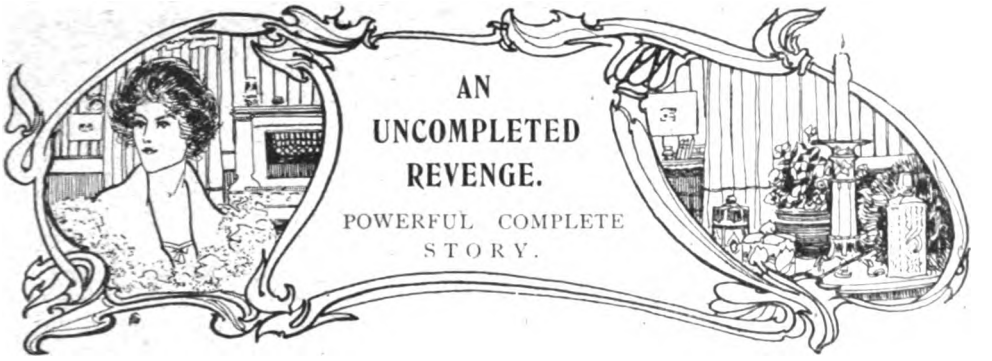

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.

I.

"HER ladyship is expecting you, my lord."

"My lord!" *I* was my lord. I hadn't got used to it yet. I hadn't got used to anything. And in my weak state (for the voyage home from South Africa had not set me up as much as they hoped) I quivered nervously at the thought of the coming interview.

I had not seen Lady Storm for more than two years, though during my lonely boyhood she had been a second mother to me. I knew so well the woman she was. And I had come now to tell her how her only son had died.

How the old days came back to me as the door of the red drawing-room opened! I had worshipped her almost as a goddess—the beautiful, tragic-eyed, Spanish woman, who had been my boyish ideal of glorious motherhood. This room was an intimate part of the past. The scent of sandal-wood and the *pot-pourri* in the great Spanish vases hung heavily here still, as it always had. And she was somewhere in the red dusk—waiting. And I had to tell her how her son had died.

"Lord d'Abernon," the old butler breathed into the stillness of the vast, dim room. I went forward, limping with my stick, dazed by the interchanging firelight and shadow. A figure rose, and at that moment a log fell on the hearth, sending up a shower of sparks and flame. It was as if the darkness broke apart around her. I saw her great burning eyes, the dead pallor of the haggard face I remembered soft and rounded, exquisite in colour as a hothouse peach. The black draperies that trailed about her mingled with the shadows of the room. Only her hands and face and hair gleamed palely.

I had planned the first words I should say, but I forgot them when I saw her. I called her by the old name she had let me give her. "Oh, Madonna," I cried brokenly, "your beautiful hair has turned white!"

She gave me her hands, and I kissed them. "What does it matter?" she asked. "I am dying, Ronny. It has killed me. I have waited only for this—and one other thing. Oh, heaven, how I have longed for you! You can give me life—life for a little while yet, if you will."

"If I will?" I echoed. "Don't you know that every drop of blood in my body is yours? You bought them—with kindness—when I was fifteen—so they've been yours for twelve years."

Gently I made her sit down again in the great armchair near the fireplace, and I knelt beside it. I was glad it hurt to kneel. I wanted to be hurt, for her.

"Twelve years!" she repeated slowly. "Yes—I may have been kind, then. I don't know. But I am not kind now. I would not even spare you. Yet it is good of you to say these things. Every drop of blood in your body? Why, you look as if you had given nearly all of it for your country. What have you left for me?"

"As much as makes my life. Tell me what you meant by saying I could save yours?"

"I said 'for a little while,' Ronny. I will tell you, presently. It is what I have been praying for, to the God of Battles and of Vengeance; it is what has kept me from

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going to my boy weeks ago. I wanted to have something to tell him when we met. But I'm not selfish, dear Ronny. Let me hear other things before I speak. Of yourself first."

"Surely, of Hugh first?" I implored, softening my voice to that name, loved so well by both.

"No. If we talked of him, I could not rest until you knew all that has been burning up my life. Well, you went away Captain Nelson, one of the poorest young men in the Service, with no prospects except what the Army could give; and you come back a Major and Lord d'Abernon, with—how much a year?"

"Something like twenty thousand, they tell me," I answered, half ashamed. For the thought that prosperity had arrived to me at the very time when poverty came in at the door of this once happy, generous house, struck at my heart. "It was a great surprise. I hardly knew my uncle. He was with Buller on the Tugela, when he came out to South Africa, while I was with Methuen at Magersfontein. Even when he was killed, it never occurred to me that it would make any difference so far as I was concerned, for I knew the two sons were healthy fellows, and the elder was engaged to be married, poor chap. But he died trying to save his brother when their boat upset, you know—and so it all came to me. It seems awfully strange still; for—when I got the news two months ago, I—I hadn't much heart to put into anything. I scarcely thought about it."

"Ah, I know," she answered, in that low, vibrant voice of hers which I had always likened to a harp. "You loved Hugh. Eight weeks! Can it be only eight weeks ago that my world came to an end?"

"He died like a hero," I said. "Shall I—tell you about it now?"

"Yes."

"It was at night—near a laager in the river-bed. I'd got this wound in my thigh, but it was nothing to what some of the other chaps had to endure. I could crawl about a bit, I found. My water-bottle was nearly full, luckily, so I could help a little. Only it was so dark I couldn't see much. It was the voices, the—the groaning that guided me. I was crawling along when the moon peered over a big, ragged black cloud, and shone down on a face lying upturned, with the eyes closed. I started back, thinking I must be mad—for it was Hugh's face: and the long slim body, stretched out on the ground with the hands clasped together over the breast, was dressed in Yeomanry uniform. Yet I hadn't heard of his coming out; I was sure I must have known if he had.

"I suppose I must have given a sort of gasp, for the eyes opened and looked straight up into mine. It *was* Hugh; and he knew me. 'Hullo, Ron, old chap!' he said in a faint, sleepy voice. 'So it's you, is it? I'm glad. You'll tell mother?'

"There was a lump in my throat, and I could hardly speak, for—for something in his face made me sure that he—that he wasn't going to live. I don't know what it was, but—after you've seen a lot of fellows you know dying, you can tell, with a kind of instinct. And—Madonna, I'd have given my life for him."

"I know. What else did he say?"

"Well, I tried to cheer him up, though my heart was sick, saying he would be all right, and we'd go home together, and he'd tell you things himself. That he must keep up, and by-and-by the stretchers would be coming round, and he'd be taken to hospital; but he only smiled and shook his head, and he wouldn't have any of the water left in my bottle. He said he wasn't thirsty, and it must be for the men who were going to get well. He couldn't talk much, for—the wound was in his breast, you know. But everything he said was for you, except—one thing."

"What was that?" There was a quick, alarmed sharpness in her voice.

"It was—towards the last. And I'm not sure that his head was quite clear. His thoughts seemed wandering where I couldn't follow without questioning him. 'My beautiful girl!' he whispered. 'Tell her—tell her I forgive.'

"'Whom shall I tell?' I asked, bending down. But he didn't answer. He lay still, with his head on my arm—his dear, curly head—and the most exquisite smile on his lips. Oh, Madonna, he looked so young, so perfectly happy! If you had seen him then, just as his spirit parted from his body, with the white, white moonlight, like a benediction, making him all radiant, you couldn't have wished him back."

"Were those the last words he said?"

"Yes."

"You are sure? He didn't even murmur my name? It was of *her* he thought as he died?"

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"Whoever she was, he forgave."

"Oh, heaven!" She dropped her face between her hands, and shook with a strange, tearless sobbing. "That he should have died so—my handsome, glorious boy!"

"He died for his country," I said, softly; and was startled at the fierceness with which she flung away her hands and faced me again, with hard, dry eyes.

"He died for the sake of a false, worthless woman!" she flung at me with sudden heat of passion. "*She* sent him to the war. He was not needed there. He was all I had; I had lost everything but him. She took him from me, and she killed him. It is she who is answerable in the sight of heaven for my son's death and mine. May she pay—may she pay! is the prayer that goes up from my heart with every beat of my blood, every breath I draw. Help me, Ronny, help me."

She was bending forward now, and had caught my hands with both hers as I knelt there on one knee at her feet. In another woman such revengeful vehemence might have shocked me; but not in her. She was Spanish. She had never been at home in the northern country to which marriage had brought her. That marriage had been a disappointment, and she had lived for Hugh — only in Hugh. All the pent-up passion of her rich, undisciplined nature had concentrated in her love for the bright-haired boy who had been my fag at Eton.

I was four years older than he, and I had taken him under my wing to protect him from some fellows who had taken peculiar joy in persecuting the little chap because of his curly hair, the cherubic dimples in his pink cheeks, and his unusual innocence. There was no one in the world to love me as Hugh was loved. An old friend of my dead father's sent me to Eton, because there had been an obligation and an understanding of some kind to that effect. But he did not care for me, and the one holiday I spent in his puritanical household had been more than enough. If I had not cared so much for Hugh, I should have envied him the worship his beautiful, tragic-eyed mother gave him. But there was no room for envy in my heart. The only real happiness I had ever known as a boy had come to me in this house, which was practically my home until I went out to India with my regiment at nineteen. Sir Denzil Storm, an enormously rich man, had been knighted as a reward for services to his political party, and when he died, Hugh became one of the richest young men in England. So he had been when I went out to South Africa at the beginning of the war. Now, little was left of the great fortune; it had been swept

"OH, MADONNA," I CRIED, "YOUR BEAUTIFUL HAIR HAS TURNED WHITE!"

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away in a tremendous financial panic, for neither Hugh nor his mother knew anything about business, and they had been treacherously advised by a scoundrel.

Little was left, and Hugh was dead; and his broken-hearted mother was praying in wild words for strange reprisals, for which somehow—I did not understand how—she seemed to look to me.

"Tell me what you want me to do, and I will do it," I said, to soothe her.

"You swear that?"

"Madonna, do I need to swear?"

"Yes; I want to hear you repeat these words: 'With all my soul I will set myself to do that which will save your life till it is done.'"

I repeated the words after her—what else could I do?—and she grew calmer. For a long moment she sat looking into the fire, her splendid eyes, deep, unfathomable. Then she turned them full upon me.

"Hugh never wrote you of his engagement, I know," she said, in a changed voice. "It was so short; and, until the end came, he was in a dream. He was desperately in love. You don't know what I endured of jealousy. But I endured silently. I was as sympathetic as I could be with that pain in my heart, for I'd always known, of course, that he would love and marry some day. I tried to remind myself that it was much better than if he had become infatuated with a girl beneath him, or unworthy. I tried to think that my dislike of her sprang, not from a warning instinct, as I'm sure now it did, but from my jealousy of her as a rival. She was of good family, pretty—even I could see that—and though she was poor, at that time money seemed to us the last thing to matter in Hugh's choice of a wife."

"Was it anyone I ever met in this neighbourhood?" I asked when she paused.

"No. Her uncle took Greylands, where the Macnormans used to live, about a year ago, and brought this girl as a sort of companion for his daughter. He had educated her out of charity, I believe, as she'd next to nothing of her own. We saw a good deal of both girls. I wasn't sure which was the attraction with Hugh, at first, as they were both pretty and interesting enough to a young man. Some thought one handsomer, some the other—and the cousin would be something of an heiress, which gave her a more solid position in the country among the usual fortune-hunters. But Hugh wasn't the sort of man to be a laggard in love. He proposed and was accepted. I did venture to suggest that the girl might not be quite indifferent to his money. It was the only time in his life that Hugh shewed anger against me. He believed in her completely. And after all, what girl might not have loved him for himself?"

"How was it possible not to love him?" I echoed.

"Some natures are incapable of love. Hers must have been such a nature. When the crash came, and instead of fifty thousand a year, Hugh and I knew that we should not have two thousand—scarcely enough, with the strictest economy, to keep up this dear old home which we *could* not leave, as it was part of ourselves—he offered the girl her freedom. She would not take it, and I had to admit that she behaved well. But suddenly she and her cousin went abroad, to be gone a few weeks; it was supposed to be for the cousin's health, and they were at some German bath, I believe, when she wrote to Hugh—the most cruel letter, throwing him over, and asking him to send back all souvenirs of her, without a word, as she did not wish to hear from him again.

"I had not thoroughly realised how he loved her until that blow came. His pride kept him up, but he looked struck with death. A month later he was on his way out to South Africa. I never saw him again. Do you wonder that I—I, to whom Hugh was the world—hate the girl who was his murderess?"

"I cannot wonder," I answered. It would have been futile to strive to win her to a softer mood. I was no saint, and I knew myself not to be the man for such a mission. "Was she cut by the county?"

"No one knew what she had done. People could only wonder and whisper at the broken engagement, the reason for which remained a mystery. She and her cousin were still abroad when Hugh sailed. All intercourse between their house and mine, of course, was at an end when they came back. After the news of Hugh's death reached here, she had the impertinence to write to me. I sent the letter back unopened. And now, Ronny, I am going to tell you what I have been living for, the thing I have to ask of you. Unless you have guessed?"

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"No, I haven't guessed," I answered, with a heavy sense of impending trouble.

"I want you to avenge Hugh. And remember, you have promised. If you were not now Lord d'Abernon and a rich man, it could not have been brought about. But from the moment I heard so, and that you were coming here, I have had this in my mind. You must meet the woman who killed Hugh; you must hide the hatred you will feel for her, knowing what you know; you must seem to fall in love at first sight; you must ask her to marry you, soon—soon. You must press on till the very end. Then, she must go to the church, happy, triumphant in the thought that she has reached the goal of her ambition, that she is to be a countess, with riches, and jewels, and the admiration for which she lives. She must wait at the altar and—you must never come."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "I couldn't do it. No man could."

"Ronny, you *must* do it!" cried the woman who had been to me as my mother. "Remember all the past, all I have tried to be to you—all that Hugh was to you, when you had no one else. Remember how, a thousand times, you have spoken of the debt you owed. Even to-day—did you not tell me that every drop of blood in your body was mine to do with as I would—that I had bought all? Yet now that I ask you to save my life, you refuse. If it were anything else, you will say, I suppose, that you would gladly do it. But not this thing—the *one* thing I crave."

"God help us both!" I stammered. "How could I have guessed? And how could your life be saved——"

"I shall live to see that woman broken down as she broke my son. I shall live till she is in the dust, writhing in her shame and humiliation, all her world looking on to see her deserted, thrown aside as she threw Hugh aside. If you refuse, I shall die. I cannot live without that hope which has supported me. I think, Ronny, that if you fail me, to-morrow I shall be dead."

I was on my feet now and she also had risen. But her strength left her, and, ghastly white, she fell back into the chair, gasping for breath.

I hesitated, torn between opposing forces. "It does not rest solely with me," I said. "If I do what you ask of me, Madonna, the girl may not consent. She——"

"She will consent. And when she does, she will be giving another proof that she is utterly selfish and mercenary. Not that you couldn't win a woman's love, Ronny, for you could if you had nothing; only not *this* woman's, because she has no heart, but only a scheming brain, planning her own advancement. She pretended to love my son. She will pretend to love you. If you find me right—if you propose to her and she accepts, will you go on to the end?"

"I will," I answered brokenly. "I can refuse you nothing—not even my honour, since you tell me there's but one way to pay my debt of love. I will do my part, but——"

"But what?"

"Nothing, Madonna, that can affect my promise to you."

I had been about to add that I hoped to heaven the girl would not carry out hers. But to say this now to Hugh's mother would be a mistake. My one hope lay in the future.

From the desk in a great bay-window Lady Storm brought me an envelope on which the seal was broken. "This is what that woman wrote to Hugh when she jilted him. I took the letter and kept it," she said. "He thought that somehow it had been lost. I want you to read it, for it will shew you what the girl is, more than anything I can tell you of her. Not now—but when you are by yourself."

"You forget, perhaps," I reminded her. "You have not told me the woman's name yet."

"Have I not? It is Mary Hildred. Her father was a younger brother of Colonel Hildred—a man with a good Army record, as you may remember. It is with Colonel Hildred and his daughter Marion that she lives. Why does your face change, Ronny? What do you know of the Hildreds?"

"I know nothing of them," I answered. It was true, yet, under the searchlight of those burning eyes, I felt the blood mounting to my forehead. "I have never heard their names till to-day."

"Till to-day? You mean before you heard them from me?"

"It was on my way from the station. I stopped my cab for a moment at the estate agent's, to hear if there were anything new about Lord Dormer's dower-house, which I think of taking for a few months, you know, to be near you. And I slipped, getting out of the cab. I'm such an awkward beggar,

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with this game leg of mine—and my stick fell out of my hand, and I think I should have come a cropper if it hadn't been for two young ladies—or rather one of two young ladies—who ran to me and gave me a shoulder, just in time. I felt an awful beast—but she was very good and sweet. The cabman—who hadn't done anything for me—said afterwards that they were the Misses Hildred, daughter and niece of a retired officer who had come about a year ago to live in the neighbourhood."

"Ah! the drama has begun already. That is well. Was it Marion or Mary Hildred who helped you?"

"I only know that it was the more beautiful of the two."

"Then it was Marion, the cousin. She's more striking. Even Hugh thought so at first. Well, you know them. The rest is simple. And you will not forget."

"HE WOULDN'T HAVE ANY OF THE WATER LEFT IN MY BOTTLE."

II.

I did not forget. But the rest was not simple. It was foolish of me to be glad when Lady Storm said that the girl who had helped me "must be Marion." What did it matter to me, with the work I had on hand? Yet she had seemed so sweet, so genuine, that girl with stars for eyes, and spun-gold for hair; she had been so gentle, the tones of her voice so exquisite as she spoke in apology and sympathy; her smile, with its two denting dimples, had been so young and fresh, I could not bear to think it possible that *she* was the jilt, the mercenary schemer whom Lady Storm called "that woman." I was glad to hear that Marion, the innocent cousin, was the more beautiful of the two; for at least I had no warm, grateful spot in my heart for the other handsome girl with the regular, Greek features, elaborately dressed chestnut hair, and French perfection of figure, who had stood rather coldly apart during the little impromptu scene between her cousin and me. If I must make myself a coward and traitor for one woman's sake, it was something to be thankful for that the woman I must strike had not offered me kindness.

I had taken a house close by for the winter, because I wanted to be near my dead friend's mother in the first weeks of her great sorrow, and also because I didn't wish to turn my uncle's widow out of the place which was now mine. She had expected to go, of course; but I had asked her to remain for at least a few months; and meanwhile it was my intention to do all for Lady Storm that she would let me do.

This had been my plan; but it was not hers. She did not wish me to seem intimate at her house, lest Mary Hildred should suspect that I had been prejudiced. I was to devote all my time, all my energies, in working towards one end.

Colonel Hildred, as an old officer, was one of the first people in the county to call upon me. I liked him, and felt bitterly

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ashamed of myself when I accepted his invitation to dine. From that night the siege must begin. I meant to be as late as civility would permit; but I miscalculated the time it would take to drive from my place to Greylands, and arrived early after all. As the footman pushed aside a velvet *portière* which curtained the doorway of the drawing-room, another door close by opened wide, and five or six children trooped out, with a tall, lovely girl in white in their midst.

The little ones were evidently village children in their best clothes, with painfully sleek hair, and faces shining from soap and water. They shrank shyly back at sight of me, clinging round the girl, who laid a hand on the head of one, and patted the shoulder of another, letting the little red fingers clutch at her white evening gown. It was a pretty picture. And the girl smiled at me in a lovely, friendly way, over the crowding heads.

"We've just finished our practising, and I'm afraid we're rather late," she said. "We're going to do amateur theatricals, you know, and as they're *very* special friends of mine, I'm doing my best to make them regular rivals of Irving and Ellen Terry. But they must learn to face the public with more confidence, mustn't they? Now I will just see them to the door; and I know that my uncle will come to you in a moment."

Her uncle! My heart gave a leap, and then seemed to sink down again as if pulled by a heavy weight. She was the jilt, then—the traitress, whose head I was to lay in the dust, if I could win her confidence. The thought made me sick, for—it would have been so easy to love her; it would be so hard not to, if we were to be thrown together, steeled against her as I was. This young, sweet slip of girlhood was "*that woman*!" And I could only pray for her heart to be as stone to me.

In a few moments Colonel Hildred appeared, and his daughter—Marion. I could see now, as she came into the drawing room in a charming French evening dress, why some people might think her more striking than her cousin Mary. The contrast between her dark brows and chestnut hair was attractive, and she had very red lips on white skin; but her perfectly-chiselled face was hard, almost sullen, and there was something strange in the expression of her eyes. She smiled and talked during dinner with a great deal of animation, but I could not help feeling that it was forced, that she was playing at comedy and living tragedy. If *she* had jilted Hugh and sent him to his death, I should have believed that she was eating her heart out with remorse; but no possible blame could rest upon her for that cruel affair; while, as for the guilty one—the one who should have suffered—her sweet star-eyes looked as if she were at peace with all the world.

Not that Mary Hildred's manner was gay, or that she had even the appearance of being especially light-hearted. She did not talk so much as her cousin, and when she was not smiling, her pale, bewitching face was dreamy even to sadness. But it was a sadness that seemed to have passed through storms into a peaceful haven, and if I had not had reason to know how cold and wicked her soul really was, I should have felt that here was a girl as near to the angels as a human girl could be. So had poor Hugh felt, I told myself; and did my best to harden my heart.

Yet the worst was that it became all too easy to act the part I had sworn to play. No matter what my opinion was of the girl, I must appear to have fallen in love with her at first sight; and—I let myself go. The days went on; and sometimes I forgot that I was the most despicable, the most miserable man on God's earth, in fancying myself for a few mad moments on end the happiest.

They were good to me, all three. Colonel Hildred must have seen, after the first week at most, why it was that I was always well enough to visit at his house, and seldom anywhere else. I didn't try to hide my supposed intentions. Wasn't it part of the horrible game to let them be seen?

I did not know how to understand myself in those days. There seemed to be at least two selves, which fought deadly duels together, and always lived to fight again. One of those selves was fathoms deep in love with Mary Hildred, and wanted her love in exchange more than he wanted anything else on earth. The other hated her, and longed for revenge. Then, besides, there was a third self which came sometimes and realised in cold, numb, helpless misery, his position. "If she do not love you, you have failed," this self would say. "If she does, there's something before you worse than failure. Hadn't you better kill yourself, and cut the Gordian knot?"

Yet the time came when I could stand the uncertainty no longer. I was invited to

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a ball at the Hildreds', and I availed myself of the opportunity to take Mary a diamond ring, and asked if she would wear it. I had only known her exactly four weeks, but she said "Yes." I was supremely happy and utterly despairing. When I had kissed her and she had kissed me back again, I knew that I deserved to be shot—unless shooting was too good for me. And I laid awake all night, alternating between Heaven and Hades, as I thought of that first kiss.

I had taken her by surprise—so she said—and next day her manner was different. I half feared, half hoped that she was going to say she had changed her mind, and would not marry me after all. But it was not that.

"I couldn't sleep last night," she said, "for thinking of something I ought to have told you."

"I couldn't sleep, either," I responded. Only I did not explain why. I wondered what, if anything, *she* would explain. Yet I would not question her.

"I was engaged to someone else not quite a year ago," she went on, her eyelashes lying, long and dark, on her cheeks—not pale cheeks now. "But I didn't love him as—as I love you. He was a dear boy, and he seemed to care so much I couldn't bear to hurt him, so I promised to marry him. I wasn't *quite* happy. Still, I meant to keep my promise, and make *him* very happy if I could. Then—did you know of this, Ronny, before?"

"Yes," I blurted out, with dry lips. "I knew—I knew it all."

"He was your friend, of course. Still, I wasn't sure whether you knew, for I thought sometimes if you had known you might not have cared to come here so much at first. But I couldn't talk to you of it till now, could I? And now—oh, Ronny, *must* I talk of it? May it all be put behind us in the past?"

"Yes, that's better," I answered, hoarsely. "I know all there is to know——"

"More than I do, perhaps," she broke in, her eyes very bright.

I couldn't see exactly what she meant by that; but I thought of the terrible scene between Hugh's mother and me, and I told myself bitterly that I did know more, much, much more than this girl would know until it was too late.

"Anyhow, it's enough," I said, miserably. "We won't talk of it."

This seemed to make her happy; and it was added proof of her cruelty, the selfish frivolity of nature which she hid so well, that it should be so. How like a woman, I assured myself—at least, *such* a woman! Hugh had been whistled down the wind. So long as she need not be forced to think of him, she could be as happy as if his loving boy's-eyes were not closed for ever. All she wanted was to be allowed to forget and live in the present. Of course, she would not have spoken of him to me at all if she had not been almost certain I knew something of the affair, and felt that perhaps it would be well to justify herself completely in my eyes.

The news of our engagement spread quickly through the county. I *could* not bear to see Lady Storm; but I was sure that she knew, and rejoiced because the day she longed for was in sight, like a sail on the horizon of time's sea. I made up my mind that I could not go to her until—*afterwards*.

My love-making must have been strange, for, indeed, I was half mad in those days. My love and hate were a mingling of honey and poison in my heart. Each gentle, maidenly caress of Mary's was like the touch of red-hot iron on a raw wound, and yet — I could have fallen down and worshipped her if only—if only. But that fatal "if" was an impossible bar between me and the paradise which *seemed* to be mine.

Moody as I was, stormy as my love-making must have been, Mary appeared to be happy, and to believe that I was so. But, curiously enough, Marion Hildred read me better than the girl who professed to love me. I caught her watching me often, especially after the wedding-day was actually fixed, and my worst torture of soul had begun. There was a stranger look than ever in her eyes, and I had an uneasy feeling that they pierced under the Spartan cloak to the hidden wolf that tore at my vitals.

I did not like her, but the thought of her and her eyes began to haunt me. She had lately turned Catholic, and had become very devout, greatly to her father's displeasure, but Mary said that she seemed happier and less restless than she had been before.

My wound was healed. I was practically an invalid no longer, but my sleepless nights (it seemed to me that I never really slept now) kept me from regaining strength, for I was leading the life of a condemned criminal

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all the while that I was supposed to be one of the happiest and most fortunate young men on earth.

Can you imagine what it was to see the girl I adored making preparations for her wedding, knowing always that the wedding would never take place?

Each dainty bit of finery that she shewed me, or that I saw by chance, gave me a separate sting. Then the presents began to come in. And Mary, with her hand in mine, wanted to know where I was going to take her for the honeymoon? Or did I wish that to be a secret, even from her, till the last?

"Till the last!" The words rang like a knell; since for me it was to be the last of everything. I made no plans for the future. I would disappear, that was all. It did not matter what became of me when I ceased to be the instrument of Lady Storm's scheme for revenge. The night before the day appointed I plumbed the depths of human misery.

"I KNOW IT IS A SCHEME OF REVENGE AGAINST MARY."

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It was not to be a grand wedding. Mary did not say why she wished it to be quiet, but I could guess that she thought people would talk if, so soon after the death of my friend, the man to whom a year ago she had been engaged, her marriage with another was ostentatiously celebrated. Still, we knew that it was a topic of interest in the county; a great many people would be at the church, and there were to be four bridesmaids, of whom Marion Hildred, naturally, was one.

The other three were spending the night before at the house, for the wedding was to be at twelve, and we were expected—Mary and I—to leave for London and the Continent in the afternoon. But in these last hours of her girlhood she was supposed to belong to old friends, not at all to me, so she told me, laughing, with tears in her beautiful eyes; but at the same time she hinted that if I came for a few minutes I should not be unwelcome. Nobody else need know; she would see me alone somewhere. It would be very sweet, and—quite an adventure.

I might have made some excuse, perhaps, and stayed away; but I could not. "It will be the last time," I said to myself. "She and I will never see each other's faces again in this world." So I went; and we had the drawing-room to ourselves.

"Oh, Ronny," she whispered, "the last time you and I need ever say good-bye to each other!" For a moment a confession trembled on my lips. But I did not speak it. I shut my ears to the spirit-voice that hissed "Judas," while I echoed her words: "Yes, the last time we shall ever say good-bye to each other." And I kissed her, knowing that it was good-bye indeed, this side of the grave; for to-morrow at this time she would hate me.

On the way home I had to pass a lake, where there had been skating until a thaw came two or three days before. Now there was a great hole in the ice. I could see it yawning black in the moonlight, like a huge, hungry mouth.

The look of it fascinated me. Should I be keeping my word with Madonna if I fed that mouth with my life to-night? No one need know that I had meant to die. People would think I had taken a short cut, and walked into a death-trap. Mary would grieve—if she cared for me—but she would be spared humiliation as a deserted bride. Ah, but there lay the breaking of my promise! It was to witness her humiliation that Hugh's mother lived. Down there in the hollow, among the trees which hid her lonely house, she was waiting, longing for to-morrow. Perhaps she meant to be in the church when—but my imagination shrank from that picture. Still, "honour, rooted in dishonour," stood. I had no right to the luxury of dying—at least, not yet.

Morning came, and found me crouched over the ashes of a dead fire, in the smoking-room of the house where my tenancy expired that day.

As a rule, I scarcely touch wine or spirits; but I had drunk a good deal of neat brandy that night, and I drank more after the dawn came. About eight o'clock I went upstairs and had a cold plunge. The water was like ice, and I did not glow after it—I shivered. But I began to feel again. Thoughts came to me like accusing spirits. I was face to face with the end of my world; and whatever the girl was, I knew myself a villain, not fit to live.

At eleven Tom Jeffreys (of my own regiment, who was to be "best man") arrived, well-groomed, in the best of spirits, and inclined to chaff. But his face changed with a long stare at mine. I was ghastly, he said. Was anything wrong? Nothing, I answered, except that I wasn't quite fit.

We talked in a jerky way, a queer constraint growing in our manner. At last he reminded me that I was in tweeds, and that time was getting on. Hadn't I better dress? It wouldn't do to be late.

I said, as I had said to my servant, that there was no hurry, and for a while he let me alone; but he was restless, and his eyes travelled often to a clock on the mantel in the room where we sat—he on one side of the fireplace and I on the other.

At last it wanted only twenty minutes to twelve.

"Look here, old chap," blurted out Jeffreys, "this is cutting things too fine, isn't it? Lucky the church is close by. I suppose it won't take us eight minutes to drive there; I noticed that as I came up from the station just now. Still, you can't dress in much less than ten minutes, eh?"

I did not answer, but sat staring into the fire as if I hadn't heard, a fierce temptation tearing my soul. There was time yet to change my mind. I could throw over Madonna and her revenge. I could marry the girl who, at this moment, divinely lovely in her bridal white, was driving with her

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uncle to meet me at the church. I could marry her, and say nothing; and Madonna could die of her fierce disappointment; and I could take my chances of happiness with the fair woman she called her son's murderess.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Jeffreys.

"Yes," I answered. "I'm not going to church. I'm not going to be married."

He sprang up, shocked and amazed. "Good heavens! You must be mad——" he began. But I cut him short. "There's no use talking," I said sullenly. "I know my business best. I'm sorry to have brought you down here on false pretences, old chap, but somebody had to be sacrificed to conventionalities, so I sacrificed you. I can't ask you to forgive me. I'm going to chuck all this and go away—India, or somewhere, I don't know yet, since I'm no good for fighting yet awhile. My things are packed; I am ready for a journey, and I don't care how soon I get off."

Still, he would argue; he begged me to reconsider, told me I must be wrong in my head, and that I'd thank him to-morrow if he dragged me to church. As he talked the minute-hand on the clock moved monotonously on. It was twelve now. Mary was at the church. Her punishment had begun, and mine—and mine! It was almost greater than I could bear.

"It's not too late," Jeffreys implored. "I'll make excuses. You were ill—you fainted."

"It *is* too late," I said. And as I spoke I heard a furious ringing of the door-bell. Could it be possible that Colonel Hildred had come—already?

A moment later and the butler announced "Miss Marion Hildred."

She came in quickly, in her bridesmaid's dress of pink, with a picture hat. Oh, the irony of that smart Parisian frock! We faced her, standing. Jeffreys and she had never met, but she turned to him. "Will you leave us alone for a moment?" she asked.

Jeffreys went out and softly closed the door.

I did not understand her coming, and so early, almost before the bride had had time to know that the bridegroom had kept her waiting.

"Now I know why you have looked so unhappy all this time," Marion Hildred said, abruptly. "Why you've become more thin and haggard every day instead of getting well. I suspected something all along, for I knew you were *his* friend. Now I know it is a scheme of revenge against Mary. She is waiting for you now, wondering. I slipped away. Father may come or send, presently, to see if you're ill—they'd dream of nothing else. But no one knows I'm here. You don't mean to go to church?"

"No."

"You never loved her, then?"

"Heaven help me, I love her against my will."

Suddenly the girl broke into a passion of crying. "Then go to her, go to her!" she sobbed. "I tell you she's innocent. It was I! She thought—she thinks still—that he jilted her. She *did* write the letter, yes—but not to him. It was a letter in a play—a 'property letter.' We were having amateur theatricals in Calcutta just before father retired and we came here to Greylands to live. Mary was supposed, as the heroine, to send the letter to the hero. He had to read it aloud on the stage, so she wrote it out, word for word, to save his learning it. Long after we came here I found that letter among some other things we'd used in the play, and—and—I loved Hugh so I couldn't *bear* to think of his marrying Mary, even though he could never be anything to me. I read the letter over, and the idea of sending it to Hugh from Schwalbach, where Mary and I were stopping for my health, came into my head. It seemed to fit in so wonderfully; her handwriting, no date or name at the top, only 'Dear Friend,' breaking off everything, and asking the man not to see her or write.

"I did it, and then he went out to the war and was killed. I've suffered enough to pay me for my sin—oh, a hundred times over. And poor Mary—she never guessed. She thought he was tired of his bargain, and had gone off to get rid of her. But she didn't love him as I did. I've confessed to a priest since I became a Catholic, and he said I must tell you and her. I couldn't at first, though; it was too hard. Yet now—it would be too cruel that you should lose each other and happiness for my sin. I swear this is true. Will you go to her?"

I don't know whether I answered; but in ten minutes' time I was dressed and in church with Jeffreys.

The organ was playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March. No one knew that the bride had been waiting.

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IN A MVSEVM

SOME MUSINGS BY A MODERN.

I.

Oh, Neolithic man, whose cast-off skull
Grins on a world that babbles of improvement,
Your life appears, indeed, extremely dull
To us whose own is very full of movement.
We think ourselves a most superior race,
Poor souls who herd within a teeming city;
Yet on your hollow features I can trace
A look that savours of contemptuous pity.

II.

You never buzzed and rattled to and fro
In swift electric tubes (our latest feature);
You simply walked where'er you wished to go,
Or rode some picturesque, if risky, creature.
Your pace was slow, no doubt, but then again,
Your mode of travelling had its compensation:
You never had to run to catch a train,
Or wait for hours at a suburban station.

III.

You were not flurried in the race for wealth,
Dyspepsia for you was out of question;
And doubtless you enjoyed the rudest health,
Despite the strain you put on your digestion.
A mammoth steak, a little tough, perhaps,
Dinornis eggs, abstracted on the quiet,
Thick dodo soup or megatherium chaps,
These simple things comprised your daily diet.

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IV.

It would have much surprised your sturdy race
To know the tastes that modern man evinces;
You would have felt completely out of place
In dining at the Carlton or at Prince's.

If food ran short when dinner time was near,
You never thought to scold your wife about it;
You simply took in hand your flint-tipped spear,
And either got a meal or went without it.

V.

Your laws, if such they may be termed, were planned
By each according to his inclination;
And one stone hatchet in a skilful hand,
Could save a lot of tedious litigation.
You took what gear you could, no matter whose,
The right of ownership was ruled by muscle:
And he alone was poor who did not choose
To spend his life in one continual tussle.

VI.

And yet, could we change places, you and I,
By some strange process, not as yet invented,
I'm sure before a single day went by
We both should feel extremely discontented.
You would be cribbed and cabin'd and confined,
While I, among your folk, would just astound them;
And neither would preserve his peace of mind;
So things, perhaps, are better as we've found them!

CLAUDE E. BURTON.

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NATURE AS AN ARCHITECT.

HOW WE ARE BUILT TO MODEL.

By F. T. Manning.

NATURE has a great repository of models and standard measurements, according to which she constructs every living thing upon a definite plan. But, with a rooted dislike for dull uniformity, it is only rarely and by chance that Nature makes any individual exactly to model.

Taking the male stature at 67 inches, and the length of the head at 9 inches, it will be seen that the height of a man approximates 7½ times the length of his head.

All artists are not agreed, however, on the point of 7½ heads being contained in the entire stature. In France, England, Germany and Italy that is the standard. Greek statuary varies from 7 to 8¼. The Romans and Egyptians fixed it at 7½, and the Hindoos at 6⅚ heads. Anthropologists, who study men as they are, see the reason for this variation. The Yellow races have singularly short legs, and their average height is only 6½ heads. Negroes are somewhat longer legged, and measure 7 heads.

THE PERFECT HEAD, VIEWED FROM THE SIDE, FALLS WITHIN A SQUARE.

Yet there are times when the artistic standard may be exaggerated. When a person of ordinary proportions stoops he appears decidedly clumsy. Hence, both in sculpture and painting the figure has to be lengthened. Some of Michael Angelo's stooping figures are from 9 to 12 heads long. The "Antinous" (erect), however, probably the most beautiful male figure ever sculptured, measures only 7½ heads. The foregoing are the proportions for adult males only. Children's bodies are very different. The head of an infant is one-fourth of the entire stature. This portion of the body grows only half as rapidly as the remainder, and during the period of adolescence it doubles in length. The trunk becomes three times, and the legs five times, their infantile length. The female figure differs, also, from the male. It is exactly half a head shorter.

Very few of our great men coincide with the ideal proportions laid down by the artist. Thus, Lord Salisbury is 1¼ heads too short, measuring only 6¼ heads. The Duke of Devonshire measures 6¾ heads; Lord Roberts 7 heads. But Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, however, coincide with the standard by measuring 7½ heads.

Each portion of the body is built, like the whole structure, to model. A perfect head, viewed from the side, falls within a perfect square, averaging nine inches for a man, and eight and a half inches for a woman. The width of the face is equal to five eyes. The distance between the eyes is equal to one eye. The size of the eye is two-thirds that of the mouth. The length of the nose is one-third the length of the face. The ear is, at all ages, as long as two eyes. Although these are the ideal measurements, and are approximately adhered to, so fond of irregularity is Nature, that rarely any face corresponds to them. For instance, the two sides of any face are never exactly alike. This fact was discovered in a strange way. The Venus of Milo having been attacked regarding the symmetry of the face, a German anatomist carefully measured it. He found that from the nose downward it is comparatively symmetrical. But the upper part is not so. The nose inclines somewhat to the left; the left ear is higher than the right; the left eye is both higher and nearer to the middle line than the right. Instead of condemning the Venus of Milo, this intelligent scientist examined a number of skulls and measured the faces of living people, the result proving the sculptor of the masterpiece to have been a close observer.

Strictly speaking, the face extends only

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from the chin to the root of the nose. Above that point is the brain case. For a well-developed brain, the width of the head, just above the ears, measured with callipers, should be from 5½ to 6½ inches, and the height from the opening of the ear to the top of the crown should be exactly the same. In women, both height and width are one inch less than in men, women's heads approaching the type belonging to children.

The neck is one-third of the head in length—women's necks are somewhat longer. It is half-a-head wide and about half-a-head from front to back. A beautiful neck should be nearly round, and as wide at the lower as at the upper end. It ought to be exactly the same circumference as the widest part of the calf.

The trunk varies very slightly in length. Actual observation shews that the length of the trunk, neck and head of giants differs little from that of average-sized men. But there is a racial difference. The trunk of Chinese, Japanese and other Yellow races is longer than that of Europeans, and the trunk of Europeans is longer than that of the Black races. It is proportionately longer in females than in males, whether Black, White, or Yellow. Here are the measurements to which the male of 67 and the female of 63½ inches should correspond. Width of the thorax (chest): in the male, 11½ inches; in the female, 9 inches. Across the shoulders, from end of collar-bone to end of collar-bone: in males, 12 inches; in females, 10 to 11 inches. Width of waist: in males, 10 inches; in females, 8 to 9½ inches. Width of hips: in males 11½ inches; in females, 12 inches.

The legs seem to have no standard of length. Among the people one meets not one in a hundred has legs of the artistic length. To this fact is due the diversity in the height of men and women. Difference in stature arises almost entirely from irregularity in the length of the legs.

LORD SALISBURY MEASURES 6¼ HEADS IN HEIGHT—1¼ HEADS TOO SHORT.

PERFECT PROPORTIONS.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR MEASURES 7½ HEADS.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE MEASURES 6½ HEADS.

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But in any individual the mid-point of the leg is just under the knee-cap. Certain exercises seem to lengthen this limb. The lower extremities of mountaineers and sailors are longer than those of average men.

LORD ROBERTS MEASURES 7 HEADS —HALF-A-HEAD TOO SHORT.

A model foot it is almost impossible to find. Artists have to go to Greek and Roman statuary to assist them in this respect. This is owing, of course, to the absurd craze for small feet and the consequent deformity produced by tight boots. A foot of natural size should be the same length as the fore-arm. The height of a man ought to be 6¾ times, and the height of a woman 6¼ times the length of the foot. It is said that the Greek sculptors took the foot, rather than the head, as their standard of measurement. A curious fact about the toes is that, in some people, generally tall, the great toe is the longest; while in others, mostly small people, the second toe is of the greatest length. Both leg and foot vary in rates of growth from the remainder of the body. Before the age of ten the foot is shorter than the head; about the age of ten head and foot are equal; and after ten the foot is longer than the head. And it may be remarked that it is differences in the rates of growth which bring about the irregularity of the human shape. If every part continued to grow equally at the rate it commenced, we should be exactly of the shape of a ball. As it is, some parts grow quickly, some slowly, and from infancy to adult life the growth of all parts becomes gradually slower. The legs, for example, double in length by the end of the third year; then triple by the end of the twelfth: and when growth ceases, about twenty, they are five times as long as at birth. Were our legs to continue to grow for twenty-one years at the same rate as they do during the first three years they would be 75 feet long.

The prevalent opinion with regard to the length of the arms is a fallacy. The outstretched arms, from finger-tip to finger-tip, are very rarely indeed an exact measure of the height. Anatomists say that the commonest defect in the proportions of the skeleton is abnormal length of arm. It is not easy to find a person with arms too short in proportion to the length of the legs, but a great many people are to be found who have them too long. In this case, again, women compare favourably with men. Their arms are not often too long. In the average European the arm should be of such length that, when it is hanging by the side, the tip of the third finger should come to the middle of the thigh. But in the Yellow and Black races the finger-tip usually reaches considerably farther down.

If the arm is extended straight out from the side, the distance from the tip of the middle finger to the bend of the elbow is exactly the same as from the latter point to the middle line of the neck. The wrist and hand, taken together, are nearly always equal in length to the face. The index finger is exactly half of this measurement. The two small joints of that finger are one-fourth, being the same length as the large joint. This large joint is equal in length to the nose.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IS ALSO PERFECTLY PROPORTIONED.

Beautiful arms and hands are rare. Although an exceptionally small or long and narrow hand is not regarded with favour by artists, the fingers should taper from base to tip, and the nails should be long and arched from side to side. But in most

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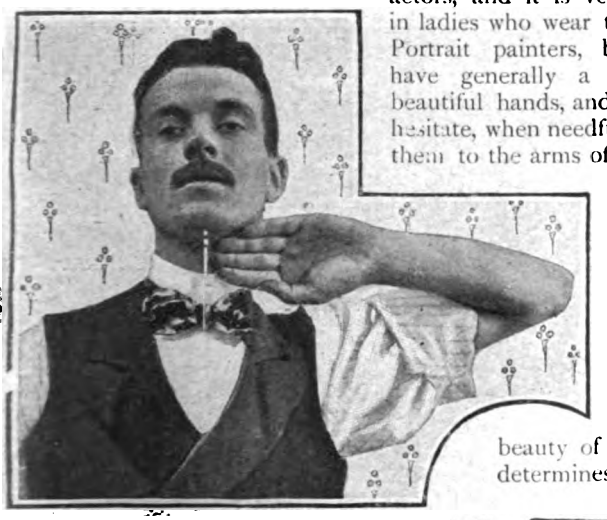
nds one finds fingers of the same thickness all the ay down, and nails which are broad and flat. In a great many people, too, when the hand is fully opened, the fingers bend backwards. Some slight bending is excusable in the female, but it is a great defect in the male hand.

The arm is generally too thin. In men it should be muscular and irregular; in women round and smooth. The want of exercise prevents it from properly developing in girls, but, curiously, it improves with age. The piano spoils the shape of the arm by causing a disproportionate development from the elbow to the wrist. As a rule, the elbow is very ugly. Owing to leanness and too great length of the olecranon (the end of the bone of the forearm) there is a disfiguring projection. When extended, the arm should be straight. In many people there is over-extension. That is to say, the forearm bends backwards on the upper arm. This is a great defect, especially in actors, and it is very noticeable in ladies who wear tight sleeves. Portrait painters, by the way, have generally a model with beautiful hands, and they do not hesitate, when needful, to transfer them to the arms of their sitters. True Gypsies have the smallest hands, Europeans come next, Negroes' hands are larger than those of Europeans, and the Yellow races have the largest hands of all.

THE FOOT SHOULD BE THE SAME LENGTH AS THE FOREARM.



THE DISTANCE FROM THE TIP OF THE MIDDLE FINGER TO THE ELBOW SHOULD BE THE SAME AS FROM THE ELBOW TO THE MIDDLE OF THE NECK.

The human body is more beautifully made than that of any animal. This beauty of form depends on the skeleton, which determines the height, breadth and general shape; the muscles, which give fulness to the body and limbs; and the fat, which fills up hollows and softens angles.

No machine made by man is so skilfully constructed as his own skeleton. Space permits reference to only a few points. To commence with the foot, it is broad and flat, for safe and easy motion. We could not possibly balance ourselves for any length of time on a horse's or a cow's feet. Instead of being made of one bone, the foot consists of a large number of small bones, held together by powerful ligaments, thus giving elasticity and freeing the body from injurious shock. A man, by the way, stands more firmly and walks with greater ease than a woman,

THE INDEX FINGER SHOULD BE HALF THE LENGTH OF THE FACE.

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for the simple reason that the hind part of his foot is better developed.

The leg bends forward at the ankle, backward at the knee, and forward again at the hip-joint. This arrangement gives great facility of movement, as may be judged by comparing the awkward action of a horse's hind legs with the action of the human legs.

The spinal column might have consisted of one bone. But if it had we would find it rather difficult to put on our boots, and the shock to the internal organs when a person ran downstairs would be very serious. It is made up of thirty-three small, strong bones, held so closely and firmly together that the movement of any one on its neighbour is scarcely perceptible. But the aggregate movement of the whole enables us to arch the back, and yet the strength and firmness of the column is as great as if it were composed of only one bone.

THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS FROM FINGER TIP TO FINGER TIP SHOULD EQUAL THE HEIGHT OF THE FIGURE.

The arms are so formed as to give the greatest possible range of movement. We want no tails to keep off the flies, for the hands can touch every part of the body.

In animals the chest cavity is deeper than it is wide. In man it is wider than it is deep. This difference is not accidental. Man's chest is wide in order that the weight may be diffused over both legs.

The muscles are of the most extraordinary variety of size and shape—triangular, square, long, round, flat, broad, and varying from a few lines to two feet in length. Every one is suited to the work it has to do, and in many cases great economy of space and power is ensured by calling in the aid of tendons. Compare the slenderness of the wrist and ankle with the bulk of the forearm and calf. It is the muscles of the forearm which move the hand, and those of the calf which move the foot. But above the wrist and ankle they are attached to strong, slender tendons, which end in the bones of the hand and foot. If the muscles themselves were prolonged to the fingers and toes, we should have to wear "thirties" in boots and "twenty-fours" in gloves. The tendons are not only less in bulk, but they can glide round corners and rub against each other without pain. If muscles had to do this, our life would be a constant agony.

But perhaps the most marvellous point in nature's architecture is the inherent power of the body to grow from the short-legged, big-headed infant to the model of the adult. What that means for the whole body may be judged from the fact that the stature alone depends on the correct length and thickness of over one hundred different parts, including about fifty separate bones in the head, neck, trunk, legs and feet, from fifty to sixty pieces of cartilage, and the muscles, fat and skin of the scalp and the soles of the feet.

Our illustrations shewing how certain celebrities coincide with, and diverge from, the artistic standard of 7½ heads to the entire height, may, from an evanescent point of view, appear to be unconvincing. For instance, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, although by no means so tall as Mr. A. J. Balfour, measures 7½ times the length of his head in height.

Such an apparently contradictory fact, however, does not prove the rule to be fallacious. On the other hand, it demonstrates that both of these gentlemen are proportionately built, since although there is such a wide difference in their respective heights, their heads are modelled in symmetry with their bodies. Again, Lord Salisbury exceeds Lord Roberts in stature, yet the latter is only half a head short of the standard, while the Premier's discrepancy is 1¼ heads. Lord Salisbury, however, possesses an unusually well-developed head.

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The Man from Sheffield

A SNUB AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

COMPLETE STORY BY M. QUAD.

Illustrated by A. J. Keller.

IT was an exclusive party of eight. Sir George Minturn and wife were at the head of it. The others were Mrs. Woeburn, widow of the civil engineer; the Hon. James Blackman, wife and daughter; D'Artgen, a French marquis; and Brittman, of the German Embassy in London. They were all ultra-fashionables in their way, and their little party had not been made up entirely by accident. Sir George and the Honourable James had planned a voyage to the Mediterranean, and had invited Mrs. Woeburn as a guest. The Marquis, who had met Miss Blackman a few times in London society, decided that he was in love with her, and determined to take the trip on his own account, to further his interests. Brittman did not know whether he was in love with the widow or not. As he had secured leave of absence for four months, it seemed to him that he might as well make a voyage as remain ashore. When the two hundred passengers of the *Monarch* realised that there was a "ring" comprising the eight people named, and that outsiders were not wanted, there were only a few half-hearted attempts to break down the exclusiveness. It was not that the men were snobbish or the women arrogant, but simply that they were sufficient unto themselves.

But when the steamer reached Gibraltar the "ring" suddenly found the sand being cut from under its feet by the "undertow." The "undertow" came aboard at that point. He was a tall, solid man, with a merry eye and an open face, and his manner was friendly. It was safe to say that he was not the scion of aristocrats, and that he had neither a college degree, nor a knowledge of the rules of social etiquette. He had scarcely stowed away his things in a state-room when he made a bold-faced attempt to break down the "ring." Sir George was pacing the deck with his cigar when the new arrival walked up to him and said:

"I'll keep you company, if you don't mind, Captain. I've been waiting here for a week, and I'm dog-tired of old Gib. I've thrown up business, you know. I found Sheffield a little too small, and always having been of a real English roving turn of mind, had a run round the world, just to see things. Came straight here from New York. Fine city that, sir, but not quite up to Sheffield. Rather quiet here. Plenty of guns and red-coats, and all that, but do you know, I couldn't find a cocktail in the whole place. Positive fact, sir. It's a poor town, sir, that can't supply a cocktail!"

Sir George was shocked that a stranger should presume to such familiarity, but there was a certain good-nature in it which stayed his first impulse to resentment.

"Queer things, cocktails, eh?" chuckled the new arrival, "but they keep you going. Why, in America it's part and parcel of the population. Where would the Yankees be without their cocktails? They couldn't live without 'em. No cocktails, no progress; plenty of cocktails, lots of hustling. It was the cocktail which gave America her first start, and it is cocktails which are keeping her at the head of the procession. We wonder how we've lost the lead and are following instead. I tell you, sir, it's nothing else but cocktails that'll push us ahead again."

Sir George halted. Then he slowly raised his monocle and adjusted it. He stared at the stranger for a long half-minute before he exclaimed:

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"Sir, are you addressing me?"

"By George, but you're a cool old boy!" mused the other in tones of admiration. "Standing on ceremony, eh? Well, maybe I was too previous. My name's Matthew Joslyn, late commercial traveller, from Sheffield. Cutlery and hardware was my line, sir. Fine stuff, Sheffield steel. Yankees boast of their steel rails, knives, bridges, and so on, but it don't come up to our Sheffield metal. Why, Sheffield steel knocks it all into a cocked hat. I've got a sworn affidavit in my trunk that I've never been arrested for murder. You've got a name, I suppose?"

"Sir!" gasped Sir George, as he continued to stare.

"And I'm making a little pleasure trip all by myself," continued the retired commercial. "Always said I would if I ever got money enough. How are you on nap? I haven't played a game in three months, and am beginning to feel homesick."

Sir George's hand went up to his glass. The glass was removed from his eye. Hand and glass fell together. Then he faced about and walked off, an erect six feet of ruffled dignity. Matthew Joslyn had been snubbed. There were five or six people looking on and enjoying the affair, and they expected to hear some outburst on the Yorkshireman's part. There was none, however. He merely rubbed his hands together and smiled, and said to himself:

"The old boy is either a Johnny, or else he's standing on his dignity because we don't live in the same street. I'll see him later."

Only half an hour had passed when the retired commercial ran across the Marquis. The Frenchman had just finished a promenade with Miss Blackman, and had received what he felt sure was encouragement.

"Going to stop at Malta?" asked Joslyn in his easy-going way, as he extended a cigar in his fingers.

The Marquis smiled faintly and shrugged his shoulders. He had seen Sir George snub the Yorkshireman, and he felt it a duty to follow his example.

"Don't understand, eh? Well, it don't matter much. I was just going to ask if there was anything worth seeing. If you could talk English I'd also ask you who that girl is you were walking about with. I'll be hanged if she isn't the perfect picture of the Widow Taylor's daughter Hetty. I've been a little sweet on Hetty for a year or two past, and when I first saw you with that girl my heart jumped into my mouth."

The Marquis bit his lip and smiled, and shook his head and walked off, but if he thought he had snubbed Matthew Joslyn he was mistaken. As the former could not speak English, and as the Yorkshireman could not speak French, how could there have been a snub?

It was two or three days before another attempt was made to break up the "ring." Then Joslyn met Brittman in the smoking-room. The situation was plainer now, and there was a fatherly tone in the man from Sheffield's voice as he said:

"Look here, mister, I want to say a word or two for your own good. It's seldom I mix up in anybody's rows, but I hate to see a man fighting without a fair show."

"Who you vhas?" asked the attaché with considerable dignity, but not half as much as he might have assumed had not Mrs. Woeburn refused him an hour before.

"Name's Joslyn, retired commercial traveller, of Sheffield, and I'm doing a little trotting about alone. I see you belong to that little 'ring,' but you are simply throwing your time away."

The attaché could not make out Matthew Joslyn's meaning until the case had been gone into again and again. Then he was furious. It was bad enough for a stranger to approach him in that blunt fashion, but for the same man to mix up in his love affair and give him fatherly advice was beyond endurance. He wanted to swear and pound on the table, and tell the Yorkshireman what he thought of him, but his good breeding restrained him. He simply sat bolt upright and glared. Joslyn tried to go on, but even he was nonplussed. By-and-by the attaché got up and walked away. As he moved off his looks and bearing indicated that he had never heard of Matthew Joslyn, nor of Sheffield, nor of Yorkshire either. They were as nothing to him.

"Is that a snub or isn't it?" questioned the man from Sheffield as he relighted his cigar. "No, it can't be. As he can't talk English, and I can't talk German, there is no snubbing about it. He has just taken my words to heart and gone off to ponder over them."

A day or so passed and then Matthew Joslyn started in again to break up the "ring." Mrs. Woeburn chanced to be sitting

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on deck alone. She happened to drop her handkerchief, and the commercial contrived to catch it before it blew overboard. As he returned it he lifted his hat and said:

"Came very near losing my hat in the same puff. Going as far as Alexandria?"

The widow looked at him in astonishment, and he hastened to introduce himself and added:

"You must be lonely in such a queer crowd. I've tackled three of the men, and I'll be hanged if I can tumble to 'em. I should think they'd want to have a good time."

Having thus delivered himself, he coolly sat down beside the lady and asked her if she had ever been in Sheffield, and if so what she thought of it. Before she could reply — or administer a snub — the rest of the "ring" arrived in a body. They were astounded at the situation. Some smiled and some glared, but it was the Hon. James Blackman who retreated a few paces and beckoned for Joslyn to approach. The two had not met before.

HE FACED ABOUT AND WALKED OFF. JOSLYN HAD BEEN SNUBBED.

"Sir," began the Honourable as the Sheffield man drew near, "is there any particular reason why you desire to make

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the acquaintance of any one of our party?"

"Well, no particular reason," replied the commercial. "I thought some of you might be glad of a game of nap, or would like to chop yarns to pass away the time, and I believe I'd enjoy a talk with the widow over there, but I ain't keen upon it."

"Then, sir, will you be kind enough to leave us to ourselves?" continued the Honourable.

"You mean I'm to fight shy of your crowd."

"I mean, sir—I mean that when we desire your company we'll give you due notice! Is that plain?"

"That's as plain as a pikestaff. I take it that you mean to snub me?" enquired the Yorkshireman.

"You are a man of perception, sir!"

That closed the interview. Matthew Joslyn had tried to break up the "ring" and had failed. He went off and sat down by himself for awhile and felt somewhat hurt and humiliated, but this feeling did not last long. They were a churlish lot, while he, on the contrary, was a good fellow. They could not help being churlish any more than he could help being good-natured, and he soon decided to forgive them. It was not two hours before he bumped up against Sir George at the door of the smoking-room, and called out as cheerily as ever:

"Hullo, old boy, but it looks to me as if we're going to have a squall from the north. Do you find this rolling disturbing you much?"

Sir George never turned his head. His eyes did not see the Yorkshireman. By-and-by the *Monarch* reached Alexandria. The "ring" drew a long breath and hoped it had seen the last of Matthew Joslyn. He had been talked about on several occasions, and although it was agreed that he was harmless, he could not be forgiven for his familiarity. When a commercial traveller attempts to cross the gulf separating him from the British aristocracy his audacity must be resented.

The "ring" had planned to go up the Nile by steamer. Berths were secured and the steamer was ringing her bell for "all aboard" when Matthew Joslyn walked up the gang-plank. He had also decided to go up the Nile.

"Heavens!" gasped Sir George as he recognised the man.

"*Parbleu!*" growled the Marquis.

"*Donner und Blitzen!* but he vhas here!" muttered the attaché as he tugged at his moustache to give it a fiercer appearance.

"Hullo you folks!" shouted the Yorkshireman as he reached the deck. "I've heard a good deal about the Nile, and I'm going up to have a look round. How have you all been since I saw you last?"

Eight people stared into space. Eight heads were held very stiffly. If there were a man named Matthew Joslyn, of Sheffield, it was naught to them. He might be living—he might never have lived. It was a cold, cold snub, but it did not worry the Yorkshireman for five minutes. He had never snubbed man or woman in his life. However, other people were different, and if snubbing were their way he would not quarrel about it. It was a small steamer, with but few passengers, and for the next few days the commercial was snubbed almost hourly. Whenever a landing was made the exclusives walked about by themselves, and Joslyn never tried to force himself in. On the steamer he was a leveller of caste; on land he had a limit. Nothing of much consequence happened until they had been afloat several days. Then a breakdown happened to the machinery, and the boat was tied to the bank at a mud-walled village. There was but little to see near at hand, but a mile away was a pile of old ruins. The "ring" started out first, and Matthew Joslyn was the only one who followed. The remainder of the passengers did not think it would pay to tramp over the sands under the hot sun. The man from Sheffield did not think much of the ruins after he reached them. He gathered a few souvenirs, and was about to return to the steamer, when he heard a cry for help. The people of the "ring" were half-a-mile away when he last saw them. The cry was in a woman's voice, and the Yorkshireman lost no time in answering it. He suddenly made his appearance behind a great mass of *débris*, to find the party of eight lined up in good order. An ugly-looking native with a pistol was holding the victims steady, while his "pal" was passing the hat for contributions.

In this case they were expected to give liberally if not cheerfully. Money, watches and rings were being dropped into the hat as it passed.

"Hullo! A hold up, eh!" exclaimed

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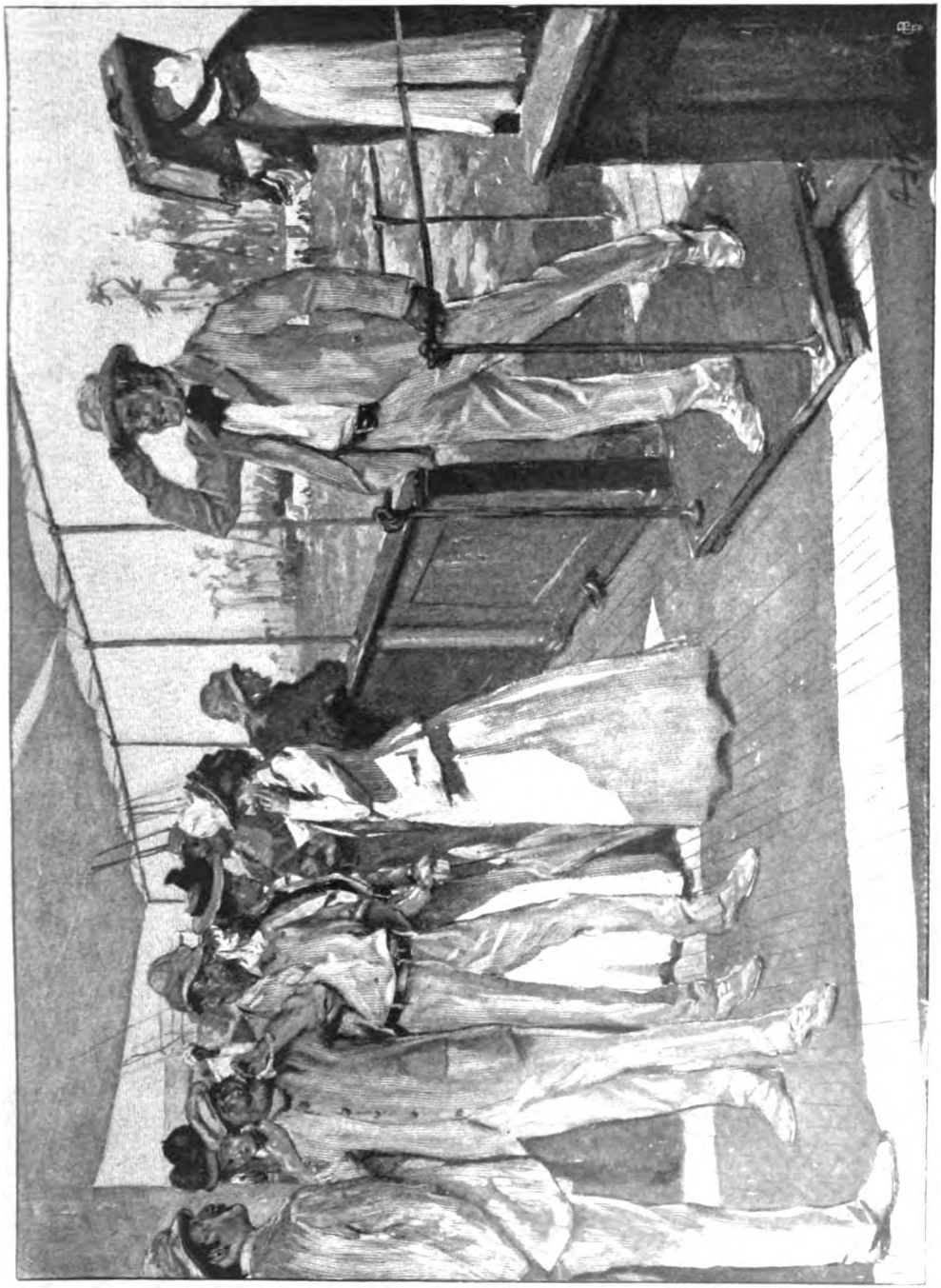

EIGHT PEOPLE STAKED INTO SPACE.

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the commercial as he came to a halt. "Well, that's next to nap, and I'll take a hand!"

The man with a pistol fired and missed. The next moment he pitched forward unconscious. The other fellow attempted to run away, but Joslyn was on his back in three jumps. He was twisted around, a blow was dealt under his ear, and he, too, became unconscious.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the four men in chorus; and "Oh, you dear man!" exclaimed the four women together; but Matthew Joslyn held up his hand in warning and said:

"Pocket that plunder and make for the steamer. It looks to me as if there were a plot here."

As the "ring" moved off he drew a Colt revolver and acted as rearguard. They were not yet clear of the ruins when half-a-dozen desperate-looking natives were giving chase. None of the four men were armed, but just before reaching the village they came upon a pile of stakes. Each seized one, and the dozen men who swarmed out of the hovels to bar their way did not dare to come to close quarters. The rear was well guarded. There were twenty men slowly crowding upon the Yorkshireman as he reached the bank, and though most of them had muskets or pistols, they feared to open the battle. As the party reached the steamer the natives drew off. The captain, mate, engineer, firemen, and all the crew were Egyptians.

"They are robbers—river pirates—they will capture the steamer and murder us all!" wailed the captain as he caught the shouts of the retreating natives.

"We'll see about that," replied the commercial as he joined the excited group on deck. "Did you ever have a row with pirates before?"

"Never! They are making ready to open fire on us from the first hut!"

"Well, if you've had no experience let me run things for a while. Fighting pirates can't be much worse than running an Irish Election. The first move is to get the boat clear of the bank."

"But we've no steam!"

"Then let her drift. Get out those poles and heave her off."

The steamer was carried a hundred feet into the stream before she lost her headway, and then the anchor was dropped. She was within musket range of the huts, but was safe from a sudden rush. As soon as the anchor was down everything movable was carried to the starboard side to protect the cabin from bullets, but the place had not been made reasonably safe when fire was opened. The flying bullets drove the crew to their quarters, and the officers and passengers into the cabin, and for the first time the people of the "ring" had an opportunity to thank the Yorkshireman for coming to their rescue. Smiling, as he remembered the last snub, he hurriedly replied:

"Yes, yes—all right—all right. We've got a milksop for a captain, and it's ten to one the crew are in with the robber gang. I want to pay the engineer a visit."

Ten minutes later he came back with the chief engineer. He had the native by the neck, and the fellow was white with fear. As he was whirled into a corner and warned not to stir on peril of his life, the man from Sheffield explained:

"He disabled his own engines to lay us up here. His assistant is making repairs, and the firemen are chucking in coal. Nice little plot, but I think we'll beat it. Now, then, who has got pistols?"

The four men of the "ring" had revolvers in their trunks, and the same was the case with five other male passengers. When the weapons were brought out and loaded, two men were sent down into the engine-room to act as an incentive to the assistant and his firemen. About this time the mate began to act queerly, and he was hurried into the corner with the other prisoner, and Sir George detailed to guard them. The Honourable Blackman took his place before the quarters of the deck-hands, and then, by Joslyn's directions, the rest of the armed men got such cover as they could and opened fire on the robbers who were skulking along the bank. It was not prize target shooting, but it drove the fellows back and lessened their fire. It did not take fifteen minutes to fix the engines, and when they were pronounced all right, there was steam enough in the boiler to go ahead with.

But they were not to get out of it so easily. The thieves ashore saw how things were progressing, and they suddenly ceased their attack and ran to a flat-boat lying against the bank above the village. A full score of them jumped in and cast off. If they reached the steamer they were strong enough to carry her by boarding. There were calls for the crew to get up the anchor,

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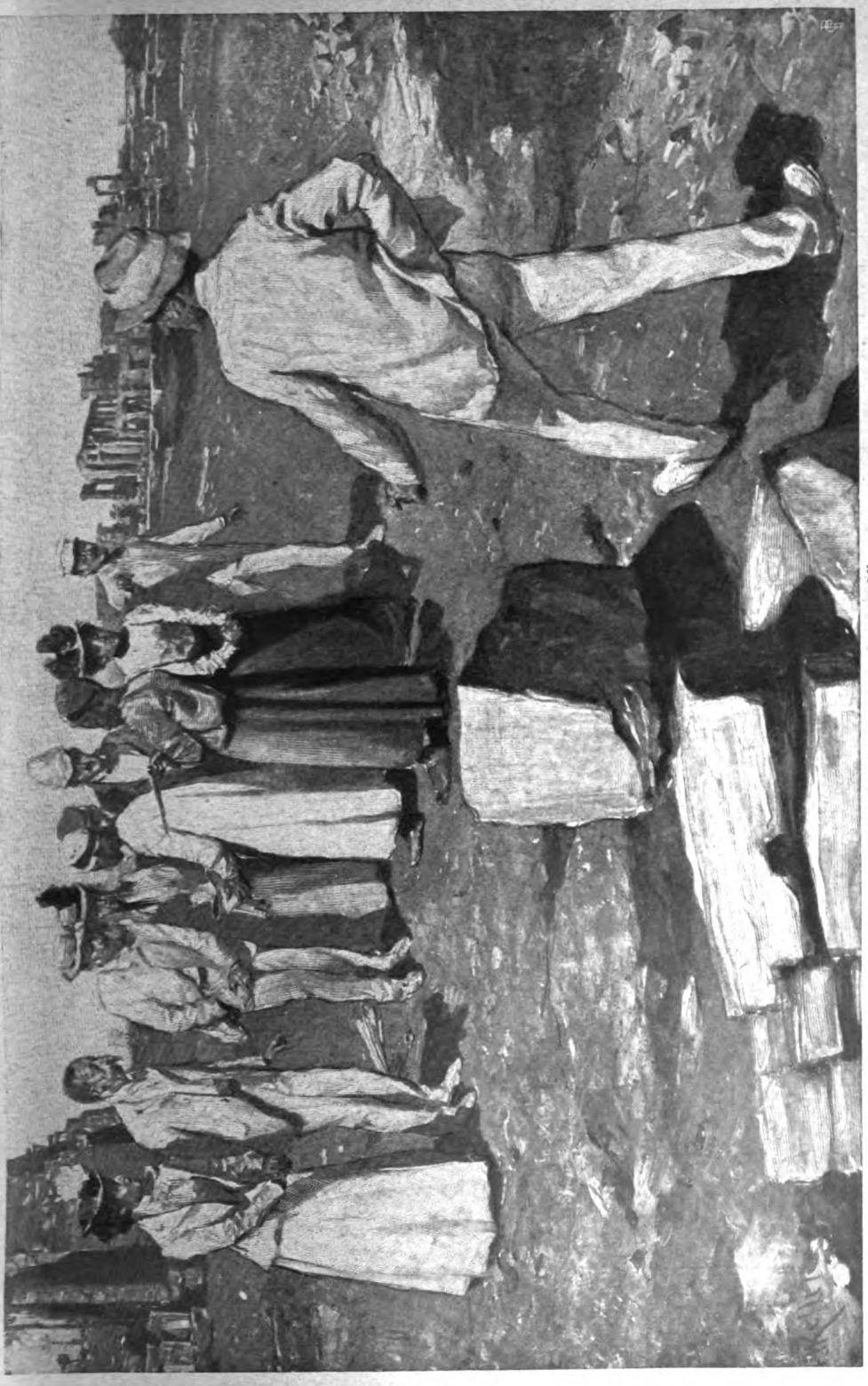

"HULLO! A HOLD UP, EH?"

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and calls for the captain to take the pilot-house, but neither were responded to. The crew sulked in their quarters and the captain trembled in the cabin. Joslyn again came to the rescue. With a hammer he knocked the shackle-pin out of the chain and let the anchor go, and then, going to the pilot-house, he took the wheel. Bullets fairly rained about him, driving all others to cover, but he was not hit.

By this time the firemen, influenced by the menacing revolvers of the two male passengers, had re-banked the fires, and had once more got up steam. While the flat-boat was still fifty feet away the steamer began to move. The robbers had planned to grasp her anchor-chain and swing alongside, and as she headed away from them they rent the air with their fierce screams, and concentrated their fire on the man in the pilot-house.

Matthew Joslyn hid from view, but it was only for a moment. As soon as the flat-boat had drifted past he not only got up, but he called to Sir George, the Honourable, the Marquis, and all others who could come. In fifty words he told them his plan. Two minutes later the steamer was describing a circle. When she had half completed it, she was headed for the robbers' craft. They fired and shouted and used their oars, but she came driving along and struck the flat-boat on her port quarter and tore her stern away. As she struck there was a fusillade from the cabin windows. Looking back in the steamer's wake, the passeng could not discover even a single swimm It was a complete annihilation. When realised this the captain regained his coura the mate stopped sulking, and the engine begged to be sent about his duties. If the had been a conspiracy it was no longe to be feared.

After Matthew Joslyn had turned over the command, and things were running smoothly, the "ring" sent for him. The circle opened to let him in as he arrived. He was perspiring and he was grimy. He was coatless and hatless, and his hair was in a tangle. Sir George cleared his throat and looked half-ashamed as he began:

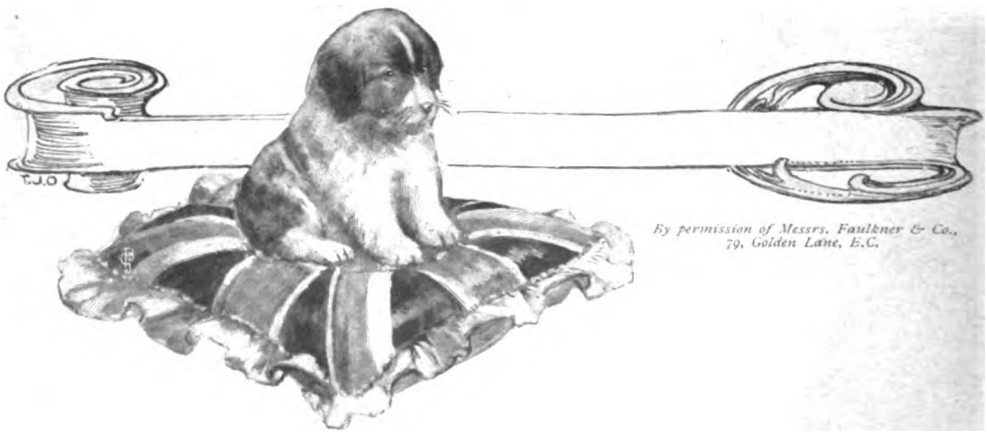
"Mr. Matthew Josyln, it may have occurred to you that—that—that this family party, as it were, has not made any great effort to—to——"

"Sir!" interrupted the commercial, as he drew himself up, "are you addressing me?"

"Now then, my dear fellow, you know—you see—this party desires——"

"When I desire your company I will give you due notice!" continued the man from Sheffield, and looking over the heads of the entire party, he marched off to his state-room to remove the stains of battle.

"Well I'm hanged!" ejaculated Sir George, as he looked after him, and then his companions looked at each other in blank astonishment, and swallowed hard at the bitter pill.



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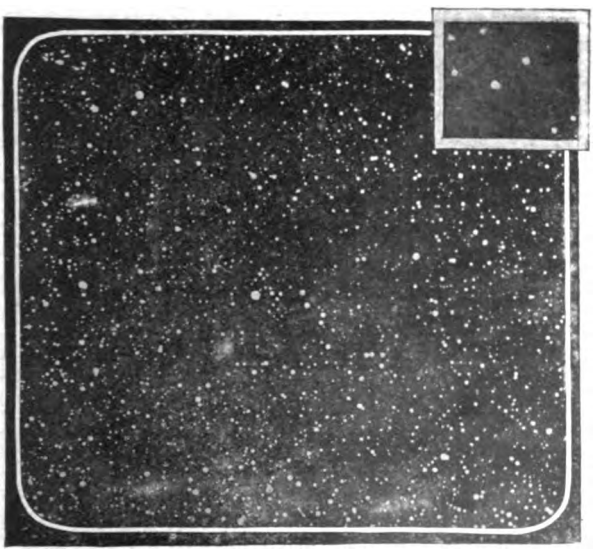
WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT MARS

WITH GLIMPSES OF OUR OTHER NEIGHBOURS.

By William J. S. Lockyer, F.R.A.S.

"ARE there human beings on Mars?" This question has very often been asked, and will, no doubt, be asked several more times in the future. At present there is no one who, speaking with authority, can answer this question with a decisive affirmative or negative. He would, indeed, be a bold man were he to do so, for in the present state of astronomical science, a verdict one way or the other could not be based on known facts, but would be the result of pure deduction from insufficient data.



THE PHOTO IN THE UPPER CORNER REPRESENTS A SECTION OF THE SKY SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE, AND THE LARGER PHOTO THE SAME PORTION AS SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

Mars is only one of the eight planets, including the earth, which revolve round our central luminary the sun, but seldom, if ever, is it enquired whether these other worlds are peopled. Why this should be so is not very easy to say, but the most suggestive reason might be, perhaps, that many years ago certain streaks discovered on the surface of Mars were called "canalli," the Italian word for "channels," and this word has been generally translated into the English word "canals." Canals, as we know them on this earth, are the result of human labour, so it was at once concluded in the popular mind that the Martian "canalli" were, therefore, the result of the work of human agency, and consequently there must be human beings on Mars to dig them.

Whether there be inhabitants on Mars or not, it is of extreme interest to find out whether celestial bodies exist which are at the same stage of evolution as the earth—that is, whether there are bodies which are surrounded by an atmosphere somewhat similar to that of this sphere, on whose surfaces are seas, rivers, ice, snow, land masses, mountains, etc.—and which might therefore have life on their surfaces as we know it here.

It must be remembered that the word life is a most elastic term; a word hard to define; but which, nevertheless, has a most distinct meaning with us. To make this more clear it may be stated that every form of life on this earth has for its physical basis a certain chemical compound, called protoplasm, which can only exist and perpetuate itself within a very narrow range of temperature—a range roughly between 100 degrees and 0 degrees centigrade. Further, a vital adjunct to the activity of this protoplasm is the presence of water-vapour or water, so that before the existence of life at all on any

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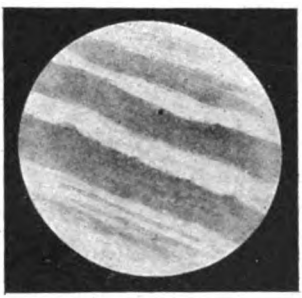
planet can be considered the temperature conditions must not vary much above or below the limits just mentioned, and water in some form must be present.

The sun, as we know, is an immensely highly heated body, and far above the conditions of temperature as required for the presence of life as we know it here. It might nevertheless be asked why might there not be beings specially adapted to live under such particularly

THE APPEARANCE OF OUR EARTH TO VENUS, WHEN THE PLANET IS NEAREST TO US.

hot conditions? The answer is that there might be, but they could not properly, in our sense of the word life, be said to live.

In the following, but necessarily brief, survey of the members of our solar system it must be borne in mind that we can examine the surfaces of some planets better than those of others. In the first place, some of the planets are comparatively large and present a bigger disc for observation; secondly, others in their course round the sun come nearer to the earth; while lastly, when some are nearest to us they are so situated that we are only able to see a small portion of their illuminated surface. It follows, therefore, that it is not necessarily the largest planet that can more easily be seen, but the planet which combines the most favourable conditions, such as its smallest distance from the earth, the largest diameter, and the illuminated disc turned towards the earth.

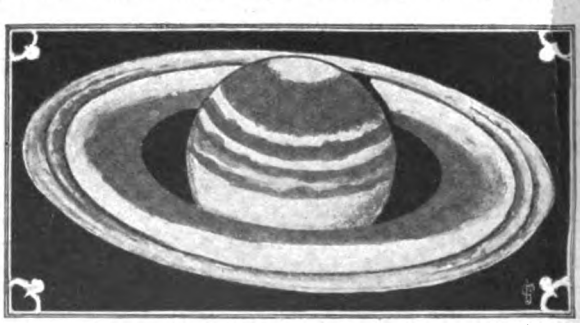


JUPITER, SHEWING BROAD, DENSE CLOUD BELTS. THE SMALL SPOT IS THE SHADOW OF A SATELLITE PASSING BETWEEN THE PLANET AND OUR EARTH.

If we consider first the oldest planet, we find ourselves face to face with Neptune, a body which is nearly four times greater and about thirty times more distant from the sun than our earth. About it we know very little; markings there are on its disc, but these are so indistinct that it cannot even yet be said whether the planet turns about its axis in a few hours, a few days, or even years. The spectroscope, a valuable aid in physical astronomy, tells us that its atmosphere is very dense, and quite different in constitution from that of our earth. It is, mass for mass, lighter than this sphere, and one is inclined to the supposition that Neptune, although the earliest planet of our system, is yet younger, or has not yet reached such a low degree of temperature as our own globe.

The next planet, revolving in a path just inside that of Neptune, and a body of which our knowledge is not very extensive, is Uranus. This globe is four times larger in diameter, about five times lighter, and about nine times further away from the sun than we are. Close scrutiny of this world's surface discloses little more than the dark markings called belts about the equatorial regions, while the analysis of the planet's light by means of prisms also indicates an atmosphere somewhat similar to that surrounding Neptune. It will be gathered, therefore, that the two outermost planets are still in a more or less gaseous-molten condition, and are yet far off the state necessary for animal or vegetable life.

We arrive now in our journey at the planet named Saturn, which is not only of huge dimensions, being no less than nine times larger than our earth, but is



THE PLANET SATURN, SHEWING THE CURIOUS FLAT RING WHICH SURROUNDS IT.

unparalleled in our whole system in that the globe is surrounded by a flat ring. This ring is really made up of several smaller rings, and is composed of millions of tiny bodies, or satellites, revolving round the large central ball, but so closely packed that we see them as a mass, and not individually.

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only owing to the different positions of lanet in its orbit that we see the ring ious positions.

urn, however, though large, is not —in fact, its average density is only ighth that of the earth. Its surface r corroborates this light weight, for the

A MAP OF MARS SHEWING ITS PUZZLING CANALS.

le of it is surrounded with a mantle of se bright clouds on which can be seen faint belts running parallel to the planet's nator. Sometimes bright spots have been served to burst suddenly out, and anges have been noticed in others, so t it may be said that the whole atmos- ere is in a state of motion, though not ry rapid. From this data we gather that turn is still hot, and it will be some time t before it has cooled sufficiently to nder it habitable.

Of the sun's family of planets, Jupiter is e giant, and it is on this world that our es are next fixed in our survey of these odies. Revolving round the sun at a dis- nce only five times greater than that of r earth, it is at times an exceedingly ght object, attaining a lustre surpassing t of any of the other planets, except, per- aps, Venus. There are no features on piter's surface which can be said to be per- anent in position or form. Parallel to the quator dark belts are striking objects of its sc, which in good telescopes reveal a wealth detail and rich colouring. Besides the lts there are innumerable bright and dark ots which are strewn over this disc. One eat spot, brick red in colour, made its ppearance in 1878, but it has since lost ost of its beauty and has become nearly invisible. As constant observation reveals, all these features are for ever changing and moving with different speeds, so that one is led to conclude that this planet has no solid crust, but that probably a heated fluid mass is enveloped in a shell composed of cloud-like vapours of different densities, and the heat of the fluid mass is partly responsible for the considerable surface variations.

Jupiter, like Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, has not reached that stage of fixity and stability which our own earth has attained. Although this world and the other planets were born before the earth, and have had more time to cool, yet probably on account of their greater dimensions they have preserved their original heat much longer; the time, however, will come when they will become cooler and more nearly approximate the temperature of the earth.

In leaving Jupiter and continuing our journey towards the sun, we come to the

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MR. H. G. WELLS' CONCEPTION OF AN INHABITANT OF MARS.

planet Mars, the most interesting, most tantalising and best-known world of the planetary system—a world which, as M. Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, has written, "Nature seems to have placed in our neighbourhood as an eloquent example of her unity and action."

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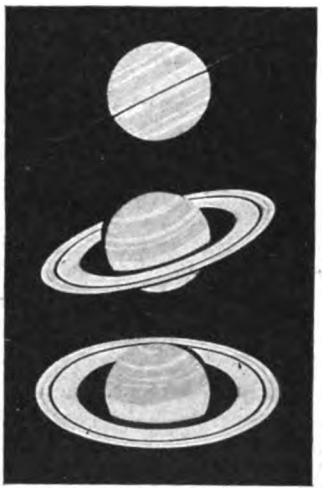
This planet, although revolving comparatively just outside the path of the earth, is not much more than half the size of our globe. Being discarded from the original central mass—from which all the planets have been formed—a little time previous to the earth, it should approximate the same—or perhaps a trifle later—stage of evolution as our world. Mars should present to us the appearance of a solid crust, with or without water or water-vapour, and therefore with or without an atmosphere.



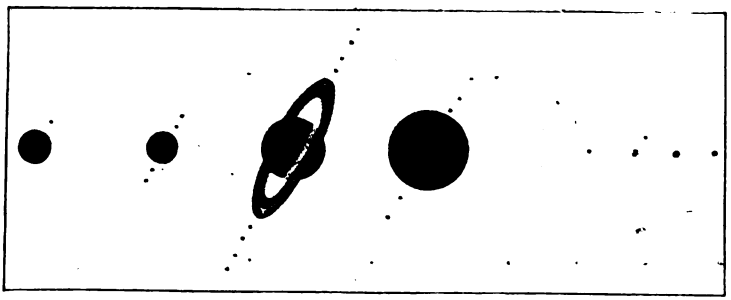
THE RINGS OF SATURN AS SEEN AT VARIOUS POINTS OF ITS ORBIT.

Fortunately for us, Mars is a little further from the sun than we are, consequently when its disc is largest the whole of the illuminated portion is turned towards the earth. It also happens that at these times, under favourable conditions, these two planets, the earth and Mars, approach each other closer than ordinarily, and it is at these epochs, technically known as "oppositions," that Mars' surface can be best studied. What, therefore, does a study of this planet's surface disclose? Is Mars a miniature earth, with an atmosphere, snow, seas, rivers and mountains? Does it exhibit seasonal changes as it should do in consequence of the inclination of its axis?

A minute examination of Mars' surface reveals the fact that we are here dealing with a planet which has really a solid surface, and one that we can see: this point is proved by the fact that many of the markings are strictly permanent, and can be easily recognised after long periods of time. Perhaps the most striking features of the planet's surface are the white markings or caps, situated at the poles. These are sometimes seen simultaneously, but very rarely, owing to the tilt of the planet's axis. When, however, one pole is turned towards the earth, the brilliant polar cap becomes most prominent; further, the sizes of these caps do not remain the same. During the winter of the hemisphere to which the cap belongs, the cap is found to be very large; with the advent of the planet's spring it is noticed to shrink gradually, and to become small, until a month or two after midsummer has passed there is very little of it left at all. In fact, it is found to vary with the Martian seasons.

These polar caps behave, therefore, precisely the same as our polar snows do, and as they would appear at different times could they be seen from Mars. That they are really masses of snow and ice cannot be said for certain, but when other evidence is taken into account the probabilities seem to favour the view that we are really seeing these forms of water.

Turning now to other parts of the planet's disc, these are found to be diversified by dark and light markings, the former having a grey or greenish tint, and the latter an orange hue. The lighter portions are much in excess, and are generally conceded now to represent land, while the dark markings, usually termed "seas," may be water; the word "may" is here used, since, although some of the dark markings are most probably due to water, others possibly represent vegetation of some sort or another. About the equator of the planet the dark markings take the form of very long, dusky, narrow streaks, interlacing each other, their points of intersection being very conspicuous as dark spots: the former are the channels or "canalli" of Schiaparelli, while the latter are termed "oases."



THE PLANETS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, SHEWING THEIR RELATIVE SIZES—NEPTUNE ON THE EXTREME LEFT.

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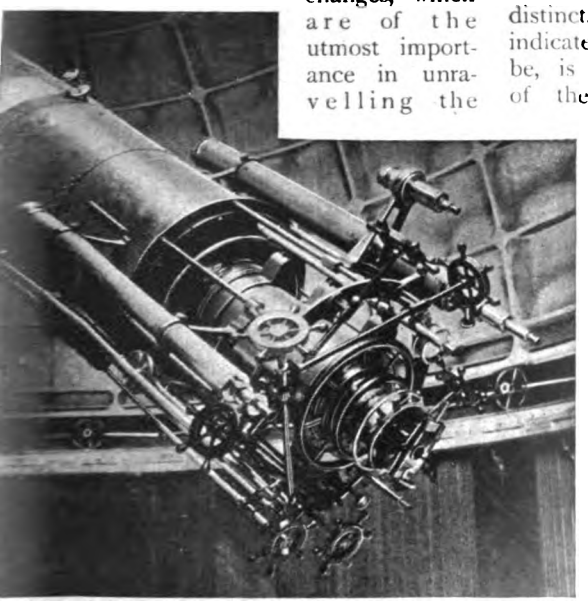
These channels are of great length, many of them measuring several hundreds of miles; the larger of them are permanent features of the planet's surface, and have been very carefully mapped. This wonderful network of canals is rendered more mysterious by the fact that at times they appear as doubled; that is to say, in place of one canal two parallel ones side by side are observed, lasting for a time and then giving place again to a single canal.

These are the chief features of the surface of the planet Mars. Other markings which are sometimes seen tend to shew that Mars is a miniature earth. Thus, light clouds, which conclusively prove that there is an atmosphere, are observed to obliterate for a time regions of the Martian landscape; very bright spots are noticed to flash out and disappear again, and are caused, it is conceded, by the reflection of sunlight from the sides of snowy or rocky mountains; while projections are apparent on the edge of the planet's disc, indicating land above the ordinary level of the surface.

The face of Mars undergoes periodical changes, which are of the utmost importance in unravelling the problem of this most fascinating member of the solar system. It has already been remarked that when the Martian springtime arrives the snowcaps begin to melt. Now, not only is this the case, but a dark ring also seen to develop about the pole, as if it were water coming from the melting cap. Further, on continued melting of these snows, this dark rim extends away from the pole, and dark portions nearer the equator became darker.



THE EYE-PIECE OF THE GREAT LICK TELESCOPE.

Markings on the disc, which earlier are distinct, but later have an indefinite character, indicate that something, whatever it may be, is at work and blurring the contours of the islands and temporarily erasing certain areas; the canals also become more prominent and increase in numbers and width.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Can we infer from these and other observations that we are watching the effects of the yearly supply of water spreading over the planet's surface; the irrigation of the land for another season; and the production of vegetation of no mean amount?

Subsequent events certainly seem to point to this conclusion, if the changing of the colour and other phenomena offer any criterion.

The vegetation is seen as a wave of deepening tint passing successively through the blue-green regions from the pole to the equator. In winter, pale, the colour commences to change in spring, deepening through the summer, until at last it dies out in the autumn. The blue-green areas represent vegetation, fertilised by the water, whose direct presence is not very perceptible to us, but whose indirect effects, due

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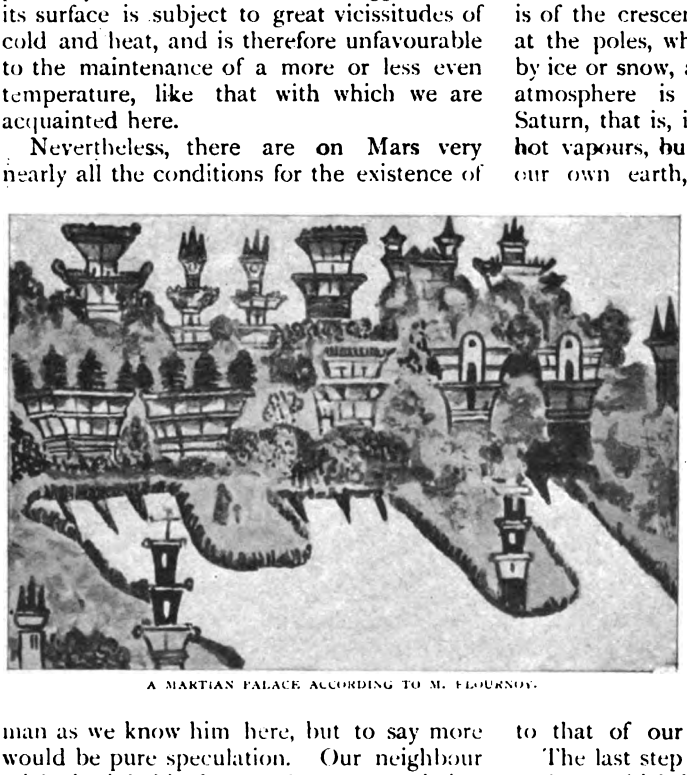
to it eventually finding its way down to the more equatorial regions, where it pursues definite courses in the channels, are observed; the channels and oases share also in the annual metamorphosis with the seasonal changes.

From this very brief summary of the more salient facts of observation and resulting deductions, it will be gathered that this planet is not very widely different from our own earth. Its atmosphere being always so wonderfully free from clouds, and probably less dense than ours, suggests that its surface is subject to great vicissitudes of cold and heat, and is therefore unfavourable to the maintenance of a more or less even temperature, like that with which we are acquainted here.

Nevertheless, there are on Mars very nearly all the conditions for the existence of



A MARTIAN PALACE ACCORDING TO M. FLOURNOY.

man as we know him here, but to say more would be pure speculation. Our neighbour might be inhabited, or perhaps we see in it a planet which exhibits the conditions that our earth will pass through when the latter's atmosphere becomes more rare, and is incapable of storing up the heat rays from the sun.

Resuming our journey through the solar system towards the sun, and omitting of course the earth, we meet Venus. This planet is at times brighter than any of the others, and ranks next to the sun and moon. As seen from the earth, it exhibits phases like those of our moon, but unfortunately for observers of this world's surface, when it is nearest to us and therefore appears largest, only a small portion of its illu minated surface is visible.

Not very much definite knowledge i known of the surface markings of Venu Markings there are on its disc, but of suc an uncertain character that it has been mo difficult even to determine the time th planet takes to rotate on its axis. Venus i however, covered by a dense atmosphere which may perhaps explain why distinc permanent markings on its surface are wholl absent.

From observations made when the plane is of the crescent form, white caps are see at the poles, which may be caused possibly by ice or snow, as in the case of Mars. It atmosphere is unlike that of Jupiter o Saturn, that is, it is not composed of dense hot vapours, but consists of something like our own earth, only denser, more cloud laden, and containing more water vapour and giving no indication of hot and gaseous parts beneath it.

The physical condition of Venus corresponds, then, as far as can be judged, to a stage of a planet's life through which our earth has, comparatively speaking, recently passed. The denser atmosphere of Venus and its close proximity to the sun render it capable of retaining a great amount of heat, and it is for this reason that although born later, Venus may exhibit a stage of evolution prior to that of our own earth.

The last step towards the sun brings us to a planet which keeps so near to this luminary that observation is rendered most difficult. Markings on Mercury's disc are very hard to define, and have not yet been clearly established or identified, although they have been occasionally suspected and even drawn by a few observers. Its surface seems to be devoid also of any kind of an atmosphere, and the impression is gained that the physical conditions correspond to those of the moon, namely, barrenness, and a total absence of water and air. If this view be correct, then Mercury represents a dead earth—a stage which is still in store for us.

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With the Swans in March

A VISIT TO THE BIGGEST SWANNERY IN BRITAIN.

By F.Z.S.

THE snow-white plumage, fine proportions, and dignified bearing of the swan have always made him a favourite inhabitant of ornamental waters; but to see over a thousand of these noble birds congregated at their spring nesting place, is to obtain quite a new conception of the swan.

The birds in their wild state have their breeding places in certain inaccessible regions of Northern and Eastern Europe,

A HEN SWAN PROTECTING A SITTING COCK BIRD.

A SWAN'S NEST AND EGGS.

but England can boast a swannery equal to, if not exceeding, them in proportions. This is to be found at Abbotsbury, a little Dorsetshire village, about nine miles from Weymouth.

The village is situated near the extremity of the famous Chesil Beach, a gigantic ridge of huge pebbles which runs ten miles parallel to the shore, and terminates at the Isle of Portland.

Between the beach and the mainland is a long stretch of brackish water, known as the Fleet, which is the home of the swans that form such a well-known and picturesque feature of the Weymouth district.

The Fleet is not easily accessible, either by land

THE SWANS CONTINUALLY ADD MATERIAL TO THEIR NESTS WHILE SITTING.

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A SWAN DEFENDING ITS NEST AGAINST THE KEEPER.

or by sea. It lies far removed from the busy haunts of men, and the Chesil Beach, like a mighty wall, protects it from the storms which sweep across the Channel. When the waves roll in like thunder and break in clouds of spray against this wall of pebbles, the waters of the Fleet lie calm and placid within, and form an ideal home for the swans, and an undisturbed resting place for the many species of rare wild fowl that visit it in the late autumn.

The Abbotsbury Swannery is said to be over eight hundred years old, and there is documentary evidence of its existence at the time of the Tudors. It is now in the possession of Lord Ilchester, by whose courtesy we were recently enabled to visit it and to take the photographs from which the accompanying illustrations have been made.

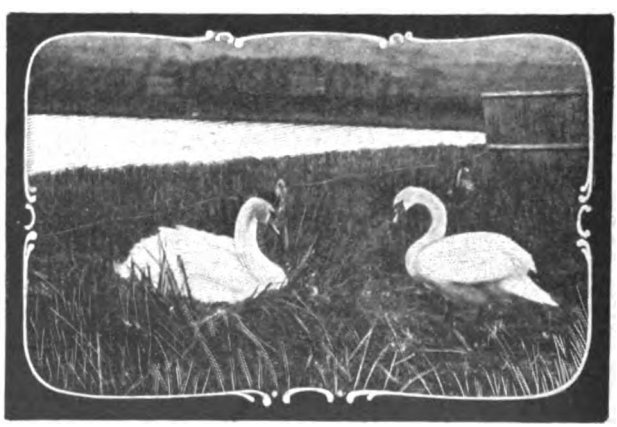
The swannery is reached from the village of Abbotsbury by a winding country lane, passing the ruins of the ancient monastery from which the village takes its name, and overshadowed by the hill on which stands St. Catherine's Chapel, one of the ancient landmarks of the Dorsetshire coast.

The swannery proper occupies a stretch of low marshy ground. In winter it is a well-nigh inaccessible swamp, and throughout the summer it is a dense jungle of reeds, and osiers, and other semi-aquatic plants. These form an admirable cover for certain decoy ponds and duck tubes which are in use during the flight season later in the year; but in March and April, when the swans assemble from all parts of the Fleet to this, their ancient nesting place, the osiers have hardly commenced to shoot and the weeds are little in evidence. The ground has, however, become fairly dry, though the footing is treacherous in places.

Imagine a somewhat bare field, crossed at frequent intervals by ditches and streams, and covered all over with haycocks about six feet apart, each haycock having one or two swans sitting upon it, and you have a very fair idea of the Abbotsbury Swannery in the height of the nesting season. Last spring there were over four hundred nests placed closely together, and the entire swannery contained eleven hundred and fifty birds.

The nests consist of heaps of straw and dry spear reed, the material being chiefly supplied by the keeper, Mr. C. Gill, and his son. The straw and reeds are thrown down in heaps towards the middle of March, when the birds begin to assemble.

It is necessary to do this because otherwise the rather limited supply of material growing naturally within the area of the swannery would not suffice, and continual fights would take place among the nesting birds, some of whom would come badly off.



A SUPERIOR PAIR, WHO BUILT THEIR NEST APART FROM THE OTHERS.

The process of nest-making is not an elaborate one. First the male bird

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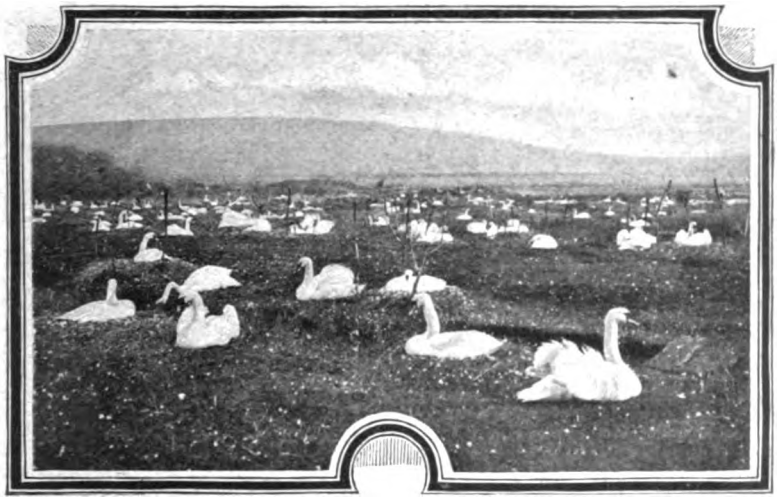
vigorously treads down one of the heaps, until a firm foundation has been secured. Then the birds, who pair for life, gather softer material together, and line the nest, after which the hen begins to lay. The number of eggs may vary from three to nine, but six is the usual number. They are of a pale greenish colour, and about five inches long.

The swan, however, never considers that its nest is so complete as to be incapable of improvement. Throughout the whole six weeks during which the eggs are incubated the birds gather up any odd material that may come within reach and add it to their nest. On the occasion of our visit the keeper's son threw down a few armfuls of dry reeds, and within five minutes all the swans near at hand were busily adding to their homes. No doubt the instinct for thus continually raising the nest is due to the fact that, owing to the swampy situation, the material tends continually to settle, and thus the eggs are exposed to the danger of damp. This is especially the case when the ditches are full of water.



ACRES OF NESTS IN SIGHT.

"DARBY AND JOAN."

Both birds take their turn in sitting, and during a whole morning spent in the swannery we saw only one nest containing eggs without a bird upon it. In the majority of cases the hen was sitting, and the cock bird sat on the side of the nest mounting guard over his mate.

During the night most of the male birds are on the waters of the Fleet feeding upon the eel-grass which, later in the year, grows so luxuriantly as to make boat passage almost impossible. This, by the way, constitutes practically the sole food of the birds; for, though the keepers occasionally scatter a little maize about, it is found quite unnecessary to feed the birds.

Early in the morning the male birds return to the shore, and take their place on the nests, while the hens go to feed. Towards nine o'clock the hens return, and throughout the morning both birds may usually be seen on the nest.

The nesting place is surrounded on the land side by a high wall, and elaborate arrangements of netting keep out undesirable visitors in the shape of foxes, while the keeper continually wages war against rats, stoats, and other vermin. Carrion crows and occasionally rooks break the eggs and carry off their contents, but the swans so seldom leave their nests exposed that the loss in this way is not a large one.

Exciting scenes sometimes happen as the birds pass to and from the water. As we have already stated, many of the nests are not more than six feet apart; and a bird, passing from the land side of the swannery to the water, has to run the gauntlet all the way. The cock birds are extremely pugnacious, and, though they do not often

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THE ONLY SAFE METHOD OF CARRYING A SWAN.

interfere with one another's nests, they promptly attack any bird who takes the liberty of walking past their premises. Sad to say, they are ungallant enough to attack the hens as well as the cock birds. We have seen a bird driven back repeatedly as it sought to return to its nest after visiting the Fleet.

Some of the birds solve the difficulty by using their wings and flying from their nests to the water. This simple expedient does not seem to occur to most of them, though their wings are not cut, and they are expert flyers. It is a pretty sight to see swans flying about the neighbourhood, and the curious musical sound made by their wings can never be forgotten by those who have heard it at close quarters.

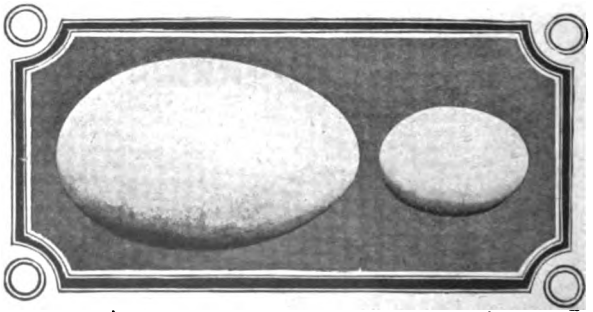
The swans at Abbotsbury, though they roam at large and are not fed, are yet practically tame. We walked amongst the nests, and though the birds hissed at us, they exhibited but little alarm, and shewed no inclination to leave the nest unless actually pulled off.

Truth to tell, the swan is not by any means so formidable an antagonist as people often suppose. Though he will bite, his bill is too soft to inflict a wound. His principal weapon is his wing, with which he strikes out vigorously at any fancied foe. Wonderful tales have been told of injuries inflicted by such blows, and indeed a former keeper of the Abbotsbury swans had some ribs broken on one occasion by an infuriated male bird. But we can only say from personal experience that the blows thus inflicted proved much less serious than we had been led to suppose.

It is an easy business to master a swan. Novices usually seize the bird by the neck, but this is a great mistake, as it leaves the bird's wings at liberty to inflict a blow. The right method of mastering a swan is to seize it by the wing and pull the bird towards you. Under such conditions it is quite helpless, and can be led about without difficulty.

It might be supposed that the four hundred nests at the Abbotsbury Swannery, each containing on an average six eggs, of which four or five are hatched, would result in an enormous annual increase in the number of the birds. But, as a matter of fact, the keeper thinks himself pretty lucky if he succeeds in adding thirty or forty new birds to the flock. The waste of life that goes on is simply astounding. About the second day after leaving the shell the young cygnets make their way, under the guardianship of the parent birds, to the water's edge; that is to say, they start on their journey, but very few ever reach their destination.

We have mentioned the pugnacity of the old birds towards one another, and they are equally ill-disposed towards their neighbours' offspring. The result is that nearly all the young cygnets, in trying to run the gauntlet on their way to the water's edge, are ruthlessly massacred by the old birds who lie in wait for them.



A SWAN'S EGG COMPARED WITH A LARGE HEN'S EGG.

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WHY THE THIRD CLASS FAILED.

A STORY OF CHILDREN FOR GROWN-UPS.

By George Madden Martin.

Illustrated by C. L. Hinton.

THE Real Teacher was indisposed. The Third Class was to begin its duties with a Substitute. The Head Master announced it to the class. He looked at them coldly, and stated the matter curtly. It was as though he considered the Third Class to blame.

Somehow, Emmy Lou felt apologetic about it and guilty. And she watched the door. A Substitute might mean anything. Hattie, Emmy Lou's desk-mate, watched the door, too, but covertly. Hattie did not like to acknowledge her ignorance on the subject.

The Substitute came in a little breathlessly. She was as pretty as Emmy Lou's Aunt Katie. The Substitute seemed a little uncertain as to what to do. Perhaps she felt conscious of forty pairs of eyes waiting to see what she would do.

The Substitute stepped hesitatingly upon the platform. She gripped the edge of the desk. She opened her lips, but nothing came. She closed them and swallowed. Then she said, "Children——"

"She's going to cry!" whispered Hattie in awed accents. Emmy Lou thought it would be terrible to see her cry. Evidently it was something unpleasant to be a Substitute. Emmy Lou's heart went out to the Substitute.

But the Substitute did not cry. She still gripped the desk, and after a moment she went on: "—you will find printed on the slips of paper upon each desk the lessons for the Third Class."

She did not cry, but everybody felt the tremor in her voice. The Substitute was young. She was new to her business.

Emmy Lou felt it was well the lessons for the Third Class were printed on slips of paper. They seemed both complicated and lengthy.

There is a difference between a Real Teacher and a Substitute. The Real Teacher loves mystery and explains grudgingly. The Real Teacher stands aloof, with awe and distance between herself and

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the inhabitants of the rows of desks she holds dominion over.

But a Substitute tells the class all about her duty and its duty, and about what she is planning and what she expects of them. A Substitute makes the occupants of the desks feel flattered and conscious and important.

The Substitute's name was Miss Jenny. The class speedily adored Miss Jenny. Soon Miss Jenny's desk might have been a shrine to Pomona. It was joy to forego one's apple to swell the fruitage of adoration piled on Miss Jenny's desk. The class could scarcely be driven to recess, since going tore them from Miss Jenny. They found their happiness in Miss Jenny's presence.

So, apparently, did Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan was the headmaster. Mr. Bryan wore his black hair somewhat long and thrown off his forehead. Mr. Bryan would have called it brow.

Mr. Bryan came often to the Third Class-room. He said it was very necessary that the Third Class should be well grounded in arithmetic. He said he was astonished; he was appalled; he was chagrined.

He paused at "chagrined," and repeated it impressively, so that the guttural grimness of its second syllable sounded most unpleasant. Appalled and astonished must be bad, but to be chagrined, as Mr. Bryan said it, must be terrible.

He was chagrined, so it proved, that a class could shew such deplorable ignorance concerning the very rudiments of arithmetic.

It was Emmy Lou who displayed it. Emmy Lou was called to the blackboard by Mr. Bryan. He called a different little girl each day, with discriminating impartiality. When doing so, Mr. Bryan would often express a hope that his teachers would have no favourites.

Emmy Lou went to the board.

"If a man born in eighteen hundred and nine, lives—" began Mr. Bryan. Then he turned to speak to Miss Jenny.

Emmy Lou took the chalk and stood on her toes to reach the board.

"Write it down," said Mr. Bryan, turning —"the date."

Emmy Lou paused, uncertain. Had he said one thousand eight hundred and nine, Emmy Lou would have known. That was the way one knew it in the Second Class. But eighteen hundred was confusing.

Again Mr. Bryan looked around, to see the chubby little girl standing on her toes, chalk in hand, still uncertain. Mr. Bryan's voice expressed tried, but laudable, patience.

"Put it down—the date," said Mr. Bryan. "eighteen hundred and nine."

Emmy Lou put it down. She put it down in this way:

18
100
9

Then it was that he was astonished, appalled, chagrined. Then it was that the Headmaster found it would be necessary to come even more often to the Third Class to teach it arithmetic.

But he did not always go when the arithmetic lesson ended. Directly following its lesson in the "New Eclectic Practical and Mental Primary Arithmetic," the class was given over to mastering "Townsend's New System of Drawing."

While the children drew, Mr. Bryan would lean on Miss Jenny's desk, re-arrange his white necktie, and talk to Miss Jenny. Miss Jenny was pretty. The class gloried in her prettiness, but it felt it would have Miss Jenny more for its own if Mr. Bryan would go when the arithmetic lesson ended.

Mr. Townsend may have made much of the system he claimed was embodied in "Book No. 1." The class had never tried his system. There was a chance that Miss Jenny had not tried it either. Drawing had never been in the public school before. And Miss Jenny was only a Substitute.

So the class drew with no supervision and with only such verbal direction as Miss Jenny could insert between Mr. Bryan's attentions. Miss Jenny seemed different when Mr. Bryan was there. She seemed helpless and nervous.

Emmy Lou felt reasonably safe when it came to drawing. She had often copied pictures out of books. And she, like Mr. Townsend, had her system.

On the first page of "Book No. 1" were six lines up and down, six lines across, six slanting lines, and a circle. One was expected to copy these in the space below. To do this, Emmy Lou applied her system. She produced a piece of tissue paper folded away in her "Montague's New Elementary Geography." Emmy Lou was a saving and hoarding little soul. She laid the tissue paper over the lines and traced them with her pencil.

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It was harder to do the rest. Next she laid the traced paper carefully over the space below, and taking her slate-pencil, went laboriously over each line with an absorbing zeal that left its mark in the soft drawing paper. Lastly she went over each indented line with a lead pencil, carefully and frequently wetted in her little mouth.

Miss Jenny exclaimed when she saw it after Mr. Bryan had gone. She said it was the best page in the room.

Emmy Lou could not take her book home. Copy books and drawing books must be kept clean. They were collected and kept under lock and key in Miss Jenny's cupboard. But Emmy Lou told Aunt Cordelia that her drawing had been the best in the room. Aunt Cordelia could hardly believe it. She said she had never heard of a talent for drawing in any branch of the family.

Now Hattie had taken note of Emmy Lou's system in drawing. The next day Hattie brought tissue paper. That day Miss Jenny praised Hattie's page. Emmy Lou's system immediately became popular. All the class got tissue paper.

And Mr. Bryan, finding the drawing hour one of undisturbed opportunity, stayed until the bell rang for geography.

A little girl named Sadie wondered if tissue paper were fair.

Hattie said it was. She said Mr. Bryan saw her using it, and turned and went on talking to Miss Jenny. But a little girl named Mamie settled it definitely. Did not her mamma, Mamie wanted to know, draw the scallops that way on Baby Sister's holland over-all. And didn't one's own mamma know?

Sadie was reassured. Sadie was a very conscientious little girl. Miss Jenny said so. Miss Jenny was conscientious, too. Right at the beginning Miss Jenny told them how she hated a story. An untruth she meant.

MR. BRYAN WOULD LEAN ON THE DESK, RE-ARRANGE HIS NECKTIE, AND TALK TO MISS JENNY.

The class felt that they, too, abhorred stories. They loved Miss Jenny. And Miss Jenny disliked stories. Just then a little girl raised her hand. It was Sadie.

Sadie said she was afraid she had told Miss Jenny a story, an untruth, the day before. Miss Jenny had asked her if she felt the wind from the window opened above,

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and she had said "No." Afterwards she had realised that she did feel the wind. A thrill, deep-awed, went round the room. In her secret soul every little girl wished she had told a story, that she might tell Miss Jenny.

Miss Jenny praised Sadie. She called Sadie a brave and conscientious little girl. Miss Jenny closed the book and came to the edge of the platform and talked to them about duty, and honour, and faithfulness.

Emmy Lou, her cheeks pink, longed for opportunity to prove her faithfulness, her honesty. She longed to prove herself a Sadie.

There was roll call in the Third Class. It came after each lesson.

As Emmy Lou understood them, the marks by which one graded one's performance and deserts in the Third Class were interpreted :—

6—The final state which few may hope to attain.

5—The gate beyond which lies the final and unattainable state.

4—The highest hope of the humble.

3—The common condition of mankind.

2—The just reward of the wretched.

1—The badge of shame.

0—Outer darkness.

When roll call first began, Miss Jenny said to her class: "You must each think earnestly before answering to roll call. To give in a mark above what you feel yourself entitled, is to tell worse than a story. It is to tell a falsehood. And a falsehood is a lie. I shall leave it to you. I believe in trusting my pupils. I shall take no note of your standing. Each will be answerable for herself."

Miss Jenny was very young.

The class sat weighted with the awfulness of the responsibility. It was a conscientious class. And Miss Jenny's high ideals had worked upon its sensibilities. No little girl dared to be "six." How could she know, for instance, in her reading lesson, if she had paused the exact length of a full stop every time she met with a period? Who could decide? Certainly not the little girl in her own favour, and perhaps be branded with a falsehood which was a lie. Or who, when roll call for deportment came, could ever dare call herself perfect? Self-examination and inward analysis lead rather to a belief in natural sin. The Third Class grew conscientious to the splitting of a hair. It was better to be "four" than "five" and be saved, and "three" than "four" if there were room for doubt. Class standing fell rapidly.

Emmy Lou struggled to keep up with the downward tendency.

Hattie outstripped her promptly. Hattie could adapt herself comfortably to all exigencies. Emmy Lou even felt envy of Hattie creeping into her heart.

There came an awful day. It was roll call for drawing. It had been a fish, a fish with elaborately serrated fins. Miss Jenny had said that Emmy Lou's fish was as good as the copy. In her heart Miss Jenny wondered at the proficiency of her class in drawing. Miss Jenny could not draw a straight line. But since Mr. Bryan seemed satisfied and said every day, "Let them alone, they are getting along," Miss Jenny gave the credit to Mr. Townsend's system.

She was enthusiastic over Emmy Lou's fish. Emmy Lou brought it up as soon as Mr. Bryan departed.

"It is wonderful," said Miss Jenny. "It is perfect."

Emmy Lou went back to her desk much troubled. What was she to do? She had not moved, she had not whispered, she had not lifted the lashes sweeping her chubby cheeks even to look at Hattie. Yet it was the general belief that no little girl could answer "six" and not tell a falsehood which was a lie. Yet, on the other hand, being perfect, Emmy Lou could not say less. She was perfect. Miss Jenny said so. Emmy Lou shut her eyes to think. It was approaching her turn to answer.

"Six," said Emmy Lou, opening her eyes and standing, the impersonation of conscious guilt. She felt disgraced. She felt the silence. She felt she could not meet the eyes of the other little girls. And she felt sick. Her throat was sore. In the Third Class one's face burned from the red-hot stove so near by, while one shivered from the draught when the window was lowered above one's head.

Emmy Lou did not come to school the next day. So Hattie went out to see Emmy Lou. It was Friday. The class had had singing. Every Friday the singing teacher came to the Third Class for an hour.

"He changed my seat over to the left for singing," said Hattie. "I can sing alto."

Emmy Lou felt cross. She felt the strenuousness of striving to keep abreast of Hattie. And the taste of a nauseous dose from a

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black bottle was in her mouth. Another dose loomed an hour ahead. And now Hattie could sing alto.

"Sing it," said Emmy Lou.

It disconcerted Hattie. "It—isn't—er—you can't just up and sing it—it's alto," said Hattie, nonplussed.

"You said you could sing it," said Emmy Lou. This was the nearest Emmy Lou had come to fussing with Hattie.

The next Monday Emmy Lou was late in starting. That is, late for Emmy Lou. And she made a discovery. Miss Jenny passed Emmy Lou's house going to school. Emmy Lou did not have courage to join her. She waited inside her gate until Miss Jenny had passed. But the next morning she was at her gate again as Miss Jenny came by.

Miss Jenny said "Good morning."

Emmy Lou went out. They walked along together. After that Emmy Lou waited every morning. One day it was icy on the pavements. Miss Jenny told Emmy Lou to take her hand. After that Emmy Lou's little mittened hand went into Miss Jenny's every morning.

EMMY LOU LAID THE TISSUE PAPER OVER THE LINES AND TRACED THEM WITH HER PENCIL.

Emmy Lou told Hattie. Hattie came out to Emmy Lou's the next morning. They both waited for Miss Jenny. They each held a hand. It was in this way they came to know the Chemist. Sometimes he waited for them at the corner. Sometimes he walked out to meet them. He and Miss Jenny seemed to be old friends. The Chemist asked them about elementary arithmetic. They wondered how he knew.

One day Hattie proposed a plan. It was daring. She persuaded Emmy Lou to agree to it. That night Emmy Lou packed her school-bag, even to the apple for Miss Jenny. Next morning, early as Hattie arrived, Emmy Lou was waiting for her at the gate. But she was hot and cold with the daring of the expedition. They were going to walk out in the direction of the great unknown, from which, each day, Miss Jenny emerged. They were going to meet Miss Jenny!

They knew she turned into their street at the corner. So they turned. At the next corner they saw Miss Jenny coming. But along the intersecting street, one walking southward, one northward, toward the corner where Hattie, Emmie Lou and Miss Jenny were about to meet, came two others—Mr. Bryan and the Chemist!

Something made Emmy Lou and Hattie feel queer and guilty. Something made them turn and run. They ran fast. They ran faster. Emmy Lou's heavy school-bag thumped against her little calves. Her apple flew out. Emmy Lou never stopped.

Hattie told her afterwards that it was the Chemist who brought Miss Jenny to school. Hattie peeped out from behind the shed where the water buckets were. She said he brought Miss Jenny to the gate and opened it for her. He had never come farther than the corner before. That day Mr. Bryan did not come to teach them arithmetic. Nor did he come the next day; nor ever any more. Yet the Third Class was undoubtedly poor in arithmetic. Miss Jenny found that out. Mr. Bryan's instruction seemed not to have helped them at all. Miss Jenny said that as they were so well up in drawing, they would lay their drawing-books aside, and give that time to arithmetic. And Miss Jenny reminded them to be conscientious in all their work. They were, and the roll call bore witness to their rigorous self-depreciation.

Mr. Bryan never came for arithmetic again, but he came one day because of roll call. Once a week roll call was sent to the Headmaster. It was called class average. The day of class average Mr. Bryan

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MISS JENNY WAS THROWING A KISS TO THE THIRD CLASS.

walked in. He rapped smartly on the red and blue lined paper in his hand. Miss Jenny's class average, so the class learned, was low. Miss Jenny must see to it that her class made a better showing. Miss Jenny was a Substitute. Mr. Bryan recognised that, and made allowance accordingly, "but"—then he went.

Miss Jenny looked frightened. The class feared she was going to cry. They determined to be better and more conscientious for her sake. They felt they would die for Miss Jenny. But the class average was low again. How could it be otherwise with forty over-strained little consciences determining their own deserts?

One day Miss Jenny was sent for. When one was sent for, one went to the Headmaster's study. Little boys went there to be whipped. Sadie went there once. Her grandma was dead, and they had sent for her.

Miss Jenny had been crying when she came back. Lessons went on miserably. Then Miss Jenny put the book down. It was evident she had not heard one word of the absent-minded and sympathetic little girl who said that a peninsula was a body of water almost surrounded by land.

Miss Jenny came to the edge of the platform. She looked away for a moment. Then she looked at the class. Then she spoke. Miss Jenny said she was going to take them into her confidence. Miss Jenny was very young. Next she told them the teacher of the Third Class, the Real Teacher, was not coming back. She also told them that she had hoped to take the Real Teacher's place. But she said the class average was being counted against her.

Everybody noticed the tremor in Miss Jenny's voice. It broke on the fatal class average. Sadie began to cry.

Miss Jenny came to the very edge of the platform. She looked slight and young and appealing, did Miss Jenny.

Next week, she went on to tell them, would be quarterly examination. If they did well in examination, even with the class average against her, Miss Jenny might be allowed to remain. But if they failed——

The Third Class gathered in knots and groups at recess. It depended on them whether Miss Jenny went or stayed. Emmy Lou stood in one of the groups. Her chubby face bore witness of her concern. "What is a quarterly examination?" asked Emmy Lou. Nobody seemed very sure.

"Oh," said another little girl, "they give you questions, and you write down answers. My brother is in the Grammar School, and he has examinations."

"Quarterly examinations?" asked Emmy Lou, who was definite.

The little girl did not know. She only knew if you answered right, you passed; if wrong, you failed.

And Miss Jenny would go.

There was an air of mystery about a quarterly examination. It made one uneasy before the actual thing came. And the uncertainty concerning it was trying to the nerves.

The day before examination, Miss Jenny told every little girl to clear out her desk and carry all her belongings

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home. Then she went round and looked in each desk. Not even a scrap of paper must remain.

Miss Jenny told them that she trusted them. It was not that. It was because it was the rule.

"To cheat at examination," said Miss Jenny, "is worse even than to lie. To cheat is to steal—steal knowledge that doesn't belong to you. To cheat at examination is to be both a liar and a thief."

The class scarcely breathed. This was terrible.

"About the first subject," said Miss Jenny, "I feel safe. The first thing in the morning you will be examined in drawing."

Emmy Lou at that remembered she had no tissue paper. Neither had Hattie. Neither had Mamie. Everybody must be reminded. After school Emmy Lou and Hattie and Sadie and Mamie made mention of tissue paper. The Chemist waited on Emmy Lou the next morning. Emmy Lou had a penny. She wanted tissue paper. The Chemist was curious. It seemed as if every little girl who came in wanted tissue paper. Emmy Lou and the Chemist were very great friends.

"What's it got to do with arithmetic?" asked the Chemist.

"It's for drawing," said Emmy Lou. "It's quarterly examination."

The Chemist was greatly interested. He did not quite understand the system. Emmy Lou explained. Her chin did not reach the counter, but she looked up and he leaned over. The Chemist grew very serious. He was afraid this might get Miss Jenny into trouble. He explained to Emmy Lou that it would be cheating to use tissue paper at examination. He told her she must draw right off the copy, according to the directions set down in the book. He suggested that she should go and tell the others of the Third Class. For that matter, if they returned, he would take back the tissue paper and substitute liquorice sticks.

Emmy Lou hurried over to tell them. Examinations, she explained, were different. To use tissue paper would be cheating. And what would Miss Jenny say? Little girls hurried across the street, and the jar of liquorice was exhausted.

Miss Jenny saw them seated. She told them she could trust them. No one in her class would cheat. Then a strange Teacher from the class above came in to examine them. It was the rule. And Miss Jenny was sent away to examine an infant school in another district.

But at the door Miss Jenny turned. Every eye was following her. They loved Miss Jenny. Miss Jenny's cheeks were glowing,

THE TEACHER HAD DECLARED THEM CHEATS AND LIARS!

and the draught, as Miss Jenny stood in the open doorway, blew her hair about her face. Miss Jenny smiled back at them. She turned to go. But again she turned—

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Miss Jenny—yes, Miss Jenny was throwing a kiss to the Third Class.

The door closed. It was examination. The page they were to draw had for a copy a cup and saucer. No, worse, a cup in a saucer. And by it was a coffee pot. And next to that was a pepper-box. And these were to be drawn for quarterly examination —without tissue paper.

When Emmy Lou had finished, she felt discouraged. In the result one might be pardoned for some uncertainty as to which was coffee-pot and which pepper-box. The cup and saucer seemed strangely like a circle in a hole. There was a yawning break in the paper from much erasure where the handle of the coffee-pot should have been. There were thumb-marks and smears where nothing should have been. Emmy Lou looked at Hattie. Hattie looked worn out. She had her book upside down, putting holes in the lid of the pepper-box. Sadie was crying. Tears were dropping right down on the page of her book.

The bell rang. Examination in drawing was over. The books were collected. While this operation was in progress the Teacher opened a book. She opened another. She turned to the front pages. She passed a finger over the reverse side of a page. She was a teacher of long years of experience. She told the class to sit down. She asked a little girl named Mamie Sessum to rise, please. It was Mamie's book she held. Mamie rose.

The Teacher's tones were polite. It made one tremble they were so polite. "May I ask," said the Teacher, "to have explained the system by which the supposedly freehand drawing in this book has been done?"

"It wasn't any system," Mamie hastened to explain, anxious to disclaim a connection evidently so undesirable; "it was tissue paper."

"And this confessed openly to my face?" said the Teacher.

She was, even after many years at the business of exposing the natural depravity of the youthful mind, appalled at the brazenness of Mamie.

Mamie looked uncertain. Whatever she had done, it was well to have company. "We all used tissue paper," said Mamie.

It proved even so. The Teacher, that th thing might be fully exposed, called th roll. Each little girl responded in alph betical sequence. The Teacher's conditi of shocked virtue rendered her cold laconic.

"Tissue paper?" she asked each litt girl in turn.

"Tissue paper," was the burden, if n the form, of every alarmed little girl's reply.

"Cipher," said the Teacher briefly a each made confession, and called the next.

o—Outer darkness!

The Teacher at the last closed her boo with a snap. "Cipher and worse," she tol them. "You are cheats, and to cheat is t lie. And further, the class has failed i drawing."

The Teacher, regarding them coldly picked up the chalk, and turned to write o the board, "If a man——"

Examination in "New Eclectic Practica and Mental Primary Arithmetic" had begun.

The Third Class, stunned, picked up its pencils. Miss Jenny had feared for them in arithmetic. They had feared for themselves. They were cheats and liars, and they had failed. And the knowledge did not make them confident. They were cheats, and a suspicious and cold surveillance on the part of the Teacher kept them reminded that she looked upon them as cheats and watched them accordingly. Misery and despair were their portion. And further, failure. In their state of mind it was inevitable for them to get lost in the maze of conditions surrounding "If a man——"

They did better next day in geography and reading. They passed on Friday in spelling and penmanship.

But the terrible fact remained — the Teacher had declared them cheats and liars. If they could only see Miss Jenny. Miss Jenny would understand. Miss Jenny would make it all right after she returned.

When the Third Class assembled on Monday, a tall lady occupied the platform. She was a Real Teacher. But at the door stood a memory of Miss Jenny, the hair blown about her face, kissing her hand.

The Third Class never saw Miss Jenny again.

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centre of which stands an American eagle with outstretched wings—a fine example of the taxidermist's art.

The walls of the library are covered with portraits of famous scientific men, diplomas of awards received by Mr. Edison at numerous exhibitions, and photographs of various sections of machinery, maps and diagrams, while the room is also furnished with models of some of his inventions.

Facing a large alcove in the northern side of the room is a marble statue of a winged boy, bearing aloft the globe of an electric light. The figure has its foot on the top of an old-fashioned street lamp, and typifies the triumph of electricity over the ancient forms of lighting.

At the other end of the room stands a large table, promiscuously strewn with books, drawings and engineers' blue-prints, and a roll-top desk.

I was examining one of the drawings lying on this table when the door of the library opened and Mr. Edison entered. He is a broad-shouldered man of medium height, with clean-shaven face, grey hair, and rather sallow complexion. Resting carelessly on the back of his head was a soft, light grey Alpine hat. His clothes were also light grey, and they impressed me as being just a trifle too large for him. His shoes were unpolished, and a white lawn tie that he wore beneath a "turned-down" collar was somewhat awry. His shoulders were rounded a little, and his neck leaned forward in the manner so characteristic of the studious. He appeared to be a man whose age might range anywhere from forty-eight to sixty years. Mr. Edison's exact age is fifty-four.

MR. EDISON WORKING OUT A NEW IDEA AT HIS DESK IN THE LIBRARY.

The inventor came towards me with quick steps. His walk, manner and greeting might be described as nervously energetic. He seated himself in a chair immediately in front of me. As I asked my questions, Mr. Edison leaned forward, occasionally holding his hand to his ear.

"I am quite deaf," he explained. "When I was twelve years old a man lifted me up by my ears, breaking both diaphragms. I cannot say, however," he continued, "that I have found deafness a disadvantage. In fact, I would not be cured if I could. It enables me to think better. It is a positive benefit. I do not lose very much by not hearing what most persons say.

"In a factory, where there is plenty of noise, or on the train, I hear very well. Most people are deaf where there is a great deal of noise, owing to the self-dampening apparatus which they have in their ears. As I hear very well where there is much noise, and as noise seems to be a principal part of modern civilised conditions, it follows that I am really not deaf after all." These sophistical remarks prove Mr. Edison to be a true philosopher.

"My day's work begins about twenty minutes to seven in the morning," said Mr. Edison, in answer to further questions. "I have a programme of the day's work, which I methodically traverse. On arriving downstairs I dive into the morning paper to get the news, until breakfast is ready." Mr. Edison is a sparing eater at all times, and his matutinal meal invariably comprises a small chop, a round of toast, and a cup of tea.

"My children usually breakfast with me. There are three of them—Madeline, thirteen years old; Charlie, eleven; and Theodore, three." As the great inventor mentioned the second name his eyes twinkled. "Charlie is a great boy. He has a gigantic memory. I think he has a scientific mind, for he takes an interest in scientific matters. When he is not asking

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questions, he employs his time in trying to 'guy' me. In fact, he 'guys' me all the time," said Mr. Edison, with a laugh.

"Charlie already wears a 6⅞ hat. The size of my own is 7¾, so you see he is coming along.

"After breakfast I smoke a mild cigar. At ten minutes to eight I start out for the works. I usually walk down. It is only a short distance from the house to the laboratory—seven hundred feet—and I enjoy the stroll.

"When I reach the factory, I start in with a rush. I usually have from forty to seventy-five things to attend to. Every night, before going to bed, I make up the list of the work which is to be done the next day at the laboratory. This list includes work on all the experiments that I have under way. There are over one hundred and fifty men now working under me, and I have to keep them busy.

THE HOUSE IS ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE FACTORY, AND THE GREAT INVENTOR DIVIDES HIS TIME BETWEEN WORKSHOP AND HOME.

"I have, as a rule, from forty to sixty experiments going on simultaneously. They include every branch of work—chemistry, electricity, light, heat, mechanics, metallurgy, sound, energy—in short, every branch of the study of natural phenomena.

"I get through with my list in about two hours, and then I go to work myself on certain phases of it. For instance, if I am interested in a particular chemical experiment, I put special men on it, and while they are experimenting I go at it myself. By this means I am enabled to know intimately just what each man has to do. I can then appreciate his difficulties and aid him by my own efforts."

"What is the most difficult task you ever undertook?" I asked.

"The problem of incandescent electric lighting," replied Mr. Edison. "At the time there was practically nothing known about electric lighting. Numerous complications arose when I attempted to make it practicable. It was all pioneer work. In all of these inventions the most difficult part consists in making the ideas commercially successful. It is comparatively easy to conceive an invention. It is also easy to work out such a conception in the laboratory—to make it scientifically demonstrable. It is another matter to so work out an idea that it can be put into every-day use at a profit to the maker. My main work consists in making inventions commercially valuable."

I asked Mr. Edison which scientist he most admired?

"Faraday I consider one of the greatest experimenters that ever lived," he answered. "I myself am essentially an experimenter. My life has been spent in the application of science to industry. Most scientific minds are devoted to pure science. Another man whom I greatly admire is Lord Kelvin. He is both a scientist and an applier of science."

"What is your favourite amusement?"

Mr. Edison pondered awhile. Smiles chased themselves about the corners of his mouth. Then he said slowly: "My favourite amusement is—er—reading chemical works.

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My most favourite amusement is working on chemical experiments."

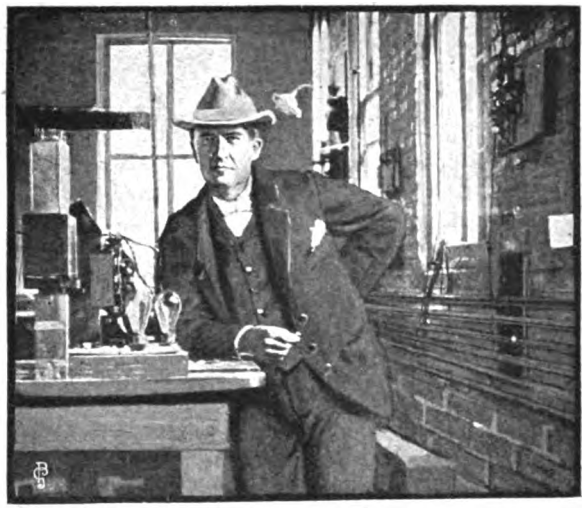
"Are you fond of the theatres?"

"Yes; I like good acting, though I cannot hear what is said on the stage. I think Sarah Bernhardt is the finest actress I have ever seen. She is perfect. I can tell just what she means without hearing a word."

"Do you like hunting and fishing?"

"I do not care greatly for hunting," answered Mr. Edison; "but I like being out in the woods. I enjoy roughing it. I also take pleasure in automobile riding; I don't like horses."

He has a charming winter house at Fort Myers, in Florida, where he rusticates for a short time when opportunity offers, but such holidays are few and far between.



MR. EDISON AT WORK UPON A NEW ELECTRICAL INVENTION IN HIS LABORATORY

While Mr. Edison was speaking, his lunch—which he always partakes of at the laboratory—was brought into the room. It consisted of some chipped beef, a few pieces of bread and a cup of tea. He disposed of it in about five minutes.

After the interview was over Mr. Edison visited various parts of the laboratory, inspecting the several branches of work which were in progress. His eyes seemed to be everywhere. His wonderful energy pervaded the whole place.

On the same floor as the library—the ground floor—is an immense machine shop. It extends nearly the entire length of the building. It is equipped with lathes, trip-hammers, dies, and appliances for both light and heavy machine work.

IN A BROWN STUDY.

On the second floor are rooms in which various mechanisms are tried and tested. There are phonograph-rooms, music-rooms for studying sound, battery-rooms, and electrical-rooms where all such phenomena may be investigated. On the top floor of the building are drafting-rooms and further experimental departments. Separated from the main building are small houses in which chemical experiments of a dangerous nature are carried on.

The Edison factory is equipped with automatic water-sprinkling devices for the prevention of fire. When the temperature of the machine shop, for instance, becomes too high or approaches the danger limit, the fuses on the sprinklers melt off. Large quantities of water are then automatically liberated and the entire shop is sprinkled. Occasionally

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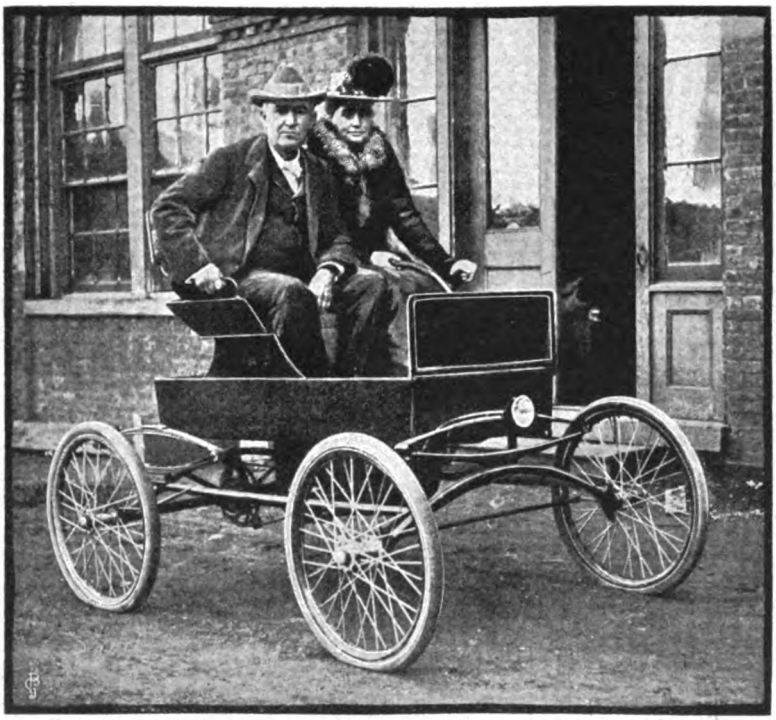
these sprinklers give rise to amusing scenes, when the fuses unexpectedly melt and each workman gets his share of muddy water. Mr. Edison told me the automatic sprinklers had prevented many disastrous fires in the factory.

In every room, as Mr. Edison went through the laboratory, he had some special instructions to give. Here, he adjusted the mechanism of some delicate apparatus; there, he watched the process of crystallisation under a microscope. In one room he performed several chemical experiments; in another he shewed some men how to fit certain pieces of machinery. He would pause a moment over particular parts of the work to make drawings, or to figure out problems. At every instant he was as busy as a bee. He never seemed to tire. His mind grasped every detail of each branch of work which he was superintending. He jumped from chemistry to metallurgy, from mechanics to electricity with the familiarity of the adept in each science.

A little before six o'clock, Mrs. Edison drove up to the laboratory in a motor car. She told Mr. Edison it was time to go home.

"I used to work all the time—night and day, but now Mrs. Edison makes me cease work at six o'clock," said the genial inventor with a laugh, as he stepped into his automobile. "Anyway, I continue to get even with her by doing some work at home. After reading the evening papers, and before retiring, I make up my list of seventy-five subjects for the next day. It is usually midnight before this task is completed." And with a wave of his hand, Mr. Edison bade me good-bye.

When Mr. Edison had gone, I felt as if I had spent the day with a veritable human cyclone. There are few men in the world who accomplish so much in a given time as Mr. Thomas A. Edison. A well-known scientist said to me not long ago, "Edison is a rusher." I certainly found him to be one.



"MRS. EDISON MAKES ME CEASE WORK AT SIX O'CLOCK," SAID THE INVENTOR AS HE STEPPED INTO HIS AUTOMOBILE.

Who but a "rusher" could have made commercially successful in a single lifetime the electric light, the phonograph, the quadruplex telegraph system, the electric pen, kinetoscope, kinetograph, megaphone, aerophone, and several hundred other devices? It would be impossible to describe here even a tenth part of the various inventions and improvements which are now engaging Mr. Edison's attention. One of the most important of these is a new electric storage battery, which promises to revolutionise electric motive power. Horseless vehicles equipped with this battery will be able to run seventy miles without recharging, at twenty miles an hour, while their operation will be so simple that even children will be able to manage them. —W. B. NORTHROP.

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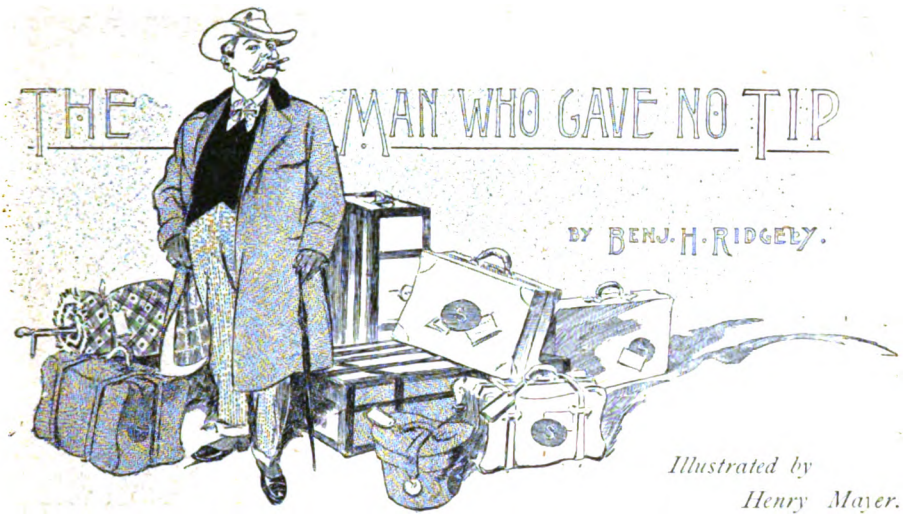

Illustrated by Henry Mayer.

HENRY HARRISON SPRAGUE was a sturdy, rather old-fashioned gentleman, a bachelor of sixty, who, in spite of the fact that he had never been abroad before, assimilated the manners and customs of the Continent in general with unusual facility. But there was one custom that my fine old friend would not accept.

This was the "tipping" habit. Everybody knows what "tipping" is. It exists in all countries and in all languages. Mr. Henry Harrison Sprague, I say, not only would not accustom himself to this habit, but resented it vigorously as an imposition little short of blackmail. He held that when he had paid his hotel bill his obligation ended. The eager and brazen gathering together of the servants at his departure, with a sort of stand-and-deliver look in their eyes, was, he declared, an unlawful assemblage, a conspiracy to blackmail and browbeat; in short, a mere organised scheme of extortion; and never, he said, would he give the brigands a penny.

When he passed through Geneva for Bâsle and the Rhine country, with the intention of returning within three weeks to spend the summer knocking about Switzerland, I warned him that he had better not try to practise his principles within the domain of William Tell.

"Nonsense," he said, almost angrily. "I would rather be carried up Mont Blanc and held for a ransom than give the bandits a farthing."

I received a letter from him a month later, dated from Lucerne, in which he said that the "unlawful gatherings" were more persistent and annoying in Switzerland than they had been elsewhere, but that he was still more determined not to yield.

"I am preparing a speech," he said, "which I shall formally deliver to the rogues when I leave B—— next week."

And he did. It was at a certain famous hotel in the Oberland. I have the whole story from an eye-witness. Mr. Sprague was almost the only guest leaving by the afternoon express, and he enjoyed a monopoly of the "departure" when he came down about half-past three and quietly paid his bill at the hotel "bureau." There was the usual "unlawful gathering" at the exit, and instead of coldly walking past, as had been his habit, Mr. Sprague stopped, handed his bag to the conductor of the omnibus, and assuming the manner and voice of a man who was responding to a toast, spoke as follows:

"It is evident, my friends, that you are gathered here to speed the parting guest.

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I am much touched and flattered by so fine a mark of your courtesy and solicitude. And yet I think I may say, without undue egotism, that this is not unusual. I have found in all the hotels of Switzerland that the greatest interest was taken in me at the moment of my departure, but never, I assure you, have I felt more flattered than I do to-day. I had thought I was quite forgotten in this great hotel. More than once when I rang my bell for breakfast nobody answered. I have on several occasions waited as long as thirty minutes for my coffee without seeing or hearing a sign of the amiable blonde youth I had sent for it. I have frequently pleaded in vain in the morning to get back my boots. And I have often noticed that you, Julius (turning with a beaming smile to the head waiter), have worn a far-away, world-tired expression when I have vainly tried to catch your eye at dinner for a second helping of roast beef. And you, my good girl (addressing the chambermaid), I have more than once been impressed by your incomparable inability to answer my bell for hot water. Need I say that all these seeming little indifferences served to pain and to dishearten and even to mortify me? Indeed, they distressed and saddened me; they made me feel as if I were alone in a great hotel in a foreign land without one friend. You may, therefore, imagine my pleasure and satisfaction when I see by your presence here to-day, at the moment of my departure, that I was not forgotten at all; on the other hand, that you were thinking of me all the while. I repeat that I am deeply moved, and that I go away reluctantly. Let me, in conclusion thank you with all my heart for this beautiful and touching evidence of your interest and solicitude. Good-bye, my friends. Good-bye." And before the pampered menials could fully appreciate the significance of the episode, my friend had stepped into the omnibus and was off to the station. As the vehicle disappeared round the corner of the street he gravely raised his hat and waved a stately farewell to the astonished gathering. But Swiss hotel servants are materialists, not humorists, and Monsieur Julius, the distinguished head-waiter, is anything but a dull man. My friend's unexpected oration had mystified him at first; but as the omnibus swung out of sight round the corner the import of it all struck the eminent flunkey, and he turned to his brother domestics and said: "He is a beastly practical joker."

GRAVELY RAISED HIS HAT AND WAVED A STATELY FAREWELL.

"I AM PREPARING A SPEECH."

"Tight fist!" ejaculated the fair Antoinette of the third floor, resentfully.

"I'll make him remember me before he leaves Switzerland," added the hall-porter viciously.

Alas for my poor friend! He had had his fun, but he was to fall upon hard lines. It is as easy to telephone from one town to another in little Switzerland as from office to office in London. Who shall say what the great hall-porter told his distinguished colleague at the Hôtel de la Plage when he rung him up a few moments later? It is enough to know that the name of Sprague was spelled out very plainly; the person of Sprague described with unmistakable exactness; and the offence of Sprague set forth in all its unpardonable detail.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to set forth minutely all that Henry Harrison Sprague was made to suffer during the next six weeks. It is unnecessary to tell how he was discriminated against at the dining table; how he never saw any part of the chicken except the legs; how his bell was never answered promptly, his clothes never brushed, his

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boots never polished, and his baggage never brought up or down on time; how the impertinent chambermaid always tossed her head contemptuously when he ordered hot water in a hurry; how the head-waiter eyed him sternly and coldly whenever he left the dining-room; how he was made to miss the express trains regularly, and how his baggage was kept over-night in railway stations and even in the hotel stables. It is enough to say that wherever he travelled he was a marked man. The hotel servants knew of him long before he arrived. They had a name of their own for him. They made him a jest and a reproach in the servants' dining-hall of every first-class hotel from Lucerne to Lugano, from St. Gall to Geneva. Even the servants of hotels he had never visited knew of him, and talked about him, and yearned for him.

"YOU ARE ASSEMBLED HERE FOR THE ONE PURPOSE OF BULLYING ME INTO GIVING YOU MONEY."

One day he happened to notice the word "*fédéral*" written in chalk on his trunk, and he suddenly remembered that he had seen the same word there before in a different handwriting.

"What does this mean?" he asked sternly of the hall-porter of the Hôtel du Beau-Jardin at a certain famous little town in French Switzerland, where he happened to be staying at the time.

The menial shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps Monsieur has been indiscreet," he answered artlessly. "Perhaps he has failed to give some negligent hotel servant a tip. But, Heavens! how should I know what such chalk-marks mean?" he added, with his tongue in his cheek.

Mr. Sprague's face hardened.

"I also find the word '*communal*' written on my bag wherever I go. What does that mean?" he asked.

The hall-porter smiled mysteriously.

"Perhaps some of these lazy hotel domestics have a secret order," he suggested blandly. "'*Communal!*' Ha! that might be a sign of the society; it might signify, 'This gentleman is no good to us. He never gives a tip.' But how should I know?"

And the distinguished domestic looked as innocent as the little lamb of Mary.

Henry Harrison Sprague went to his room and thought the matter over long and bitterly, and finally decided to make another public speech. It was this second oration that served to bring me officially into the case, and out of it grew famous proceedings.

Mr. Sprague chose his hour well for leaving the Hôtel du Beau-Jardin. It was at five o'clock in the afternoon, when he knew there would be no other "departures," and when he also knew that all the servants would be assembled to see him off, and would give him their undivided attention. For any other guest there would not have been so distinguished a gathering; but these hotel servants were fighting for their principles, and there was not a single first-class hotel in all Switzerland from which he

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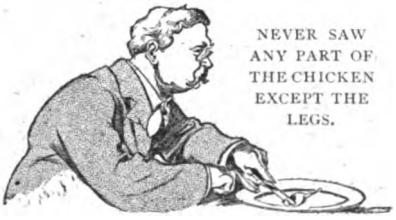
could have accomplished his departure without running the gauntlet. The great man of the dining-room, the eminent head-waiter, his "favourites" beautifully oiled, headed the line.

Henry Harrison Sprague stopped, faced the assembly, and looked about him coldly and deliberately; then he slowly put his hand in the inside pocket of his coat, and as he did so such a look of triumph came over the face of the intriguing hall-porter as Napoleon might have worn at the great St. Bernard. But it was not his purse that Henry Harrison Sprague withdrew from the inner pocket of his coat; it was the hotel bill which he had just paid; and, unfolding it with great care, he adjusted his spectacles and, looking squarely at the hall-porter, began in a low, clear voice to make his speech.



NEVER SAW ANY PART OF THE CHICKEN EXCEPT THE LEGS.

"Before leaving this establishment," he began, "I want to say a few words, which I hope you will all understand and remember. You are assembled here for the one purpose of bullying me into giving you money. In spite of the fact that I have here a bill which distinctly states that lights and *service* are included in the charges itemised, you are boldly gathered here to extort further tolls from me, and, what is a still greater shame, your employer—to whom I have just paid my bill, which is an excessive one for what I have received—not only permits this outrage, but by his presence aids and abets it. Here is my bill. I am charged on every line for extras of some character. I find, for example, an extra charge for serving me with a glass of water in my room; I find that I am charged three francs for the use of the omnibus to the railway station for myself and my baggage, when, as a matter of fact, I have not the slightest idea of using the omnibus; I am told it is the custom in Switzerland to put this charge on one's bill and trust to chance that one will either use the omnibus or will not see the overcharge in time to have it taken off—a mere dishonesty. I have paid this extortionate bill without a murmur. I have paid two francs every day for some rolls and tea, and I am told this excessive charge was made for the extra trouble of serving me in my room. In short, I am charged on this bill at every turn for service and extra service. It has been so in every hotel in Switzerland, and up to this moment nobody has heard me complain. I have never even complained when a sullen and lazy porter regularly failed to brush my clothes and polish my shoes, nor when an unobliging chambermaid failed to answer my bell or to supply me with any of the comforts which it is her duty to supply, and for which I am charged in my bill. But when, having paid an excessive bill, in which I am charged for service and extra service; and when, in spite of all that, I find myself surrounded at my departure by the same servants who have neglected me, and who would none the less bully me into paying them extra tolls; and worse even than this, when I find my trunk and bag marked with secret words and signs, by means of which an impudent hall-porter in one hotel may indicate to his colleague in another that I am to be imposed upon because I have not paid tribute; and, I repeat, when I find myself invariably surrounded at my departure by a horde of menials assembled together for the purpose of bullying or shaming me into giving them unearned and undeserved gratuities—in the presence of these outrages and impositions, I say, I cannot be silent.

THE EMINENT HEAD WAITER.

"I find this a good occasion to speak, and I want to say to all of you assembled here, and through you to your associates and colleagues throughout Switzerland, that I regard you as a mere band of sharpers and scoundrels"—and my old friend's voice trembled as he added—"and your employer, who thus permits you to annoy and to impose upon an unoffending guest, is not much better than you are. For six weeks I have been the victim of your conspiracy, and until this day I have made no complaint; but when that person there" (pointing to the hall-porter) "told me this morning what the marks on my baggage signified, and when I found that those same marks had been slyly renewed in this very hotel, I made

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up my mind to tell you what I think of you. You are a set of cunning rascals, a lot of scheming knaves, a mere band of rogues. And you, sir" (turning sternly upon the astounded proprietor), "if it is your fault that a guest of your hotel may thus be annoyed and bullied and branded; if it is because you do not pay these rascals living wages that they thus seek to prey upon and outrage your clients, I say, in that event, that you are the biggest thief and scoundrel in the whole knavish lot."

Whereupon my friend, with a satisfied and more or less triumphant air, strode on past the astounded domestics and the dumbfounded proprietor, and, seating himself with dignity in his cab, drove gallantly away to the railway station.

AN UNOBLIGING CHAMBERMAID.

But again he had reckoned without his host, for an hour later, just as he was about to board the belated express for Geneva, two gendarmes, with sabres and cocked hats, came panting upon the scene and took him into custody. They could speak no word of English, and he as little of French. Thus he could not be made to understand why he was bustled off in a landau to prison, but coupled his arrest with the Hôtel du Beau-Jardin, and feared that some terrible and false accusation had been made against him. I received a telegram from him that night. It urged me to come at once, in my official capacity as English Consul, to his assistance. As Henry Harrison Sprague is not the sort of man to have called upon me unless I was really needed, I caught the first train for V——, and arrived there about one o'clock in the morning, too late to be admitted to the prison, but not too late to find out from the Commissioner of Police, whom I knew very well, the nature of the charge against my friend. He was accused of violating paragraph 3 of section 4,912 of the Code, in having inflicted great injury upon the proprietor, the head-waiter, the hall-porter, the chambermaid, and other employees of the Grand Hôtel du Beau-Jardin by publicly and criminally libelling them, with malicious intent. I found that the offence was punishable by a fine of not less than fifty and not more than 5,000 francs, and by imprisonment in the communal gaol for a period not greater than two years.

The next day, after the brief examining trial, which is always conducted in private, my friend was remanded to the Correctional Court Assize. I secured a very clever lawyer —one Monsieur Gustave de Stoutz—and gave recognizances for Mr. Sprague's appearance on the tenth day of the succeeding month. On that date the little court-room was crowded with the servants and guests of the several hotels of V——, and when the three judges constituting the Court of Correction appeared upon the bench, and when Monsieur the Procurer-General read the indictment, and when my old friend (for whom I was permitted to act as interpreter) was ordered to stand up and make his plea, I felt as if Henry Harrison Sprague were in hotter water than he thought.

In answer to the various interrogatories that were put to him by the President of the Court, he stated that the thing which had offended him most was the marking of his baggage with secret words and signs, thus sending him labelled and branded about the country, to be discriminated against and imposed upon. The trunk and bag were introduced in evidence with the objectionable writings still upon them.

The prosecuting witnesses testified in rapid succession, and the facts of the denunciation were well established.

The feature of the trial that interested me most was the testimony of the chambermaid, Antoinette Delmot. It was the simplest, and withal the most effective defence of the "tipping" system I have heard, and as it produced in this instance a most unexpected result, I give it in full:

"I am thirty-five years of age," said Antoinette Delmot, "and I have been employed as a chambermaid in various hotels since I was seventeen."

"What wages are you paid?"

"Fifteen francs a month and my board."

"Have you anyone to support, except yourself?"

"Yes, I have my mother and my blind sister."

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"Do you do this on a wage of fifteen francs a month?" asked the Procurer-General.

"Alas! Monsieur must know that I do not," answered the witness. "It is only through the aid of the tips that one manages to make both ends meet. One tries to be amiable and quick in attendance, and when one has served the guest well, one hopes for the tip. It seems to me that this is but natural. Monsieur claims that he paid the proprietor, and, consequently, must not reward the poor domestic, who none the less smiles when she is unhappy, and comes quickly when she is tired. And, Heavens! monsieur does not consider that one must buy one's clothes, and that when one serves the smart set in a great hotel one cannot dress in the garb of a peasant. Monsieur thinks he has paid all when he pays the proprietor. Faith! it is not for the proprietor that one smiles. One *works* for the proprietor; one *smiles* for the visitor who appreciates his hot water and his clean towels, and who at the "departure" says in a cheery voice, 'Here you are! my good Antoinette,' and slips a franc or more into one's hand; or, if he be not so rich, and gives but a few coppers and a kind word, one is pleased and says, 'He is a kind-hearted man.'"

TWO GENDARMES, WITH SABRES AND COCKED HATS, CAME PANTING UPON THE SCENE.

"And the accused gave nothing?" quickly interpolated the Procurer-General.

"No, monsieur even left calling us all thieves—we who are as honest as he."

"But were you amiable to monsieur? Did you serve him graciously and promptly?" asked the attorney for the prisoner.

"Good heavens!" answered Antoinette Delmot, with a slight shrug, "who shall say? It was told to us that monsieur looked with contempt upon the domestics, and scorned to give them the slightest recognition. Monsieur will not deny that he found clean sheets upon his bed, and cold water and clean towels—once a day—in his room. This is the work which the proprietor pays one to do. Shall I say I came with alacrity when monsieur rang his bell? No! haste was the extra service which I knew monsieur would not appreciate. Shall I say that I smiled sweetly upon monsieur when he ordered me to bring hot water? Alas! monsieur had such a melancholy air that one also felt sad merely at seeing him! No—I did not smile. I did not rush with the hot water. I did not look for dust on monsieur's clothes. I did not scold Jean, the porter, because he failed to polish monsieur's boots. That, you see, is the delicate attention, which only the tip inspires. Monsieur gives no tips. Well, Antoinette does not hurry herself to attend to him. What can you expect? Monsieur may be right in the principle. He pays the hotel proprietor for everything, including attendance. But Heavens! monsieur forgets that one is human. One does just so much work for the proprietor. When one adds the frills, one turns to the guest for the reward. Oh, yes. I admit that one expects the tip. If one were paid a hundred francs a month instead of fifteen, one would still expect it, you know. But this gentleman does not give it. So much the worse for us."

"And yet, knowing this to be the case, you none the less joined with your colleagues in demanding it?"

"No, Monsieur le President; one demanded nothing. One merely assembled at the departure. This is the custom of the country. One cannot change it. I do not wish to be impertinent; but if monsieur cannot do as others do when he comes to Switzerland, why does he not stay at home? When one is in Rome, one does as the Romans do; is it not so?"

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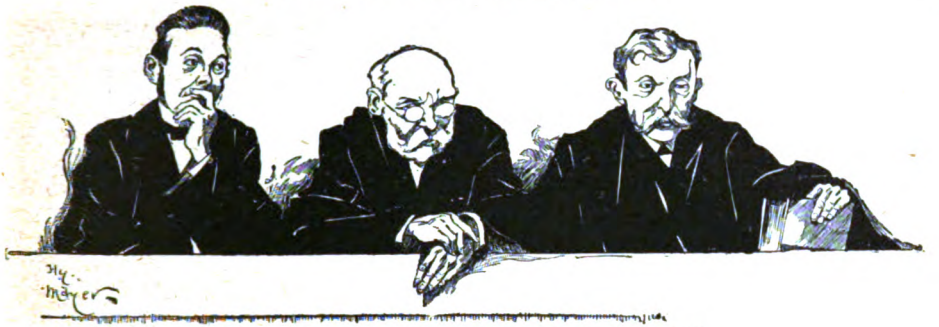

THE THREE JUDGES APPEARED UPON THE BENCH.

"I think I have heard that proverb before; the witness is inclined to be over-talkative," drily observed the attorney for the accused.

"It is none the less true," remarked Antoinette Delmot, sagely, as she withdrew from the witness box.

The hall-porter, upon being examined as a witness, reluctantly admitted that the words "*fédéral*" and "*communal*" belonged to a code, and that they indicated that the owner of the baggage was not a generous person in his treatment of hotel servants; but he denied the existence of a conspiracy to bully and bleed the accused.

The proprietor of the hotel testified that he paid his servants all he could afford to pay them. As to the tip system, he declared that the hotel proprietors of Switzerland had frequently discussed the advisability of trying to do away with it, but they had never reached the conclusion that it would be possible to do so. He cited the fact that the proprietors of several of the most important hotels in Switzerland, notably a famous one at Lucerne, and another at the Falls of the Rhine, had posted notices in the bedrooms of their hotels stating that their servants were generously paid, and that the giving of gratuities was forbidden; but that the guests had none the less continued to give them, and the servants to expect them.

THE PROPRIETOR TESTIFIED THAT HE PAID HIS SERVANTS ALL HE COULD AFFORD TO PAY THEM.

"But," interrupted the attorney for the accused, "do you consider it right to let your servants form themselves into an organised band, and boldly demand booty from the departing guest?"

"Heavens!" answered the proprietor. "Nowadays one's servants do not always ask one's consent. It is the custom to give gratuities, and it is the custom to expect them. If I go to my neighbour's hotel I must smile upon his servants and give them money. I would not dare to do otherwise; that is all."

Brilliant arguments were made by the Procurer-General, and by the attorney for my friend.

The Procurer-General held that the accused was a stranger who had come into a foreign country and had been kindly received. After eulogising on this point, he closed by saying that this indiscreet foreigner must remember that this is Switzerland, where all men are free and equal; he had come here with his wealth and his arrogance, and had felt himself licensed to insult and injure these poor, hard-working, but none the less self-respecting, servants, and he must be punished. The Court must make an example of him, and teach him not only discretion and generosity, but good manners.

My friend's attorney made a strong and vigorous appeal in defence of his action, beginning by pointing to the proud and haughty head-waiter. "My brother, the Procurer-General," said he, "has just referred to this person as a 'poor, downtrodden, humiliated hotel servant.' What a comedy! Does he not fairly reek with contentment and prosperity? Observe that luxurious double chin; note the prosperous waist. If my client could speak our language, he would tell you how this autocrat caused

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him to be served with impossible beef and gum-elastic fowls, and how he was otherwise imposed upon and discriminated against." He took the ground that the Englishman had been the victim of a conspiracy; and skilfully playing on the fact that the accused was from a country whose travelling citizens brought much wealth to Switzerland, called for an acquittal.

The President of the Tribunal, after a consultation with his two associates, announced the decision of the Court as follows:

"We find that the prisoner acted with great indiscretion in his denunciation of the prosecuting witnesses, but we also find that he had great provocation. If he did not wish to give gratuities to hotel servants it was his right not to do so. On the other hand, it was the right of the servants to expect these gratuities since it is the custom of the country to give them; but before they may rightfully ask them they must give prompt and willing attendance, which it appears in this instance they did not do. They had no right to assemble themselves together upon the departure of the prisoner, to claim unearned gratuities; nor had the prisoner any right to address them in such harsh and libellous terms as he did. The marking of his baggage with the secret symbols of a private society was an outrageous and illegal act. We feel, therefore, great sympathy for the accused, and we have unanimously decided to acquit him. In doing so, however, we cannot refrain from advising him to take to heart the evidence of Antoinette Delmot, the chambermaid; when he finds himself in a foreign country, let him follow the custom of the country. We all expect our tips in this world in one way or another; we rebel against exactions, but the gratuity bestowed with a friendly smile does much to oil the hinges in every walk of life. The accused is acquitted."

Thus ended the great gratuity case, which has become classical in Swiss hotel circles. Did I say ended? Stay, not yet. Before the judges had left the bench, my old friend, who was much touched by the decision, directed me to say a few words, which the Court gave me permission to do.

This is what I said:

"The accused begs you, Monsieur le President and your honourable colleagues, to accept his thanks for the kindness, wisdom, and justice of your decision. He wishes to admit that he spoke too strongly in applying such terms as 'thieves' and 'knaves' to the servants of the Hôtel du Beau-Jardin, and he hereby publicly retracts those particular epithets. But above all else he would like you to know that he stands before you a convert. He sees that he has been not only unwise, but unreasonable, in trying to enforce his ideas upon the people of another country. He wishes you to know that he yields to the custom of the Continent, and will hereafter bestow the usual gratuities judiciously, and he hopes generously, and he begins by asking Antoinette Delmot to accept this Swiss banknote of fifty francs as a reward for the lesson she has taught him to-day."

The applause that burst out from every corner of that little Swiss courtroom is still ringing in my ears, and I am sure the President of the Court was not sincere in his effort to suppress it.

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A SEA OF BEAUTIFUL AND FRAGRANT BLOOMS.

THE FLOWER-HARVEST IN A GARDEN COLONY.

By Oswald Norton.

F the Bermudas can boast of nothing else, they may well be proud of their lily ms.

Nowhere in the world can that beautiful wer, the lily, be seen in such radiant glory in Bermuda. True, some beautiful fields arum lilies may be seen every year in ance and the Scilly Isles, but in size and auty they bear no comparison with the mous lily farms to be found in the far-off opics. In some parts of Japan the lily cultured on a large scale, while in Southern alifornia large fields of calla lilies may be en every spring. But it is only in Bermuda at this unique industry is recognised and development extensively encouraged.

As everybody knows, the Bermudas, or mers Islands, are a cluster of about one ndred small islands (fifteen or sixteen of hich are inhabited, the rest being mere cks) situated in the west of the Atlantic cean. The islands derive their name from ermudez, a Spaniard, who sighted them in 527. They were first colonised by Admiral Sir George Somers, who was shipwrecked there in 1609 on his way to Virginia. The islands boast of a strongly-fortified dockyard, where the British North American squadron refits.

Hamilton, the capital of the islands, is about 700 miles from New York, and 580 from the nearest point of the mainland, Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina. On account of the beautiful climate, the islands have become a favourite winter resort for visitors from the neighbouring States of America and the Dominion of Canada. Our American cousins invariably refer to the islands as "the land of the lily and the rose."

It cannot be said, however, that the rose is extensively grown in the islands. The flower which farmers endeavour to cultivate is the lily. Many of the growers ship thousands of bulbs and blooms every year, chiefly to New York. One of our photographs illustrates a field of lilies in bloom, belonging to Mr. Outerbridge. This gentleman is one of the chief lily growers on the

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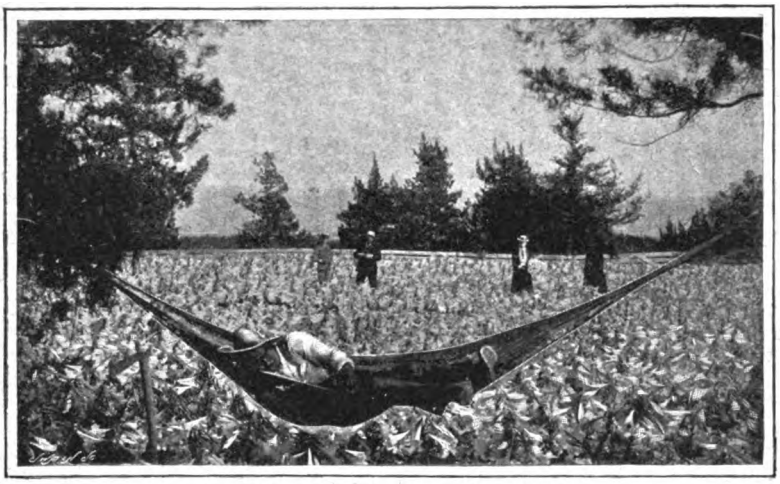

HE TOILS NOT, NEITHER DOES HE SPIN.

In our illustratio
on page 183 on
may also notic
the Atlanti
Ocean beyond.

All the larg
flower and fru
growers emplo
black labour
They earn goo
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a cottage, a patc
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rule, a goodl
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loyal citizens, an

islands. Every spring his fields present a magnificent spectacle, the like of which is seen nowhere else. Our illustration depicts part of a field of thirty acres of pure white lilies. This is not, however, the largest. On one of the islands there is a field of forty acres. Visitors make a point of inspecting this farm.

Curiously enough, the whole farm of forty acres comes into sudden view on rounding a sharp corner in the road. In early April the field is one mass of beautiful Easter lilies all in bloom, stretching away to a distant wooded hillside, whose dark background sets forth in sharp relief the thousands and thousands of tall white graceful flowers that bend their pretty heads and sway gently to and fro in the soft fragrant breezes. Just beyond the farm there is a field of banana plants more curious than beautiful, with great bunches of green fruit nearly hidden by the large coarse leaves.

Many of our photographs were taken at Mr. Outerbridge's farm, which is appropriately termed Sunny Lands. A unique illustration is that shewing a group of four white children in a hammock, with their two coloured companions at each corner. Mr. Outerbridge may be detected standing amongst his lilies in the photograph which is graced by a sleeping black in a hammock.

are gradually increasing the general welfa
of the islands by purchasing and cultivati
small plots of land, and by raising small crop
of flowers for the market they are able t
augment their income. The bulbs are plante
in the autumn, and in the following Marc

A TYPICAL CORNER OF A BERMUDA LILY FARM.

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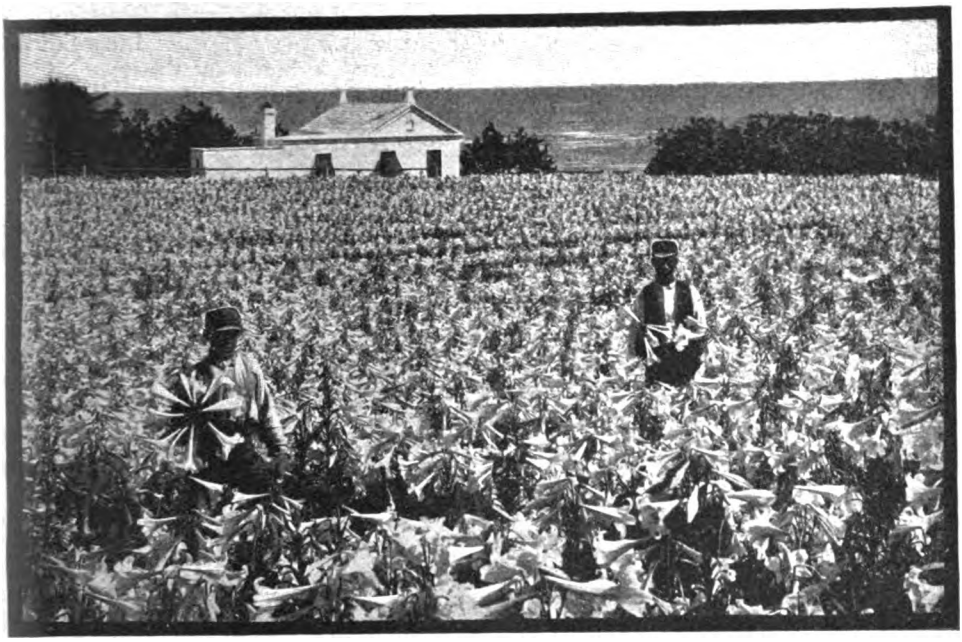
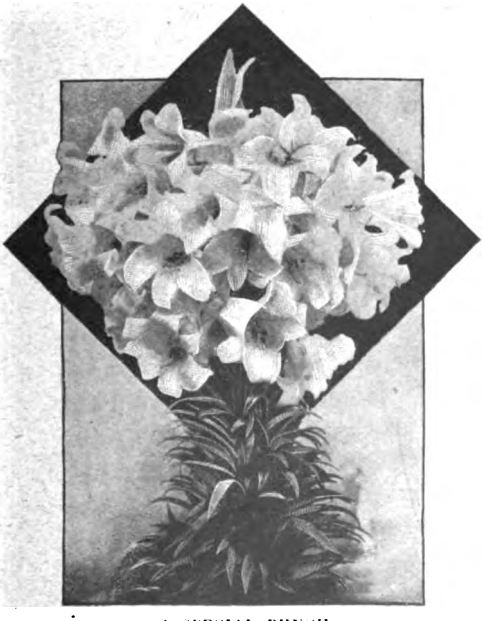


A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

are a mass of lovely white blooms. These are carefully picked and packed in neat little white boxes ready for shipment to New York and also to Canada.

There is an art in packing lilies, and if one looks carefully into our photograph shewing the lilies being packed at the farm, they will notice that the boxes are divided into a number of separate little compartments, like egg boxes, to prevent the flowers being crushed; indeed, the buds are so carefully packed that they blossom and remain fresh for a fortnight after their arrival in America.

Thousands and thousands of these boxes are shipped every spring to the American markets. The lilies which decorate the altars of the fashionable churches of New York come from Bermuda. They are to be obtained from all the large florists there. One would imagine that the flowers would be too expensive to compete in the New York market after paying freight from Hamilton, 700 miles distant. But the Bermuda lily growers cultivate the flower so cheaply, and in such large quantities, that they are able to export them to the American markets at a very low figure. It is estimated that the output of lilies from the Bermudas benefits the islanders to the tune of nearly £20,000 a year.



A SPECIAL BUNCH.

As is the case with flowers that have been long in cultivation, some rare and valuable species are often obtained. One of our photographs shews a unique specimen of a lily which can boast of 145 perfect flowers on one stalk. This interesting plant, which bears a most striking resemblance to a shrub, is without doubt the

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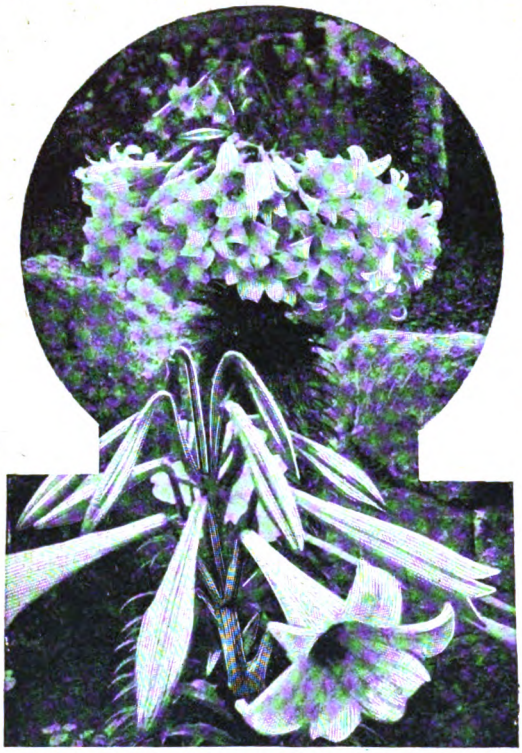

145 PERFECT FLOWERS ON ONE STALK—THE MOST VALUABLE SPECIES OF LILY IN THE WORLD.

most perfect large lily ever raised in Bermuda. It has caused considerable comment in horticultural circles.

But the growing and exporting of lilies is not the chief industry of the people of Bermuda. As a matter of fact, onions are the principal product. Next come potatoes, and thirdly the lily. Naturally, onions and potatoes have no particular attraction for visitors, except on the hotel menus; but the beautiful lily farms never fail to excite admiration. Many eminent persons who have visited the islands have spent hours amongst the lilies, admiring their beauty and drinking in their sweet fragrance. The Prince of Wales once stayed a week in the isles, and spent a great deal of that time in inspecting the large lily farms. Princess Victoria Louise also visited the islands, and one of the hotels in Hamilton has been named after her. Thomas Moore, Marvell and Shakespeare have celebrated the glories of the Bermudas in song, and praised the beauties of its climate.

In addition to onions and potatoes, many other vegetables are grown for export. About £80,000 worth of vegetables of various kinds are shipped every year to America. This remarkable agricultural fertility is due to the eternal sunshine of the Southern Atlantic, which brings the flowers and vegetables to such rapid perfection.

The islands are in regular communication, by a line of steamers, with New York and the West Indies, and during the winter months Hamilton presents an interesting spectacle on account of the great influx of visitors. It is a pretty little city, composed of white houses, built on a slope running down to the water's edge. The majority of the houses, which are to a great extent built in the bungalow style, incidental to tropical climates, are almost hidden by cedars, palms, Pride of India, and a variety of brilliant ferns.

PACKING LILIES FOR THE EASTER DEMAND.

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BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

RESULT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE *VERSUS* THE UNITED STATES CONTEST.

READERS of this Magazine will recollect that some time since we accepted on behalf of British children a challenge from the *New York Journal* and other important newspapers of the United States. It was claimed that American children were more beautiful than children of British and Colonial birth.

To support us, thousands of portraits were forwarded to the offices of the LONDON MAGAZINE by patriotic British parents. The judges have at length made their selections, but so difficult has it been to discriminate between the charms of the little competitors that they have found it practically impossible to narrow down their choice to five representative British babies. They have therefore made twenty awards of £5 each instead of five of £20, and it is thought that this will be more satisfactory than the original arrangement.

A cheque for £5 has been dispatched to each of the little competitors appearing in these pages, including the little lady who graces the cover this month. The portraits herewith of course by no means exhaust the stock of beauty with which our readers have supplied us, and in forthcoming issues of the LONDON MAGAZINE we hope to print other pictures in support of the British claim to pre-eminence, and make further awards as mementoes of the contest. In this issue there also appear two pages of small cousins who entered the contest on the American side. Our American friends have not yet made their final selections.

MASTER G. L. HARRIS,
40, Penn Road, Wolverhampton.

MISS I. N. GOBEL
Rayne, Watford.

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MASTER V. LAWRENCE,
8, Hillersden Avenue, Barnes.

MASTER W. BOOTH,
26, St. John's Wood Road, London, N.W.

MISS. M. A. THOMAS.
Address missing.

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MISS M. A. SWARBRICK.
Please forward address.

MISS G. M. SANDERSON.
Brantford, Ontario, Canada.

MASTER E. B. QUIBELL.
The Croft, Newarkson-Trent

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MASTER N. GARVEY,
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MISS K. THOMSON,
18, Merchiston Park, Edinburgh.

MASTER R. MENDELSSOHN,
14, Pembridge Crescent, Notting Hill Gate, London, W.

MISS V. PHILIPS,
Riverhouse, Hampton Court.

MISS M. F. ELLERY,
2, Norfolk Villas, Lyncombe Vale, Bath.

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MISS M. E. COXFORD,
Glenton Road, Lee, Kent.

MISS G. HORWOOD-WATKINS,
Hill Brow, Kenilworth, S. Africa.

MASTER E. S. GROOT,
12, Victoria Road, Brighton.

MASTER G. R. SCUTT,
Padworth, Reading.

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OUR "GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PICTURES" WILL BE RESUMED IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

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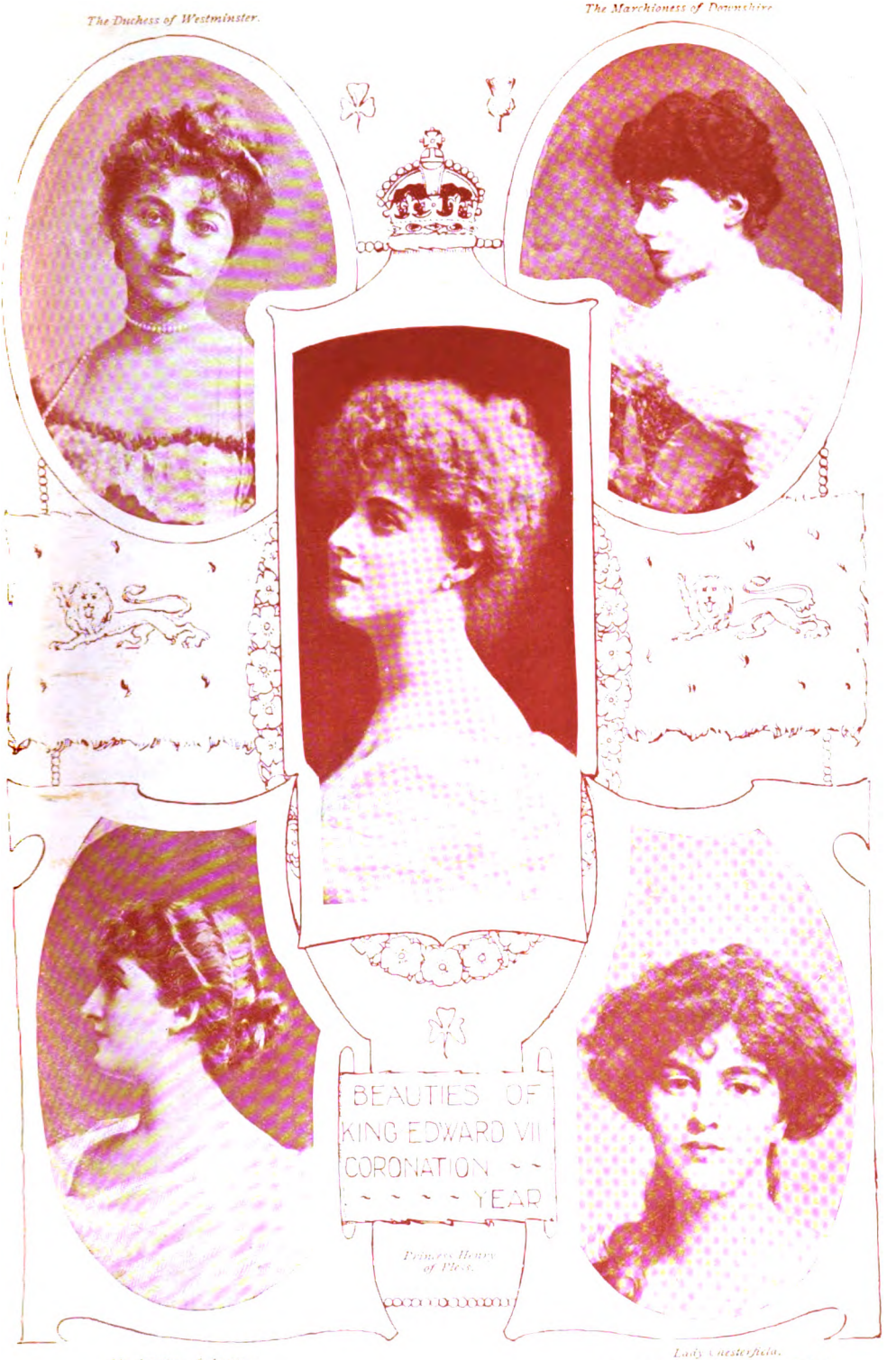

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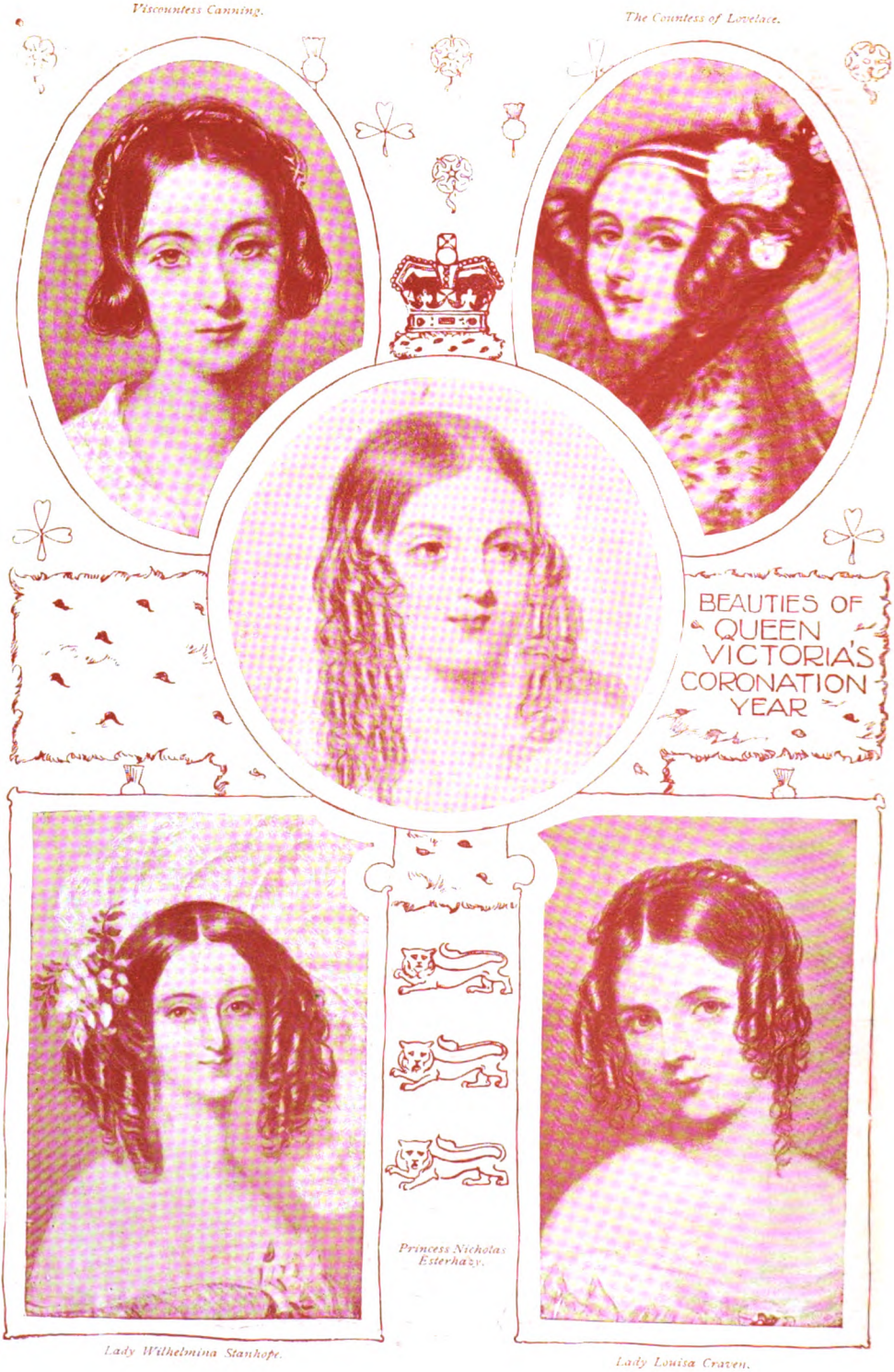

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HAS THE STANDARD OF LOVELINESS CHANGED?

THE modern woman may have her faults, but she is a magnificent production of nature. And she is a progressive one at that. For there can be no two opinions that the physical culture and mental development of the woman of 1901 is far in advance of the somewhat paltry and puny characteristics of the home-staying lady of the fifties and sixties.

Beauty has ruled the world from its creation onwards; but, though eternal, it is in no sense unchangeable, and it is amusing to note a gradual evolution in the approved type of feminine perfection. Fashions in beauty alter as surely, if more slowly, than do the ever-varying modes in cloaks, hats, sleeves, and skirts. Old volumes of *Punch*—that venerable resource for a wet day in a country house—prove silent, but eloquent witnesses, to the visible alteration in forms, faces, outlines, and attitudes that have taken place in the last four or five decades. Let us hark back to the fifties. The portraits of the period form a reliable record of the ideal type as cherished by our early Victorian ancestors; and even the fearsome photograph of that benighted epoch has left its terrible traces behind it.

LADY CLEMENTINA VILLIERS, THE BEAUTY WHO IS SAID TO HAVE REFUSED ONE PRINCE AND TWO DUKES.

Rosy cheeks and rippling ringlets, sloping shoulders and sweet simplicity—these were the cherished attributes that carried all before them. Even the fairest faces and forms were modelled on the lines of this somewhat insipid pattern of perfection. Features were small, regular, and extremely delicate, the

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THE COUNTESS OF BELFAST, A FAMOUS BEAUTY OF THE THIRTIES.

forehead high, but narrow, the lips thin, with a firm, perpetual smile, neck thin and long, and shoulders that slanted evenly down to a pair of attenuated arms. Figure thin, flat, and long-waisted; the hands white and tapering, but weak and characterless; and the hair soft and fine, but often scanty, and with a parting that spoke for itself.

Beauty — triumphant beauty — existed in the middle period of the past century, but the foregoing is a sketch of the accepted every-day sample of a fair woman in the forties and fifties.

In 1860 crinolines loomed large in the land. Women wore short skirts, with huge, inflated hoops; their outline was that of a wine-glass turned upside down, and a sort of spoon-shaped bonnet crowned the ungainly structure. But "Her Royal Highness Woman" was beginning to see daylight. She became much less sedentary and domestic, and more clever and enterprising. As a consequence, she began to cultivate her beauty, and to make her position as a definite social power. The time-honoured type of Thackeray's "Amelia" was at last played out. At this period the Empress Eugénie arrived at the zenith of her beauty and brilliancy, and held pride of place as the most radiant royal lady in Europe. She was responsible for the crinoline, which was so scathingly ridiculed by the caricaturists of that day.

This lady also introduced a new style of hair-dressing—the hair turned completely back from the face, without any parting—which was in those days a deadly and daring innovation. Altogether, beauty began to boom in the sixties.

1870 brings us to the much-quoted days of our mothers' girlhood. The late-lamented Mrs. Lynn Linton had launched the celebrated "Girl of the Period," and somewhere about that epoch the Englishwoman,

LADY TERESA LISTER, A BEAUTY OF THE FORTIES.

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as we know her to-day, was re-incarnated. She grew clever, healthy, and handsome, and refused to continue to be the mere chattel of a tyrant man. In fact, she became "fast." By the way, it is amusing to note how conveniently adjectives change with the times, evolving themselves out of the modes and manners of the moment. In 1850 we were "sweet"; in 1860, "pretty"; in 1870, "fast"; in 1880, "up-to-date"; in 1890, "smart"; and in 1902, we are "all there" and "twen-cent" and goodness knows what besides! But there must be no more "digressin'."

The beauty of 1870 was more aggressive and alluring than that of the fifties and sixties. Nature began to be supplemented by art, *chignons* were constructed, "fringes" were invented, and a machine termed a "dress-improver" appeared to tilt the wearer forward on her toes.

Altogether the style of get-up was more fussy and frivolous, and women in society no longer despised the services of powder, paint, and hair "restorers." Photography was making rapid strides, the dread daguerrotype had disappeared, cabinet pictures were introduced, and in the later seventies photographs of pretty women seemed suddenly to appear in shop windows.

Events began to move quickly, and women were felt to be a power in the land. About '77 or '78 commenced the reign of the professional beauty, or "P.B.," as she was commonly called, and Society journalism became a factor in our social life. Dress had gained—or regained—its importance. It now began to cost fabulous sums, and the gowns and their wearers were duly chronicled by the Press. The artistic instinct made itself felt; a costume was contrived to suit the individual style of the wearer; hair-dressing became a science, and a graceful pose was arranged for pictures and photographs. Mrs. Langtry was the first—and possibly the fairest—of these so-called professional beauties, and the craze of the moment seems to have been phenomenal.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET—"THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY."

The present writer, in turning over some old copies of the *World*, discovered some verses, in which the "Jersey Lily," as she was then styled, is apostrophised as "The New Helen." In a pretty photograph of the same period, Mrs. Langtry is presented as leaning over a bowl of gold fish, and dipping her hands in the water. This photograph sold by the million, as did also a picture of Mrs. Cornwallis West, a rival "P.B.," dressed in sealskin, and sitting in a snowstorm. The

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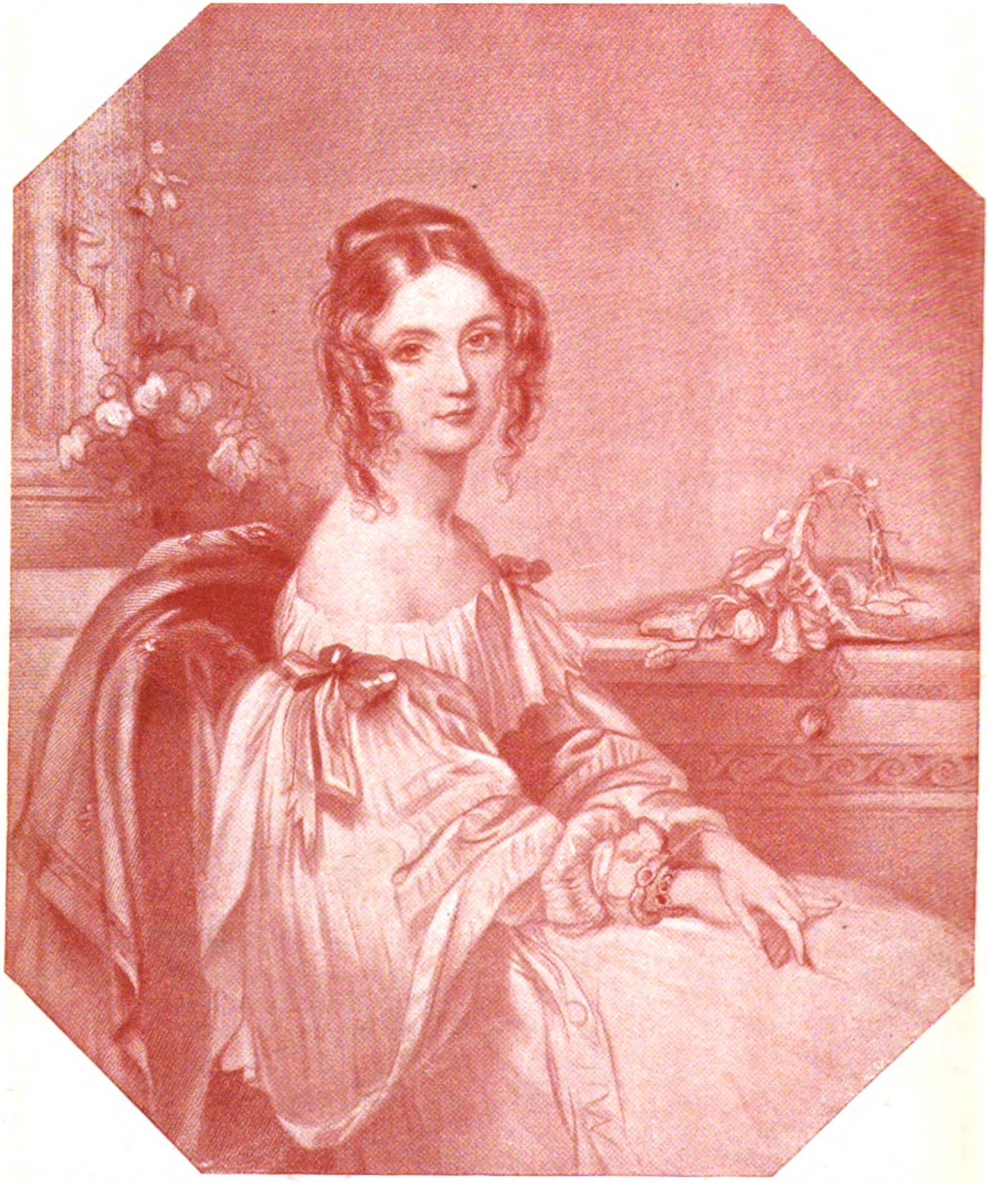
popular style of beauty, from about 1877 to 1887, was of the full, rich and broad-shouldered variety. Sloping shoulders were gone, (are they now about to return?) the hair was worn full and fluffy, and coiled in the nape of the neck, and the neck itself was round, plump, and white. Women had learned to like outdoor exercise, and a well-proportioned, well-developed figure had at last gained its meed of admiration.

During the eighties, the esthetic craze was at its height, and Whistler and Burne-Jones were its prophets. It failed to annex many votaries among the upper classes; but of these, a certain number worshipped at the shrine of the "greenery-yallery," tall, sad-eyed young woman, clad in depressed draperies, and a hat that was all brim and feathers. The Society of Souls, now defunct, was an aftermath of the High Art fantasy.



LADY FRANCES COWPER: ONE OF THE EIGHT TRAIN-BEARERS AT THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

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"The Souls" flourished in the nineties, and were a happy—or unhappy—combination of culture and smart society. This select coterie had its own ideas of beauty, and certainly its own ideas on dress, and more than one pretty and highly-placed woman was an ardent disciple of this shadowy school of ethics. And by their costumes and general appearance did we know them. Theirs was the transparent, ethereal, pretty and pathetic type of beauty, with tousled hair, uncovered throat, and many picturesque adornings of old lace, quaint beads, and Oriental materials.

For thirty years or more, our beautiful Queen Alexandra has set a fashion in beauty, which has been loyally followed by the younger members of the Royal Family, and also by many women in the upper ranks of society.

Pretty features, perfect neatness, Parisian *chic* kept at a respectful distance, and a high, narrow, evenly-curled *coiffure* — this is the style of courtly circles, and which represents the English gentlewoman of high degree, and of still higher domestic virtues. But it cannot be said to show the face and form of our matchless national beauty at its brightest or best.

It may be interesting to note the procession of lovely women that have made a stately progress through the latter half of the dead and gone nineteenth century.

We will start with the thirties. The Duchess of Somerset, wife of the twelfth duke, was a goddess among women. She was the grand-daughter of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. As Lady Seymour (before her husband succeeded to the dukedom) she acted as "Queen of Beauty" at the ever-memorable tournament, held at Eglinton Castle, in 1839, by the Lord Eglinton of that day.

The thirties and early forties saw the wondrous beauty of the Foresters. The five daughters of the first Lord Forester were the reigning belles — or "toasts," should we say? — of these prehistoric days. Among them were a Lady Chesterfield, a predecessor of the present lovely lady, a Lady Londesborough, and a Lady Bradford, each and all of whom were marvels of beauty in their day and generation. The last-mentioned, by the way, died as recently as 1894, and to the last retained much evidence of her many perfections.

LADY LOUISA MONCREIFFE: THE LEADING BEAUTY OF THE SIXTIES.

Another famous beauty of the forties was Lady Clementina Villiers (a relative of the present Lord Jersey). This lovely lady never married, but made so great a havoc in hearts, that she is said to have refused Prince Esterhazy and the Dukes of Manchester and Marlborough of that day.

The fifties were prolific in pretty women. Constance, Duchess of Westminster, wife of the late duke, *née* Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, was exquisite as a girl and superb as a matron. By the way, it is a

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coincidence that the recently-married duchess, is a second Constance, Duchess of Westminster, the name of Shelagh, by which she was always known, being only a *nom de fantaisie*. The present Duchess of Devonshire, then Duchess of Manchester and in the bloom and brilliancy of her youth, was a woman of transcendent beauty; indeed, even now—fifty years later—she retains much of her early charm. Lady Mary Craven, who before her marriage was Lady Mary Yorke, daughter of the fourth Lord Hardwicke, added one more name to the roll of mid-century loveliness. She is dead, but her husband is still a noted clubman.

CHARLOTTE, VISCOUNTESS OF ST. ASAPH.

Early in the sixties Lady Poltimore was one of the handsomest women in society. She was a Sheridan, and the Sheridan beauty seems to shine through the ages. The before-mentioned Duchess of Somerset, and the celebrated Mrs. Norton, both belonged to this famous family: thirty years later, Lady Poltimore was its representative, and the tradition is now worthily upheld by the beautiful Mrs. Hall Walker. And Lady Poltimore's loveliness is still loth to leave her. The Moncreiffes are another family with whom beauty is a birthright. In the later sixties, there were eight sisters, daughters of the late Sir Thomas and Lady Louisa Moncreiffe, all pretty, and several of exceptional loveliness. Among them are the Duchess of Atholl, the ill-fated Lady Mordaunt, and Georgina, Lady Dudley. This lady ranks as one of the divinities of the age, and now in the twentieth century, thirty-five years after her marriage, she still is quoted as one of the "beauties" of the period. A contemporary of Lady Poltimore and the Moncreiffe sisters was a lady who now is Laura Lady Wilton—the wife of Sir Frederick Johnstone. She was the Mrs. "Sim" Egerton of those far-away years, and a noted fashionable beauty. The early seventies witnessed the appearance in London of the beautiful Grahams of Netherby, daughters of Sir Frederick Graham, third baronet. They came, saw and conquered, and were in due course married to the Duke of Montrose, Lord Verulam and Lord Houghton, the latter being the Lord Crewe of to-day. The late seventies brought the beauty craze previously mentioned, and saw the apotheosis of Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, and the equally lovely, but now dead and forgotten, Mrs. Luke Wheeler. At this time there flashed on the world the glorious beauty of Lady Gladys Herbert, afterwards Lady Lonsdale, and now Lady de Grey. But she, like Georgina, Lady Dudley, has solved the secret of perennial youth, and her beauty remains untouched by the hand of time.

The foregoing retrospect brings us down to the present date, and never was beauty more perfectly represented than it is to-day. It must be admitted that an advanced civilisation and the resources of art, are in some measure responsible for this apparent advance in our national loveliness.—ELLA.

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By Katherine Tynan. *Illustrated by R. Skelton.*

OLD Matthew sat under the fig tree in his little garden one morning feeling the spring sun warm in his old body. Beyond lay the barren heath covered with hundreds of ancient oak trees, as twisted and contorted as Matthew himself. The oak trees were bursting to bronze leafage, while the copper of last year's leaves yet rustled on them. Only Matthew's garden was green, the first fairy-like green of Spring that is so lovely and so fleeting.

Matthew was thinking, his hands clasped upon the stick his rheumatism made necessary for him that he might hobble about. He was cogitating deeply; and presently, as a result of his thinking, he stood up and crept within the clean, bright kitchen of the little house, where Mrs. Susan, who had been Madam Throgmorton's maid till she married Matthew, was going to and fro about her household duties with big tears racing each other down her nose, and dropping on to whatever she was handling at the moment.

There was not a sound in the kitchen beyond the tick of the wag-by-the-wall clock, the purr of the cat on the hearth, and the cheery singing of the kettle.

"Why bless thee, Susan woman, don't be a-crying," said Matthew. "Things are not so bad yet that there's no healing of them."

Mrs. Susan glanced at him, half in pity, half in indignation.

"You're a poor old man, Matthew," she replied, "or you wouldn't be forgetting how pretty Miss Clemency is dying of a decline, and the last of the great London doctors has given up and gone home with a fifty-pound bank-note in his pocket."

"Aye, indeed," said Matthew. "Pretty Miss Clemency is main bad; and I looked to drive her to her wedding, and her daughter after her. 'Bless thy heart, Squire,' I said when the Squire put me out to grass, 'I've plenty of work in me yet, if my feet is crippled, and I'll drive Miss Clemency to her wedding yet,' said I, 'and her daughter after her. I'm not that old at seventy-six, Squire,' I says."

"Alas!" sighed Mrs. Susan, "'tis a carriage and four the pretty creature'll be driving in, and 'tis not wedding favours they'll be wearing. Oh dear, oh dear, to think of my lady and the poor Squire! Their one sweet, pretty girl! Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Cease lamenting, wife, and lend me a hand," called old Matthew from the depths of the clothes closet in the kitchen

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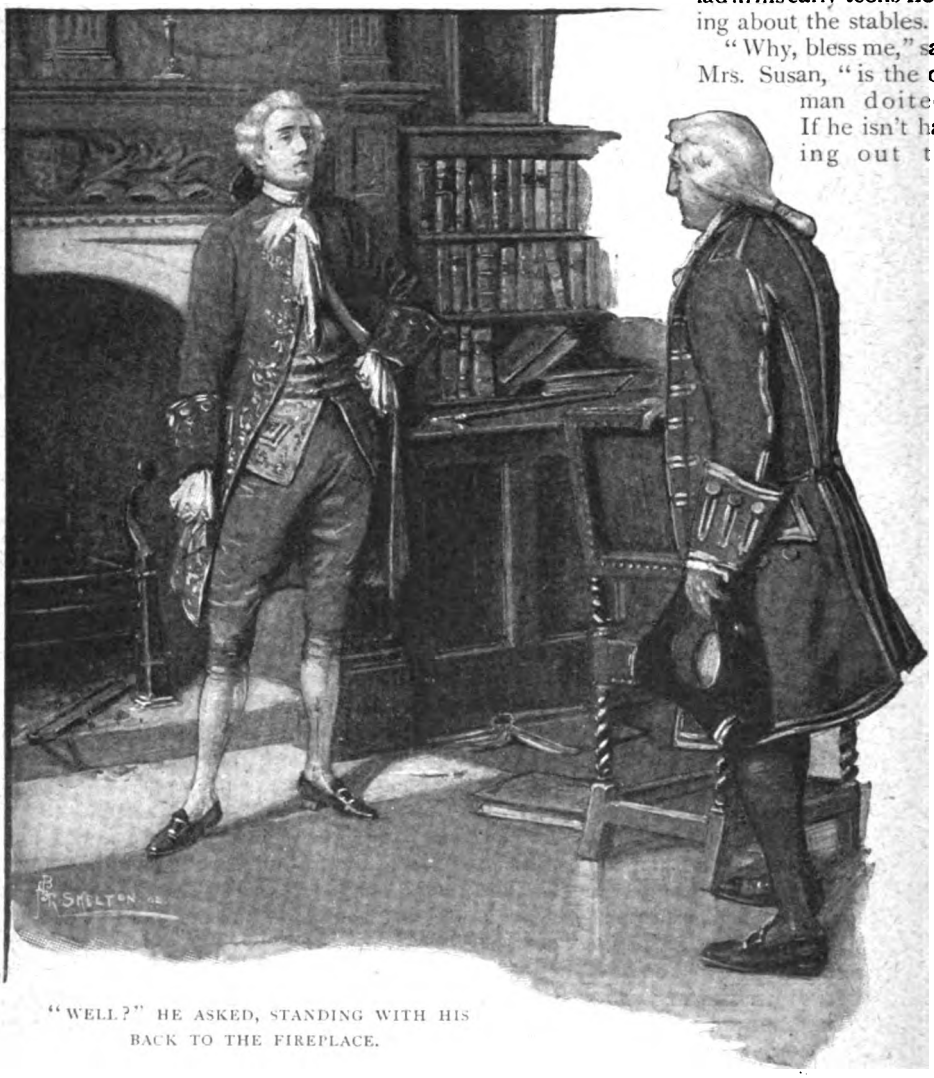
into which he had disappeared. "Lend me a hand on with my coat."

"And what may you be a-wanting with your coat, you foolish old man?" asked Mrs. Susan with a certain tender asperity. "'Tis no time for driving or visiting, and yourself should know it, Matthew Hale."



"WELL?" HE ASKED, STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO THE FIREPLACE.

"Help me on with my coat," said Matthew in a voice which hinted at that overflowing contempt for the brains of womankind, which he had often expressed to his wife's accustomed and indifferent ears.

He said no more, but having assumed his livery he opened the back door of the cottage which led to the stable yard, and hobbled out. He called for Michael, the young coachman who did most of the driving now-a-days; but all the same had a most unbounded reverence for the old coachman, who had taught him all he knew about horses, and who regarded Michael, for all his six feet, as though he were yet an awkward lad in his early teens helping about the stables.

"Why, bless me," said Mrs. Susan, "is the old man doited? If he isn't having out the barouche and pair, no less? Whatever will Squire say? The trouble about poor Miss Clemency must have driven Matthew mad."

However, there were Michael and the stable-helpers putting the greys into the barouche, for, despite Matthew's retirement, he was yet *de facto* king of the stable

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yard. Then they were helping him to the box. Well, perhaps Matthew knew best what he was about. Perhaps the Squire had given him orders Mrs. Susan knew nothing of.

Once on the coachman's seat, Matthew was yet a fine figure of a man. No one would have suspected that he was so crippled in the feet. Mrs. Susan watched him with a tender pride as he drove out of the stable yard in fine style. Ah well, there wasn't a coachman in the countryside had Matthew's style with the horses, and so everyone said. Old Mrs. Inglefield, who lived on the Green, had once said to Mrs. Susan that it was the King Matthew ought to be driving, which remark was met by Mrs. Susan saying stiffly that he wasn't too good for the Squire. But, to be sure, Mrs. Inglefield was a new-comer, and couldn't be expected to view the Throgmortons quite as the older inhabitants did.

Matthew had stiffly declined Michael's companionship as well as that of the smart footman who sat by his side when Madam and Miss Clemency used to go paying their calls. He had no misgiving himself about the errand he was upon, but he wanted to keep it a secret till the result of it was fully assured.

The stable-yard was far enough from the house to prevent the wheels of the barouche sounding in the pleasant, balconied room where Clemency Throgmorton lay gasping for breath, great purple rings under the enormous violet eyes, flames of scarlet in the pure cheeks, and little hands trembling and plucking at the fine lace handkerchief between them, the young breast rising and falling with that quick, hard panting which broke the parents' hearts to hear.

Madam Throgmorton knelt by the head of the couch, fanning the sick girl with a great fan, and devouring, with eyes that had the anguish of impotent mother love, the face which so soon the grave must hide from her.

Sir Simon stood looking down with his hands clasped behind his back, a grey-bearded, handsome man outwardly composed, but with eyes tragically miserable as he watched the struggle for breath of his one child.

"Is there nothing we can do for you, sweetheart?" he asked, bending his great height to ask the question.

"Alas, father," replied the girl, and the pleading that was never far from her eyes rushed into them and made them hungry. "Alas, father, there is but one thing."

"You should have it, Clemency, if I had to yield my life for it, but—child, he has forgotten thee."

"Simon!" cried Madam Throgmorton, starting up; but she need not have been afraid. The sick girl had turned away querulously, but there was nothing except impatient disbelief in her expression and her words, which presently came painfully and slowly.

"He has *not* forgotten me," she said. "Has he taken to evil courses? Well, if he has he was driven thereto. I love him none the less."

"Oh, Clemency, child of many prayers!" sobbed the mother; but Clemency went on unheeding.

"I could live if you would marry us," she said. "I began to die when we were parted. What is the good of saying 'Live, live!' and asking me what you will do for me when you will not do the only thing that will make me live? So I shall have to die."

Great drops of sweat came out on Sir Simon's brow.

"You are cruel, Clemency," he said in a low voice. "God knows I acted for the best when I parted you and him. He was poor, but I have forgiven that. Your mother and I have enough. But he was also wild and a wastrel—no keeper for our jewel. And since he has lost you he has returned to the old evil habits, and riots away his days and his rights. He has forgotten you, child. If I called him back he would not come."

"He repented when he saw me," said the girl, with a pathetic arrogance. "He would have turned to godly living if but you had not parted us. I was obedient, father, and what is my reward? That I must die while I am young and might be so happy. Let me die in peace, then. But it is not true that he has forgotten me."

She closed her eyes and would say no more. Poor, pretty, petted creature, she had no compassion for the hurt she inflicted on the tender hearts she was leaving.

Madam Throgmorton, fanning away for dear life, looked at her husband with an expression that was a prayer, but he was obstinate, and would not meet her eyes.

"Am I to go after the fellow," he muttered, "and drag him from his sty, and force my girl upon him? Besides, it is too late now. Nothing can save her. Yet, if he

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would but come to me; tell me he had turned from his sins! He was an orphan child, 'tis true, and the Harleys were always wild in youth as the Throgmortons were serious, yet made good men, some of them. Strange, strange, that the child of her mother and me should have made such a choice, when there were so many godly and well-living gentlemen to be chosen from!"

Meanwhile old Matthew arrived at Harley Dene and asked for Mr. Harley.

He had marked with quiet disapproval the grass-grown carriage-way as he approached the house, the paint blistering on the great double doors, the gaunt and staring windows with here and there a pane broken, the balustrading of the terrace before the house-door ruined in one place and lying over on the grass.

Worse, as he swept round the bend of the house in fine style, he caught sight of a table whereon candles were yet burning, although it was ten o'clock of a glorious May morning. Also a number of heads finely curled were bent above a table in that unnatural light, and never lifted at the noise of the carriage wheels.

Old Matthew shook his head and thought for the thousandth time upon the folly and obstinacy of women, from which even Miss Clemency, although a Throgmorton, was not exempt. Yet he never faltered in his purpose, as he climbed down from the box-seat slowly and painfully, and stood contemplating a minute the tablet above the house door.

Godfridus Harley me edificavit, A.D. 1560.

Matthew was not easily turned from any purpose he had formed.

The greybeard who opened the door found him someone to hold his horses. He recognised the Throgmorton carriage with a start, and something like a glimmer of hope came into his watering eye. That it brought none but the Throgmortons' Matthew with it was less good. But that he should be there sent with an errand, of course, was provocative of cheerful curiosity.

Matthew waited in a panelled room full of serious never-read books mouldering behind a brass trellis, the room where the Harleys' had transacted their country-gentlemen business for many generations.

Now the dust lay thickly on everything. The ink was dry in the pot. The quills were mere stumps, and the table covered with useless *débris*. The windows were closed, and flies buzzed in the pane. The bars of the grate were rusted. It was plain that Jarvis Harley did not trouble himself with his duties as landlord or Justice of the Peace.

While old Matthew looked about him shaking his head, the door was suddenly flung open, and Mr. Harley strode into the room. His face was flushed, his eyes glittered. The stain of wine was on his lavender silk waistcoat. One of his ruffles was torn. In his hand he held absently the cards which had just been dealt him.

"Well?" he asked, standing with his back to the fireplace, and looking at Matthew with that expectant gleam of the eye growing brighter—"Well?"

"Alas," said Matthew, "'tis ill it is, sir, for our pretty maid lies a-dying."

"Miss Throgmorton dying!"

The cards fell from Jarvis Harley's hand with a thin clatter on the boards. His voice was suddenly hoarse. His eyes dimmed as though a thin veil had been drawn over their brilliant blue.

"Miss Throgmorton dying!"

"Aye, dying, sir." Matthew had lived too long with the Throgmortons not to be ready to put in a word in season. "The pretty creature lies struggling for breath while you forget, sir, having the sinful diversion of the gaming table. She should have chosen a godly gentleman."

Jarvis Harley stared at him.

"'Tis true I have been playing cards all night, Matthew," he said, "but it is not true that I have forgotten Miss Clemency for one moment. I never forget her, man."

"I looked," went on Matthew drearily, "to have seen her married to a God-fearing husband. I would have driven her to church myself. Later there would have been little children in Throgmorton Chase. I never had any of my own, sir. I never missed them so long as Miss Clemency was little. Lord, she could wind me round her little finger. 'Do this, Matthew,' 'I want that, Mathew,' she would say, and I was ready to do all she wanted. An old fool, my wife Susan used to call me. Lord, there'll never be any children now in Throgmorton Chase, and the place will go to Mr. Nicholas Throgmorton that the squire hates as much as any godly gentleman may."

During this long speech Mr. Harley's face had passed through various fine gradations of torture.

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"You came to tell me Miss Clemency was so ill," he said dully, when Matthew paused. "That was kind, for I had not heard it; I had not heard it at all, I assure you."

"Excuse me, sir," replied Matthew, looking into his hat, "but you weren't likely to hear Balchick at the Parsonage? Never a word said I to Squire then or at any other time of your meetings, for I thought pretty Miss Clemency would have made a godly man of you, sir, having set her tender heart upon you, and she coaxed me to silence.

WHILE THE CEREMONY PROCEEDED SHE LAY LIKE ONE ALREADY DEAD.

it, seeing the company you keep. Wild gentlemen down from London, as though none was to be found in the countryside wild enough for you. Lord, if it hadn't been that she could wind me round her little finger would I have waited for her while you and she went gathering blue-bells in the wood, her lady-mother believing her safe with Mistress She could always coax me to do her will."

"Would they let me see her . . . . . now?" demanded Jarvis, with a sudden step towards old Matthew.

"Why, 'tis what I've come for," Matthew replied. "My wife Susan, being Madam's maid for so many years, the poor soul imparted to her that Miss Clemency

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entreats her father constantly that she may see you, which Sir Simon refuses with an aching heart because of your wild ways, that prove you to have forgotten her, and would not come mayhap if he summoned you."

"Forgotten her! How little a godly man like Sir Simon Throgmorton knows of the ways of the wicked!"

Jarvis Harley burst into a laugh which had no merriment in it. Then he suddenly stooped and picked up the cards that had fallen from his hand. Deliberately he tore each card in two and flung it into the fire-grate. Then he called for his old man-servant.

"Gregory," he said. "Let my guests know that I am summoned away, and may not return. Facilitate their departure in every way."

He made a motion with his hands as though he washed them. Then he spoke again to his old servant.

"Lay me out my dove-coloured suit," he said. "I am going visiting."

He went from the room then and after a short absence returned so fine that it might have been for his wedding. His hair was newly curled, and the fatigue of the night was gone from his face albeit it was too careworn for his years and the eyes ached with trouble. The dove-coloured suit with the white ruffles and facings was in the most elegant style the town afforded. A little air of essences came in with him as though he were a fine lady. As he took his hat and his clouded cane he made so gallant a figure, that Matthew began to understand why Miss Clemency had chosen him.

He entered the carriage and they drove off. As they turned the sweep of the carriage-way, Matthew noticed that the gamblers yet hung above the table, not missing their host apparently. As for him, his face was hidden in his hands.

Matthew drove in rare style the miles that lay between Harley Dene and Throgmorton Chase. He drew up before the hall-door as though he drove a wedding coach.

In the sick girl's room the Squire and Madam heard the carriage wheels and looked at each other. They had the same thought at the same time as will happen with people who are much together and are all in all to each other. A death among the Throgmortons was prefaced by the coming of a coach at midnight. It was twelve noon of a glorious spring day, and some neighbours called to ask for the sick girl. The quailing eyes, the blanching cheeks, were without reason.

"Go and see who it is, Simon," said Madam. "She sleeps, and must not be disturbed."

Sir Simon went down the great staircase quickly. The house doors had just been flung back to admit a visitor. A young gentleman in dove-grey tabinet stood bowing on the threshold.

The Squire had a few words with him in the library. Then he went upstairs to the sick room, carrying himself as though something of the burden of the months had been lifted from him.

Clemency was awake, and looking brighter than usual.

"What have you brought me?" she asked, like a child who is used to receiving pleasant things. "What have you brought me? I have been asleep and dreamed that you brought me something delightful, as you always did, father, when I was a little one, after ever so short an absence."

"The young man, Mr. Jarvis Harley, is below," said the Squire, almost in a whisper. "He asks to see you, Clemency."

The girl made an effort to rise, and the colour flowed into her cheeks.

"I knew he had not forgotten me," she said. "Dearest father, you have indeed brought your child something delightful. But I must have my hair done, and my flowered jacket on before he sees me. Bid Caroline come to me, mother."

She could hardly bear the slowness with which they obeyed her commands, going tenderly, because they feared fatigue for her wasted frame. When it was done at last she lay smiling on her pillows, her great eyes showing in her little face, and the fair curls prettily arranged, although they were dank from the sweat of her weakness. Amid the flowers of her pretty jacket she looked like a little silver dove in an arbour of roses. And when her lover came at last, as to a sacred place, she was too exhausted to speak, but could only lie, with half-closed eyes, smiling at him, her little hot hand held out to be hidden in his great one.

But her spirit yet survived. Although her funeral was thought of, 'twas her wedding she commanded, and would hear no arguments against it. And who that loved her could refuse her when she prayed to take the long, last journey under the warm shelter of her lover's name?

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Preparations were made in haste. The Squire had to do it all, since Miss Clemency would not spare Mr. Harley from her sofa. Madam Throgmorton grew to love the young man during those few days, for his tender care of the girl, and the spirit that kept back all outward manifestations of his own anguish.

At last everything was done, and the parson was brought to Miss Clemency's sofa to make her and Mr. Jarvis Harley one. She was at her weakest that day, as though, having secured the thing she so hugely desired, she was exhausted from the effort. It was as much as she could do to bear the putting of bridal garments upon her, but she had declared that she would not be cheated out of a wedding dress, and so the thick white silk with Madam's Honiton swathed her little body magnificently.

While the ceremony proceeded she lay like one already dead and made beautiful for the grave. She uttered her responses in a whisper so low that the parson could barely hear her.

The servants stood in a group in the corridor while the marriage was made. Mrs. Susan was weeping, as were Mrs. Tufnell, the housekeeper, and the young maids, who could do no better than follow the example of their elders, and remembered that Miss Clemency had always been sweet-spoken.

But Matthew somewhat sharply bid them to stop piping their eyes.

"For," said he, "it stands to reason that if young Madam Harley"—the parson had just closed his book—"was dying for the love of her lover, that now she has her will she will be fain to live."

And so it turned out. For although on her wedding night Clemency Harley went as near death's door as woman may, and yet be spared to pass it, it is on record that Matthew Hale drove her daughter to be married nineteen years later, he being then in his ninety-fifth year, and a sound man except for the rheumatism.

As for the Squire and Madam Throgmorton, could they do anything but love the man who had been the means of saving their daughter's life?—under God, said the devout couple. And after all he became a God-fearing man, and befriended the saintly Mr. Wesley who made that great revival of religion in England some twenty years later.

But if any spoke of his conversion he used to attribute it with a pleasant and reverent humour to "Matthew the Apostle," who lived to be over a hundred, and to dandle Miss Clemency's grandson while yet Madam Harley was in the full brilliance of her beauty.

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BY A NEW MEMBER.

Illustrated by "Rip."

BEFORE I was returned to Parliament I had often heard the House of Commons spoken of as the best club in Europe. I had not been in the House of Commons more than a day before I discovered that it was certainly the most exclusive institution in the world. Tory and Whig, Liberal and Radical, Socialist and Nationalist, Orangeman and Catholic, all the Members cherish the traditions of the Imperial Parliament as some sort of Masonic secret. Some of them have sat in the House of Commons now for almost two generations, but they are no more conservative than are the new Members chosen at the last General Election, in keeping the usages and quaint customs of Parliament exclusively within their own knowledge. The most extraordinary series of pitfalls and blunders await the new M.P. The old Members know this, but they never warn or caution the Parliamentary novitiate. They look smilingly on whilst they see you, in your blissful ignorance, blundering through some Parliamentary rule centuries old, and bringing the indignation of the whole House down upon your head. Instead of writing "A Guide to the New M.P.," they prefer to see you commit mistake after mistake—as, I suppose, they did. At any rate, they allow you to acquire a knowledge of the rules of Parliament by first of all breaking every one of them.

To the youthful enthusiast the House of Commons is rather disappointing in its first impressions. What struck me when I first stepped inside it was that it was remarkably small in size. Two friends of mine who were Members had promised to introduce me. There, "at the Bar," as it is called, we waited for fully half-an-hour before I was called on to take my seat. I availed myself of the opportunity in the interval to look round and study the faces of my new colleagues. With all the principal men on the Front Benches I was more or less familiar through the pages of the illustrated papers and magazines, and some of the better-known men, not on the Front Benches, I recognised also in the same way. They were all conversing together in fairly loud tones, although some private Member would rise now and then to address the Speaker, who looked very solemn and dignified in his wig and gown, and in his big, imposing chair. Suddenly one of the bewigged Clerks at the table beckoned to my friend on my right, who promptly nudged me. The three of us then stood to attention. Standing between my friends, I was in a position to watch what they were doing, and so keep myself from tumbling into pitfalls. My friends bowed low, and I followed their example. After that we started the walk up the floor of the House, which began to resound with the cheers of my Party. We had not gone more than five yards before my friends bowed again. Once more I followed their example. Another five yards, which was marked by another bow, brought us up to the table, where one of the Clerks in his wig and gown stood waiting to receive us. At this point my friends left me. Then began my blunders. Standing alone at the table, with the eyes of the whole House fixed upon me, I grew nervous and excited. While the Clerk read out the oath of allegiance which I was to take, I strove hard to keep cool and my wits alert. In my nervous excitement I dropped the shabby-looking Testament which the

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Clerk handed me to kiss. Before I could imprint my lips on the sacred pages, the volume slipped through my fingers and fell upon a brass-bound box with a crash. This incident was very stupid and awkward, but it might have ended there had I not observed an involuntary smile on the face of Mr. Balfour, who was just a yard or so away. At this, of course, my confusion deepened.

Then, preceded by the Clerk, I made my way along the right side of the table towards the Speaker's chair. What on earth I was to do I had not the remotest idea: I had a vague notion that I was to follow the Clerk, and that was all. We both had to walk rather gingerly—first, because there is very little space between the table and the front Ministerial Bench; secondly, because His Majesty's Ministers stretch out their legs in a manner which is most unbecoming and undignified. Halfway up the table the Clerk stopped and picked up a big book, in which Members of the House of Commons must sign their names on taking their seats. All this time I had carried a little slip of blue paper, in which the Sheriff of my county certified that I had been duly elected. "Have you the writ?" asked the Clerk in a low tone. Then I began to search my pockets, feeling that the eyes of the whole world were upon me. It was very embarrassing, and I sincerely hope none of my constituents were present in the Strangers' Gallery. At last I found the writ in my pocket-book. I handed the paper to the Clerk, who, having looked at it, gave me a quill and told me to sign my name. The book is a wide, broad volume, each page ruled out into so many columns. Unfortunately for me, I began to write my name in the wrong column. The Clerk stopped me so brusquely that I stepped back in surprise. In doing so I trod upon the toes of Mr. Chamberlain, who was sitting immediately behind me. Someone muttered "Clumsy ass," in a stage whisper, but I heard it. At last, having scribbled my name in the right column, the Clerk moved up, and introduced me to the Speaker, who shook hands very cordially. Then I passed round the Speaker's chair, and, again very gingerly, made my way through the outstretched legs of the ex-Ministers on the Front Opposition Bench on the other side of the table.

WE HAD NOT GONE FIVE YARDS BEFORE MY FRIENDS BOWED AGAIN.

Just below the gangway I caught sight of my friends, who were sitting together. I joined them, feeling heartily glad that the ceremony was over.

My troubles, however, had but just begun. The seat to which my friends had beckoned me was in a good part of the House, and commanded a clear view of the whole floor. I had not been sitting there many hours before an irascible old gentleman, who looked like a retired military officer, came up to me and told me curtly to "move up." Not relishing the tone in which he spoke, I looked at him in mingled resentment and surprise. Something in my manner gave him the clue to the situation, for he said, "Oh! you're the new Member for ——?" From him I learned that all the best seats in the House were always taken at the opening of the Session. New Members had to be content

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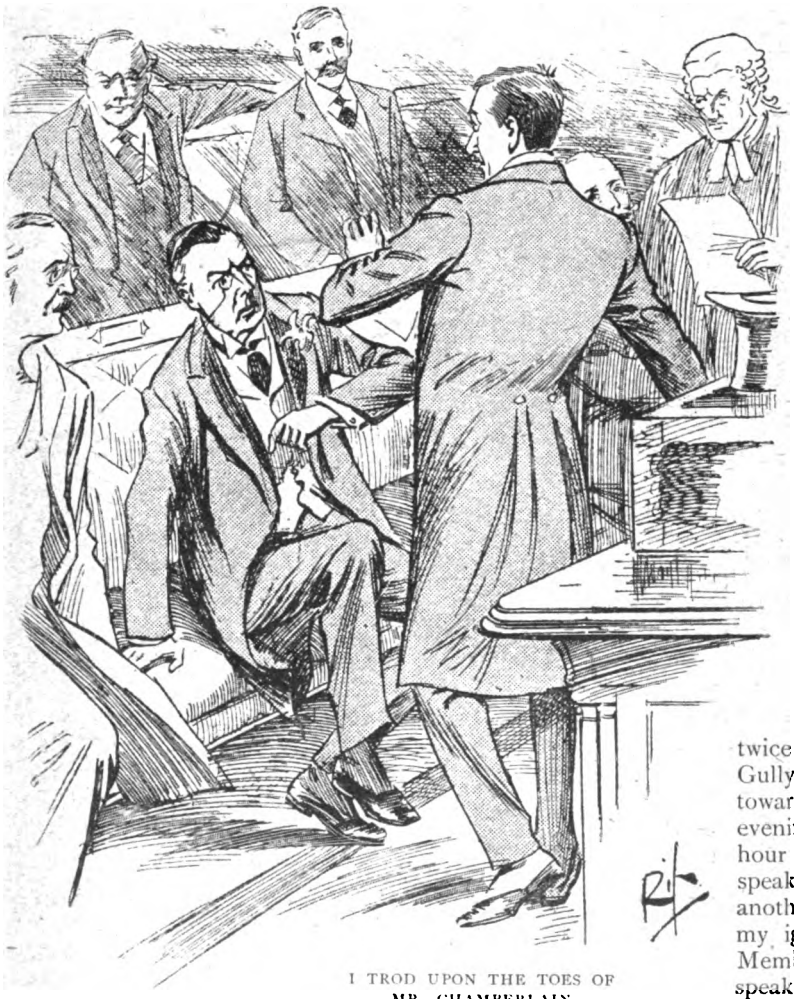
with obscure seats in remote corners of the House—unless, by taking the best seats that were empty, they preferred to run the risk of being turned out by their rightful occupants.

Another surprise in store for me related to the so-called "cheers," of which newspapers speak. They are not "cheers," in the ordinary sense of the word at all. "Hear, hear," is the only cry that you hear in the House of Commons. Sometimes it is uttered in a tone of conversational level; at other times it is bawled and shouted out by the Irish Members when they get excited. But of the ringing, noisy, genuine cheers which you hear at a public meeting you hear nothing in the House of Commons. The assembly struck me as being far too staid and dignified to tolerate anything of the kind. It is not too respectable, however, to be above temptation to yawn and talk when a notorious bore gets up and addresses the Speaker. As a matter of fact, a conversational murmur is invariably going on among the Members, even when there are "big men" addressing the House. Never does absolute silence prevail in the Commons, unless it is Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Asquith who is speaking. This noisy conversation around you is very discouraging to any man delivering his maiden speech. My first oratorical effort in Parliament was a ghastly failure. About two months after I had taken my seat a subject cropped up for discussion one evening, of which I knew something. I made careful notes of what I was going to say, and these I had stored in my hat. Knowing the usual competition to catch the Speaker's eye, I decided to jump up early in the evening, so that when this had been repeated twice or thrice Mr. Gully might notice me towards the end of the evening, which was the hour when I wished to speak. This, again, was another blunder born of my ignorance. A new Member who rises to speak for the first time has the first claim on the Speaker's eye, even if a Minister or an ex-Minister gets up to address the chair. Judge of my feelings when the Speaker sang out my name. It was a painful experience. First of all, my notes got wrong; all the points I had thought out disappeared clean out of my memory. Then the House was



I TROD UPON THE TOES OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

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fairly full—which I did not want, as I am a nervous man—and should have preferred it half empty. In ten minutes I had strayed out of order fully half-a-dozen times. The first time it was over the curious Parliamentary rule in regard to names. The M.P. who had last spoken had used an argument which I knew, from personal knowledge, to be completely beside the facts of the question under discussion. So I said, "Nor will the proposition advanced by Mr. C—— help us in any way to arrive at a practical solution of this question." As soon as I said "Mr. ——" there rose cries of "Order, order!" I looked at the Speaker and then at those around me in surprise. Someone near me whispered, "You mean the Hon. Member for so-and-so." Then I recollected it was against the rule of the House to allude to any Member by his name; he is only known to the Speaker by the name of his constituency. There arose another difficulty. I could not recall the title of the division for which this particular Member sat. So I stood, humming and hawing, till a friendly voice suggested, "The Hon. Member who last spoke." Perhaps the worst blunder in my maiden speech was made towards the end of it. I knew the subject pretty well, as I have hinted. I had spoken of it during the election, and often drawn rousing cheers with a passionate peroration, beginning with the question, "And, gentlemen, what is the real issue before us?" Some fatal instinct prompted me to resort to this expedient, which I had practised successfully at public meetings. I paused when I came to it, lowered my voice to an impressive pitch, and asked slowly, "And, gentlemen, what is the real issue before us?" Instead of being impressed, the House began to titter, and once more a cry was raised of "Order, order!" This time the pause I made was a prolonged one, for I could not understand what was the rule I had violated. Slowly the truth dawned on me. I had forgotten that an M.P. is supposed to address his speech, not to his colleagues, but to "Mr. Speaker"; and, moreover, the term "gentlemen" is never allowed to be used for "Hon. Members."

AN IRASCIBLE OLD GENTLEMAN TOLD ME CURTLY TO "MOVE UP."

Nor were my troubles over even when I had delivered my maiden speech. The same evening, after dinner, I stood at the bar looking at the whole House. The "bar," I ought to explain, is a brass floor-rod, which connects the cross-benches at the end of the House opposite the Speaker's chair. It marks the precincts of the Chamber. Between the brass rod and the doorway the private secretaries of Ministers are allowed to stand, even though they are not M.P.'s. But beyond the brass-rod, when the House is sitting, no one is allowed to step who is not a Member, except the Sergeant-at-Arms. I stood near the bar, and unconsciously, as Members trooped in and stood behind me, I drew nearer and nearer towards it. Suddenly there rose shouts of "Bar, bar." All the House were glaring at me furiously. One of

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my feet had wandered over the brass-rod. I was neither "in" the House nor "out" of it, a state of things which the Mother of Parliaments never tolerates. I had never heard of the rule till someone behind pulled me back, and explained what the protest of "Bar, bar," meant.

In about ten minutes' time I saw one of my friends rise to take part in the debate. There was an empty seat on the other side of him, and I decided to leave the bar and sit down. I made straight for the empty seat, but had not gone five yards before there was a yell of "Order, order." By this time I was right in front of my friend. I stopped irresolutely, not knowing what to do. Some rule, unknown to me, was evidently broken. But the cries of "Order, order," still went on. Someone whispered "Bend down." Acting on the hint, I lowered my head and shoulders, hastened on, and took the empty seat in silence. Afterwards I made enquiries as to the nature of my offences. It is one of the traditions of the House, it seems, that no one shall be allowed to cross between the Speaker and the Hon. Member who is addressing the House, no matter from what part of the Chamber. An invisible, but apparently sacred, line stretches from the Speaker to the seat from which he is addressed, and no one is allowed to cross the line with impunity. Sometimes, if your seat lies between the Hon. Member and the Speaker's chair, the rule places a difficulty in the way of reaching your seat. The only thing to do then is to double yourself up and sneak hurriedly to the seat, before the Speaker, so to speak, has the opportunity of observing you.

THERE WAS A YELL OF "ORDER, ORDER." SOMEONE WHISPERED, "BEND DOWN."

Juvenile or any other kind of innocence is no excuse for disturbing the serenity of the House of Commons. Any handbook for the new Member that may ever be issued should advise him to emulate "Brer Rabbit" and, keeping his weather eye open, do as others do around—sit with his hat on, cross one leg over the other, fold his arms and think deeply. In justice to his constituents, however, the novice at Westminster cannot always sit still. Some day he will rise solemnly to address the House, forgetting, being a trifle nervous, all about his hat and that it is on his head, only to be howled down again. A terrible offence, indeed, for a Member to speak with his hat on! Almost as bad is it for him to do so without communicating such intention to his Party's whips, unless he does not fear the sound rating he will find himself liable to afterwards.

But it is the hat that haunts the politician all through his career. It's "hats off" when the Speaker puts a motion, even if the members are sitting down, and it is always possible for the oldest parliamentary hand to be carried away by his own eloquence and sit down on the hat which he carefully placed on his seat when rising to address the House.

The ways of the Mother of Parliaments are, indeed, quaint and mysterious.

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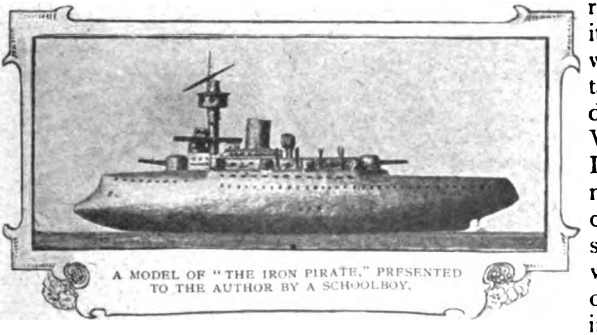
MY FIRST NOVEL

By Max Pemberton.

Author of "The Iron Pirate," "Kronstadt," etc., etc.

THERE is one point in which my first book differs from the first books of the majority of authors. I had no difficulty in getting it published. I was the editor of the paper for which I wrote it, and I had no hesitation in accepting it. My confidence in the new story writer was justified, for the story was immediately successful.

This first book was *The Iron Pirate.* It has an interest for those who are readers of the London Magazine and the numerous other varied publications issued from this office, for the idea on which it was built was suggested by an article which I once proposed to write for *Answers* on "Modern Pirates." I had principally in mind at that time the pirates on the China coast, and the idea was suggested by an act of piracy in Hong Kong, where a hundred Chinese got on board a vessel and murdered the crew. When discussing that idea it occurred to me that there were great possibilities in a story of what a man could do who had a modern ship at his disposal, backed with practically unlimited wealth, as had Captain Black. The book itself was really written to stimulate the circulation of the boys' paper *Chums*, of which I was then the editor, and as it succeeded in its purpose I had every reason to be satisfied with it. I have had, however, greater reason still to be satisfied with the work, for since it was published in book form its sale has increased every year, and last year's sale was the greatest it ever had.



A MODEL OF "THE IRON PIRATE," PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY A SCHOOLBOY.

The Iron Pirate was really the first attempt I made to apply modern ideas to romantic ones, and it followed somewhat in the fantastic lines laid down by Jules Verne in his books. I thought I would make Black, in the construction of his ship, go beyond what was being done in shipbuilding at the time, and it is, to say the least, curious that two of the peculiar things which he had done have since been largely introduced. His was the first ship built of Manganese bronze, a fashion which is now being largely followed, and she was driven by gas engines, which are now figuring so largely in motor cars, and experts think it will not be long before they are using this power for ships. Black's reason for using Manganese bronze was the very practical one that he owned large copper mines and so was able to get his Manganese

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bronze without any trouble, while his desire for gas engines was to prevent the use of any large quantity of coal at sea, and by means of smokeless engines to conceal his presence. It is curious now to turn back to the criticisms of the time and find that one paper declared that the story "is a splendid advertisement" for a certain company which dealt in the metal.

In connection with this criticism the following extract from *Answers*, headed "A curious literary coincidence," may not be without interest. It runs as follows:—"One of the most curious literary coincidences on record has just been discovered, and it is of even more than usual interest to readers of *Answers*, inasmuch as it concerns a writer who, during the first four years of the existence of this journal, was a constant contributor.

MRS. MAX PEMBERTON.

"Most of us have heard of the new novel, *The Iron Pirate*. In the course of this remarkable book, the greater part of which was written and published in serial form long before the wreck of H.M.S. *Victoria*, the author, Mr. Max Pemberton, described a great sea battle in which the pirate ironclad had just struck the pursuing Government battleship, and she sank. He said:—'No man has ever looked on a more awful sight. We had struck the battleship low amidships—we had crashed through the thinnest coat of her steel. She had heeled right over from the shock, so that the guns had cast free from the stanchions, and the seas had filled her. Thus for one terrible minute she lay, her men crowding upon her starboard side, or jumping into the sea, or making desperate attempts to get her boats free; and then with a heavy lurch she rolled beneath the waves; and there were left but thirty or forty struggling souls, who battled for their lives with the great rollers of the Atlantic. Of these, a few reached the side of our ship and were shot there as they clung to the ladder; a few swam strong in the desperate hope that the brutes about me would relent, and sank at last with piercing and piteous cries upon their lips; others died quickly, calling upon God as they went to their rest.'"

In the original version of the story as it appeared serially, the sentence "jumping into the sea" was followed by the words "where the screws of the battleship cut many of them to pieces." This sentence was written from imagination three months before the *Victoria* sank, but as the book was not published until some months after this lamentable naval catastrophe I was advised to remove the passage, lest I should be accused of having taken it from the daily papers which described the terrible tragedy of the *Camperdown* and *Victoria*.

While on the subject of these criticisms I recall the fact that the *Daily Chronicle* headed its review "The lost liar found." This seemingly objectionable phrase was really intended as a compliment, for at that time a famous satirist, now dead, had been lamenting in the public Press the loss of the liar in romantic fiction. Don't think, however, for one moment that all the criticisms were equally favourable. While the book was, undoubtedly, received with a great deal of praise, it had to run the gamut of several hostile publications. The *National Observer*, for instance, was very angry about it, and waxed exceedingly wroth when it got into a second edition.

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This book was, in many respects, a coup for me, as the proprietors of *Chums* had agreed to take the story before they saw a single line of it, and that although I was only a beginner as a novelist. It was written on the instalment plan from week to week. For an exciting story, I believe that to be the best system of work, for each instalment must have its own striking episode, and, therefore, one has to keep on inventing constant adventures for one's characters. The artistic person will here hold up his hands in pious horror at the idea of any book, which is in any sense a work of art, being written in this way. I am really very sorry for the artistic person, but for my own part I believe that if there is any inspiration at all in such a book it is in the original idea rather than in the details of the working out.

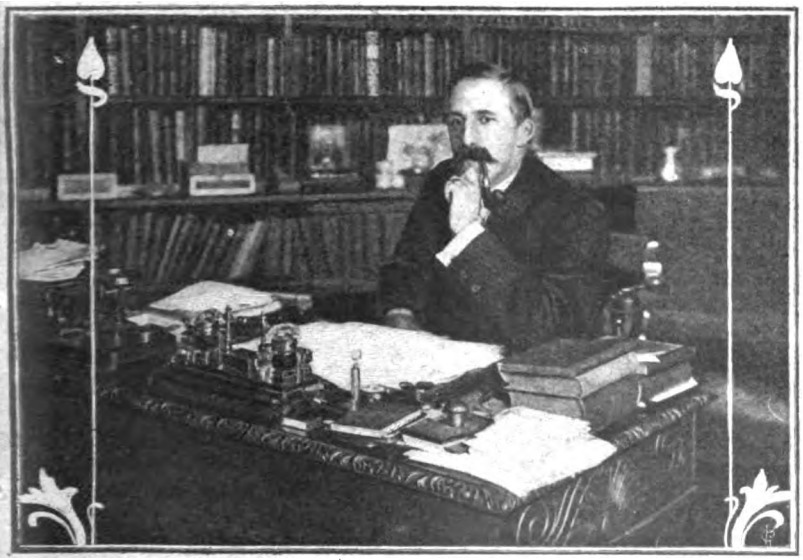
For the scientific part of the story, so far as the building of the ship and her fitting out are concerned, I had the very considerable advantage of being able to consult my brother, who is an engineer, and I was able, therefore, to start off with the confidence begotten of the fact that my science could not be impugned. One day, after the story was published in book form, I met an American, and in the course of conversation he said to me that the description of New York harbour was the best he had ever read in his life, and he added, "I suppose you have been up and down it hundreds of times in order to be so familiar with it."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I have not only never been in New York harbour, but I have never been nearer to it than 3,000 miles."

A BURMESE IMAGE FROM KING THEEBAW'S PALACE.

He was immensely astonished. I did not, however, reveal to him that my remarkably accurate knowledge of the harbour was principally derived from the careful study of pictures. The Greenland part of the book, for you will probably remember that Captain Black found a harbour for himself on the southern coast of Greenland, was derived from Nansen's well-known book on the subject.

I have often been asked if I still believe in the instalment plan of writing such books of adventure? In theory, yes; in practice, no. The reason for this conflict between practice and theory is that when I began my second story, *The Impregnable City*, I adopted exactly the same plan as with *The Iron Pirate*. I had only one instalment written when I began to publish it, and I had only written up to the fourth when I got a very bad attack of influenza.



MR. MAX PEMBERTON AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.

Any effort to work was absolutely impossible, and though I tried I had to give up all attempts at writing, and go to bed. In this dilemma I summoned my friend, Mr. D. H. Parry, told him the plot of the story, the

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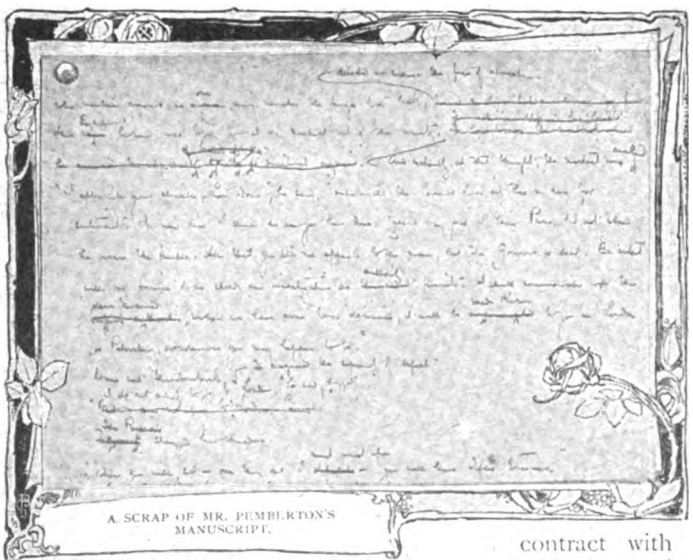
incidents I wanted to use in the next instalment, and the point I desired to reach. With this information he set to work and wrote the instalment for me. Even to-day I am amazed at the cleverness with which he did it, and with which he reproduced the characteristics of my style. It is only fair to him, and to myself, however, to say that I re-wrote those chapters myself before the book went into volume form. Now I write all my stories through before I have a single line printed.

The fantastic vein I struck in *The Iron Pirate* I dropped almost immediately, though I rather return to it in a story which I have just concluded.

It may appear somewhat paradoxical, but my first book was really two books, for practically simultaneously with *The Iron Pirate* there was published *The Diary of a Scoundrel*. Although I have mentioned the fact that the "Pirate" was an unqualified success, I may remove any suggestion of egotism on my part which may linger in the minds of any of the readers of this Magazine, by the statement that a more complete failure than *The Diary of a Scoundrel* there never was. The "Diary" was really intended to represent the experiences of a man about town who had come to grief and was sent to Holloway for debt. Unlike the "Pirate," which was all imagination, this had a foundation in fact. I was yachting with some friends and among the party was a man who had carelessly omitted to pay his tailor's bill, and having been sued, was sentenced to "three days." He described his experiences so graphically and in so amusing a fashion that I determined to write something in the same vein, sketching Kempton, Ascot, the places where we dine and sup, and so on, showing a man who was used to that sort of thing living the life of a debtor in prison. The diary form of course allowed me to write at first hand the experiences of the man himself, his views and feelings, and it came out in *Piccadilly*. With the publication of that book, too, I had no trouble, for a man who was writing for Messrs. Ward and Downey at the time saw the sketches and said that he believed that firm would publish them in book form. They did and brought it out in paper covers at a shilling. My contract with them stipulated that two thousand copies should be sold before I got any royalty. I never did get any royalty, and I am quite sure they never sold twenty copies. To my certain knowledge only one copy was sold and that was bought by a

MANY INSPIRATIONS ARE OBTAINED DURING A GAME OF BILLIARDS.



A SCRAP OF MR. PEMBERTON'S MANUSCRIPT.

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friend of mine. It was at Broadstairs, and as we went to the station together he stopped at the bookstall on the platform and said to the boy, "Have you got a copy of *The Diary of a Scoundrel?*"

"*Diary of a Scoundrel,*" repeated the youngster looking up, "umph, I suppose that's the personal experiences of the author, ain't it?"

I restrained the natural impulse to laugh, and as the boy did not have it, my friend ordered it. When he went to get it he found the boy deeply interested in it.

The Diary of a Scoundrel gave me a decidedly novel experience, for it brought me an action for libel. This astonished me considerably, for I think that I am one of the last men in London ever to write anything which can be construed into a libel. It appears, however, that I had taken for one of the girls in the "Diary," the name of a justly-celebrated and clever actress. Soon after the book was published, I received a letter from Messrs. Lewis and Lewis complaining that I had in this book "grossly libelled our client, Miss X."

MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S FAVOURITE SPORT.

The editor who had accepted the story was in a state of alarm, but I smiled the smile of confidence and went off to see Sir George Lewis. I was at once shown into his room and said to him, "Your client claims to be the original of this picture, doesn't she?"

"She does," replied Sir George.

"HEATHCOTE," MR. PEMBERTON'S HOME AT HAMPSTEAD.

"Have you read the book?" I asked.

"No," said the famous solicitor, "I haven't."

"Is there any trouble about the ages of my character and the lady you represent," I asked.

"Why do you ask that?" he enquired.

"Well, my 'Miss X.' happens to be seven years old," I replied.

Sir George looked up at me, slapped his papers and exclaimed, "Well, I'm done."

At the time the "Diary" came out I got dozens of letters from "gentlemen" who had "done time" for debt. I remember one was from a poor carpenter, in which he said he had been committed for three weeks for a debt of 17s. 6d., and had had to leave his wife and five children at home unprovided for, while at the same time a scoundrel who had never paid his rates for twenty years was serving exactly the same sentence. The scoundrel was evidently a gentleman of an acutely humorous temperament, for he said to my correspondent "You see, I wanted a holiday and a rest from my wife, so I let them send me here."

Those were the days before the new stringent regulations came into force. Debtors now do not have a pleasant time, and a defaulting ratepayer might even prefer his wife's displeasure to three weeks' residence in gaol.

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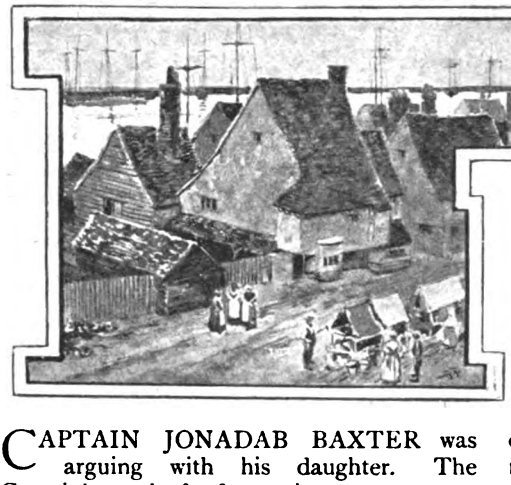

IN THE NAME OF THE LATE CAPTAIN KIDD.

A LITTLE STORY OF BURIED TREASURE.

By Joe Lincoln.

Illustrated by E. Fairhurst.

CAPTAIN JONADAB BAXTER was arguing with his daughter. The Captain's method of pursuing an argument was to be smiling and peaceful so long as the views of his opponent agreed with his own, but at the slightest symptom of opposition, to lose his temper, to pound the furniture and shout. The second stage had been reached early in this particular controversy.

"You shan't marry him!" roared the Captain, smiting the unoffending dining-table.

"I shall marry him," said the daughter, calmly hemming an apron.

"Mary Baxter, do you hear what I'm sayin'?"

"Yes, father, and so do the neighbours."

"Confound the neighbours! I'm talkin' to you for your good. Long's I thought Levi Lothrop was a smart young feller that knew his business, I was willin' you should marry him. But when I see with my own eyes that he didn't know no more about cabinet-makin' than a hen does about playin' the melodeon, then, says I: 'Where's my girl's bread and butter comin' from if she has *him* for a husband? Where's——'"

"Why, father!" interrupted Mary, "you know that Levi is a fine cabinet-maker and is doing a real nice business. Just because that old chair of yours broke down——"

"Old chair! 'Twas a brand new chair!"

"Yes, but you wouldn't let him make it the way a chair should be made. You stood over him all the time and insisted that it should be made your way and not his. He told you it would break down if he didn't put the braces in the back."

"Rubbish! I guess if a schooner's mast will stand without a mess of wooden braces, a chair-back ought to. Fust time I see that chair on the stocks I could tell he was makin' it landlubber fashion, and when I shewed him how it oughter be made he went to work and fixed it so I pretty nigh broke my back when I sat down in it. And then he said 'twas my fault! *Mine!* Well, him and this fam'ly's done keepin' comp'ny! But don't you feel bad, Mary; I realise that it's time you had a good husband to help you provide for your father's old age, so I'm goin' down to talk it over with Barzilla Wingate, and see who we can think of for you to marry."

"Well, I never! What has Mr. Wingate got to do with my marrying, I should like to know?"

"In his day he was as smart a fust mate as ever hailed from this town, and the advice of a man like that ain't to be sneezed at, let me tell you! Now you mind what I say, and don't speak another word to that Lothrop chap long's you live."

The Captain, evidently considering the affair settled, put on his hat and started for the door.

"Father," said Mary decidedly, "I shall marry Levi Lothrop or nobody."

"Then you'll marry nobody!" roared the old man; "I don't see where you git your stubbornness from!"

"*I* do," said Mary, but the slam of the back door was the only answer her parent deigned to make.

When the Captain was in trouble he turned to his bosom friend, Barzilla Wingate, for advice. As this gentleman never, under any circumstances, ventured an opinion of his own, but invariably agreed with those of Captain Jonadab, the unique value of this advice at once becomes evident.

The Captain found Mr. Wingate seated on

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the "hurricane deck"—that is, the upper balcony—of the little hotel where he boarded, smoking a clay pipe and keeping one eye on the weather-vane of a neighbouring barn. When told of the breakdown of the chair he said "Sho!" Lothrop's unparalleled audacity in hinting that the fault lay with the Captain called forth the sage remark, "Well, I never!" and the tale of Mary's stubbornness the comment, "You don't say so!"

"Now, Barzilla," said Captain Jonadab, "Mary's my darter, and she's got to do as I say, ain't she?"

"Course."

"It don't make no odds who she wants to marry; it's who *I* want her to marry. That's plain, ain't it?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, it seems to me that the safest way to keep her away from that Lothrop swab is to think up some nice, promisin' young feller around here and marry her to him. Does that strike you as a judicious idee?"

The suggestion did strike the politic Barzilla as just that sort of an "idee," although the possibility of the "promisin' young feller" refusing to agree to such an arrangement did not seem to occur to either of the schemers. They went into executive session, and for an hour or more cudgelled their brains to no purpose. Each candidate named by Mr. Wingate was, as a matter of course, scornfully rejected by Captain Jonadab, and the latter himself could bring to mind no suitable single gentleman for a son-in-law.

At length they agreed to postpone further discussion of the subject until the next day, and it naturally followed that their train of thought automatically switched to its most travelled line, namely, that which led to buried treasure. Buried treasure was the Captain's hobby.

"I see by the paper," said Barzilla musingly, "that a feller up in Galway found a pot of money buried in his pertater field t'other day."

"Yes, I read about it," grunted Captain Jonadab. "If the chaps in this town had any gumption some of 'em would have found more'n that 'fore this. I'm jest as sartin there's treasure buried somewheres along this coast as I be that I'm alive. Look at them old-fashioned cannon the Gov'ment divers found on that sunk wreck four years ago. What craft but a pirate would carry guns like that? I don't take no stock in the yarn that she was a British man-er-war that went down in 1760. What would a British man-er-war be doin' way in close to Eldorado Head here? No, sir, she was a pirate, and as there wa'n't no treasure aboard of her it's safe to say she had jest put in and buried it somewheres near here. Ain't that so?"

As Barzilla had heard this same argument each day since the cannon were found, he had had time to become convinced of its truth, so he said, "Yes, sir-*ee*!" and, nodding

"YOU SHAN'T MARRY HIM!" ROARED THE CAPTAIN. "I *SHALL* MARRY HIM," SAID THE DAUGHTER, CALMLY HEMMING AN APRON.

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his head vigorously, began his accustomed reply to the effect that if he "was twenty year younger" he bet he "wouldn't wait many hours without huntin' for the place where 'twas buried." But he had got no further than the "bet" when he saw something which caused him to pause and drop his pipe.

From the "hurricane deck" of the hotel a view was to be had of many of the neighbouring back yards, and, among others, the yard at the rear of Levi Lothrop's workshop. Through this yard two figures were strolling towards the back gate, one with its arm about the waist of the other. The first of these figures was Mr. Lothrop himself, the second was Miss Mary Baxter.

Captain Jonadab, astonished at the sudden cessation of his friend's speech, turned to look at him, and, following the direction of his gaze, saw the astounding spectacle just described. His first move was to leap to his feet and stand staring like a wooden image of wrath. His next was to dash his favourite clay pipe to pieces on the boards of the "hurricane deck" and to spring through the doorway into the hotel. Barzilla leaped after him, and, seizing him around the neck just as he was about to rush down the stairs, dragged him back and penned him in a corner of the hall.

"Hold on! Hold on, Jona!" he gasped. "Where are you goin'?"

"Goin'!" howled the Captain; "I'm goin' to kill that carpenter! Gimme a belayin'-pin! Is there a belayin'-pin in this place?"

"Wait a minute, Jona; wait a minute and ca'm down! There ain't no harm done yet."

"Ain't no harm done! Why, I told the girl never to speak to that—that Feejee again, and here she is a-callin on him 'fore I've been out of the house an hour. It's mutiny! rank mutiny! Oh, gimme a belayin'-pin!"

"Now—now—wait, Jonadab, wait! There ain't no use in bein' hasty. If you should hit that feller with—with a belayin'-pin or anything, jes' like's not he'd have you took up, and while you was in jail him and your darter would be gittin' married. No; the thing to do is to use strat*ee*gy."

The irate parent broke away at this juncture and started for the stairs, but his anxious adviser dragged him back once more, and for half-an-hour the argument raged up and down the hall, the Captain vowing instant vengeance and Barzilla imploring him to use "strat*ee*gy." At length the light of battle began to fade from the Baxter eye, and the Captain gave some attention to what his companion was saying.

"Be—be strat*ee*gical, Jonadab," pleaded the panting and perspiring Mr. Wingate. "Now, if you could take Mary away somewheres where he couldn't see her? If she could only be on a—on a lightship or an is'and, or somewheres where he——"

The word island appeared to strike the Captain forcibly, for he hastily broke in:

"Hold on, now! that ain't so bad. I s'pose long's the girl's in town and ain't married that shark will be tryin' to see her on the sly. Now, why couldn't she and me go over to Goose Island for a spell and live in Cyrus Gould's house? He ain't goin' to live there this summer, and he left the keys with me. Cy's a mighty good friend of mine, and I know he'd jest as soon I did as not. I'll do it. But you must go with us, Barzilla."

"Why I—what—me?"

"Of course! I can't keep my eye on the girl all the time, but two of us can keep watch and watch and see that that Lothrop don't git out in his boat to see her. Will you come?"

"Why—why, yes; I s'pose so."

"Barzilla," said the Captain, apparently much affected, "you're a friend, that's what *you* be! Shake!"

The proud but somewhat troubled Mr. Wingate extended his fist, and the Captain grasped it. It was a touching tableau.

Goose Island, as the townspeople call it, "Sprayside," as it is printed on Miss Theodosia Gould's scented note-paper, is a lonely place at best. It is a barren strip of sand and rock, lying off Eldorado Head, in the English Channel, about three miles from Orham. The big summer cottage was built thereon because, at that time, Miss Theodosia was suffering from an attack of poetic fever and wished to sleep where "the voice of the mighty ocean should lull her to rest." This season, however, the young lady had become convinced that her life was to be devoted to art, so the feminine portion of the family was summering at Rome. Mr. Cyrus Gould, who had formerly owned ships commanded by Captain Jonadab, was enjoying himself in Scotland, and the cottage was deserted.

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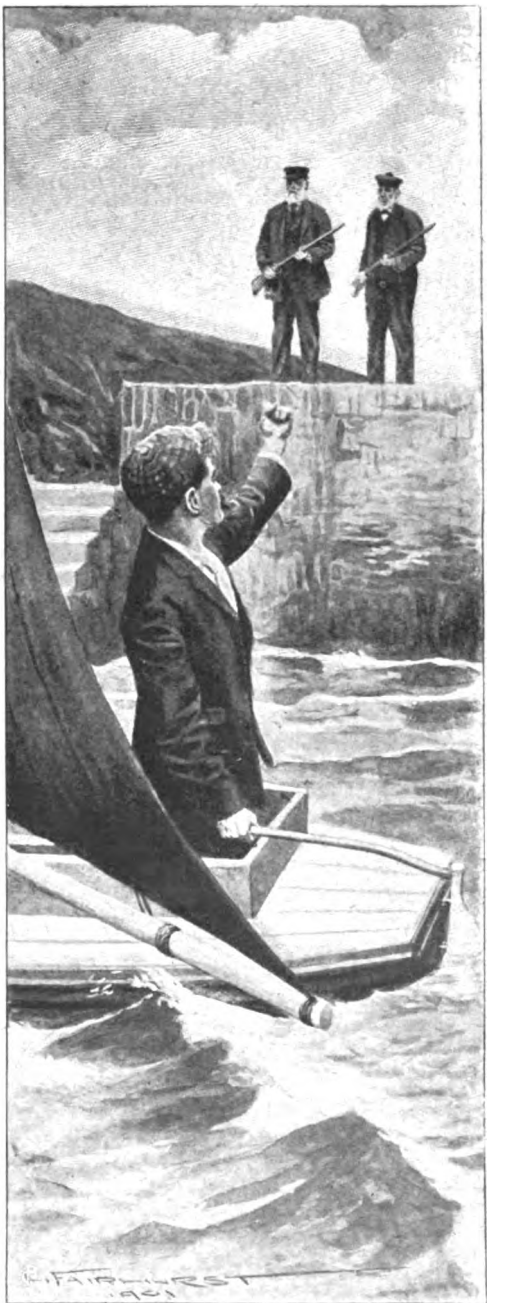
When Mary Baxter, who had been decoyed into the boat on the pretence of a sailing excursion, found that this cheerful spot was to be her residence, she was not happy. At first she announced that she would not step her foot on the horrid old place, but as she could not step it anywhere else without getting it wet she changed her mind. The Captain took possession of the cottage and set up housekeeping, with his daughter as cook and maid-of-all-work, and Barzilla and himself as guards.

Mr. Lothrop was not long in discovering the hiding-place of his inamorata, and in less than a week his boat appeared, heading for the island. But Captain Jonadab and Mr. Wingate, armed with shot guns, stood at the landing-place and gently intimated that his company was not desired; so he sailed away without further consolation than that afforded by the sight of a white handkerchief fluttering from an upper window of the cottage.

He came again the next day and the next, but to no more purpose. If Mary expressed a desire to walk to the farther end of the island, one of the old men and the shot gun always accompanied her. She was never allowed to be out of sight for any length of time, and at last Mr. Lothrop apparently gave it up as a bad job, and his boat ceased to haunt the waters surrounding "Sprayside."

At first Miss Baxter was dejected and miserable, weeping much in the solitude of her chamber and behaving generally as lovelorn maidens are supposed to do. But as the weeks went by she gradually regained her good humour, until, at the end of the month, she seemed her own pleasant self once more. Whereupon the two "strateegists" shook hands with the mien of conquerors and deemed the battle won.

But had these watchful sentinels been a little more discerning they might have noticed that Miss Baxter's good humour was always brighter on the days when Barzilla went over to Orham and returned with a boat-load of groceries and vegetables. If one has a friend in the provision trade, it is possible to conceal a letter beneath a peck of potatoes, and even so dull a thing as a cabbage may hide amid its leaves a screed breathing undying devotion. Also it is possible to send an answering epistle under the paper in the bottom of an empty egg-basket. But Captain Jonadab had forgotten these possibilities, and Barzilla, being a bachelor, had never known them, so the two old fellows told their yarns with a joyous unconcern, and speculated on the desirability of various



CAPTAIN JONADAB AND MR. WINGATE, ARMED WITH SHOT GUNS, STOOD AT THE LANDING-PLACE AND INTIMATED THAT HIS COMPANY WAS NOT DESIRED.

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prospective husbands. And, in the solitude of his back shop, Levi Lothrop worked steadily.

One morning, about six weeks after the removal to the island, Mary and Barzilla, who were lingering over their breakfast, were surprised to hear the Captain bound up the front steps like a ten-year-old boy, and scream wildly for an axe.

"Where's the axe? Gimme an axe!" bellowed the Captain.

"Oh, father, what is it?" cried Miss Baxter.

THEIR SHOVELS SENT THE SAND FLYING LIKE SNOW FROM A ROTARY PLOUGH.

"Gimme an axe?" roared Captain Jonadab, rushing into the dining-room. "Look at that, and gimme an axe so's I can bust it open!"

"That" was a small, weather-beaten keg, which he bore hugged to his breast. Noticing the blank expression on Barzilla's face, he turned one end of the keg towards the latter gentleman, and there, burned in the wood by a hot iron, was the name:

WILLIAM KIDD, MASTER.

"Kidd?" said Barzilla, musingly. "I don't seem to remember any feller named Kidd hailin' from around here."

"You wooden-head!" shouted Jonadab. "Didn't you never hear of Cap'n Kidd, the pirate?"

Mr. Wingate had risen to examine the keg, but now he sat down with such emphasis that he missed the chair and sprawled on the floor.

"Jonadab Baxter," he groaned, as he rose, "where did you git that kag?"

"I see one end of it stickin' up out of the shore in front of the house here," said the Captain. "I s'pose 'twas buried once, but the sand has been washin' away from it for years and years. For the love of goodness, how much longer must I stand here and holler for an axe?"

The excited discoverer began to pound the keg upon the dining-table in his anxiety to open it, so Mary hurried out to the wood-shed and returned with a hatchet. For so old a keg it was amazingly stout, and the Captain battered away at it for some time before he succeeded in knocking in the head.

"Bygum!" groaned the pallid Barzilla, "it's empty!"

"No, 'tain't," said the Captain; "there's a paper in it."

He drew out the paper as he spoke and unfolded it. It was stained and yellow, but written upon it was the following wondrous legend:—

Memorandum of ye treasure buried by me on ye land known as Goose Island. Wait until ye shadow of ye large rock at ye end of ye island shall point directly at ye promontory known as Eldorado Head. Then beginning at ye tip of ye shadow count five paces to ye right and four to ye left, and there dig.

W. K.

Eight separate times in that endless forenoon did Captain Jonadab journey to the other end of the island to see if "ye large rock" was still there. And each time that he returned to report its solidity the nervous

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Barzilla felt it his duty to take the trip himself to "make sure there wa'n't no mistake."

They figured that the shadow would point toward Eldorado at about three o'clock that afternoon. Captain Jonadab laid out all the shovels, hoes, and other digging utensils that he could find, and prepared a potato sack in which to bring back the treasure.

At length, after what seemed a century of waiting, the clock's hands pointed to two, and the Captain declared it time to start.

"Git your sunbunnit on, Mary," he commanded.

"Father," said the young lady addressed, "I am not going out in the hot sun to sit on the sand all the afternoon and watch you two dig. I am going to stay at home and sew."

The Captain ordered and the Captain argued, but order and argument were alike useless. Mary declared that she would believe in the treasure when she saw it, and positively refused to stir.

"Can't we both go this time, Jona?" asked Barzilla; "I don't b'lieve there's any danger of that Lothrop feller comin'. He ain't been near here for a month now."

"Mebbe so," said the Captain; "but I ain't goin' to take no chances. I know how we'll fix it. Mary, you go upstairs and sit in that chamber winder at the back of the house. We can see you if you sit there, and then we'll know you ain't in no mischief."

Mary protested, but her father declared she should do as he ordered, or Barzilla should stay at home and keep guard, so she at last consented to the arrangement.

It was a quarter past two when the treasure seekers reached the rock, which was easily identified, as it was the only one worthy of the name on the island. The shadow had not reached the desired point as yet, and there was nothing to do but wait. The sun moved provokingly slow.

"Makes you wish you could reach up and shove it!" Barzilla said.

"I *told* them blockheads in Orham there was treasure buried around here somewheres," crowed the triumphant Captain, "and they wouldn't b'lieve me. Mebbe they won't 'pooh!' quite so much when they see me rollin' in di'mon's."

"I'm goin' to keep a carriage and pair," said Barzilla; "I always wanted to keep a carriage and pair."

At three o'clock Mr. Wingate, lying flat on the rock and sighting over its top at the shadow, declared that the latter was "not quite," but was "pretty nigh." At three ten he said it was "nigher yet," and at three twenty he shouted, "She's right on the dot!"

They had some trouble in deciding which should pace the required distance. Barzilla's limbs were lengthy, while The Captain was called by irreverent persons "stumpy." They finally decided that each should pace the "five to the right," and then, as Mr. Wingate expressed it, they could "strike a gin'ral average." The "gin'ral average" being struck, the same routine was followed in the four paces to the left, and then Jonadab marked a cross on the sand.

"Now," said he in an awe-struck whisper, and taking up a spade, "there's nothin' to do but dig."

That was all, but the digging was hot work. Their shovels sent the sand flying like snow from a rotary plough, and the hole grew and grew, but no treasure appeared.

"You don't s'pose," faltered Barzilla, "that that Kidd feller changed his mind and come back and dug it up again, do you?"

"Be still!" spluttered the irate Captain; "let's think. Five paces to the right," he mused; "well, there they be. Now four to the le— Oh, you blunderin' fool!"

"What—what's the matter?"

"Which *is* your left hand?"

"Why, this one! No, hold on, I guess 'tain't!"

"I 'guess 'tain't,' too! Make a man work himself to death jest because you don't know the difference between your right hand and your left!"

"But, Jonadab," faltered Mr. Wingate, "you paced that way fust!"

The Captain made no answer beyond a contemptuous grunt, and his four paces were really to the left this time. But before digging again he turned to look at the distant house. Mary was seated at the window.

"Seems as if this place was easier diggin' than the other," observed Barzilla, placing his foot on the crosspiece of his spade. "You'd almost think somebody had dug here lately."

He jammed the spade downwards as he spoke and it struck against some hard substance with a jar that made his teeth rattle.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, "there's somethin' here!"

They dug like wild men for a few

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moments, and in that time uncovered the top of a wooden box about three feet in length. It was soon lifted out of the hole.

"The top seems to be nailed on," said Mr. Wingate. "How are we goin' to open it?"

"Bust it open!" snorted the Captain.

"MARY," HE SAID, "BARZILLA AND ME HAS COME TO SUPPER."

"Did you inten' to bite out the nails?"

But "bustin' it open" was not such an easy matter, for it was put together in almost impregnable fashion. After a half-hour's battering with hatchet and spade the top was torn off and disclosed a second box inside the first one. This inner box was even harder to open than the other. It was made of inch-thick oak planks, dove-tailed and rivetted together.

"Jingo!" cried the perspiring Captain; "look how this chest is built. You don't see such work nowadays."

After much exertion the upper planks were torn off. A sheet of old canvas covered what lay beneath, and with trembling fingers the Captain withdrew it.

The box was filled with a choice collection of cobble-stones, on top of which lay a note bearing his own name.

Jonadab opened the note and read these words:

Dear Father-in-Law—By the time you read this, Mary and I will have gone to be married. I have bought Isaac Simmons' house and we shall live there. It will be useless to chase us, but we shall expect you and Mr. Wingate over to supper to-night.

Your affectionate son,
LEVI LOTHROP.

P.S.—What do you think of my cabinet work *now?*

The Captain stood for a moment, speechless. Then he turned and looked at the house. Mary still sat at the window.

"By jingo! I ain't his father-in-law *yet!*" he cried, and set off at top speed.

He raced over the sand until he reached the back door. Up the stairs he rushed, and bursting into the room where his daughter sat, touched her on the shoulder. At his touch she promptly fell to pieces, and the pillow buttoned into a blouse, which formed the bulk of her being, tumbled to the floor.

The Captain gave one glance at the dummy, and hurrying through the hall, looked out at the front window. Lothrop's boat was just entering Orham harbour.

Three hours later Jonadab Baxter knocked at the door of the house once owned by Isaac Simmons.

"Mary," he said, "Barzilla and me has come to supper."

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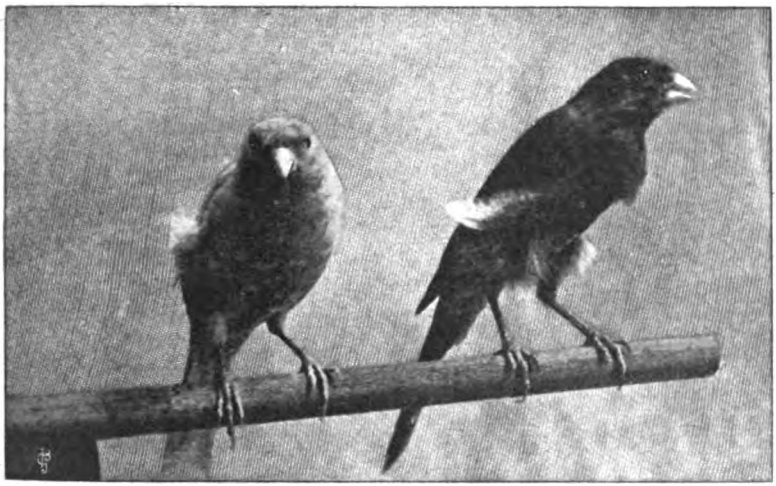
HEZEKIAH. REBECCA.



HEZEKIAH'S THIRD WIFE.

A ROMANCE OF BIRD LIFE.

By Lillie Hamilton French.

Illustrated with unique photographs by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

REVELLING IN THE FREEDOM OF THE RUBBER TREE.

HEZEKIAH'S gilt cage had hung by my rubber-tree in the drawing-room for many years when his third wife appeared. There had been a first wife, of course. I had bought her in exuberance of pity for his loneliness, but she had fought my yellow canary beak and claw, and, after a few days filled with hideous onslaughts from her, and with much discomfiture for him, I had sent her away and left Hezekiah to himself. And then, after a long time, there had been a second wife, a dear Little Miss Goosey, who had loved him with all her heart and adored his singing, but who, too exuberant in her affections for tact, had ruined her own happiness—and his—by always breaking into his song with rapturous accompaniments of her own, all out of key. And, finally, after Little Miss Goosey's death, there had come this third wife—Rebecca—a shy and languid green-brown bird, with a pretty face and lovely eyes, but with thin, long legs that gave her the air of always resting on stilts. Hezekiah loved her. She never interrupted him!

When the third wife answered his lyrical outbursts at all in those early days, it was in a few shy notes only, but notes so full of a ravishing charm, so permeated by a certain haunting sweetness, that simply to hear them meant for Hezekiah an inspiration to still more impassioned melodies of his own, until their corner of my room became like an orchard in June—full of the joyous music of birds.

Rebecca was the shyest bird I ever saw. At the slightest agitation she would stand motionless with fright. She made no advances to Hezekiah, and seemed content to sit on her perch all day and listen to his song.

But with the advent of spring and when the bright sunshine filtered through the corner windows by which the two gilt cages hung, something in the stir and gladness of

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it all must have filtered a way into Hezekiah's veins. He grew less and less content to have Rebecca so languid and unmoved on her perch. He wanted her to be up and out in the sunshine with him, too, revelling, as he loved to, in the freedom of the rubber tree. He did everything to persuade her off that perch of hers. I had long since given up trying. She had only opened her mouth and gasped with fright when I had driven her out of the cage and on to the tree, where she would stand with beating heart (I could have counted the throbs), anguished with the sense of awful abysses, now that she could no longer see the bottom of her cage between her feet and the floor.

Hezekiah went about his lessons in a different way. No mother-bird could have been more careful; no cavalier more gallant. He put such sweetness into his service, such gaiety, such abandon, such charm, that you might have supposed it all a mad holiday for him. Yet it took him days to persuade her as far as the door of her cage, and days more to get her over to a twig of the rubber tree; and it was the work of a week to entice her to the rim of the pot in which the rubber tree grew, and I dare not say how long it

SHE ONLY OPENED HER MOUTH AND GASPED WITH FRIGHT.

was before she could be induced to follow him up to the top of the mirror to rest beside the plaster singing boy.

And through it all his song never failed him, nor his joyous carolling. With every one of her successful ventures he would swell his little throat, bursting into song, darting back and forth and making whirls about the ceiling, as if he were calling all the world to witness her accomplishment. And the more fuss she made at some jumping-off place, pretending with rapid twitches of her tail, as she called to him in little half-frightened peeps, that she was much too nervous and too startled even to try—the more tender and encouraging and excited he became, darting up to her with his gayest notes, then off to a near-by twig, to show her that not only was it quite the easiest thing in the world, but, when you had learned it, altogether the most joyful and entrancing.

And of course between times she must sing with him. Those ravishing notes of hers were made to accompany his own. So he would teach her in the afternoon what real singing should be, not carolling, which every bird can do instinctively, but, giving her the key in a long-drawn-out note full of a surpassing sweetness, he would stand in his cage, she in hers, for there could be no dallying then, no distractions, when singing was for the sake of the song. And he would give her the key again and again, taking up her notes and singing with them, then going off into roulades and adagios of his own (never in high notes or trills), returning again to her accompaniment, until I could hardly distinguish one voice from the other, so perfectly were they pitched in unison.

When it grew warmer he taught her how to bathe. This was a fearful pleasure to her at first, for what did she know of water except as she had seen it at the bird fancier's in a drinking cup hung on the side of her cage? She could dip her head in one of these cups, as any other store-bird could do, scattering a few drops over the wings—a mere apology for a bath, like a shower in some public charity building. Hezekiah would have none of that any more. She must know all that he did, and what the joy of a real plunge could be, in water inches deep, and sparkling in the sunshine. To show the way, particularly how to get the feet in first, he had to take a dozen dips a day in the saucer always filled under the rubber tree. It was the agony of putting her feet in that bothered Rebecca. She wanted to wet her head only, as she had always done before. Then, once in the water, Hezekiah had to show her how to bend those slim and awkward legs of hers, how to puff out her feathers, getting the water underneath, and

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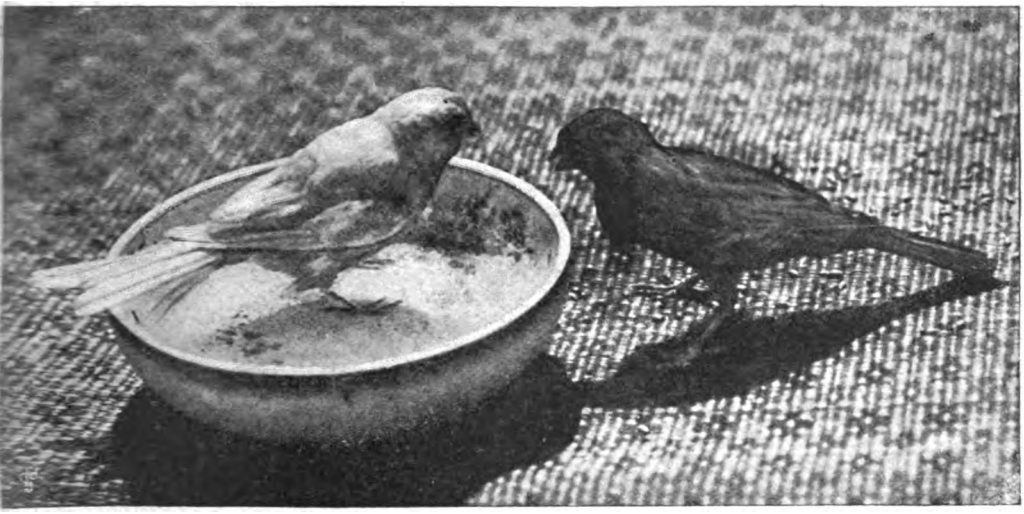
hen how to shake her tail feathers, and plume ner wings, and rub her bill and dry herself in the sunshine.

When she had learned how to wet every one of her feathers and could come out dripping wet, Hezekiah would go off by himself and sit on the curtain rod, singing from pure pride of it, though Rebecca looked like a chicken caught out in the rain. His being in love with her made such a difference.

Of course, Rebecca enjoyed it all, and why not? having someone always on the alert for her pleasures, and better still, someone always on the alert for her fears—a prince among singers dropping everything to multiply his caresses and devotions whenever she had one of her nervous alarms. I used to think, as I watched them from my chair—he all tenderness and she all tremor and fright—that she made but scant effort to control herself, finding, as she did, dependence so delightful for *her* and such an inspiration for *him*. I might only have been prejudiced, for I have always been sceptical about the timidity of the languid. Rebecca's, too, was always calling such loud attention to itself, especially when her strong young husband was about.

Hezekiah was most assiduous in his efforts to assist Rebecca to find a nesting-place, and to help her to build a home. In his own bill he carried the moss from the rubber tree and the bits of white cotton that I put out for them, calling to her in low, sweet nesting notes.

Rebecca left him to do all this work at first. She was too timid to try; too languid, too overpowered, perhaps. She did not even know how to feed the eight children when they came—Hezekiah had to do it. There were four at first, and then before their feathers were half grown another four had arrived. He fed the whole family. She seemed to expect it from him. She would put up her bill as she sat on her nest for the morsel that he brought, murmuring to him all the time in charming little staccato notes, gentle and cheerful as the pattering of an April rain.



WHEN IT GREW WARMER HE TAUGHT HER HOW TO BATHE.

And with that the four elder nestlings, quivering with expectancy on their perches, would open their mouths, too, using the same staccato notes in faltering imitation of their mother, as they swayed from side to side, their tiny wings fluttering in excitement. And then the four little furry birds, too young as yet to leave their nest, would also call to him in still fainter tones, thrusting their bald heads, all mouths and eyes, from under their mother's wings. He neglected none of them—gentleman as he was in everything. All day long he was flying back and forth, without a moment in it for a song except his good-night carol.

Of course it was a pretty sight, but it seemed to me that Rebecca took Hezekiah's devotion too cheerfully, was too complacent about the whole situation, as if his own duties were a delight to him. It was so easy to be satisfied when the father-bird failed in nothing. I never saw her look so

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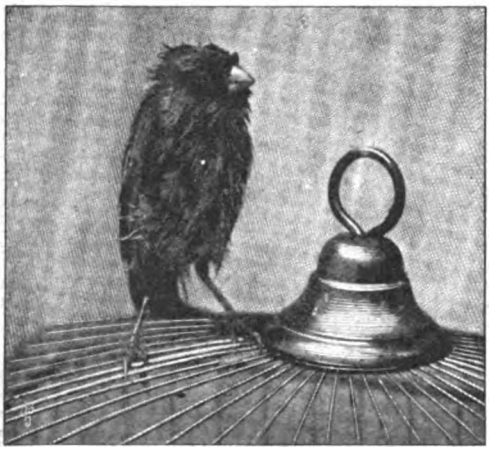
happy, at any rate, nor her pretty face so bright; nor did she ever really seem to enjoy his rare and exquisite voice so much as when he darted into her cage with some morsel in his mouth, and she lifted her head like a face from a pillow to receive it, while he murmured over her as she took it from his bill; or when in low notes he called to the little ones before playing with them. For he used to play with them, pretending to fight, bill open, wings outspread, and sham rushings back and forth before each other. He taught them all how to fly. Naturally she was happy—the best of all his accomplishments brought into service for her family, while she sat there knowing everything belonged to her. It required her to be less highly keyed, too, than when he had persuaded her to sing with him and she had to give up half-an-hour to *his* music.



REBECCA LOOKED LIKE A CHICKEN CAUGHT OUT IN THE RAIN.

If Hezekiah's duties wearied him towards the last he never let her know it, nor failed in one expression of devotion. But before June had passed I began to have my doubts. One is apt to have them when devotion becomes too punctilious. This, at least, is what happened.

My rubber tree had to be carried to the florist's, and for the first time Hezekiah, coming face to face with his own image in the mirror, without the confusion of intervening leaves between, saw a lovely yellow bird, valiant, graceful, beautiful as himself, the only yellow bird in the room, his family being all greens and browns. For three days everyone who came to see me laughed at Hezekiah fighting the yellow bird in the glass, whose courage equalled his own, between battles going back to feed his wife and little ones. But at the end of the third day he fell in love. I knew it, though Rebecca did not, for she was sitting on her nest, happy with her eight children around her. But I saw Hezekiah take bits of cotton (pulled out of Rebecca's nest, too), and going up to the mirror, call the yellow beauty to him. Rebecca, of course, thought when she heard these notes that they were for her. Sometimes she answered them. Then I used to feel sorry for Rebecca.

For days and days, until they were all sent to the bird fancier's for the time I was enjoying my holidays, in fact, Hezekiah did the same thing. His family fed and quiet, he would take a bit of cotton, and darting down to the floor, he would run up and down before the mirror, tipping his little head from side to side as he went, his tiny black eyes shining, his feathers ruffling, while in his sweetest nesting notes he would try to beguile the yellow beauty whose mood—there was the marvel of it—exactly matched his own. Then suddenly overwhelmed with her loveliness, he would dash forward with open bill to kiss it. The movement was fatal, for the cotton dropped. Like one rudely awakened from some dream, he would discover that to touch the image was to lose it. Disappointed, he would go back to feed his wife and children, but he always returned to the mirror, carrying a fresh bit of cotton, only to drop it for the twentieth time when he came too near. I knew, because I have had twenty of these bits of cotton brushed up in a morning.

My sympathies were all with Hezekiah during this little episode, always called to a sudden halt by that invisible yet impenetrable barrier between him and his desires. How could he tell that the loveliness of the image that lured him on was but a reflection of his own exceeding charm? Perhaps my sympathies ought to have been with Rebecca, up there on her nest in her cramped position, her eight children about her, her husband below coquetting with his own image in the glass. Perhaps they were at first, but not for long. She let the habit of maternity grow too much upon her. Eggs and little birds belong to the spring, it seems to me, but she wanted them every month of the year. She is always making a nest, and has been ever since Hezekiah showed her how to build the first one. Even after she came

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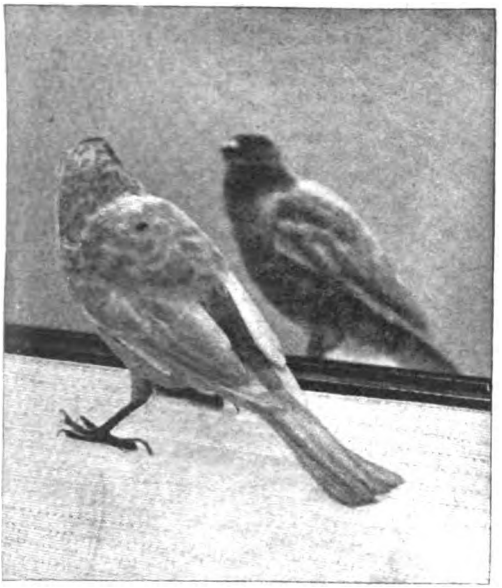

HEZEKIAH COMING FACE TO FACE WITH HIS OWN IMAGE IN THE MIRROR.

home from the bird fancier's, her children now grown up and in homes of their own, and when she could have been singing with Hezekiah, even then she began again. She, who used to be afraid to go about alone, was now afraid of nothing that led her to a string or bit of straw for building. She was all round the room, flying everywhere, sampling everything with an end to it, like a woman who thinks of nothing but testing materials for her children's clothes. She quite destroyed the ruffles of a pair of curtains by tugging at them for threads.

I have seen Hezekiah make every effort to get her away from her nest. He did his best to make her sing with him, and sometimes he succeeded.

He would stand in his cage, she in hers, as they did at their first lessons together; his feathers would be almost smooth, not puffed up on his little golden head nor about his tiny throat, as they were when carolling or when playing the devoted to her. From his perch he would give her the key in that long-drawn-out note of surpassing sweetness which I know so well—a note like that from some rare old violin when a bow is drawn across it. She would catch it, and then from these two throats, pitched in perfect unison, there would come for half-an-hour or more, bird music such as no one ever dreamed of—exquisite, melodious, liquid, and as full of reflected sunshine as a dewdrop of colour. I recognised her then, with her marvellous gift of song equalling his own, as a fitting mate to Hezekiah, and understood the tie between them. But in a moment the spell was broken. Suddenly her notes ceased. Like a woman remembering all at once how long she had been out of the nursery, she would break off abruptly. Before Hezekiah was half done, and though he called her again and again and gave her the key, she would thrust her head through the bars and begin pulling at my curtain for threads.

At brief intervals, when Rebecca happened to have no nest and no egg and no little one, her behaviour towards me would change. When I said "Good-morning" to Hezekiah, which I never failed to do, she, too, would peep at me, but in an agitated way, never as he answered, looking straight into my face. Once I established sufficient intimacy between us to induce her to come for pieces of darning cotton for her nest, which I would put on a brass hanging lamp. She would come and take the thread, whisking her tail feathers in delight and going off with it in great glee, until one unhappy day she caught her toes in the cotton, twisting them in such a way that to save her life I had to cut the thread, taking her in my hand

HE WOULD GIVE HER THE KEY IN THAT LONG-DRAWN-OUT NOTE OF SURPASSING SWEETNESS.

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to do so. She never believed in me after that, nor came for more cotton. I gave up trying, my motives were so misunderstood.

Her constant and unceasing suspicion of me first irritated, and then offended me. I think that one day I must have said so to the bird fancier. At any rate, once in the autumn, when I was in his shop, he offered me a beautiful yellow bird with a marvellous topknot, telling me how much more worthy she was of Hezekiah, and I listened to him.

I found her beautiful indeed. Every movement of her body was grace. She looked straight into my eyes, too, as Hezekiah always did, with her head tipped on one side, just as he tipped his; no beating of the heart, like Rebecca's, no gasping with open bill, no petrified attitude of alarm. I knew at once that she was Hezekiah's peer, and I decided to buy the yellow topknot. I had always chosen his mates before haphazard fashion, and because he was lonely, but in this instance I thought I had made a judicious selection.

TOPKNOT.

Then, with a sudden sense of self-reproach, I thought of Rebecca. What would she do? "Grieve for a few days," the bird fancier told me, "until she gets used to being shut up with the other females in a cage." I looked towards the cage, high on a shelf—there were a dozen birds in it. I seemed to see Rebecca shut up in there, waiting to be sold again; no sunny windows, no rubber tree, no Hezekiah; only shrieking parrots about and barking dogs, and senseless gold fish. No; Rebecca might not like me, but I would not condemn her to such a purgatory, nor break her heart with my theories of peers and fitting mates and sympathies in common. I turned abruptly away and told the man I would not buy his bird.

The bird fancier, however, was not of my mind. He likes Hezekiah. For three months during the autumn he kept the beautiful yellow bird for me, coming to tell me from time to time of people who had tried to buy her and of how he was keeping her for me. I began to feel that I was interfering with his business and for a mere quixotic whim, since many people took pains to assure me that Hezekiah and Rebecca were only birds. So I bought the new yellow topknot.

But I was ashamed. I pictured to myself Hezekiah's quick recognition and Rebecca's grief—dying of neglect, too—too shy and timid to declare herself. I never remember such a feeling of self-reproach as that which was mine when the beautiful yellow stranger arrived and Rebecca first saw her. Rebecca was on a nest, of course, and in December, too. Nobody else but Rebecca would ever have been on a nest in December. She looked for a moment at that yellow bird, whose gay and careless topknot fell half-way over a pair of charming black eyes. Then she rose suddenly off her nest and stood there, feathers flattened, staring at the stranger. She grew suddenly so ugly and brown and thin, so unlike the cheerful topknot before her, tipping a head at her and flashing a pair of shining eyes, that for a moment all my tenderness and loyalty went out to Rebecca. But it was only for a

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moment. The next, I had to save the yellow topknot's life. Rebecca would have had her torn to pieces had I not interfered. The yellow topknot was too surprised to move. She did not know that there was any Hezekiah about, and he had taken no notice of her.

He must have seen the battle, however, from his seat up on the plaster singing boy, for after it was over he went down and chirruped to Rebecca, taking a stand by her nest in the cage.

The yellow topknot was left to amuse herself. She did not find it difficult. Everything interested her; the pattern of the Cashmere rug, the flowers in the vases, the fireplace, the rubber tree, and then the wonder of getting in and out of her cage. She had never done that before. And how pretty she looked as she went about in her fearless way, stopping to cock her head with its gay plumage sideways whenever she saw any new thing. I loved her. But so far as I could see, she did not even exist for Hezekiah. He was more devoted than ever to Rebecca, and I laughed to myself when I watched them all; the gay little topknot left to herself, and Hezekiah all fidelity at his post by Rebecca's nest.

I might have spared myself, I thought, my little heroics about them, my small philosophies born like so many creeds out of a limited experience, lacking in depth what they boasted in intensity. Hezekiah loved Rebecca and that was the end of it—as it always is when the father-bird is content. There are never any social problems or temptations then for him.

Rebecca was the only one disturbed. She never sat quite flat on her eggs—indeed, those particular eggs never hatched at all.

Her head was always up, like a head thrust over the banisters, while she peered over her nest to see what the yellow topknot was about and what Hezekiah was doing. Sometimes I would lock the yellow topknot in, and then Rebecca would go over to her cage and pick at her through the bars, or she would sit on top of the topknot's cage with head lowered and eyes fixed on the graceful stranger below her. I have seen her there for half-an-hour at a time without moving, crouching like a cat before a mouse hole. I never could understand how she managed to get so flat with those long and awkward legs of hers. Nothing else, not even all Hezekiah's blandishments, had taken her off a nest before.

When Rebecca, on the other hand, was locked in, and the yellow topknot came anywhere near her cage, Rebecca was off

HE MUST HAVE SEEN THE BATTLE FROM HIS SEAT UP ON THE PLASTER SINGING BOY.

her nest like a flash, and dashing against the bars or running up and down her perch with wings outspread, mouth open, uttering angry notes.

And all this, too, when Hezekiah had made not the slightest advance towards the stranger. I could hardly believe it to be the timid and languid Rebecca, afraid of everything, but I thought it was funny, and I used to let the yellow topknot out near Rebecca's cage, just to show different people what she would do. The programme was never altered.

Rebecca would sit on her nest quietly and placidly, with Hezekiah on his perch below her, hunched up and uncomfortable, but—alone. (Rebecca always had to be sure of that.) Then I would drive the yellow topknot towards Rebecca's cage, and the latter, with a fierce cry, would dash at her against the bars. There was no timid Rebecca any

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more, but an angry, awful fury, bent on destruction. I used to think it was funny, until some old lady, seeing one day what Rebecca did, told me it was "not funny, but *sad*." No man had thought so. Every man had laughed with his head thrown back, and some young girl had said that Rebecca had a "temper."

As the weeks went by and the yellow topknot became a familiar object in the room, Hezekiah would, to be sure, sing out a note of welcome now and then to the pretty creature as she moved about, in the same way as he had always done to me—nothing more than a "How do you do?" or, "The day is fine," or at most, "It is good to see someone moving."

REBECCA WOULD SIT STILL ON THE TOPKNOT'S CAGE WITH HEAD LOWERED AND EYES FIXED ON THE GRACEFUL STRANGER BELOW HER.

But even this Rebecca would not stand. The energy she displayed was simply astonishing. Her head was eternally over the edge of her nest, her eyes peering everywhere. Hezekiah had to sit still, too, if she stayed on her nest, as if he did not always want her up and singing with him, as she alone of all other birds in the world knew how to sing.

Sometimes, I think, however, that I have really never known what Hezekiah wanted, nor that for all my long intimacy I understand him yet. I only know this: The yellow topknot, who, with her grace and sweetness, had won a way into every heart but Rebecca's, began, when February came, to pull strings out from the curtain for herself. Nobody helped her. She had only seen Rebecca do it. She imitated Rebecca's nesting notes, too, and now and then, going up to Hezekiah, she would hold up her open bill, begging to be kissed. Why should I have blamed her? Everyone loved Hezekiah, a very prince among canaries. This little bird's topknot might give her a gay and careless air, but she knew that she could build nests as well as the green-brown Rebecca, and if that were the way to Hezekiah's heart, she would build them.

Once when he had seen her tugging hard at a thread (helplessness has always appealed to this generous songster), I saw Hezekiah bring the yellow topknot a piece of cotton in his bill, just as he had carried one to the yellow bird in the mirror. Then he flew quickly back to his own cage and took up his post beside Rebecca. But that afternoon I carried the topknot away and gave her to a friend across the street. I did not want any lonely nest-building for the topknot whom I loved; Rebecca upon her nest claimed everything.

After that, though Hezekiah was as attentive as ever to Rebecca, he began to do something he had never done before. He used to sit on the sash of the eastern window and sing. It is the window that looks down into that of my friend where the yellow topknot's cage is hung.

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A COMPLETE STORY.

By Robert Barr.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

I.

THE King ruled. There was none to question the supremacy of James the Fifth. At the age of twenty-two he now sat firmly on his Throne. He was at peace with England, friendly with France, and about to take a wife from that country. His great-grandfather, James the Second, had crushed the Black Douglas, and he himself had scattered the Red Douglas to exile. No Scottish noble was now powerful enough to threaten the stability of the Throne. The country was contented and prosperous, so James might well take his pleasure as best pleased him. If any danger lurked near him it was unseen and unthought of.

The King, ever first in the chase, whether the quarry ran on four legs or on two, found himself alone on the road leading north-west from Stirling, having completely outstripped his comrades in their hunt for the deer. Evening was falling, and the King was some miles from Stirling Castle, so he raised his bugle to his lips in order to call together his scattered followers, but before a blast broke the stillness his majesty was accosted by a woman, who emerged suddenly and unnoticed from the forest on his left hand.

"My lord the King?" she said, and her voice, like the sound of silver bells, had a note of inquiry.

"Yes, my lassie," answered the young man, peering down at his questioner, lowering his bugle and reigning in his frightened horse, startled by the sudden apparition before him. The dusk had not yet so far thickened but the King could see his interlocutor was young and strikingly beautiful. Although dressed in the garb of the lower orders, there was a quiet and imposing dignity in her demeanour as she stood there by the side of the road. Her head was uncovered, the shawl she wore over it having slipped down to her shoulders, and her abundant hair, unknotted and unribboned, was as ruddy as spun gold. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, her eyes of the deepest blue, and her features perfection, except that her small mouth showed a trifle too much firmness, a quality which her strong but firmly-moulded chin corroborated and emphasised. The King, ever a connoisseur of womanly loveliness, almost held his breath as he gazed down upon the comely face upturned to him.

"They told me at Stirling," she said, "that you were hunting through this district, and I have been searching for you in the forest."

"Good heavens, girl!" cried the King. "Have you walked all the way from Stirling?"

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"Aye, and much further. It is nothing, for I am accustomed to it. And now I crave a word with your majesty."

"Surely, surely," replied the King, no thought of danger even occurring to him. The natural prudence of James invariably deserted him when a pretty woman was concerned. Now, instead of summoning his train, he looked anxiously up and down the road, listening for any sound of his men, but the stillness seemed to increase with the darkness, and the silence was profound, not even the rustle of a leaf disturbing it

A WOMAN EMERGED SUDDENLY. "MY LORD, THE KING?" SHE SAID. . . . "I CRAVE A WORD WITH YOUR MAJESTY."

"And who, my girl, are you?" continued the King, noticing that her eyes followed his glance up and down the road with some trace of apprehension in them, and that she hesitated to speak.

"May it please your gracious majesty, I am humble tire-woman to that noble lady, Margaret Stuart, your honoured mother."

The King gave a whistle of astonishment.

"My mother!" he exclaimed. "Then what in the name of heaven are you doing here, and alone, so far from Methuen?"

"We came from Methuen yesterday to her ladyship's Castle of Doune."

"Then her ladyship must have come to a very sudden resolution to travel, for the Constable of Doune is in my hunting party, and I'll swear he expected no visitors."

"My gracious lady did not wish Stuart the Constable to expect her, nor does she now desire his knowledge of her presence in the Castle. She commanded me to ask your majesty to request the Constable to remain in Stirling, where, she understands, he spends most of his time. She begs your majesty to come to her with all speed and secrecy."

"I wonder what is wrong now," mused the King. "I have not heard from her for nearly a year. She has quarrelled with

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her third husband, I suppose, and probably prefers a decapitation to a separation, emulating the custom of her august brother, Henry the Eighth, the action of the axe being more expeditious than the process of law. The Tudors are all daft where matrimony is concerned."

"What does your majesty say?" asked the girl.

"I was speaking to myself rather than to you, but I may add that I am ready to go anywhere if you are to be my guide. Lend me your hand and spring up here behind me. We will gallop to Doune at once."

The young woman drew back a step or two.

"No, no," she said. "The Lady Margaret is most anxious that your visit should be unknown to any but herself, so she begs you to dismiss your followers and lay your commands upon Constable Stuart of Doune."

"But my followers are all of them old enough to look after themselves," objected the King, "and the Constable is not likely to leave Stirling where he has remained these many months."

"The Lady Margaret thought," persisted the girl, "that if your followers returned to Stirling and learned of your continued absence anxiety would ensue, and a search might be undertaken that would extend to Doune."

"How did my lady mother know that I would be hunting?" asked the King with some remnant of the caution that appeared to have abandoned him, "when you only heard of my excursion at Stirling?"

The girl seemed somewhat nonplussed by the question, but she answered presently with quiet deliberation:—"Her ladyship seemed much perturbed and feared I should not find you at the castle. She gave me various instructions, which she trusted I could accommodate to varying contingencies."

"My girl," said the King, leaning towards her, "you do not speak like a serving maid. What is your name?"

"I have been a gentlewoman, sire," she answered simply, "but women, alas, cannot control their fortunes. My name is Catherine. I will now go forward to Doune and wait for you at the farther side of the new bridge the tailor has built over the Teith. If you will secure your horse somewhere before coming to the river, and meet me there on foot, I will conduct you to the castle. Will you come?"

"Of a surety," cried the King, in a tone that left no doubt of his intentions. "I shall overtake you long before you are at the bridge." As he said this the girl fled away in the darkness, and then he raised his bugle to his lips and blew a blast that speedily brought answering calls.

James's unexplained absences were so frequent that his announcement of an intention not to return to the castle that night caused no surprise among his company, so bidding him good-night, they cantered off towards Stirling, while he, unaccompanied, set his face to the north-west, and his spurs to the horse's flanks, but his steed was already tired out and could not now keep pace with his impatience. To his disappointment, he did not overtake the girl, but found her waiting for him at the new bridge, and together they walked the short half-mile to the castle. The young man was inclined to be conversational, but the young woman made brief replies and finally beseeched his silence.

The night had proved exceedingly dark, and they were almost at the castle before its huge bulk loomed blackly before them. There was something so sinister in its dim, grim contour that for the first time since he set out on this night adventure, a suspicion that he was acting unwisely crossed the King's mind.

Still, he meditated, it was his mother's own castle, the Constable of which was a firm friend of his own, almost, as one might say, a relative, for he was the younger brother of his mother's husband, so what could be amiss with his visit?

"You are not taking me to the main entrance," he whispered.

"No, to the postern door."

"But the postern door is situated in the wall high above my reach; it is intended for the exit of a possible messenger during a siege, and not for the entrance of a guest."

"I am acting in accordance with my instructions," replied the girl. "A rope ladder descends from the postern door."

"A rope ladder! that sounds promising; will you ascend it?"

"Yes, sire, but meanwhile I implore your majesty to be silent."

The King said no more until the rope ladder was in his hand.

"I hope it is strong," he murmured.

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Then the King climbed lightly up the ladder until he stood on the sill of the narrow doorway, when he reached forward his hand to assist his slower comrade in mounting, but she sprang past him without availing herself of his aid, and in a low voice excusing herself for preceding him, walked up a winding stone staircase, on whose steps there was barely room for two to pass each other. She pushed open a door which allowed some light to stream through on the turret stair, which disappeared in the darkness still further aloft.

The King found himself in a large, square apartment either on the first or second story. It appeared in some sort to be a lady's boudoir, for the benches were cushioned and comfortable, and there were evidences about on small tables, of tapestry work and other needle employment recently abandoned.

"Will your majesty kindly be seated," said the girl, "I must draw up the ladder, close the postern door, and then inform my lady that you are here."

She went out by the way they had entered, and shut the door with a force that seemed to the King unnecessary, but he caught his breath an instant later as his quick ear seemed to tell him that a bolt had fallen. He rose at once, tried to open the door, and found that it was indeed barred on the outside. One other exit remained to be tested, a larger door evidently communicating with another room or passage; that also he found locked. He returned to the middle of the room and stood there for a few moments with knitted brow.

"Trapped, Jimmie, my lad! Trapped!" he muttered to himself. "Now what object can my mother have in this. Does she expect by such childish means to resume her authority over me? Does she hope that her third husband shall rule Scotland in my name as did her second? Me a prisoner! By Saint Andrew, no!"

The King seized a bench, raised it over his head and crashed it against the larger door with a noise that reverberated through the castle.

"Open!" he cried; "open instantly!"

II.

After pounding the bench against the solid door until he had smashed it to pieces the King paused, awaiting the result of his fury. Presently he thought he heard light footsteps coming along the passage and an instant later the huge key turned slowly in the lock. The door opened, and to his amazement he saw standing before him with wide frightened eyes, his guide, but dressed now as a lady.

"Madame," said the King sternly, "I ask you the meaning of this pleasantry?"

"Pleasantry?" repeated the girl, staring at him with her hands on a huge iron key, alert to run if this handsome maniac, strewn round by the wreckage of the bench he had broken, attempted to lay hands on her.

"Pleasantry," she said again, "that is a question I may well ask you. Who are you, sir, and what are you doing here?"

"Who I am, and what I am doing here, you know very well, because you brought me here. A change of garb does not change a well-remembered face," and the King bowed to his visitor with a return of his customary courtliness, now that his suspicions were allayed, for he knew how to deal with pretty women.

"Madame, there is no Queen in Scotland, but you are Queen by right of nature, and though you doff your gown, you cannot change your golden crown."

The girl's hand went up unconsciously to her ruddy hair, while she murmured more to herself than to him:—

"This is some of Catherine's work."

"Catherine was your name in the forest, my Lady, what is your name in the castle?"

"Isabel is my name in castle and forest alike. You have met my twin sister, Catherine. Why has she brought you here?"

"Like an obedient son, I am here at the command of my honourable mother, and your sister—if indeed goddesses so strangely fair, and so strangely similar can be two persons—has gone to acquaint my mother of my arrival."

The girl's alarm seemed to increase as the King's diminished. Trouble, dismay, and fear, marred her perfect face, and as the King scrutinised her more minutely, he saw that the firm mouth and the resolute chin of her sister had no place in the more softened and womanly features of the lady before him.

"Your mother? Who is she?"

"First, Margaret Tudor, daughter of the King of England; second, Margaret Stuart, wife of the King of Scotland; third, Margaret Douglas, ill-mate of the Earl of Angus; fourth, and let us hope finally, Margaret Stuart again, spouse of Lord Methuen, and owner of this castle."

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The girl swayed as if she would fall, all colour struck suddenly from her face. She leaned, nearly fainting, against the stone wall, passing her hand once or twice across her terror-filled eyes.

"Great God," she moaned, "do not tell me that you are James, King of Scotland, here, and alone, in this den of Douglases."

"Douglas!" cried the King roused at the hated name. "How can there be Douglases in the Castle of Doune; my mother's house, constabled by my friend, young Stuart?"

"Your mother's house?" echoed the girl with an uncanny laugh. "When has the Lady Margaret set foot in Doune? Not since she was separated from my uncle, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, and the Constable? Aye, the Constable is in Stirling. Doune Castle stands gloomy and alone, but in Stirling with the young King, there are masks, and hunting and gaiety. Young Stuart draws the revenues of his charge but pays slight attention to the fulfilment of his duty."

"You are then Isabel Douglas, and now, to echo your own question, how came you here. If this is a den of Douglases, as you say, how comes my mother's castle to be officered by the enemies of her son?"

"That you ask such a question shows little foresight or

THE KING CLIMBED LIGHTLY UP THE LADDER, STOOD ON THE SILL, AND REACHED FORWARD TO ASSIST HIS SLOWER COMRADE IN MOUNTING.

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knowledge of men. When your stepfather, and my uncle, Archibald Douglas, had control of this castle through your mother's name, he filled it with his own adherents."

"Naturally; nepotism was a well-known trait of my domineering stepfather, which did not add to his popularity in Scotland. Who can get office, or justice against a Douglas? was their cry. But did not a young Stuart, when he was made Constable, put in his own men?"

"The Constable, as surely you are well aware, pays slight attention to anything but the revenues of this castle, which he gaily spends in your capital."

"I see. So you and your sister found refuge among your underlings, and where so safe from search as within the King's mother's own fortress, almost under the shadow of Stirling. An admirable device. Why then do you jeopardise your safety by letting me into the secret."

The girl sighed deeply with downcast eyes, then she flashed a glance at him which had something in it of the old Douglas hauteur.

"I fear," she said, "that it is not our safety which is jeopardised."

"You mean that I am in danger?"

"The same stronghold which gives immunity to a family of the Red Douglases can hardly be expected to confer security upon James the Fifth, their persecutor."

"No. Certainly that would be too much to expect. Are you, then, in this plot against me, my Lady?"

"I have not heard of any plot. If there is one, I know nothing of it. I merely acquaint you with some echo of my fears."

"Then I charge you as a loyal subject of the lawful King, to guide me safely from this stronghold, into which I have been cozened by treachery and falsehood."

During this conversation Catherine had entered silently and unnoticed through the smaller door, had taken out the huge key, and closed the door and locked it behind her.

Her beautiful white right arm was bare to the elbow, the loose sleeve rolled up, and in her hand she held a dagger. With her back against the newly-locked door, she turned fiercely to the King, and said:—

"I will be your Majesty's guide from this castle, and your perjured soul shall find exit through a postern gate made by my dagger!"

III.

Isabel turned as she heard the frenzied words of her sister, and, starting forward in alarm, grasped Catherine's left hand.

"Oh, Catherine, Catherine," sobbed Isabel, weeping in fear and horror of the situation, "you cannot contemplate so awful a deed; a murder so foul, for however unworthy he may be, he is still the King."

"What is there foul in ridding the world of a reptile such as he?" hissed Catherine. "How many innocent lives has he taken to encompass his revenge? How many now of our name are exiled and starving because of his action? I shall strike the blow with greater surety, for in killing him I extinguish his treacherous race."

"No good can come from assassination, Catherine."

"What greater evil can spring from his death than from his life?"

"His killing will not bring back those whom he has slain; it will not cause our banished kinsmen to return. It will be a murder for revenge."

"And not the first in Scotland," said Catherine grimly.

The King had once more seated himself, and now resting his chin on his open palm, listened to the discussion with the interested bearing of one who had little concern with its result. A half amused smile wreathed his lips, and once or twice he made a motion as if he would intervene, but on second thoughts kept silent.

"Do not attempt this foul deed, dear sister," pleaded Isabel earnestly. "Let us away as we intended. The horses are ready and waiting for us. Our mother is looking for our coming in her room. The night wears on, and we must pass Stirling while it is yet dark, so there is no time to be lost. Dear sister, let us quit Scotland as we purposed, an accursed land to all of our name, but let us quit it with unstained hands."

"Isabel, darling," said Catherine in a low voice that quavered with the emotion caused by her sister's distress and appeal, "what unlucky chance brought you to this fatal room at such a moment? Can you not understand that I have gone too far to retreat? Who, having caged the tiger, dare open again the door and set him free? If for no other reason, the King must die because he is here and because I brought him here. Open the door behind you, Isabel,

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go down the circular stair, and at the postern door you will find the rope ladder by which I ascended. Get you to the courtyard and there wait for me, saying nothing."

"Catherine, Catherine, the King will pardon you. He will surely forgive what you have done in exchange for his life."

"Forgiveness!" shrieked Catherine, her eyes blazing again. "I want no forgiveness from the King of Scotland. Pardon! The tiger would pardon, till once he is free again. The King must die."

"I shall go as you have bid me, Catherine, but not to do your bidding; I shall arouse the castle and prevent an abominable crime."

Catherine laughed harshly.

"Whom would you call to your assistance? Douglases, Douglases, Douglases! How many of your way of thinking will you find in the castle? You know well, one only, and that is our mother, old and helpless. Rouse the castle, Isabel, if you will, and find a dead man, and perhaps a dead sister as well when you break in this locked door."

THE KING SEIZED A BENCH, AND CRASHED IT AGAINST THE DOOR. "OPEN!" HE CRIED; "OPEN INSTANTLY."

The helpless Isabel sank her head against the wall and burst into a fury of weeping.

"Ladies," said the King, soothingly, rising to his feet, "will you graciously condone my intervention in this dispute? You are discussing an important act, from the commission of which all sentiment should be eliminated, an act which requires the hard strong mind of a man brought to bear upon the pros and cons of its consummation. You are dealing with it entirely from the standpoint of the heart, and not of the head, an error common with women, and one that has ever precluded their effective dealing with matters of State. You will pardon me, Lady Isabel, when I say that your sister takes a much more practical view of the situation than you do. She is perfectly right in holding that, having me prisoner here, it is impossible to allow me to go scathless. There is no greater folly than the folly of half doing a thing."

"Does your majesty argue in favour of your own murder?" asked Isabel, amazed, gazing at the young man through her tears.

"Not so; but still that is a consideration which I must endeavour to eliminate from my mind, if my advice is to be impartial, and of service to you. May I beg of you to be seated? We have the night before us and may consider the various interesting points at our leisure, and thus no irremediable mistake need be made."

Isabel, well nigh exhausted with the intensity of her feeling, sank upon a bench,

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but Catherine still stood motionless, dagger in hand, her back against the door. The King, seeing she did not intend to obey, went on suavely. There was a light of intense admiration in his eyes as he regarded the standing woman.

"Catherine," he said, "can you tell me when last a King of Scotland—and a James also—and a Catherine Douglas, bore relation to each other in somewhat similar circumstances?"

The King paused, but the girl, glowering at him, made no reply, and after a few moments the young man went on.

"It was a year more than a century ago, when the life of James the First was not only threatened, but extinguished, not by one brave woman, but by a mob of cowardly assassins. Then Catherine Douglas nearly saved the life of her king. She thrust her fair young arm into the iron loops of a door, and had it shattered by those craven miscreants."

Isabel wept quietly, her face in her two open hands, but Catherine answered in anger.

"Why did the Catherine Douglas of that day risk her life to save her King?—because James the First was a just monarch. Why does the Catherine Douglas of to-day wish to thrust her dagger into the false heart of James the Fifth?—because he has turned on the hand that nurtured him ——"

"The hand that imprisoned him, Lady Catherine. Pardon my correction."

"He turned on the man who governed Scotland wisely and well."

"Again pardon me; he had no right to govern; I was the king, not Archibald Douglas. But all that is beside the question, and recrimination is as bad as sentiment for clouding cold reason. What I wished to point out is that assassination or the capture of kings very rarely accomplish their object. James the First was assassinated, and as a result two Stuarts, two Grahams, and two Chamberses were tortured and executed, so his murderers profited little. My grandfather, James the Third, was carried off by the Boyds, but Sir Alexander Boyd was beheaded and his brother and nephew suffered forfeiture. I think I have shown, then, that violence is usually futile."

"Not so," answered Catherine, "your grandfather was assassinated, and the man who killed him is not known to this day. Your great-grandfather basely murdered the Black Douglas in Stirling, thus breaking his word of honour, for he had given Douglas safe conduct, yet he profited by his act and crushed my kinsmen."

"I see, Lady Catherine, that you are too well versed in history for me to contend with you successfully on that subject," said the King, with a slight laugh. "We will, therefore, restrict our inquiry to the present case, as wise people should. Tell me then, so that I may be the better able to advise you, what is your true object—revenge, and my death, or the wringing from me of concessions for your family?"

"I could not wring concessions from you, because you could not make good those concessions unless I released you. I dare not release you, because I dare not trust you."

"I foresaw that would be your difficulty, and so I told your sister, that having gone so far you could not retreat. The issue is, therefore, narrowed down to death and how it may best be accomplished. You have made the tactical mistake of forewarning me. I cannot understand why you did not mount my horse beside me and stab me in the back at we rode through the forest. Did this not occur to you, Lady Catherine?"

"It did, but there were objections. Your horse would doubtless have escaped me, and would have galloped riderless to Stirling; your body would have been found by break of day, and we but a few hours' march from Stirling. Here I expect you to lie undiscovered in this locked room till we are safe in England."

"That is clear reasoning," commented the King with impartiality, "but have you looked beyond? Who would be successor to the Throne? I have neither brother nor sister; my two uncles died before I was born, and I perish childless. I think you mentioned that you wished to extinguish our line. Very well; what follows? Who would be heir to the Throne?"

"It matters nothing to me," said Catherine firmly. "Whoever rules Scotland could not be a greater enemy to my race than you are."

"I am not so sure of that. I think your dagger blow will have consequences you do not look for, and that your kin now exiled in England will find the stroke a savage one for them. You forget that the stern King of England is my uncle, and on this relationship may lay claim to the Scottish Throne.

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Be that as it may, it will be no secret that a Douglas committed the murder; and think you Henry the Eighth will offer safe refuge to his nephew's assassins? You much misjudge him if you do. It would have been far better to have slain me in the forest. This castle business is but an ill-judged, ill-thought-out plan. I am sorry to appear adversely critical, but such is my opinion, and it confirms me in the belief that women should let steel and State alone."

"I dare not let you go," replied Catherine.

"Of a surety you dare not, that is what I have said from the beginning. On the other hand, I dare make no concessions, under coercion, that would save my life. You see we are both cowardly, each in a different way. And now, having come to the absolutely logical conclusion that the King must die, you should turn your mind to the difficulties that confront you, and,"—continued the King—"I, you see, am also armed."

And, as he spoke, he took from his doublet a dagger almost similar to the one held by the girl.

IV.

A gentle smile passed over the King's lips as he ran his thumb lightly along the edge of the dagger he had drawn, and then glanced up at the two women in time to notice their looks of consternation at this new element in the situation.

"One cannot expect to enter a tiger's cage and not feel a touch of his claws, so, Lady Catherine, your task is more serious than you anticipated. There is furthermore

'ISABEL, DARLING," SAID CATHERINE, "CAN YOU NOT UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE GONE TOO FAR TO RETREAT? . . . . . THE KING MUST DIE."

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another source of danger against you, and it is my sincere wish that in the struggle to come you may not be too severely handicapped. While the issue of our contest is still in doubt, your sister will assuredly unlock the door and give the alarm, hoping to prevent your contemplated crime, or my killing of you. I think it right that you should not be called upon to suffer this intervention, for, if you will permit me to say so, I admire your determination as much as I admire, in another way, the Lady Isabel's leaning towards mercy. I shall then, take this key from the larger door and place it, with your sister, outside on the narrow stairway. You have withdrawn the rope ladder so she cannot alarm the garrison."

"But I have not withdrawn it," said Catherine quickly. "My sister must not leave this room or she will bring interference."

"Then," said the King calmly, as he rose and took the key from the large door, "we shall at least make it impossible for her to open the way into the hall," and so saying, he stepped to the smaller door which he opened, and before either of the women could prevent his action, or even grasp an inkling of his design, he stepped outside, key in hand, and thrust to their places the bolts of the stairway door.

The two girls looked at each other for a moment in silence, Isabel plainly panic-stricken, while in Catherine's face anger struggled with chagrin. Each was quick to see the sudden consequences of this turning of the tables; the two were helpless prisoners in a remote portion of the castle, no one within its walls being acquainted with their whereabouts. The King insulted, hoodwinked, and all but murdered, was now at liberty, free to ride the few short leagues that lay between Doune and Stirling, and before daybreak the fortress would be in the hands of an overwhelming force and the whole garrison prisoners. In the awed silence an unexpected sound came to them from the outside, the sound of a struggle of a man endeavouring to suppress hearty laughter that overmastered him. To be doomed is bad enough, but to be made a subject of levity was too much for the dauntless Catherine. She flung her dagger to the stone floor with a gesture of rage, then sank upon a bench and like her sister gave way to tears, tears of bitter humiliation and rage.

"Ladies," said the King from the outside, "I beg that you will allow me to open the door," but receiving no answer the bolts were drawn once more; James again entered the apartment and gazed down upon two fair proud heads, crowned with ruddy hair.

"Dear ladies," said the King, "forgive me my untimely mirth. Both of you take matters too seriously, a little laughter is necessary in this world. My Lady Catherine, I told you that I could grant you no concessions under coercion, but now coercion has vanished and I enter this room a free man of my own will. Tell me my girl, what is it you want? The rescinding of your father's exile? It is granted. The right to live unmolested in your own castle? It is granted. Safe conduct to England? It is granted. The privilege of remaining in Doune? It is granted. But do not ask me to rescind banishment against Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, for that I shall not concede. The Douglas ambition, and not the Scottish King, has wrecked the Douglas family, both Black and Red. But as far as concerns your own immediate kin, with one exception, I shall give anything you like to ask."

Catherine rose to her feet, threw back her auburn tresses, and said curtly:—

"We ask for nothing but the privilege of leaving the country you rule."

The King bowed.

"And you, Lady Isabel?"

"I go with my sister and my mother."

"I grieve at your decision, ladies, and for the first time in my life envy England in getting an advantage over poor old Scotland. But if such be your final determination, then go in peace, and in the daylight. Your journey shall not be molested by me."

James placed the key once more in the lock, and, turning to Catherine, said:—

"My fair antagonist, I bid you good night."

He stretched out his right hand, and she, with some hesitation and visible reluctance, placed her palm in his. Then the King raised to his lips the hand which at one time seemed like to have stricken him down.

"And you, sweet Isabel, whose gentle words I shall not soon forget, you will not refuse me your hand?"

"No, your majesty, if you will promise to think kindly of us."

The King, however, did not raise her hand to his lips, but placing an arm about her waist, he drew her towards him and kissed her. Next moment he was hurrying down the stone steps, and the two were left alone together.

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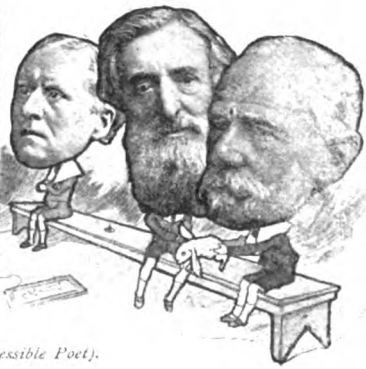
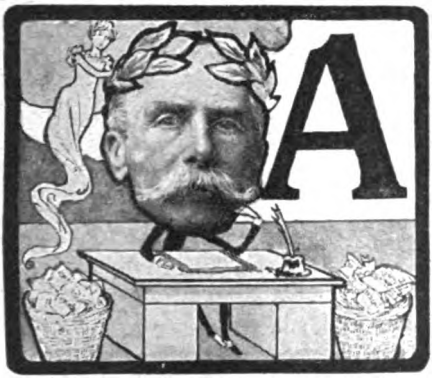
THE CELEBRITIES' ABC



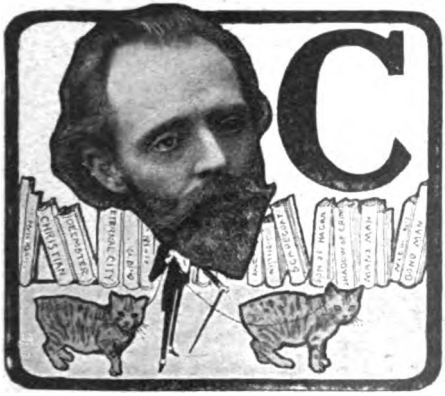
NURSERY RHYMES FOR GROWN-UPS.

(By the insuppressible Poet).



A IS for AUSTIN
With bays on his brow,
He is doing his best,
But the critics allow
He might write better verse
If he only knew how.

B's BADEN-POWELL,
So cheerful and gay,
He lived in a "bomb-proof"
Out Mafeking way,
And maintained his best form
On a biscuit a day.



C is HALL CAINE,
Who writes wonderful tales.
If the critic their lack
Of true genius bewails
His admirers just point
To his six-figure sales.

D is DE WET,
Whom our generals chase,
In the wink of an eye
He can fade into space,
As this page goes to press
He is in a tight place.

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E is for EDISON,
Who from his birth
Has invented all day
For each cent that he's worth,
With the happy result
Of an up-to-date earth.

F is for FRENCH,
Who is tubby and short,
But a master of horse
Of the very best sort,
Who has never been known
To "regret to report."

G is for GILBERT,
Who made pretty plays,
Till, alas, he was seized
With a serious craze,
And has vowed to keep mum
For the rest of his days.

H is for HARDY,
Who writes of the land
Of sweet Wessex maids
And of dames that are grand,
And some wonderful verse
That you can't understand.

I is for IRVING,
The king of the stage;
But he can't sing or dance
On account of his age;
And this musical stuff
Is just now all the rage.

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J is for JOE
With a glass in his eye,
He enjoys himself most
With his foes in full cry;
When you think you can score,
It is best not to try.

K is for KIPLING,
A builder of rhymes,
Who "lest we forget"
All our national crimes
Sets them forth at great length
In large type in the "Times."

L is for LIPTON,
Who spent quite a lot
In attempts to construct
The best possible yacht,
To compete for a prize
Which he hasn't yet got.

M is MARCONI,
Who rouses the ire
Of the great cable kings,
And whose fondest desire
Is to talk to Japan
Without using a wire.

N is CZAR NICHOLAS,
France's best friend,
Who visits her sometimes
To stay the week-end,
And to take all the cash
She is willing to lend.

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O is O'CONNOR,
Who's known as "Tay Pay,"
Who in theory the base
Saxon tyrant would slay;
But who writes about dukes
In the friendliest way.

P's PALEREWSKI,
Beloved by the fair,
They admire his great skill,
But they worship his hair,
Though he has not a lock
Of the halo to spare.

Q is LE QUEUX,
Who sensations can make
Out of virtue oppressed
And the vile human snake,
Who keeps gritting his teeth
Till you'd think they would break.

R is for ROSEBERY,
Peer of the plough,
That he speaks golden truths
E'en his foemen allow,
And we ought to get on
When he's telling us how.

S is for SANDOW,
Whose muscles of steel
Are of classical mould;
But the posters reveal
How in shaking his hand
His acquaintances feel.

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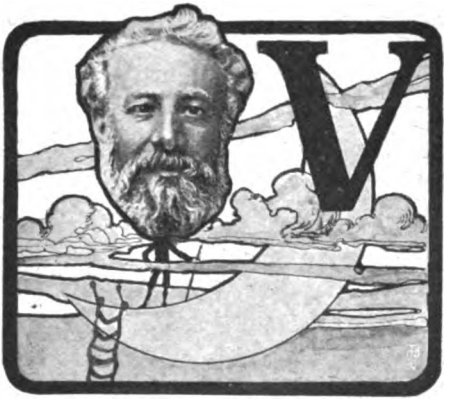
T is for TADEMA.
Day after day
He can paint marble halls,
Can this clever R.A.,
Quite correct in each vein,
So the connoisseurs say.

U's UNCLE PAUL,
Who has trekked to Utrecht,
Who, although all his hopes
Have been utterly wrecked,
Keeps on asking far more
Than he ought to expect.

V is JULES VERNE,
Who for boys in their teens
Wrote most marvellous tales
With impossible scenes,
And we elders all laughed
Till they built submarines.



W's WILHELM,
An emperor great,
Who can paint and write plays
And design silver plate,
And attend in between
To all matters of State.

X is exceptional
You will admit,
None whose name thus began
In our time made a hit,
And poor Xerxes you know
Has been dead for a bit.

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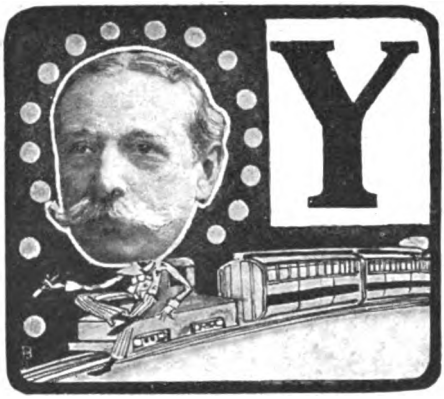
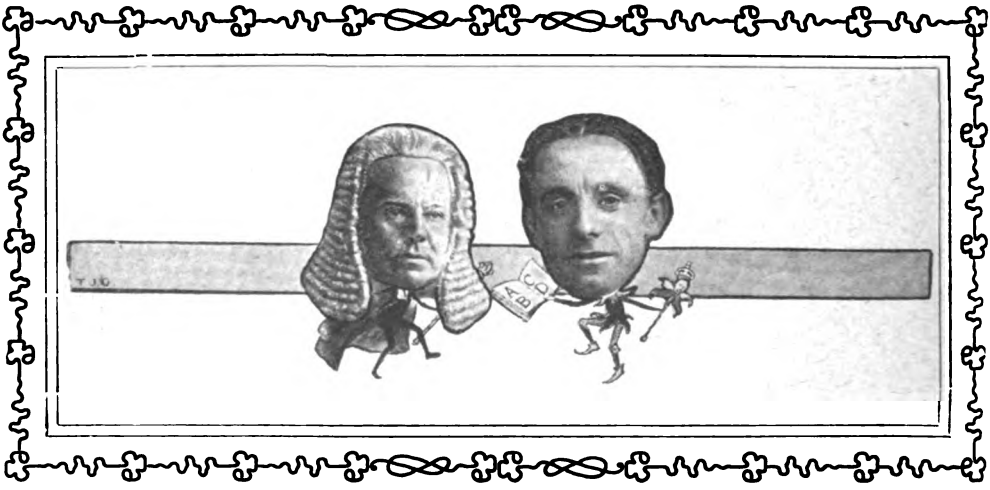


Y is for YERKES,
Who 'lows he will give
To the folks in this town
Quite a good chance to live,
When it's ridd'led with tubes
Like the holes in a sieve.

Z is for ZANGWILL,
Who writes about Jews.
Though he scarcely can claim
To unprejudiced views,
Yet his books never fail
To instruct and amuse.



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WHAT A MICROBE SPECIALIST DOES

SOME NOVEL EXPERIMENTS SHOWING THE DISEASE GERMS THAT LADIES' SKIRTS, BANKNOTES AND COINS COLLECT AND SPREAD.

By Wilfred Mark Webb, F.L.S.

THERE are many ways in which harmful germs, more especially those which give rise to infectious disorders, are spread about.

Ignorance, carelessness, and even fashion all play their part in the evil work, and under the last heading come the sweeping trains of ladies' outdoor frocks that have been earnestly condemned quite recently in many quarters. Bacteriology, which deals with germs of all kinds, is perhaps our youngest science, and it will be interesting to consider a few of its methods in connection with the trailing skirt and one or two other matters of our present day life.

THE LADY WHOSE SKIRT GATHERED UP THE EXTRAORDINARY COLLECTION OF 10,672,000 GERMS, DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

First of all, it will be necessary to induce a member of the fair sex to part with a portion of the hem of her dress, and having obtained a piece of braid from the lady who is seen obligingly sweeping the pavement in our first illustration, we will proceed to shew that it carries germs of various kinds and in startling numbers.

We will, for convenience in calculation, take a piece of material an inch square, or with an area equal to that measurement. If our work is to be of any value, we must take such precautions as will give us reasonable cause to feel certain that any germs we may discover have come from the source to which we ascribe them and are not due to subsequent contamination.

Hence we must be sure that all liquids, vessels and instruments used in the examination are germ-free. The same things must hold good for the food substances upon which we are to grow our bacteria, as a gardener grows bigger plants in his beds. To ensure this, everything must, previous to use, be heated to such a temperature that all existing germs are killed, and must be kept in such a way that interlopers may not afterwards find their way in from the air.

If water is to be used, it is distilled and afterwards absolutely sterilised by being boiled for some time on several successive days in a flask with the neck plugged with cotton wool. This allows steam to escape, but does not permit germs to enter, when, as the flask cools down, air finds its way in. The reason for the repeated boilings is that some germs reproduce themselves by means of tiny bodies called "spores," which can withstand very high temperature; warmth will, however, induce them to grow into full-sized bacteria, whereupon a second heating will kill them effectually. "Culture media," as the bacteriologist calls the food he gives to his creatures, are subjected to the action of steam upon more than one occasion for the same reason.

In order that the growth of the germs within them can be watched without letting in unfiltered air, glass vessels are almost always used. These are, previous to use, baked for some time in an oven. Rods and wires and knives are made biologically clean by being passed through the flame of a spirit lamp or Bünsen burner immediately before use. All these processes for getting rid of

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GERM COLONIES OBTAINED FROM ONE SQUARE INCH OF THE LADY'S SKIRT.

GERM COLONIES AND MOULDS FROM ANOTHER INCH OF THE SKIRT.

SCRAP OF THE SKIRT ON WHICH TUBERCLE BACILLI WERE FOUND.

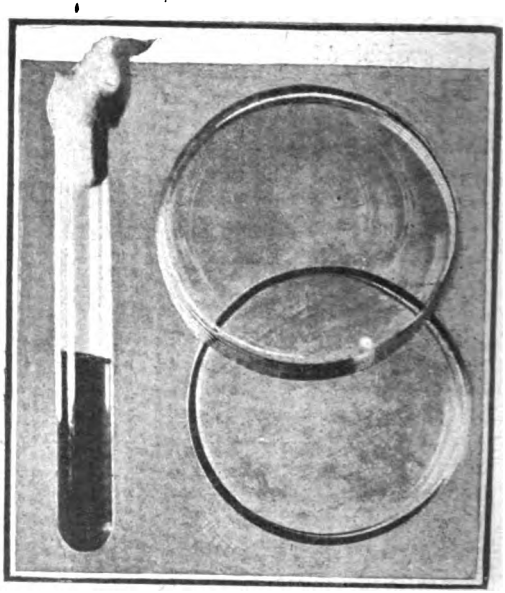
TUBERCLE BACILLI, OR GERMS OF CONSUMPTION, FOUND ON THE LADY'S SKIRT.

T. A. O'Donohoe, Photo.

germ-weeds go by the name of sterilising, a term familiar enough owing to commercial methods of treating milk.

After this little digression we will go back to our piece of braid; this we place in a sterilised vessel with one hundred and fifty minims or drops of sterilised water measured in a sterilised graduated glass, and stir it up with a sterile rod. By this means we must obtain a large number of the germs that may be on the braid, suspended in the water.

Next we take a tube of sterilised beef tea jelly, made in the following manner. Lean beef is cut up overnight and put into distilled water, which extracts much of the soluble nourishment. This is filtered and mixed with Coignet's "gold label" gelatine, and a modicum of peptone and common salt. Then the resulting medium is cleared with an egg beaten up, shell and all, and filtered under the action of steam until it is glass clear. Portions are introduced into sterilised tubes, and these are plugged



A TUBE OF STERILISED NUTRIENT JELLY, PLUGGED WITH GERM-PROOF COTTON WOOL, AND TWO GLASS CELLS COATED WITH STERILISED GLYCERINE, USED FOR THE EXPERIMENTS DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

and heated again on successive days as before described. Carefully removing the cotton wool plug, we introduce a little sterilised water, and with a sterilised rod *one drop* of the washings of the braid. Then replacing the plug we put the tube into hot water until the jelly melts, and any germs in the drop of the washings of the braid are spread about in the jelly with the help of the water. The next process is to carefully raise the cover of a sterilised glass dish for an instant so as to be able to pour the germs and jelly into it. Manipulating the closed dish, we take care that the melted jelly evenly covers the bottom, and we leave it on a level surface to solidify.

In a few days time, if the temperature be favourable, each microscopic germ, finding itself in the lap of luxury, will divide and divide again until a small colony, quite visible to the naked eye, is formed on the bottom of the

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dish, and if we look through the glass cover and count the number of colonies we shall know how many germs were in the single drop of water that came from the washings of the braid.

In the dish that we have photographed there were 536 colonies obtained from one drop of water; 150 drops were used, so that it is easy to estimate that we washed off no less than 26,800 germs from the piece of braid. Furthermore, measurements shewed that a strip of skirt at least six inches wide and five times as long on each side swept the ground, and we may reasonably put down 10,672,000 germs as resting upon the train of the skirt examined. This, of course, is exclusive of the myriads stirred up from the ground for people to breathe when the dress is dragging along out of doors, or those brushed or shaken off when it is afterwards worn in the house. There are also often to be found the spores of numerous moulds which produce the well-known growths that we see upon jam and so forth.

NO FEWER THAN 26,800 MICROBES WERE WASHED FROM THIS SCRAP OF THE LADY'S SKIRT.

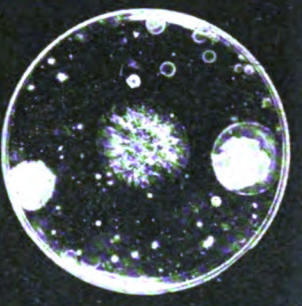
We must not forget the fact that the trailing skirt has been put down as an agent in the spread of tuberculosis. The bacilli of this scourge grow very slowly, and even if gelatine were a suitable medium for them they would be overwhelmed by the luxuriance of putrefactive and other germs, so that we cannot expect to demonstrate the presence of tubercle bacilli by a dish culture such as we have described.

The simplest way to shew their presence would be to take some of the washings of the dress, and inject them into a guinea-pig, or rabbit, which would develop tuberculosis if tubercle bacilli were existent. This process of inoculation is, however, considered to be vivisection, for which we have not the necessary licence, and so the more laborious method of drying a drop of washings on a thin microscopical cover glass, staining it with fuchsine, cleaning it with acid, and restaining with Loeffler's blue, must be followed.

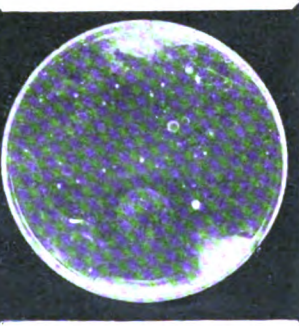
Then we must mount the result on a glass slip with Canada balsam; place a drop of cedar oil on the upper side of the cover, and having laid it on the stage of our microscope, bring the nose of our one-twelfth inch objective into the oil, and proceed to focus the instrument and hunt about for bacilli. The presence of darkly-stained, rod-like bodies is what we have to prove.

Of course, it is not to be expected that we can find tubercle on every dress straight away, though, as the germs are said to be well-nigh ubiquitous, careful search should soon reveal them. We had, indeed, not long to work before we demonstrated the presence of the tubercle on the square inch of cloth taken from the train of the dress.

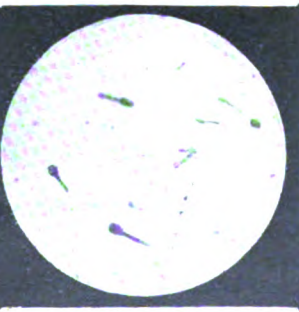
FRAGMENT OF A DIRTY BANKNOTE, EXAMINED FOR MICROBES.



GERM COLONIES FOUND IN WASHING THE BANKNOTE.



GERMS CULTIVATED FROM ONE DROP OF THE WATER IN WHICH THE BANKNOTE WAS WASHED.



TETANUS BACILLI, OR GERMS OF LOCKJAW, FOUND ON THE BANKNOTE.
T. A. O'Donohoe, Photo.

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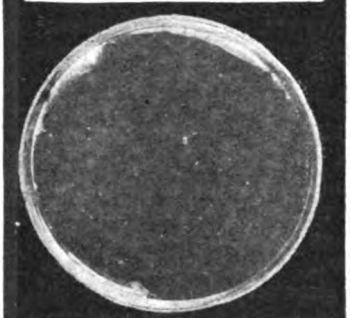
Some idea of the appearance of the germs themselves, under the very high power of the microscope, may be gained from our illustration from a photograph taken by Mr. T. A. O'Donohoe, of the Quekett Microscopical Club. It shows them magnified 1,000 times.

Ladies may well pause and think before dragging their garments along the dirty pavement, on which such germs are often to be found. It must be remembered, too, that tubercle bacilli are but one kind among many germs; diphtheria and other diseases are also only too easily disseminated.

Our currency is another subject to which but too little attention is directed. In London, banknotes do not become outrageously dirty, as their life is not long enough. Let us, however, examine one which is yet crisp and shows portions still undiscoloured. We will wash it in an ounce-and-a-half of sterilised water, and taking a dish, of which the bottom has previously been covered with sterilised jelly, allow the washings to flow momentarily over its surface. We get a very marked result after a few days' growth — plenty of germ colonies, and a fine mould in the centre, shewing how soon a microscopic spore will, in happy circumstances, develop into a comparatively gigantic plant.

Taking a drop of the washings and making a culture as we did in the case of the dress, we do not get quite such a striking effect apparently. We say apparently because it must be taken into consideration

THE PENNY ON WHICH SMALL-POX GERMS WERE FOUND.



A DISINFECTED PENNY LAID ON STERILISED GLYCERINE GAVE NO RESULT—

—BUT AN ORDINARY PENNY PRODUCED A LARGE COLONY OF BACTERIA.

VARIOLA BACILLI, OR GERMS OF SMALL-POX, FOUND ON THE PENNY.
E. C. Bousfield, Photo.

that an ounce-and-a-half of water instead of 150 minims was used, and it may amuse our readers to count how many germ colonies came from one drop, to calculate the number of drops in the quantity of water named, and then multiplying the two, to arrive at an estimation of the number of germs on a London banknote.

If, however, we take banknotes that have circulated in an agricultural district, and have had slight additions of earth from the hands of the various owners, and heat the cultivations made from them so as to kill the majority of the germs without destroying the spores of those that can withstand the greatest amount of heat, we shall get colonies subsequently arising which, upon microscopical examination, are seen to consist of bacilli, swollen at one end through the formation of spores. They are those which give rise to tetanus or lockjaw. The original home of these is in the soil. The picture of the lockjaw bacilli was also taken by Mr. O'Donohoe, and shows the germs enlarged 1,250 times.

It has been suggestively stated that if one could obtain statistics of the number of children who die owing to sucking pennies given them by their fond, but unthinking, parents, the result would be decidedly surprising. Perhaps nothing is more likely to spread disease than the bronze coinage, which is fingered by everyone. It would be quite easy to clean and disinfect all one's coppers, and tradesmen, automatic supply and tramway companies, banks and other firms

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who deal with large quantities of coppers, might do worse than supply their clients and customers with coins that have been rendered not only innocuous, but less likely to pick up a further supply of germs.

An ingenious little apparatus has been designed by Dr. Kemlo Wilson, called the "Nummulave," which he obligingly allowed the writer to photograph for the first time, and to test bacteriologically.

It is a metal case with a slot in the top for the coins to be dropped in, and capable of being padlocked. It is 9½in. long and 4in. broad, and holds 240 pennies, or a pound's worth of coppers. In it the money is exposed to the action of a strong disinfectant for a quarter of an hour or so. The coins are contained in an inner perforated cylinder which, by being moved through half a circle, agitates them and helps to remove their casing of dirt.

WATER IN WHICH 240 PENNIES WERE WASHED. NOTE THE SEDIMENT INDICATED BY THE ARROW.

Dr. Wilson put a penny into his little apparatus for the specified time; he then removed it with sterilised forceps and thoroughly washed it with sterilised water, to remove the disinfectant. Then the coin was laid on the surface of the nutrient jelly for a few seconds; and afterwards a second, but unsterilised penny, was similarly rinsed and laid with the forceps on a second dish.

The centre of the first dish shows no growth of germs, while the spot where the untreated penny lay in a few hours shewed masses of putrefying jelly, which afterwards spread over a large part of the dish.

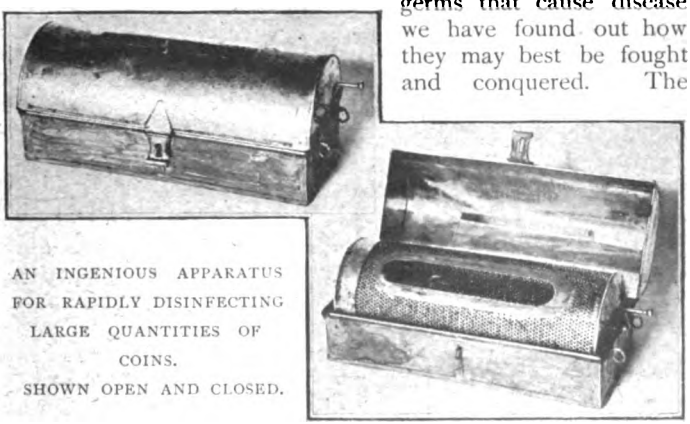
Just now small-pox is about again, and spreads most insidiously. Bacteriologists do not know all they would like to know about the disease, and the public is in ignorance of many generalities that would be useful to it. Perhaps the new Vaccination League will help matters in the second case. Little success has attended most endeavours to cultivate the germs of small-pox; we are, however, able to give a photograph of variola bacilli, that is, small-pox germs, discovered by Dr. Copeman, who introduced the system of glycerinating calf lymph for vaccination, now used by the Local Government Board.

Our readers need hardly be reminded that with the introduction of calf lymph and the sterilising of lancets and so forth, before and after the operation of vaccination, all chances of communicating diseases from child to child by it—the great argument of anti-vaccinators—were removed.

There still remained possibilities of erysipelas and so on until by the addition of glycerine to the cultivation, which permitted the growth of the necessary germs while killing off all others, what is practically perfection has been reached. The Medical Officer of Health for Chicago, writing recently to Dr. Copeman, said that to his knowledge 20,000 persons had been vaccinated with glycerinated lymph in that city, and not a single complication of other diseases had arisen.

The examples that we have here given of the work of a microbe specialist will serve to show that the science of bacteriology is of the utmost public importance, and ministers in no small degree to the welfare and good health of the community.

With the discovery of the microscopic germs that cause disease we have found out how they may best be fought and conquered. The medical attendant now understands much of the nature and methods of action of these microbes, and so has no longer to work in the dark.



AN INGENIOUS APPARATUS FOR RAPIDLY DISINFECTING LARGE QUANTITIES OF COINS. SHOWN OPEN AND CLOSED.

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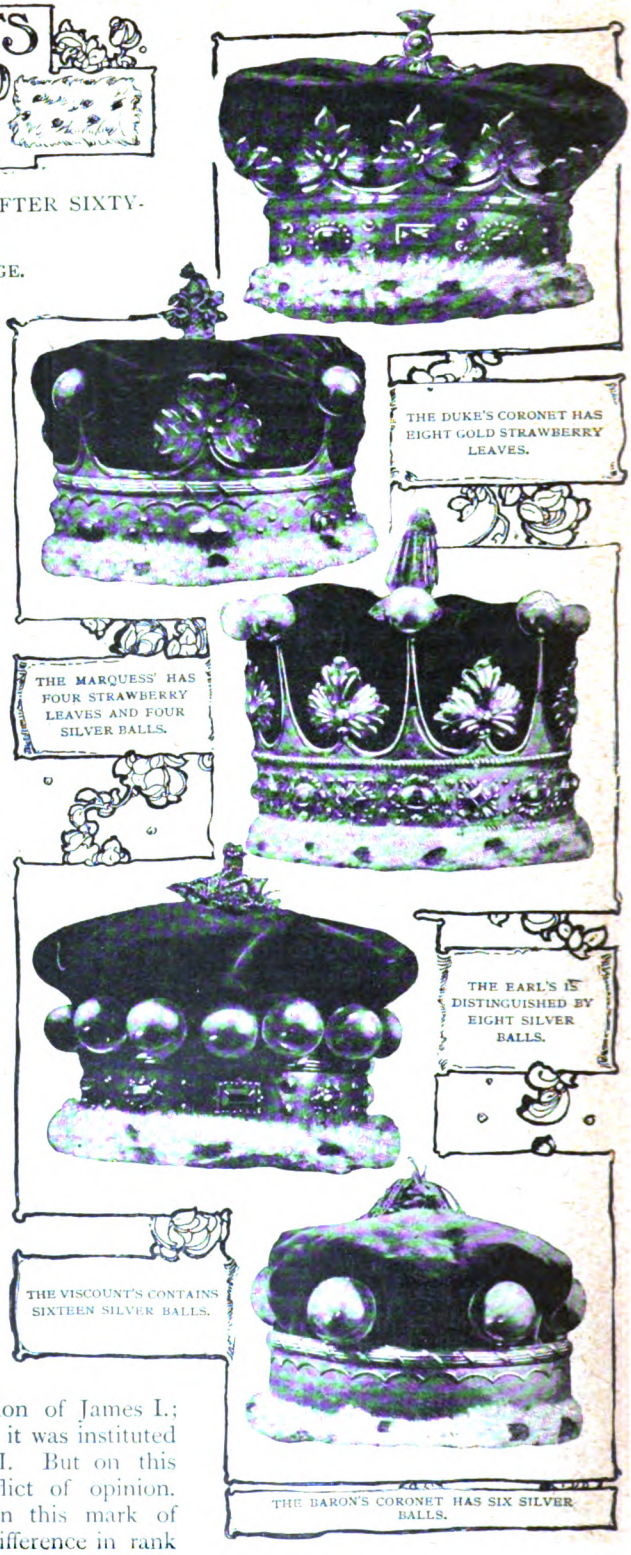
CORONETS REPAIRED HERE!

AN OCCUPATION REVIVED AFTER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS.

By Arthur Birnage.

THE most thrilling moment at the Coronation of King Edward VII. will be that when the Archbishop of Canterbury places the crown upon the head of His Majesty. But the most striking scene immediately follows this impressive function, when every peer and every peeress of the realm present at Westminster Abbey, dons the coronet pertaining to his, or her, rank. The peers naturally have been greatly interested in the Coronation preparations, and as ninety-five per cent. of them have never worn a coronet in their lives—the one decoration which really distinguishes a peer from a commoner—it is not surprising that their coronets have aroused the greatest curiosity amongst the aristocracy.

But why should the nobility of the country attend the crowning ceremony of the sovereign arrayed in coronets? is a natural question that occurs to the uninitiated man in the street. The custom is of very ancient date, and to a certain extent its foundation is shrouded in mystery. According to one historian, the coronets for earls were first allowed during the reign of Henry III.; for viscounts by Henry VIII.; and for barons by Charles II.; while another recorder states that Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, was the first earl to wear a coronet in 1604, at the coronation of James I.; while a third authority states that it was instituted during the reign of Edward III. But on this point there is considerable conflict of opinion. Certain it is, however, that when this mark of homage was first instituted, the difference in rank



THE DUKE'S CORONET HAS EIGHT GOLD STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

THE MARQUESS' HAS FOUR STRAWBERRY LEAVES AND FOUR SILVER BALLS.

THE EARL'S IS DISTINGUISHED BY EIGHT SILVER BALLS.

THE VISCOUNT'S CONTAINS SIXTEEN SILVER BALLS.

THE BARON'S CORONET HAS SIX SILVER BALLS.

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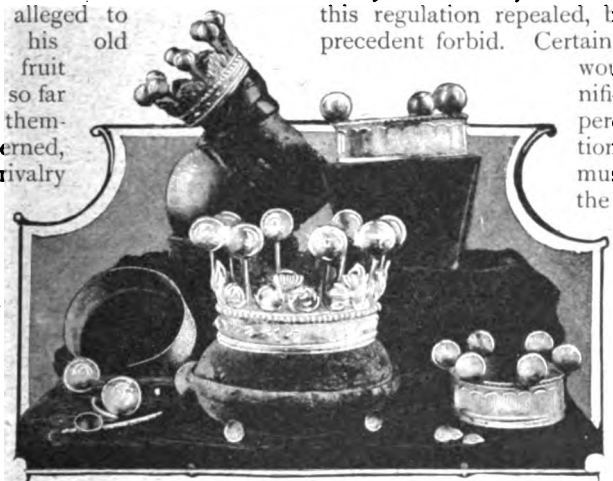
was not emphasised. The Court did not stop the baron from wearing a more gorgeous coronet than the duke, and the ranks of peers could not be distinguished by their coronets at the crowning of the various monarchs. Charles II., however, made the first order detailing the various coronets to be worn, and there has been very little deviation from the order since that day.

Many interesting stories have been told, more or less true, concerning the fate of the family coronet. In some cases, they have been lost altogether, whilst in other instances they have been converted to all sorts of strange uses as decorations and ornaments in various ancestral halls and castles up and down the land. One practical peer is alleged to have converted his old coronet into a fruit stand. Of course, so far as the coronets themselves are concerned, there can be no rivalry on the part of one owner striving to excel another by the decoration of his emblem. There is a special type of coronet for the duke, another for the earl, and so on throughout the noble scale, and the same rule applies to the peeresses of the various ranks.



A PEER'S CORONET IN PIECES SHOWING THE VARIOUS MATERIALS OF WHICH IT IS COMPOSED.

It may at first be imagined that the coronet is an expensive item, but such is not the case. It usually costs less than twenty pounds. The baron practically has to pay as much as the duke. The coronet is made of silver gilt, whilst the caps are made of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, with a gold tassel on the top. No jewels or precious stones of any kind are permitted to be worn, and it is specially decreed that the silver balls common to the majority of coronets are not under any circumstances to be replaced by counterfeit pearls.

The rank of the noble may be easily determined from his crown. The coronet of the baron has on the circle or rim six silver balls, placed equi-distantly; that of the viscount contains sixteen silver balls; and that of the earl eight silver balls raised upon points, with gold strawberry leaves between the points; that of the marquess is embellished on the circlet with four gold strawberry leaves and four silver balls alternately, the latter a little raised on points above the rim; whilst the coronet of a duke possesses eight gold strawberry leaves.

The absence of supplementary jewels, of course, will not make the coronets half so dazzling as they would appear were the respective nobles permitted to exercise their own discretion in this matter. Especially is this true with regard to the peeresses, many of whom own extensive collections of priceless jewels. They would undoubtedly like this regulation repealed, but etiquette and precedent forbid. Certainly the Coronation would gain in magnificence if this peremptory condition that no jewels must be worn in the coronets were abolished.

Until the exact regulations were published by the Earl Marshal, many of the largest goldsmiths and silversmiths were quite at a loss how to make a coronet, and even with the particulars given in the official decree it is quite probable that some of those worn will not be quite accurate. To a peer, accuracy in detail in such matters is absolutely imperative, and it is not surprising that, under the circumstances, many of the orders for the manufacture of the coronets have been given to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, who made these emblems for many of the peers when Queen Victoria was crowned. That firm has all these old designs by them which were officially approved, and are, therefore, regarded as records. The illustrations for this article have been taken from some coronets made for the Coronation of Queen Victoria, and now being repaired.

The crowns are often credited with being most uncomfortable things to wear, but the

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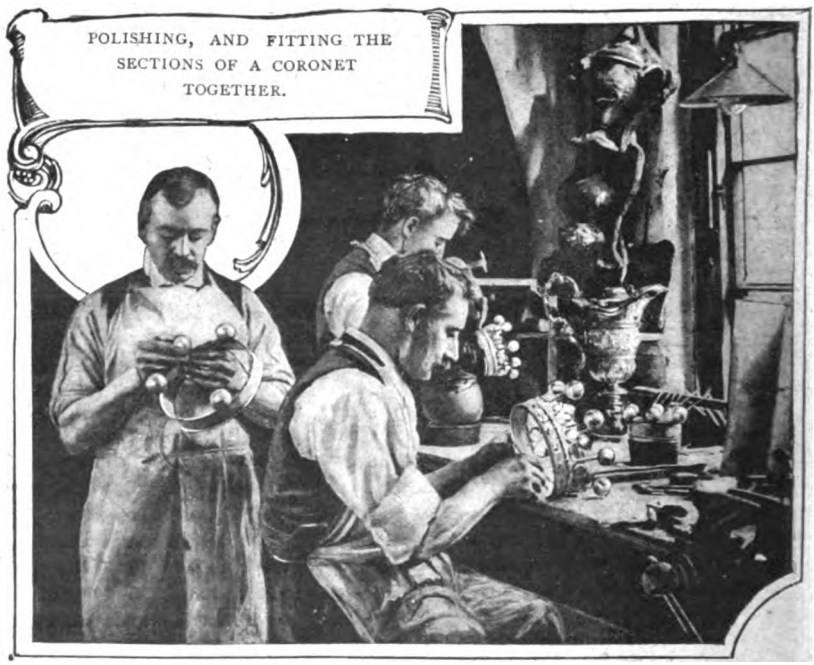
miniver that is used—which has the appearance of ermine—makes the coronet repose easily upon the head. The donning of a coronet is not a difficult matter for the peer to acquire, but it is by no means so readily accomplished by the peeresses.

Many a noble lady is doubtlessly wondering whether or not she will look sufficiently becoming in her coronet on the eventful day. Her ladyship secretly bewails the fact that the little pages who at bygone Coronations were allowed to perform this ceremony by placing the coronets on their heads at the critical moment will not be present, chiefly on account of the dearth of accommodation.

Westminster Abbey at the beginning of the twentieth century has to find space for so many celebrities that all attendants will be excluded. It has been suggested that the peeresses should keep the coronets in position by the use of two gold pins, or by bands of ribbon, but it is much more likely that they will have to depend upon the skill of their maids in arranging their coiffure so that the coronet will rest gracefully upon their heads. Many of the duchesses and other peeresses are anxious that they should be allowed to enter the Abbey with their coronet already in position, and to keep it there during the whole of the service, and by the time Coronation Day arrives it is not improbable that many of the ladies who possess influence at Court will succeed in obtaining a decree to this effect issued by the Earl Marshal.



POLISHING, AND FITTING THE SECTIONS OF A CORONET TOGETHER.

During the Victorian era several new peers were created, and it follows as a matter of course that these will require new coronets, for these articles of adornment are used only at Coronations, and are dispensed with at the ceremony when a new peer takes the oath in the House of Lords. The older families of the nobility, however, are using, where possible, the coronets of their forefathers.

In some cases only a little alteration has been necessary for "fitting" purposes, but all of them have had to be renovated. It is an interesting fact, however, that very few of the old coronets have been found too small. On the contrary, they have proved to be much too large, which conclusively establishes the fact that the peers of the early part of the nineteenth century possessed bigger heads than their compeers of the twentieth century. Some people might draw many amusing conclusions from this fact, but none of them will be obtruded here beyond the simple statement, that if the House of Lords were physically superior when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the assembly was certainly not intellectually better than the august body of noblemen who sit in the gilded chamber to-day.

It is sixty years since peers donned coronets, and except in about a dozen instances, when they are worn next June the act will be a unique episode in the lives of the peers of the realm. All loyal subjects of the King will hope that the day will long be distant when this deed of homage will once more be a necessary act on the part of the nobility.

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Conscientious Calverley

A COMPLETE STORY.

BY

PERCY REINGANUM.

Illustrated by R. M. Paxton.

I.

JOSEPH BANKS, Esq., leaned back in his comfortable easy-chair in the comfortable smoking room of his residence in Park Lane, folded his fat hands over his comfortable waistcoat, rolled his big cigar into the corner of his mouth and spoke through his half-closed teeth to the young man who was standing on his hearthrug and looking down at him.

"So you want my daughter, eh?"

"I have the honour to ask you for your consent to our engagement."

"So I understand. Well, now I'll be frank with you. You've been straightforward with me and I'll be the same to you. That's been my motto through life. Straight to them that's straight to me; an' a fair caution to them that ain't. See?"

The young man nodded.

"I like you," pursued Mr. Banks. "You're a downright good sort, you're good fam'ly and all that, and you've enough brass of your own, on your own showing, to prove that you're not an ordinary sort o' fortune hunter. So far, so good. But I want more from my son-in-law before I consent to his being my son-in-law. I want him to be useful."

His daughter's lover raised his eyebrows. He was evidently puzzled.

"You don't understand. Of course you don't. Then I'll explain myself, Mr. Calverley, and if you like my conditions it's a bargain. 'Conscientious Calverley' they call you, don't they? Ah, you see, I know. Very well then, 'Mr. Conscientious Calverley,' if you promise to do what I want you to do, and act up to your name, my daughter's yours."

"It would need to be a very hard condition," said Calverley with a smile, "that I would not promise to fulfil for Edith—Miss Banks."

"So much the better. Well now, you know my son—Archie?"

Some smoke getting down Mr. Banks' wind-pipe at this moment brought on a fit of coughing, which prevented his noticing a perceptible shade that crossed the other's face.

"Well now," resumed Mr. Banks when he had recovered his respiration, "as far as the old lady and me is concerned we want for nothing. We've a slap-up house, horses and carriages, plenty to eat and drink, good things to wear, and more than we know how to spend. That's enough for us. But it's different with the boy. I've spent a lot on his education, and I make him a fair allowance—not too big, for I don't believe in a young fellow having too much loose cash—but very fair. And he's all right so far. But it ain't far enough."

"No?" said Calverley, as the elder man paused.

"No," he retorted, "and this is where you come in. You can give him a lift in the world—in your world, the world that my old lady and me are too old to be born again into."

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"I'm afraid——" began Calverley somewhat hesitatingly, but he was cut short.

"Oh, you can do it right enough. Now, for instance — that club of yours you mentioned the other night — what's the name?"

"The Junior Chesterfield?" said Calverley, and turned slightly paler.

"Ah, that's it. I've been reading about it and asking about it, and I find it's considered about the selectest club in town—eh, what?"

"It—er—*is* difficult to get into it, I believe," said Calverley.

"To be able to write your letters on their paper, gives you a sort of a standing—a stamp of all-rightness, don't it?"

"It certainly is an excellent introduction," said his prospective son-in-law.

"Blackballed a marquis and two millionaires last year, didn't they?"

"I believe so," said Calverley shortly.

"And you're a member?"

"I am on the committee." He had realised what was coming and longed to get it over.

"First rate. Well, when my son Archie is a member of the Junior Chesterfield, you may consider yourself my daughter's fianky."

"But——"

"No buts at all. Archie's a gentleman, I've made him one; what's more, he's a good boy, if he is a bit extravagant; what's more, he's the apple of his mother's eye, and I'm nearly as proud of him as she is. Love my daughter, love my son," here he chuckled convulsively. "Make my son one of yourselves — one of the tip-toppers — none of your 'fringe of Society' business—and my daughter's yours."

There was a long pause. Calverley gnawed his lips and looked at the fireirons.

"Well?" said Mr. Banks sharply. There was a ring in his voice that startled Calverley. He looked up and held out his hand.

"I'll do my best."

"For your own sake, you'd better," said his future possible father-in-law; and so dismissed him.

Something in pink leaned over the banisters as he left the room, and swiftly floated downstairs and into his arms.

"Well?" said Edith Banks, and looked up into his face.

The look did it.

"It's all right, darling," he said.

* * *

On the doorstep he met Archie Banks.

"Hullo!" was the latter's greeting, "how are you? You look a bit serious, don't you, for an engaged fellow? Oh yes, I know all about it. Edie told the mater and, of course, she told me. Tells me everything. Been interviewing the guv'nor, eh? Well, what's he had to say to it?"

He was an undersized youth, with a snub nose, a sandy little moustache and weak little eyes. Calverley looked at him, said to himself: "He's her brother!" and smiled affably.

"Our conversation was mostly about you," he said.

"About me? Phew! He carpeted me yesterday for exceeding my allowance. What did he say about me?"

"I'll tell you — later on," said Calverley. "Au revoir," and he strolled away.

Archibald Banks looked after him with a cunning twinkle in his eyes.

"I don't need telling much," he soliloquised, "not while the mater's about. Stuck-up prig! Wait till I'm fairly in the swim—I'll show him."

"Conscientious Calverley" had made a promise, so, of course, he kept it. He also had a strong predilection for telling the truth, which made the fulfilment of his promise rather difficult. Still, he thought of Edith Banks, and that again made it easier.

He proposed Archibald Banks, Esq., as a member of the Junior Chesterfield, and Cecil Anstruther seconded him. Cecil Anstruther would have seconded the crossing-sweeper in Pall Mall if Charlie Calverley had asked him to. In Anstruther's honest eyes, Calverley could do no wrong.

But all the members on the committee of the Junior Chesterfield were not so easily influenced as Cecil Anstruther. Calverley buttonholed them singly, days before the next meeting. He argued, cajoled, threatened; he expatiated on the merits and good qualities of his *protégé*; he "put it as a personal favour" to himself. He was not called "Conscientious Calverley" without reason, and the members usually ended the conversation with a yawn and a "Well, old man, if you say so, I suppose he's all right. You needn't fear me."

Calverley left James Lawson to the last. He anticipated difficulty in this quarter, for Lawson, he knew, disliked Banks, and there was no love lost between them. But, to his surprise, Lawson made no objection.

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"Young Banks, eh?" and he smiled under his thick moustache. "I know him—met him several times. By all means, Calverley—if you think you won't regret it yourself."

And in due course, Archibald Banks, Esq., was elected a member of the Junior Chesterfield, and the engagement of Edith Banks to "Conscientious Calverley" was announced a day or two later.

When the latter piece of news reached them, some of the members, with recollections

"GOING TO JOIN US AGAIN, LAWSON," SAID ONE. "YOUR LEAVING CHANGED BANKS' LUCK."

of Calverley's eloquence, whistled and said "So that was it!" James Lawson said nothing, but smiled more than ever. Archibald Banks, his habitual swagger somewhat subdued, strolled through the club rooms, and rather unsuccessfully did his best to look and feel at home. Calverley, his duty done, basked in the sunshine of Edith's eyes, and saw and thought as little of Archibald as he could.

II.

One evening, about a month after his engagement had been announced, Calverley came into the smoking room of the Junior Chesterfield on his way home from Park Lane. Cecil Anstruther looked out from behind the *Globe* and greeted him. Calverley dropped into the chair next to him.

"Miss Banks well?" asked Anstruther, after a pause.

"First-rate, thanks, old chap."

There was a silence. Then Anstruther spoke again in a reflective monotone.

"You're a lucky chap, Cal."

"I don't deny it," said his friend.

"Not that you don't deserve it all," continued the admiring Anstruther, "but there doesn't seem anything in the world you haven't got. You're decent-looking——"

"Thanks," laughed Calverley.

"You got your double Blue before you came down, you've plenty of money, you're called 'Conscientious Calverley' even by your worst friends, and you're going to marry the most charming heiress in London. There's not a fly in your ointment."

The door opened softly, and James Lawson came in.

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"Hullo, Calverley," he said, "glad you're here. Your future brother-in-law needs taking home."

Calverley frowned as he rose.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Where is he?"

"In the card room. I've been making a fourth at poker with him and the Dalmaine boys. I can show you a nice assortment of his I.O.U.'s, if you like. And he's a bad loser. So I came away. *He's* still at it. You'd better look after him if you don't want him to get into a mess."

Calverley uttered an exclamation under his breath.

"Come with me, Cecil," he said. And he and Anstruther left the room. Lawson ordered and drank a brandy-and-soda, smiling broadly meanwhile, then lighted a cigar and followed them to the card room.

At a table near the window sat Archie Banks, a fair-haired eye-glassed youth on either side of him. Calverley and Anstruther sat at a table near by. They had evidently attempted to end the game at the table by the window, for Archie was flushed and angry, and playing more recklessly than ever. But Lawson noticed, with surprise, that he was winning.

"Going to join us again, Lawson?" said one of the fair youths. "Your leaving changed Banks' luck."

"Yes, give me my revenge, Jimmy," shouted Banks.

"I don't mind if I do—Banks," he retorted, with an accent on the surname, as he seated himself opposite him. As he did so he glanced across at Calverley, and the latter, moved by some sudden impulse, rose and stood near the players, watching the game. Anstruther stood beside him.

The floor was strewn with the cards of used packs. Archie Banks was just tearing open a fresh one. Lawson swept the table clear of the last pack, which fell in a shower on all sides.

"It's a jackpot, Lawson," said one of the Dalmaines. "A pony to come in."

Lawson added his quota to a pile in the middle of the table. The youth on his right dealt. Calverley watched the game abstractedly, and thought of Edith. Banks lost that round; Lawson swept the pool to his side of the table. The next round Banks lost again. One of the Dalmaines won. Then Lawson again took the pool, after very heavy betting; and Banks' fingers twitched.

"Archie, old man," said Calverley, rousing himself, "come along home now. It's nearly three."

"Go to the deuce!" said his future brother-in-law.

Calverley shrugged his shoulders and watched the game again.

Another fresh pack was opened, and Banks dealt. When cards were given again, Lawson took two, Banks one. The latter laid his hand face downwards on the table; a card slipped off on to the floor; he stooped to pick it up. When he sat upright again his face was white.

The Dalmaines had thrown down their cards and Lawson bet. Banks promptly doubled his bet. Lawson raised his eyebrows, but raised his stake also, and again Banks doubled him. The others watched, breathing hard and looking from one to the other. The bets mounted by leaps and bounds. Banks went to the limit.

"I see you," said Lawson.

"Four kings!" shouted Banks, defiantly, and flung them face upwards on the table.

Lawson looked at them, then at his own, and his eyes narrowed.

"Too good for me—four tens," he said, and smiled. Then he laid his cards carefully, face downwards, on the heap in the middle, looked at Calverley with an odd expression, drew out a bundle of papers, and flung them across the table.

"Square now, I think," he said to Banks, still, however, looking at Calverley. "I've finished."

The Dalmaines rose, said good-night, and went. Archie Banks laughed loudly, tore up his returned I.O.U.'s, and swaggered out after them.

Then James Lawson rose, still smiling.

"Good night, Calverley," he said. "Or are you coming, too?"

"In a moment," said Calverley. "Good night." He was looking fixedly at the table and the littered cards. James Lawson went out.

"Cecil," said Calverley, as the door closed, "pick up the hand Lawson laid down."

Anstruther stared, but obeyed.

"Here you are—four tens, as he said."

"And the fifth card?"

Anstruther turned it.

"King of Hearts," he said—then he stopped and gasped. "Why——"

Calverley pointed to where Banks' last hand lay exposed on the table.

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"Banks won on four kings, and there they are. *Lawson held a king also!*"

III.

Calverley walked home alone through the pale grey dawn. His face was white and his teeth grated together as he strode along.

Archie Banks — Edith's brother — her father's pride and her mother's darling—the man he had forced upon his club—had cheated at cards: cheated at the Junior Chesterfield, "the selectest institution in clubland," the members of which prided themselves above all on spotless honour and unblemished reputation. Her brother —a common sharper—a thief of the meanest kind. He slept little that night.

During the morning he called at Park Lane.

"Miss Edith's in the library," he was told.

Where was Mr. Archie? In the billiard-room, the man thought.

He would see him first.

When he entered the young man was chalking his cue at the other end of the room.

"Hullo, Charlie," he greeted him. "Going to have a hundred up?"

"No, thanks, Archie," said Calverley. "I want to speak to you."

"Fire away! I'm just knocking the balls about a bit."

"Archie!" began Calverley, feeling wretched and uncomfortable, "I've something very serious to say."

The other looked up sharply. "What's up?" he asked, irritably.

Calverley took the bull by the horns.

"You cheated at cards last night," he said.

Banks flung his cue on the table with an oath.

"How dare you?" he spluttered.

"You cheated," repeated Calverley, quietly, "in the club to which I introduced you. I am responsible for your presence there."

"You lie!" shouted Banks. "I won fairly."

"You won on four kings, and Lawson held one in his hand. You picked one up from the floor."

"I deny it altogether," retorted the other. "You can't prove it, and Lawson would have noticed it."

"For reasons of his own he didn't mention it. He is waiting for me to do so."

"You?"

"Yes. You must send in your resignation."

"I'll see you hanged first."

"Then I must report you to the committee."

Archie Banks looked at him for a moment,

"BANKS WON ON FOUR KINGS, AND THERE THEY ARE. *LAWSON HELD A KING ALSO!*"

then he burst into a loud laugh. Calverley waited. Archie stopped laughing, and grinned.

"You seem to forget," he said, "you're engaged to my sister."

Calverley bit his lip.

"I have not forgotten," he said quietly.

"My membership was the condition of your engagement," snarled Banks.

"I thought you were a gentleman."

"Whom do you think my people will believe, you or me?" He came close to Calverley, breathing hard and fast.

"I must do my duty," said "Conscientious Calverley," but he grew a shade paler.

"Why," laughed Banks—but it was an

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uneasy laugh—"if you turned *me* out of the club you wouldn't be a visitor here an hour later."

"Look here," said Calverley, swallowing a lump in his throat, "give me your solemn word of honour to go straight in future, and I'll hush this up and let you have another chance."

"No," shouted Archie. "No-no-no. D'you hear? I'll promise nothing. I deny everything. I'll do what I choose. You *daren't* say anything! See? You daren't!"

Calverley drew himself up.

"Very well," he said, and went out without another word.

Archie Banks picked up his cue thoughtfully. "Just my luck," he muttered. "Never mind. *He* won't split. He daren't. Why, the guv'nor'd kick him down the steps, and the mater'd cut him in the street. He daren't."

"YOU CHEATED AT CARDS LAST NIGHT."

Calverley went straight to Edith. He told her everything.

"Charlie!" she said, "you must be mistaken."

He shook his head.

"Archie—my brother," she said. "Oh, I can't believe it. It's so—so mean!"

"It's true, all the same," he replied, sadly.

"Does he admit it?" she asked, eagerly.

He shook his head.

"What are you going to do?"

"What can I do? I must report him to the committee."

"And they?"

"Will request him to resign."

"That means turn him out?"

"Yes."

"Charlie! it'll break mother's heart—and as for dad——"

He leaned his head on his hand.

"Charlie! can't you—can't it somehow—be smoothed over?"

"Edith!" He looked up wearily, reproachfully.

"Oh, I know you men are so fearfully particular; still, he's very young. Oh, Charlie!"

She covered her face with her hands and cried softly. He touched her hair with a gentle hand and rose to his feet.

"I'm sorry," was all he could say.

"Dad will never consent to our engagement afterwards," she sobbed.

He drew himself up to his full height.

"I could not love you, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,"

he quoted, half aloud. Then to her:

"Don't make it harder for me, dear. Say good-bye. I must be off."

She sobbed on the sofa cushions.

"He is my brother," she moaned; "and all the world to them."

He set his teeth tightly. This was the worst.

"Good-bye, Edith."

"My brother, my brother!" she sobbed.

He leaned over her, touched her hair with his lips, and was gone.

IV.

A week later Calverley found a letter awaiting him in the rack at the club.

"Dear Sir," it ran, "my son has informed me, and I have found his statement to be correct, that through your instrumentality he has been requested to resign his membership of the Junior Chesterfield. If this is your idea of keeping a promise, it isn't mine. The bargain is off. If you dare shew your face at my house or attempt to see my daughter there, my servants have instructions to turn you out.

"Yours,

"JOSEPH BANKS."

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"And the daughter?" thought Calverley, bitterly. "Not a line from her. Evidently her affection for her brother has prevented her having any further relationship with his traducer." He sighed wearily and entered the smoking-room.

Cecil Anstruther rose to meet him.

"My dear fellow, what's up? Surely it isn't—Phew!" Calverley had handed him Mr. Banks' letter. "Poor old boy; that is rough luck!"

Calverley laughed bitterly.

"It's not unexpected," he said.

"But—but—she—Miss Banks," stammered Anstruther, round-eyed with sympathy.

"She's quite right," said his friend, quietly, "he's her brother."

James Lawson entered the room, glanced across at Calverley's white, set face, and walked quickly over to him.

"Calverley," he said, "I want to say I think you're as plucky a fellow as I ever met. Will you shake hands?"

"Certainly," said Calverley, and extended his own.

"If ever a man deserved his nickname it's 'Conscientious Calverley,'" mused Lawson, as he watched the two men stroll away.

"Pack my bags," Calverley said to his man when he reached his rooms. "We're going abroad to-night."

"Yes, sir. Victoria?"

"Of course. The boat train."

The man vanished and Calverley sat down at his writing table.

"Dear Edith," he wrote, and stopped to think.

Twenty minutes later he was still thinking. He roused himself with an effort, and looked at the two words he had written. "Best not," he said, and threw the sheet into the fire.

There was a knock at the outer door. He heard the man open it, and a murmur of voices in the hall reached him.

A minute later his door opened.

"Edith!"

"Charlie!"

* * *

"And you can really forgive me?" he asked a little later.

"DAD WILL NEVER CONSENT TO OUR ENGAGEMENT AFTERWARDS," SHE SOBBED.

She looked up at him with swimming eyes.

"I could not love you, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,"

she repeated softly.

* * *

"And your people?" he said, as he parted from her outside the house in Park Lane.

"I am of age," she said saucily; and then more softly, "The dear old dad—do you think he can resist *me* long."

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SEPTEMBER SUN
AND
APRIL SHOWERS.

'TWAS here beneath this elm tree's shade,
Our early love was spoken,
'Twas here our solemn vows were made,
And here that they were broken.
These branches now are black and bare,
Whose verdure I remember,
When life seemed free from ev'ry care,
But that was in September!

No wanderer here where love lies dead,
Disturbs my musings bitter,
Though feebly from the boughs o'erhead,
The rain-drenched sparrows twitter.
The little pools are overflowed,
And tortured into wrinkles,
And faintly down the distant road,
A lonely hansom tinkles.

Farewell, most dear and dead romance,
By jealous spite degraded;
I slew you by an evil chance,
And all your joys are faded.
Mine, mine the fault, I needs must own,
And mine the bitter sorrow;
My life is in the past alone,
And recks not of the morrow.

I told her that the world had said
That she her name and station
To millioned wealth would shortly wed,
Nor spared my indignation.
And she, her tearstained cheeks aflame,
Stood silent and dejected;
Ah, fool! I thought she blushed for shame,
To know herself detected.

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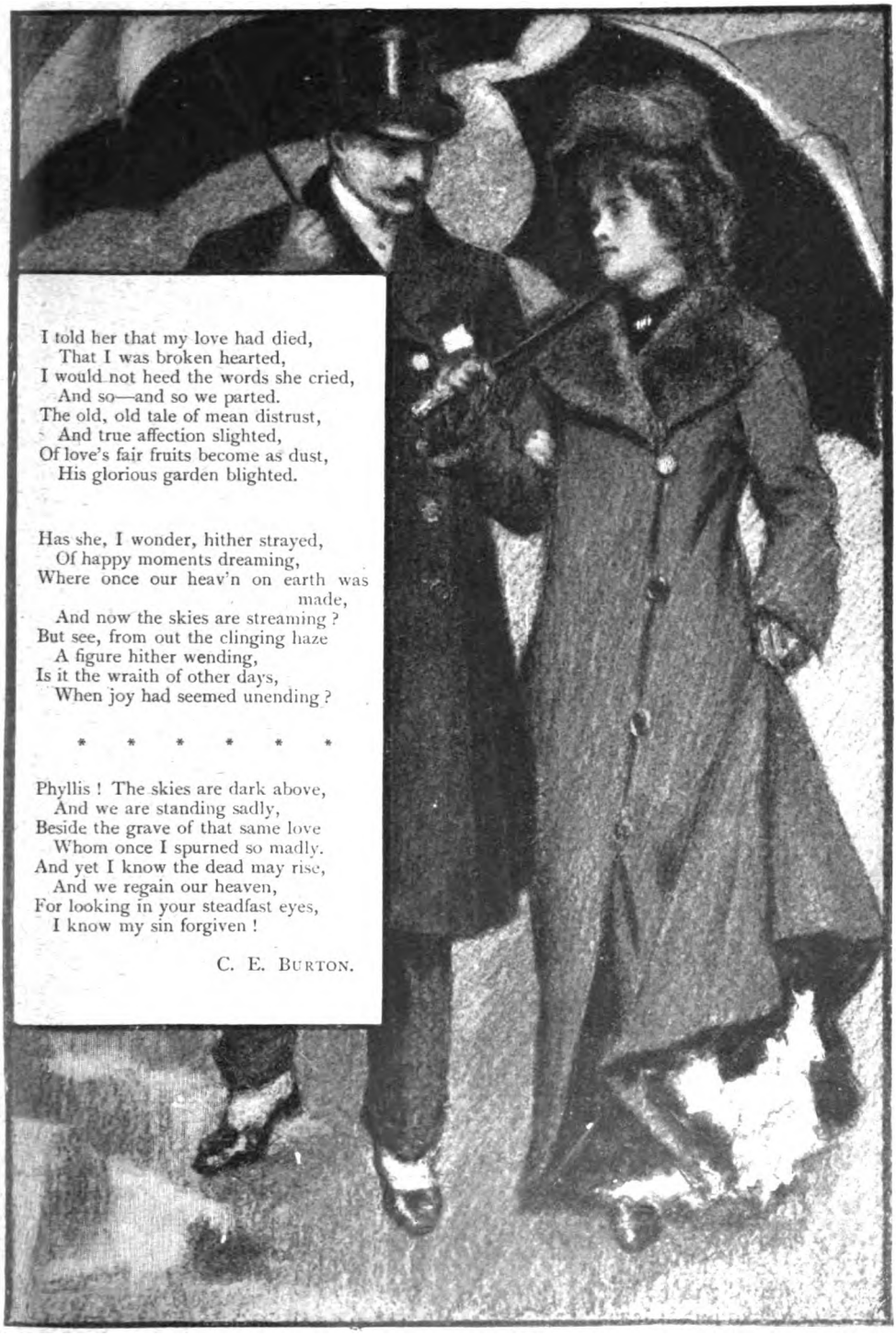

I told her that my love had died,
That I was broken hearted,
I would not heed the words she cried,
And so—and so we parted.
The old, old tale of mean distrust,
And true affection slighted,
Of love's fair fruits become as dust,
His glorious garden blighted.

Has she, I wonder, hither strayed,
Of happy moments dreaming,
Where once our heav'n on earth was made,
And now the skies are streaming?
But see, from out the clinging haze
A figure hither wending,
Is it the wraith of other days,
When joy had seemed unending?

* * * * * *

Phyllis! The skies are dark above,
And we are standing sadly,
Beside the grave of that same love
Whom once I spurned so madly.
And yet I know the dead may rise,
And we regain our heaven,
For looking in your steadfast eyes,
I know my sin forgiven!

C. E. BURTON.

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A BEAUTY HOSPITAL FOR MEN

By Bernard Owen.

WHERE NATURE'S ERRORS ARE CORRECTED TO ORDER.

A FEW years ago an amusing comedy took place in connection with the formation of one of the great industrial trusts in the United States of America.

One of the new board of directors was paying his first official visit to the offices of the trust, when he noticed a responsible member of the staff who had the misfortune to possess a pair of very protruding ears. Now this director considered himself a physiognomist and held views on the subject of ears.

"Who is that man?" he enquired of one of his fellow directors.

"That is our cashier, and a capital fellow he is, too," was the reply.

"Well, dismiss him as soon as possible," commanded the new man in authority.

"But, my dear sir," protested the other; "he has been with us seven years and has served us most capably and faithfully in all ways! Why should we dismiss one of our best men?"

"I don't care," said the new director, "he must go. Look at his ears. Now I've studied the subject, and you'll always find that a man with very protruding ears has a tendency to dishonesty. He may have kept straight hitherto; but, if faced by temptation, that man will embezzle our property. He must go!"

Luckily for the owner of the ears, he overheard part of this conversation, and before the day was out he applied for—and received—a month's holiday, on the excuse of being run down and needing a rest.

The next morning found him at one of the branches of the Derma-featural Institute—an establishment for improving people's features by means of minor operations in plastic surgery—and an hour later he left the building with his head bandaged up, after undergoing a small operation which we shall presently describe.

In three weeks' time he was perfectly well, and in possession of as pretty a pair of ears as any man could desire. In the meantime—unknown to him—his books had been thoroughly overhauled by the accountants and found in perfect order.

A few days before the expiry of his leave of absence the cashier returned to his office, and presented himself to the new director. That gentleman was absorbed in a pile of letters, and—without looking up—remarked, "Have you not received notice that you are suspended?"

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"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, you are," said the director.

"May I ask why, sir? I trust there is nothing wrong with my accounts."

"Nothing, whatever; your books are in excellent order, but the fact is that we can't have a man with protruding ears like yours on our staff!"

"Pardon me, sir," rejoined the cashier; "I am not aware that I possess protruding ears. Perhaps you will have the goodness to examine them and see for yourself."

Then the director looked up at the man, and half jumped out of his chair.

"Why—Great Scott! What the Dickens!" —this is not exactly what he said but it is near enough—"Why, I could have sworn that your ears stuck straight out! Well, well—some extraordinary mistake anyhow! I beg your pardon; of course, you retain your position. Pray think no more about it!"

Next day, the cashier was called before the board of directors, complimented upon his valued services, and presented with a substantial rise of salary!

This little incident reads oddly, but it illustrates a very common prejudice existing in the United States against people with protruding ears. In fact, it is not easy for a young man so afflicted to obtain a position in a business house. But, happily, this defect is very easily remedied, and quite fifty per cent. of the cases dealt with at the

CORRECTING A PROTRUDING EAR.

Derma-featural Institute of New York—the "Beauty Factory" as it is popularly called—are those of ugly ears.

This institute has been in full swing in several American cities since 1870, and lately its operations have been extended to London, where at the headquarters of the Derma-featural Company, at 69, New Bond Street, the beautifying processes now go on

REMOVING WRINKLES UNDER A DROOPING EYE.

daily at the hands of a staff of experts. Here, by the courtesy of the management, we were recently enabled to photograph a number of the chief operations performed upon men who wish to improve their appearance.

As we have already indicated, the correction of protruding ears is the thing most frequently demanded. This is often attempted by non-experts, especially in the case of children, by a simple process of bandaging the ears tightly to the sides of the head, but this is quite incapable of accomplishing any lasting improvement. On the removal of the bandages the cartilage speedily resumes its former shape and the ears project as badly as ever.

The defect is, however, easily remedied by plastic surgery. A narrow strip of skin is removed in the fold behind the ear and the edges sewn together, thus tightening up the skin, and causing it to draw the ear close back against the head.

The operation is an extremely slight one and is performed aseptically and painlessly, a local anæsthetic being applied. In eight or ten days the wound has healed up, and a little later the bandages can be removed,

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after which the patient emerges from his temporary seclusion with a pair of ears that Apollo might have envied!

The nose is the most prominent feature of the face, and sometimes makes itself conspicuous in a way that brings endless vexation to its unlucky possessor. We are informed that there are five different types of nose, with, of course, a host of intermediate varieties and sub-classes.

GROWING HAIR BY ELECTRICITY.

First, the Roman or aquiline nose, which possesses a certain dignity, but is apt to be somewhat rugose and coarse. An exaggeration of this type is the hawk-like organ often associated with the Hebrew race.

Next we have the wide, coarse type, which gradually widens out from the eyes to the nostrils, and is apt in later life to become bulbous and discoloured at the tip, forming what is sometimes known as the "port-wine" nose.

In contrast to this stands the nose which is termed by its owner "retroussé," and by other people "snub" or "celestial," from its tendency to turn up at the tip.

Last of all, we have the perfect, or Greek, nose, which is absolutely straight and finely chiselled, but without any marked tendency to sharpness. A famous example of this type may be studied in the Venus de Milo, but a perfect Greek nose is not very often seen in England.

The beauty of a face is perhaps mainly determined by the eyes, but the nose has a great deal to do with it. The loveliest eyes will fail to charm when in proximity to an ugly and ill-formed nose. Hence it happens that, next after the correction of protruding ears, the improvement of faulty noses occupies the beauty doctor's attention.

Noses of any desired shape or size can be built to order; large ones can be lessened, hooked ones can be reduced, snub ones can be built up, and even the discoloration and bulbousness often associated with intemperance can be removed. In nearly all cases it is the Greek type that is aimed at.

At the present time there is on the London stage a lady whose personal charms are as much admired as her brilliant acting. We must not hint any more closely at her identity, for she owes her beauty in no small degree to a clever operator at this establishment.

Nature had bestowed upon her a nose of the most pronounced *retroussé* character, and every time she "made up" for a performance she had to build up the hollow with a plastic material—a business involving considerable time and trouble. At last she visited the beauty doctor, who injected under the skin of her nose a preparation of animal origin, which in a short time actually becomes part of the human tissue. In this way the hollow was filled up and she now rejoices in the possession of a perfect Greek nose which needs no sophistication in the dressing room.

This is not the only nose on the stage that possesses a history. There is a well-known

FILLING IN WRINKLES ON THE FOREHEAD BY INJECTING A FLUID.

and deservedly successful opera singer who till recently suffered from the too conspicuous presence of a nose which poor Cyrano de Bergerac might have wept over. Last

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autumn he received a letter from an unknown lady correspondent suggesting that the Dermafeatural Company could make his lot a happier one. He took the hint, and how he fared may be gathered from his remark to the manager, a few weeks later: "How I wish I knew who that lady was! She should have the finest Christmas present in London!"

DOCTORING A MISSHAPEN NOSE.

The correction of misshapen noses cannot be accomplished by the so-called "nose-machines" that one occasionally see advertised; it can only be permanently done by plastic surgery.

If it is desired to draw in a too prominent tip, all that is necessary is to remove a tiny portion of the cartilage dividing the nostrils, and to suture the severed edges together. When the nose is too fleshy, small incisions are made and the superfluous tissue is carefully dissected out.

In the case of a hawk-like nose, the bone and cartilage which form the prominent bridge have to be cut away—usually with the electric écraseur—after which there is no difficulty in producing an organ which would do credit to a Greek divinity. This sounds rather a formidable operation, but it is really very simple, and is rendered quite painless by the application of a local anæsthetic.

Wrinkles are a sad worry, not only to ladies, but to some men as well, and many a pound is wasted on "skin tighteners," whose only effect is to temporarily strain the skin, which afterwards becomes more relaxed than ever.

They can, however, be permanently cured in two different ways. One is to inject, with a hypodermic syringe, the tissue preparation which we have mentioned in connection with the treatment of a snub nose. In this way the wrinkles are effectually filled up and disappear.

In the case of very deep wrinkles, associated with a loose condition of the skin, such as may often be observed under the eyes of elderly people, they are carefully dissected out and the edges of the skin drawn together and sutured.

The lips are occasionally, though not very often, the subject of treatment by the beauty doctor. Thick lips can be materially reduced, and—within limits—a wide mouth can be made smaller. Of course, such serious disfigurements as hare-lip can be removed by operation, but this is more frequently done by surgeons, and is not a speciality of beauty doctors.

It is not an uncommon thing for the operator to be asked to remove unsightly scars left on the face by sword wounds and accidents. The average man is not so proud of these scars as the German student is. They are removed by carefully dissecting away the cicatrix and drawing the edges of the skin together. In this way nothing more than a faint line is left, and even this disappears in a short time.

REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS FROM THE EYEBROWS.

All kinds of skin disfigurements, such as moles, warts, and the like, are constantly submitted to the beauty doctor's skill, and he is often asked to remove the weird devices produced by tattooing—a craze that has been much in vogue amongst men of the upper classes for some few years back.

The removal of superfluous hair is usually demanded by ladies; but men whose

ERASING TATTOO MARKS.

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eyebrows meet over the nose often have the too conspicuous hirsute growth removed by electrolysis, the only method by which the hair is permanently removed. All other

FORCING THE GROWTH OF A BEARD BY ELECTRICITY.

methods are transitory in their effect, and the hair grows thicker than ever afterwards.

Electrolysis is a process that destroys the hair bulb, and so makes any future growth impossible. A very fine needle, connected by a wire with a powerful source of electricity, is pressed down to the root of the hair for a second or two, and the current practically decomposes the substance of the bulb and so destroys it. This has to be done to each individual hair, and the process is a somewhat tedious one, both for the operator and the sitter. But, though a little unpleasant, it is not actually painful.

Far more often, however, it is the lack of hair, rather than its superfluity, which causes such anxious thought to the mere man. If the money that is wasted upon supposed hair regenerators could be applied to the reduction of the income-tax, the lot of the overburdened citizen would be very materially lightened!

If the hair bulbs have died—as is very often the case—nothing on earth can restore the hair; but where they still exist, a good deal can be done to stimulate them by the use of static electricity.

For this and other purposes the Dermafeatural Company have erected a huge electrical machine, on the Wimshurst principle, driven by a small motor. The patient sits on an insulated platform connected with one terminal of the machine, while above his head is suspended a kind of brass crown connected with the other terminal.

When the machine is set going, the patient's hair literally stands on end! This is kept up for some time, and the process is repeated at short intervals, with the result that the growth of hair is stimulated and strengthened.

Even in the case of the youthful client who is ambitious to possess a beard, something can be done to hasten matters, though it is impossible to guarantee a result. An instrument resembling a large paint-brush with metal points in place of bristles is connected with the electrical machine and held almost in contact with the aspirant's cheek, upon which streams of electric sparks continually play. This has the effect of hastening the development of the hair follicles, and often produces a growth highly gratifying to the adolescent mind.

The electric spark is employed for a variety of curative purposes, especially in cases of skin disease. Those obstinate crops of pimples that disfigure the face, and are known as acne, are often completely dispersed by the spark, which kills the microbes which are the active cause of the mischief.

REMOVING BLOTCHES AND PIMPLES BY ELECTRICAL TREATMENT.

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Margot's Love Story.

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

By Ononto Watanna.

A LITTLE snapping-eyed artist, with a huge pinafore covering her natty blouse and short walking-skirt, dropped her palette on the ground and turned to the sleepy, lounging camp with an exclamation that startled them.

"For all the world, look! Here comes Maude Muller in the flesh!"

A young girl of perhaps fourteen or fifteen years climbed the fence which divided the farm lands from the forest, and approached the artists' camp with timid confidence. She placed her pail of fresh milk and butter and eggs on the grass, and smilingly invited them to buy.

"Nectar for the gods!" said one young fellow, quaffing a tin cup of the rich milk. "Thank thee, thou fair maiden, and what may thy name be?"

"Now stop your fooling, Bud!" said the sharp-eyed little woman, with a reproving glance at her irrepressible brother. Then turning to the girl, she said with a gracious smile:

"We would very much like to have you bring us these good things every day, if possible. We expect to spend the summer here. Do you live far away?"

The girl shook her head. "Only five miles."

"Only! And do you walk it?" glancing apprehensively at the little bare feet.

"Why, that's not far! I like it."

"Take your sun-bonnet off, won't you? Stay just as you are now. Did you ever see such hair!"

"What are you going to do?" said the girl, growing suddenly abashed and conscious of the curious eyes turned upon her.

"Sketch you, my dear child."

After that first encounter, the little girl came down to the camp regularly every day. They painted her in every conceivable attitude; sometimes with her wistful eyes peering out large and wondering from the depths of her old sun-bonnet; sometimes with her tawny-bronze hair blowing in the winds about her. They copied her little faded cotton gown, worn at the elbows and ragged at the edges, and reproduced with loving exactness her little bare feet and tanned legs. But all their labour could not do justice to the child's mobile face, which reflected a thousand inconstant moods that puzzled the artists. Now it was stormy and discontented; now sad and wistful; now vitally awake with feeling and interest; now sombre and hopeless; always rippling into the sunny glow of a child's sunny soul.

There came a day when the artists waited in vain for Margot, and the landscape lost its charm for them. They had become strongly attached to the queer, brooding, reticent little waif who had come each day among them, listening eagerly to their chatter, and smiling happily when they addressed her, though seldom speaking herself. A delegation of eight started out from the camp to find her.

She must have seen them approaching the house, for she ran down to meet them.

"Thou fair but false one," began Bud, but the others cut him off ruthlessly.

Margot led them proudly into the old-fashioned and stuffy room which served as a "parlour." Beyond this room they could see the expanse of a large kitchen and living-room, glowing with comfort and cleanliness.

"Why have you not been down to the camp lately, Margot?"

"Mother's got a baby!" announced the girl, with shining, dancing eyes.

The artists relieved themselves with exclamations indicative of amused exasperation. This would mean, perhaps, the prolonged absence from the camp of Margot, who would doubtless be transformed into a nurse-girl.

"Look here! Where did you get these,

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Margot?" and one of the artists picked up some sheets of music. The girl flushed proudly.

"They are mine!" she said. "I bought them."

"But for heaven's sake—"

"I play!" she said, with a sharp tone to her voice, as though she expected to be disputed.

"You play! Not these! Why, look here—Chopin—Beethoven—"

The girl went into a corner of the room, and drew from under an old stuffed sofa a dingy violin case. With a new pride in her flushed face and parted lips, she threw her head back, and, tucking the violin under her chin, commenced to play.

The guests sat in amazed silence. She was playing one of Chopin's nocturnes without time or music, but with correct note and with the strangest feeling and expression. It was weird and uncanny, but despite the crudeness of execution, they recognised with startled wonder the genius of the player. When she laid the violin down there was absolute silence for a time in the little parlour. Then Kemp Evans, a tall, long-legged young man, strode over to her, and laid his hand with nervous excitement on her shoulder.

"Who on earth, Margot, taught you to play like that?"

"Nobody. Only Daddy and the gardener teached me the notes. Daddy gave me his old fiddle for keeps last Christmas. I saved up till I had enough money to buy the best music. I have all the best composers."

"And you learned without instruction to play them all?"

"I knowed the notes already. They were hard at first, but—I loved them. I like Mr. Von Bülow best. I have read all about him, too. I have named our baby after him. Only his name was so long, I just called him 'Von' for short!"

MARGOT.

A great change now took place in the life of Margot. Upon the discovery of the child's genius Kemp Evans, who was something of a musician himself as well as an artist, undertook to give the little girl lessons on the violin, whilst his wife, the kindly, bright-eyed little woman who first accosted Margot, endeavoured to improve her education. The camp, one and all interested in Margot, contributed in various ways to her education and development. In return, the child patiently posed for them, either alone or with the baby, little Von, in her arms, heroically refusing to take the "rests" on which the artists insisted.

The mellow summer began to lose its light. Nature resumed the red and brown tints of early autumn, and the campers with sighs of regret and exhaustion folded their tents and returned once more to the noise and distraction of the city's life.

All through the bleak winter days, when the snow clouds descended on the land white and gentle as a benediction, Margot read and studied and practised with her violin, drawing from its precious strings all the melody of joy and bewilderment and sudden awakening that had come into her life. Restless as a caged nightingale, with a new ambition beating in her little brain and heart, the child could find solace in nothing but the music which had become her very soul. Sometimes with her face pressed against the tiny pane, Margot looked out into the great snowy world that bounded her horizon, and insensibly her face grew luminous with tenderness and hope. And so the heart of the little girl quieted its beating, and her soul found a source of comfort in the beauty of her home, in her music, and in the vague but vivid fancies of her imagination. The two successive summers following brought back

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ner friends to the camp, and the girl's ambitious dreams gradually fluttered into life.

"It is time now," said her benefactors, and a little fund was raised among them. Margot went out from her home of beauty and love to a great peopled city, full of hustling men and women, thrilling with life and hope and feeling, but incomparably lonelier than the silence of her village home.

Her artist friends had written to the Conservatoire of Music, at which Margot was to study, requesting them to meet her, and, if possible, to secure a home for her in some house where other pupils of the Conservatoire lived. The officials had complied with the request, and Margot, who had never been beyond a few miles of her country home, now had a tiny room on the top floor of a large London boarding house, especially recommended as it permitted its boarders to practise on their sundry musical instruments.

As Margot took her seat at the long table, down whose length eleven pairs of girlish critical eyes were turned on her the morning after her arrival, she said "Good morning" with a nervous little smile to the tall blonde who graced the seat next to her. She was rewarded by a cold stare from a pair of glassy blue eyes, and an irrepressible titter shivered around the table. There were amused smiles; heads tilted; one of the girls looked coolly at Margot with a prolonged scrutiny, and then deliberately winked across the table at her neighbour.

All her uncertainty and timidity vanished as by a shock, and she sat up stiff and straight, her hands clenched, her face flushed, and her great, dark eyes stormy and defiant.

After that awful breakfast, Margot flashed into a comprehension of the difference between herself and those about her, and with the same marvellous quickness with which she had studied at her home her music and her books, she now studied the art of dressing after a certain law called fashion, and guarding her speech and actions in such a manner that to these tittering fashionables, studying to cultivate and manufacture an imaginary talent, she proved both a sphinx and an irritation. She came and went among them with a silence that was absolute, and a dignity and coolness of demeanour that disturbed their equanimity.

THEY PAINTED HER IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE ATTITUDE.

One particular Sunday morning, as Gene Manning, one of the boarders, came up from breakfast he ran accidentally against Margot, who was coming down the dark staircase. He apologised for the encounter and paused a moment to exchange a few pleasantries with her, marvelling and amused at the girl's painful shyness, for the suddenness of the encounter had surprised her out of her customary reserve, and she blushed

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and stammered under the young man's searching eyes. Meanwhile the tall blonde looked over the banisters and stared at the couple on the stairs. She had been waiting for Manning herself and had grown impatient. Among the students, and particularly by herself, he was considered her personal property. She sauntered slowly into the parlour, and with amused contempt mentioned that she had just caught Gene flirting with that freak on the stairs. Wasn't it too droll for anything? When the young man joined them he was greeted by a storm of jeers and laughter. That night a plot was hatched.

Margot was in love! At first it was a rose that had boldly knocked at the door of her heart. She found it on her dressing table one night after an unusually depressing dinner. Someone must have laid it there. The rose was but a forerunner of other slight, though sweet, favours that steadily found their way to her lonely heart. And then one day she discovered his name badly erased from the title page of a volume of love lyrics that had accompanied a little bunch of violets.

After all, the pretty tokens could have come from no one else, for he was the only one in the house with whom she was on terms of even slight intimacy. From the day they had met on the stairs Manning, with good-natured scorn of the teasing of the girl-students, had made it a point to always stop and speak to Margot. She met his overtures of friendship with a wistful gladness that touched the young man.

Margot wore the violets in her hair that night, and she smiled with dreamy happiness as she passed Gene Manning's table. When she took her place in her customary seat at the long table, however, her face grew stiff and cold again, for a cynical smile was reflected on the faces of the students. She ate her dinner in silence, but she lingered in the hall after it was finished. Gene Manning passed her with a cheerful "Good evening," but did not stay to speak to her. She climbed the four flights of stairs wearily, and there was a pitiful and puzzled expression in her face as she took the flowers from her hair and began to sob on her violin.

There was a knock at her door and a confused noise outside. Margot laid her violin down quickly and opened the door. There was no one there, but a note had been thrust underneath the door. With trembling hands and beating heart the girl carried it to the light under the gas jet, tore it open and began to read. When she had finished she sat down on the floor, and with her chin resting on her arms she stared out at the quiet moon which had stolen over the high buildings and was smiling in on her.

"It is too good to be true," she said, dreamily, and then "Oh, dear God, how good You are to me!"

One of the sheets of the letter fell from her fingers. She picked it up quickly, and with a sudden passion covered it with kisses, and then with the whole letter pressed against her face she walked back and forth in the tiny room.

She paused at her dressing-table and smiled at herself in the mirror; she smiled at her violin, and she smiled out into the quiet night, and up at the pageantry of the heavens with its diamond bursts of stars and the sweet moon. The whole world had become changed to her. Suddenly she drew out her little desk and began to write.

When Gene Manning read Margot's letter, he sat staring at it in stupefied amazement before he could fully grasp its meaning. Then he threw his head back and laughed. Only for a moment, however, for the sinister aspect of the situation suddenly struck him, and despite his irritation and chagrin, he grew quite alarmed. So he went directly to her. She must have been waiting for him, for she opened the door at once. She was visibly trembling, though her eyes were shining. He dashed into his subject with brutal disregard.

"I have just got your letter. I am awfully sorry, but really there is some absurd mistake somewhere. Someone has been playing a joke on us, you see. I never wrote to you at all, and as for sending you flowers and gifts, why—" He stopped there. He found it impossible to proceed.

The girl was standing as if petrified, her great dark eyes staring at him with a dumb expression of horror and anguish. He stuttered and stammered, and endeavoured to say something more, but the stony misery which had settled in a grey shadow on the girl's young face robbed him of speech.

"Perhaps I had better go—" he finally said. "I assure you I am sorry to have hurt—awfully sorry. If ever I can do anything.—You see, a fellow doesn't.—Good-night!"

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He went out quickly, taking with him her letter. Once alone in his room, Margot's face came back to his vision, haunting him with its startled expression of anguish. He tried to console himself with a cigar, but in the floating mazes of the smoke his fancy conjured up again the girl's exquisite face, for it was exquisite, with its widely-dilated eyes and quivering lips. He had never realised before how beautiful she really was. He threw the cigar nervously away and paced the room. But conscience, relentless and revengeful, tortured him, and accused him of brutality to one who was small and helpless, and who, perhaps, loved him. Why, she had said so—in this letter of hers.

"If you can but read my love in these few incoherent, helpless words!" she had written.

The day after the bright invention of the students of the Conservatoire and its bitter results, Margot came to the table with an inscrutable face that baffled them. One of the girls said "Good morning" to her, but Margot stared at her with a haughtiness that her blonde neighbour might have been glad to emulate. That day she asked the landlady to remove her seat to another table.

Margot passed Manning in the hall with a studiously averted head, and when he spoke to her she did not reply. He went up to his room and took a crumpled letter from his pocket, and read it over very slowly and carefully. He smiled and whistled as he dressed.

A few nights later, he made his second pilgrimage to the top flight of the boarding house. At the end of the long, narrow, dark hall was Margot's little room. He approached it almost bashfully and fearfully, and hesitated outside her closed door, his face indecisive and uncertain. Out upon the silence of the dingy hall a long, plaintive note stole, so weirdly, so strangely, that instinctively he held his breath in an agony of feeling. Margot was speaking to him on her violin. He stood outside her door, motionless and silent. When the last thrilling note had quivered away, he groped his way down the dark passage into the lighted hall above the banisters and went back to his room. Once more he drew out her passionate letter.

MARGOT PASSED HIM WITH A STUDIOUSLY AVERTED HEAD.

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"In love I am only a crude little girl, without diplomacy or art."

"Poor, crude little girl!" he said softly.

* * * *

It was past eight o'clock, and the vast and enthusiastic audience began to look speculative regarding the new violinist. Fifteen minutes passed and they became restive. At eight-thirty they were whispering impatiently, and visibly annoyed. Some youths started clapping by way of encouragement, but no response rewarded their efforts.

It was approaching nine o'clock when a nervous man, in evening dress, came to the front of the curtain. His voice trembled nervously as he addressed the audience—

"Ladies and gentlemen, a most untoward and lamentable accident prevents us from hearing the young artist expected this evening. When about to enter her carriage she slipped and fell on the pavement, and while it is believed she is not fatally hurt, it is feared that she has injured her right hand. It is with the deepest emotion that I am forced to the painful duty of announcing this tragic accident—tragic when it is realised what the loss of the artist's magic fingers may mean to her and to all true lovers of music."

The most profound silence reigned over the great concert hall during the disjointed speech of the manager. When he bowed himself off the stage, a subdued murmur, like the roar of the surf on a melancholy sea, rose and fell all over the house.

Up in her little room, Margot was lying on the bed, her languid eyes closed, her poor little mangled arm lying outside the coverlet. A nurse tiptoed about the room.

In the wide lengths of his rooms on the first floor Manning was striding up and down, groaning and shuddering as if distracted.

He had waited for Margot to pass into her carriage. When she came out of the house with two of her artist friends, Manning sprang out of the shadow of the porch and rushed down the steps and opened the carriage door for her. When he turned aside for Margot to pass into the carriage he saw her trembling and swaying with a strange somnambulic expression in her eyes. She must have fallen immediately, for when he put forth his hand to assist her he saw nothing save the dim, sinuous outlines of the white figure fallen like a lily whipped by a brutal wind, at his feet. The horses, cold and impatient, tossed their heads and stamped their feet. One of the wheels turned. It touched and crushed a little outstretched white arm.

It was Manning who had carried her indoors, and it was Manning whom her friends were reviling and holding responsible for the accident. In her state of excitement and nervousness the sudden shock of the appearance of a man emerging from the porch had startled her so that she had fainted.

A few days later Margot was taken back to her village home.

March was gamboling and playing its pranks among the hills. The country roads were trackless and almost impassable, but a certain traveller still plodded on and stubbornly kept going ahead. When he came within sight of Margot's home he gave a slight cheer, and quickened his pace.

And it was Margot herself who met him at the door, and stood there with the glistening sunlight reflected from the snow-clad hills loitering in her bewildered eyes.

"Margot!"

"Is it you?"

"Yes, I had to come to you."

"Come indoors," she said, and he followed her into the warmth of the farmhouse kitchen.

He stood by the fire, warmed his hands, and watched the girl's dazed face tenderly.

"Come here, Margot," he said, suddenly, and held his two hands out.

She flushed painfully, but she did not obey him. The bewilderment in her eyes was deepening.

"Come, Margot—dear!"

"Why have you come?"

"I love you, Margot!"

"Oh, no, no—"

"And you love me, Margot."

"No, no—"

"Yes, yes," he said, and went to her, and took her in his arms.

"You cannot deny it, Margot. You know it is true. I know your letter by heart."

"And I yours," she said, pitifully—"the one you never wrote."

"But I will say the words to you. I will live them."

"That is better," said Margot, softly.

He suddenly remembered something.

"Your little hand—" he began, his voice trembling.

She drew her hand from his and held it up before his eyes, tapering and moving the slender, sensitive fingers.

"See," she said, "they, too, are quite well and happy now."

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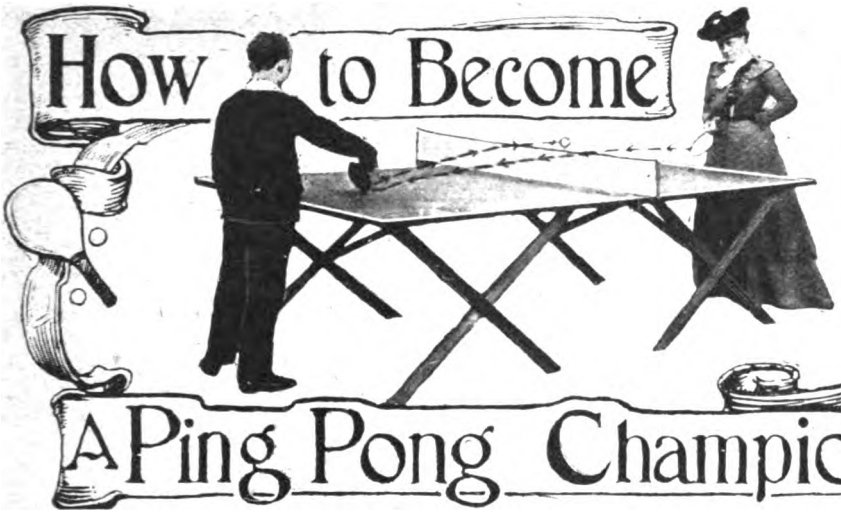
How to Become A Ping Pong Champion.



"HALF-VOLLEYING" A "DRIVE."

DESCRIBED BY L. G. MAINLAND.

A GAME BY EXPERTS; SPECIALLY PLAYED FOR READERS OF THE "LONDON MAGAZINE."

AMONG the many arguments advanced in favour of Table-Tennis, although all players maintain that it is its own recommendation, is the contention that ladies can meet gentlemen in the game on level terms. Activity and endurance, though forming a distinct acquisition to the player, are not so vital to good play that ladies are unfairly handicapped when meeting the stronger sex in the mimic warfare of racquets and celluloid balls. Strength, too, it is argued, is at a discount when opposed to skill and judgment.

It was to test the truth of this theory that a special match was arranged by the LONDON MAGAZINE between a lady and a gentleman, both of whom are expert exponents of the art of Ping Pong. Master Muir Stephens, who, though only sixteen, has vanquished, at one time or another, every player of note, and who has won prizes at both the Queen's Hall and the Aquarium, was the gentleman selected; and Miss Bantock, the lady who won the first tournament at the Queen's Hall, consented to represent her sex for this special contest. Our thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, who kindly lent their Table-Tennis room for the purposes of this meeting.

MASTER MUIR STEPHENS', AND MISS BANTOCK'S METHODS OF HOLDING THE RACQUETS.

The terms of the contest were as follows:

(1).—The match to be two out of three setts.

(2).—Each sett to consist of thirty points; counting to be by single points.

(3).—Service (the right of striking the ball first) to be changed every five points.

(4).—Players to change courts every ten points.

(5).—A ball that struck a racquet before striking the table to count as a "volley," and the stroke to be decided against the player so touching the ball, accidentally or otherwise.

Both players selected wooden racquets covered with vellum. After a preliminary "knock-up" in order to enable Miss Bantock to obtain the measure of the table, the match started in earnest.

Master Muir Stephens served first. Though he has a variety of these initial strokes (serves) at his command, his favourite is one that sends a low screwing, or twisting, ball pretty swiftly to his opponent's left, and upon striking the table breaks sharply further to his right (his adversary's left).

This break by the Table-Tennis player, is accomplished in much the same way as a bowler in cricket causes his ball to break, by means of imparting a strong twist to the ball as it leaves his hand, the latter, of course, in Table-Tennis, being achieved by means of

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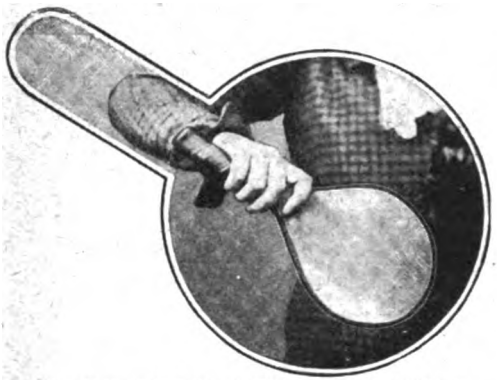
holding the racquet sideways during the instant the ball is touching it. Master Stephens stood about a yard behind the table, and swinging the racquet sideways and slightly backwards, cut the ball into his opponent's court with a swing of the arm.



HOW MISS BANTOCK MAKES A BACK-HANDED DRIVE FROM THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF THE TABLE.

Before it had risen a couple of inches after touching the table, Miss Bantock's racquet was in position and drove the ball back over the net.

This method of dealing with difficult balls is known to players as "half-volleying." A ball that breaks to the right or left after it has bounced is dangerous because it changes its line of flight. If a twisting ball be struck the instant it has bounced, the screw or break has no time to develop, and is smothered in its initial stage.

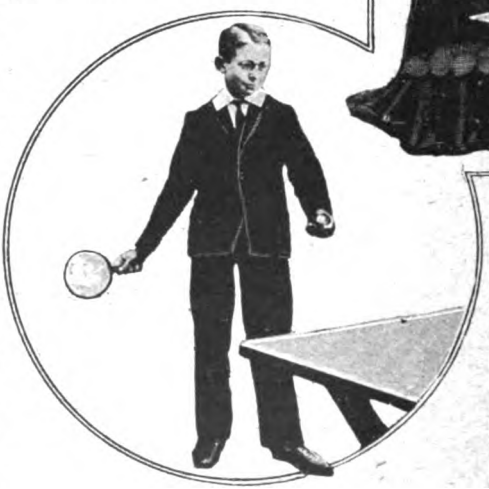
A long period of "half-volleying" ensued. So quickly was the ball taken up after its bounce, that the sound of it striking the table and then the racquet came almost simultaneously. Finally, a difficult ball caused Miss Bantock to play into the net, thus giving the first point in the match to her opponent.

Both players were now using great caution, fencing to try to find each other's weak points, like skilled swordsmen. Miss Bantock's service, to some extent, resembled that of her opponent, though her ball rose rather more, and the break was more pronounced. Master Stephens used smothering tactics, however, to discount the screw. Scoring continued to be very level. With Stephens at 15 and Miss Bantock at 14, an unusually long and exciting rally, or succession of strokes, took place.

It was not a tame series of "half-volleys," but a succession of determined attacks upon Miss Bantock's position by her energetic opponent. For the first time the game really warmed up to an exciting pitch. Stephens sent in drive after drive with lightning-like rapidity. He "placed" them in every part of the table with right and left-hand breaks upon them, sometimes on the extreme corners and at others near the net, but Miss Bantock's racquet was always in the right spot and the ball was safely returned every time.

The lady did more than merely try to get the ball over the net, however, in spite of the fierce attacks she was withstanding. There was always more or less sting in her replies in the shape of screw, speed, or judicious placing of the ball. Only once in the rally did a ball really beat her. It evidently struck the edge of her racquet, but, fortunately, landed over the net.

MISS BANTOCK'S SERVE.



MASTER MUIR STEPHENS' SERVE.

Then Miss Bantock attacked, and drove with a powerful sweep of the arm to her opponent's right-hand side line for one or two strokes, and then, low and swiftly,

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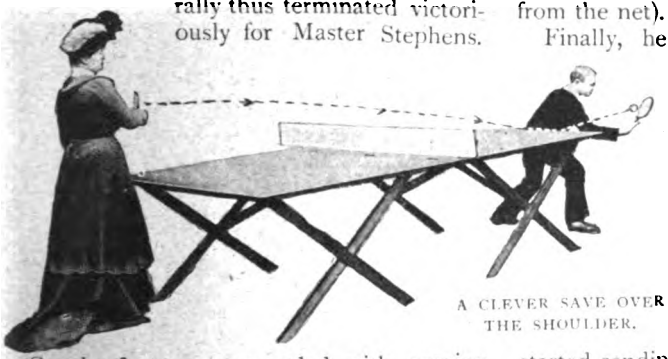
back-handed to the opposite corner. Its rebound was high, and so quickly was the stroke made that the ball was already descending before Stephens got near it. However, he took the ball in a marvellous fashion. Turning his back to the table, he received the ball on his racquet within two feet of the ground. The result was a high lob that Stephens sent over his right shoulder, which landed on the left corner of Miss Bantock's court in such a position that she could take no liberties with it, but was forced to return it carefully and safely. A few strokes later one of Stephens' returns touched the net, but fell slowly over, and dropped so gently and bounced so slightly that Miss Bantock could not get her racquet under it in time to return it. A most exciting rally thus terminated victoriously for Master Stephens.



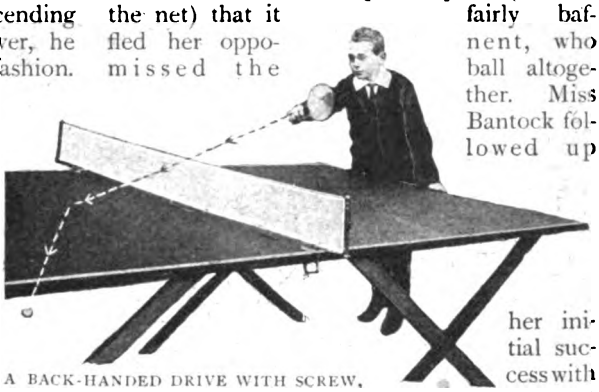
A CLEVER SAVE OVER THE SHOULDER.

So the first sett proceeded with varying fortune, first one and then the other gaining the advantage. With more than two-thirds of the sett completed, the score was as follows—Stephens 23, Miss Bantock 20.

Miss Bantock then lost ground, and an unlucky ball that failed to rise sufficiently, lost her the sett by 23 to 30.

The next sett was started without regrets or delay; Miss Bantock's first ball struck the extreme edge of the table and glanced off at a tangent. Stephens "saved" in an extraordinary manner, but his return was perforcedly high and rather weak, landing a few inches behind the net. Miss Bantock leaned over and hit the ball forcibly down into his court—or, as the stroke is technically called, "smashed" it—in such a manner as to be absolutely unplayable.

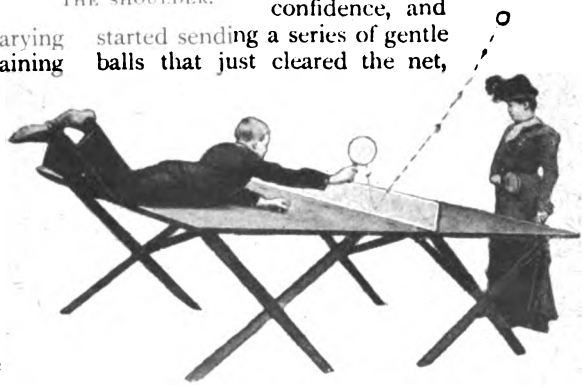
Her next serve had so much screw, and landed in such an unexpected place (close to the net) that it fairly baffled her opponent, who missed the ball altogether. Miss Bantock followed up her initial success with great vigour, and soon secured a substantial lead, Master Stephens playing some risky shots (such as "smashing" when the ball was too far from the net).



A BACK-HANDED DRIVE WITH SCREW, CAUSING BALL TO BREAK SHARPLY TO LEFT.

Finally, he realised that he was rapidly being left behind, and pulled himself together.

Without absolutely stonewalling, *i.e.*, relinquishing the attack altogether, and returning safe but tame balls, he played most cautiously, and gradually crept up. Recovering his lost ground, he gained more confidence, and started sending a series of gentle balls that just cleared the net,



A CURIOUS POSITION TO GIVE A "SMASH."

and broke to the right or left. These tactics gave him considerable advantage over his opponent, who was hampered in her movements by a long dress. But Miss Bantock had a slight advantage of reach, and gave several brilliant exhibitions of saving difficult balls.

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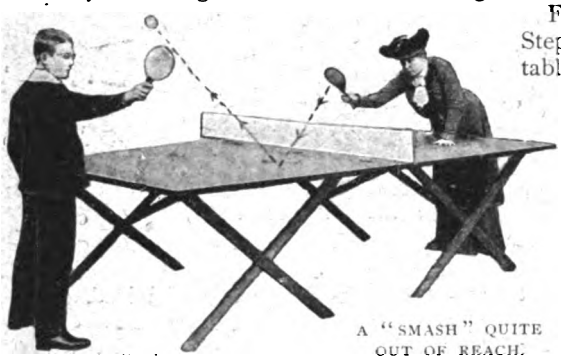
To play the "cross-cut" game, as this style of play is termed, both players were obliged to lean well over the table.

As Miss Bantock's replies fell nearer and nearer to the net, her youthful opponent had considerable difficulty in reaching the ball.

Several times he only succeeded in getting it over by stretching out his arm and bending



A "SMASH" QUITE OUT OF REACH.

his body as far as possible, but he always contrived to just tip it over somehow. Watching his opportunity, Stephens finally brought another exciting rally to a successful termination by lying full length on the table and getting in a terrific "smash," which drove the ball quite out of the reach of his antagonist.

In playing, he seemed to take the ball in any and every position. Once he got under the corner of the table by some mysterious means and took a difficult "glancing" stroke from this extraordinary point. By most brilliant play he got on level terms with Miss Bantock at "fourteen all."

It was either's game for the next few points. Stephens, with a couple of swift, hard, back drives that broke to the left, forged two points in front. It was the first time in the match that he had tried the particular stroke which gave him this advantage, and it took his opponent by surprise at first. However, Miss Bantock soon discovered the correct reply, and the game stood at "twenty-four all." The lady won the next point with a neat piece of strategy. Driving to one particular corner for several strokes, Master Stephens was tempted round the corner of the table in order to take them more easily.

Suddenly Miss Bantock cut a swift ball sideways and underneath. It rose visibly spinning in the air, landed on the opposite corner to which her antagonist had stationed himself, and broke away from him almost at right angles to its line of flight. Stephens reached across the table in vain. The ball was a good six inches out of his reach.

Five rather reckless serves from Master Stephens, three of which either went off the table or into the net, brought Miss Bantock's score to 29, while her opponent stood at 25. Stephens secured the next point, but Miss Bantock won the sett with a beautifully judged drive, which her opponent failed to return. The game stood "one all."

Master Stephens attacked energetically from the start of the winning sett. Miss Bantock was cautious. She half-volleyed her opponent's powerful drives most of the time. Occasionally there was a brief interval of net play, when the players made their strokes leaning forward with one hand on the table. Master Stephens then tried the effect of variety, and seldom used two similar strokes consecutively. Gradually he forged ahead. Miss Bantock was always dangerous, but failed to keep on level terms.

As the game drew to a close Miss Bantock made a gallant struggle, and won three

A REMARKABLE DRIVE AND SAVE BENEATH THE TABLE.

strokes in succession, which brought her score to 23, and Master Stephens 28. The two remaining points the latter gained, however, by means of hard drives, thus winning the match by two games to one.

Had Master Stephens been handicapped by skirts, and had he played on a strange table, it is possible that a different result would have been recorded. As it was, the match went far to prove the equality of the sexes in at least one fascinating and scientific pastime.

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OUR MONTHLY GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PICTURES.

By permission of Messrs. Braun, Clement & Co.

"JUDITH."

From the Painting by M. Asti, adapted for the cover of this issue by Mr. Chas. E. Dawson.

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"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS."

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New Bond Street, W.

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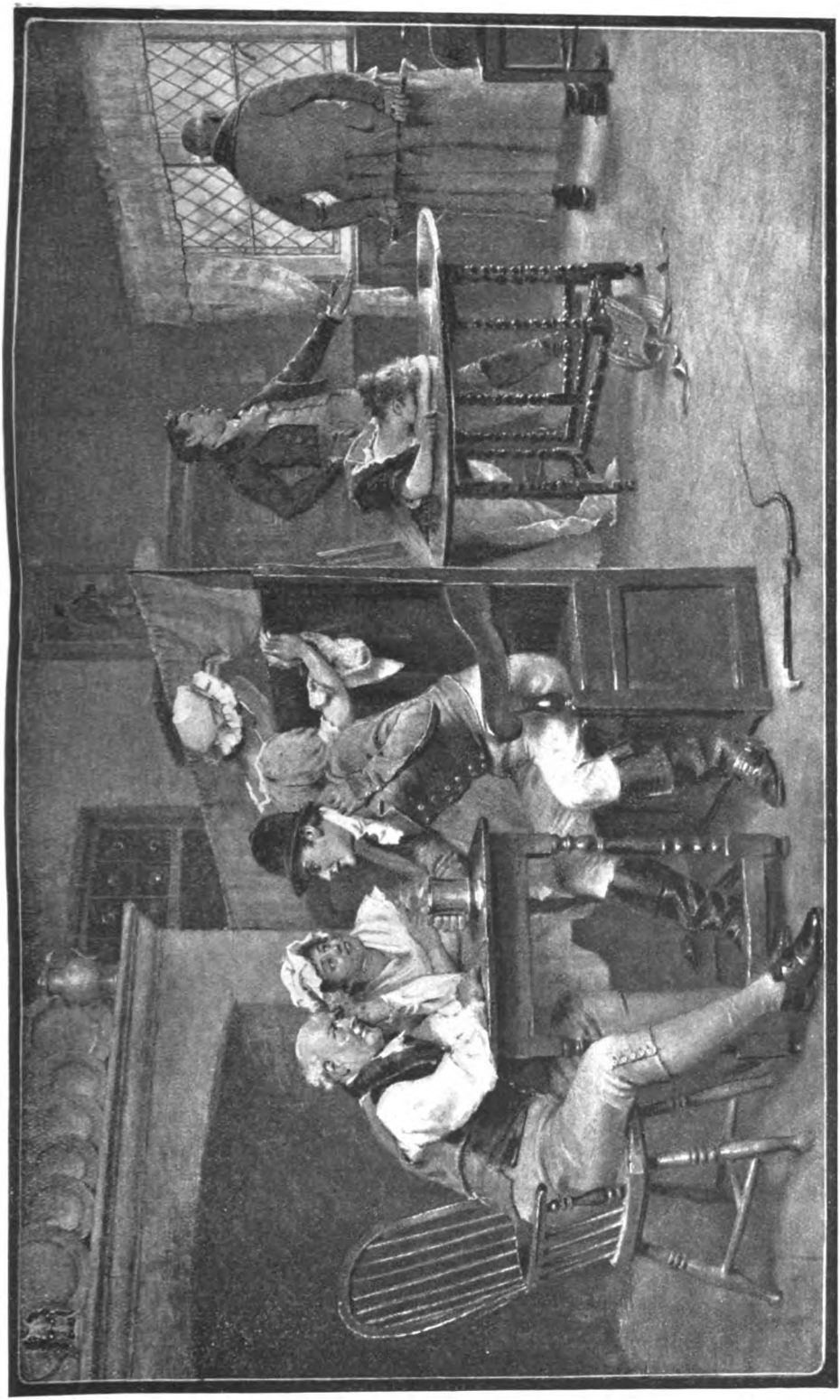

OVERTAKEN!

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SPRINGTIME.

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Photo: William Hayward, Gillspur Street, E.C.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

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HELPING GRANDPA.

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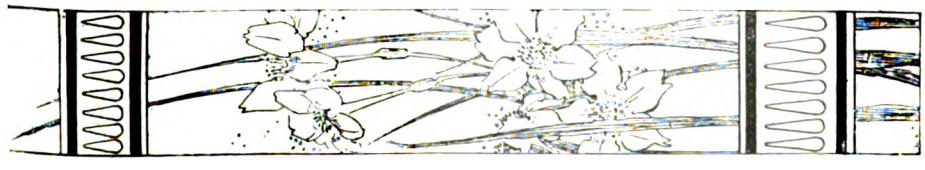

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MY FAVOURITE. *By permission of Messrs. Braun, Clement & Co.*

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"AUTUMN."

The frontispiece and illustrations to the article, "Picture Photography," are from photos by the Allman Manufacturing Company, New York.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The next (June) Issue of the ***London Magazine*** will be the ***Double Coronation Number,*** and with it will be presented, gratis, ***Two Handsome Coloured Plates*** of ***His Majesty King Edward VII.*** and ***Queen Alexandra.*** Owing to the time and care involved in the production of these portraits, it will be impossible to reprint the number, and to avoid disappointment copies should be ordered of newsagents *now*.

Apart from the above attraction, the ***Coronation Issue*** will contain many special and original features, yet the price will be *SIXPENCE ONLY*. The Coronation Number will be published on 6th June, instead of 15th of the month, as usual.

"READING HIS LETTER."

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Picture Photography

How the Camera is Invading the Art Gallery.

By Bernard Owen.

WHEN Daguerre invented his method of making portraits on sensitised plates by means of the sun's rays, it was at first feared that the profession of the portrait painter was in danger; but experience soon proved such fears to be exaggerated.

Early photography aimed simply at securing an exact likeness, and thought very little of those accessories that enter into the composition of a picture. For this reason a daguerreotype was never a thing of beauty, and was usually kept in a closed case as a valued family document, instead of being hung on the wall as a pleasing work of art.

"DRIFTING."

Until within quite recent years this criticism to a large extent applied to most of the work turned out by the photographer. The reader has only to take up the family album and he will see any number of examples of utter lack of artistic qualities. Indeed, the early attempts to make the portrait into a picture were usually grotesque in their utter absurdity. We have seen a lady in evening dress apparently standing beside a wave-washed rock on the shore, with a stormy sky in the background! Then it is nothing uncommon to find the sitter posed on an outdoor terrace commanding a noble prospect of hill and valley. But under his feet is a carpet and by his side an elaborately looped curtain—out of doors!—while, to crown all, the man's shadow is thrown across the sky!

Another example that comes to mind is that of a lady sitting reading beside a window. But the side of her face next to the window is in shadow, while the opposite side is brilliantly illuminated!

These are glaring faults, but almost any album will afford examples of them. Nowadays the painted background and the inevitable curtain have disappeared from most studios, but there is still a harshness of detail and an utter want of "atmosphere"—or sense of distance—which make the portrait satisfactory rather than pleasing.

It is mainly these defects that gave rise to the evergreen question, "Is photography art?" In a painting the artist selects certain features and suppresses others in order to

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produce the effect that he is seeking: in photography, too often, everything stands out with equal distinctness. In a painting we are conscious not only of the objects depicted, but also of an idea that the artist has, with more or less clearness, expressed on his canvas. Until lately the photographer did not attempt this.

But within the last few years photography has risen up and claimed a place among the fine arts, and the maker of portraits boldly declares himself to be a "photographic artist." Has his claim been justified? We think that a glance at our illustrations—all of which have been made from photographs—will show that it has.

"INNOCENCE."

As a matter of fact, it is not photography to merely "press the button" and leave an enterprising firm to "do the rest." There is a story told of a pig that came up to an unguarded camera, and—mistaking the pneumatic bulb for a potato—made a sudden bite and released the shutter, thus actually taking a photograph. But the pig was not a photographer.

In the making of a picture—whether with the brush or the camera—the instinct of the artist is needed in the selection and treatment of the subject. If half-a-dozen amateurs are set to photograph any object—say an old ruin—from the same point of view, the chances are that they will produce six pictures each distinct from the others.

One will select a moment when the light is too strong, and so will obtain a harsh, staring picture. Another will go to the opposite

"THE NOONDAY REST."

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"BLIND MAN'S BUFF."

extreme and will secure a dull, lifeless study; while a third will watch for the happy moment when a ray of light catches the ivy and brings into relief some hitherto unnoticed beauty in the crumbling ruins. One will content himself with securing a photograph of the building alone, while another will include some neighbouring feature to help the composition, and a third will await his chance to break the foreground with a few sheep or a passing child. In a word, some will merely take photographs and others will produce pictures.

It is a common mistake of the young photographer to aim at getting every object within sight into the sharpest possible focus, with the result that all sense of distance is lost. The Pre-Raphaelite School of Painters fell into this error, which caused their pictures to look like delicate pieces of embroidery.

On the other hand, there is a tendency amongst present-day photographers to aim at general "fuzziness" and indistinctness—a fault that has been very conspicuous at recent photographic exhibitions. Obviously, the object in the composition that is intended to arrest the eye should stand out sharply and clearly, while the rest of the picture should be less distinct in detail. The human eye does not see all the objects within its field of view with equal distinctness at the same time.

The photographs with which the present article is illustrated afford exceptionally fine examples of what may be done in the direction of making genuinely artistic pictures with the help of the camera. In fact, when skilfully coloured they form admirable substitutes for more expensive pictures.

Most of them were taken in a large studio, including several that possess all the qualities of open-air studies. It is simply a question of skilful lighting. Take for example the two pictures entitled "Blind Man's Buff" and "The Dancing Lesson." A careful comparison will show that three of the models are the same in the two studies, and yet each picture has a character entirely its own.

In "Blind Man's Buff" the light is broad and diffused, giving a perfect out-door atmosphere, while the distance is just

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sufficiently indistinct to give a subdued feeling of space and atmosphere. Note how the light falls from above and touches the hair and shoulders of the woman and children—just the effect of the noontide sun.

Now contrast the light effect in "The Dancing Lesson." Here there is no top light at all, for the scene is a room, evidently lit by a window on the left of the picture. The lighting is consistent throughout. One has only to note the gleam on the piano, and the reflection in the mirror, to see how conscientiously the idea is carried out.

In our frontispiece will be seen a fine example of a photograph that many an amateur tries to take, but with disastrous results. To take a portrait of a lady sitting before a window usually results in a black silhouette surrounded by a glare of light. It is one of the canons of photography never to let your lens face a strong light.

"MOONLIGHT."

But in this picture the difficulty has been very cleverly overcome. As a matter of fact, no light whatever comes from the window, which really owes its existence, not to the glazier but to the scene-painter. If the lighting of the subject came from the direction of the spectator a very flat, uninteresting effect would result, but by admitting the light from the left all the details in the composition stand out in strong relief, while a soft tone is given to the whole by the apparent light of the window.

In each case the background is due to the scene-painter's art, and no small skill is needed to ensure that the foreground, with its living figures, shall—as it were—melt into it. Great care has also to be taken that the lighting of the figures in the foreground exactly harmonises with that shown on the background. For this reason

"IS IT 'YES'?"

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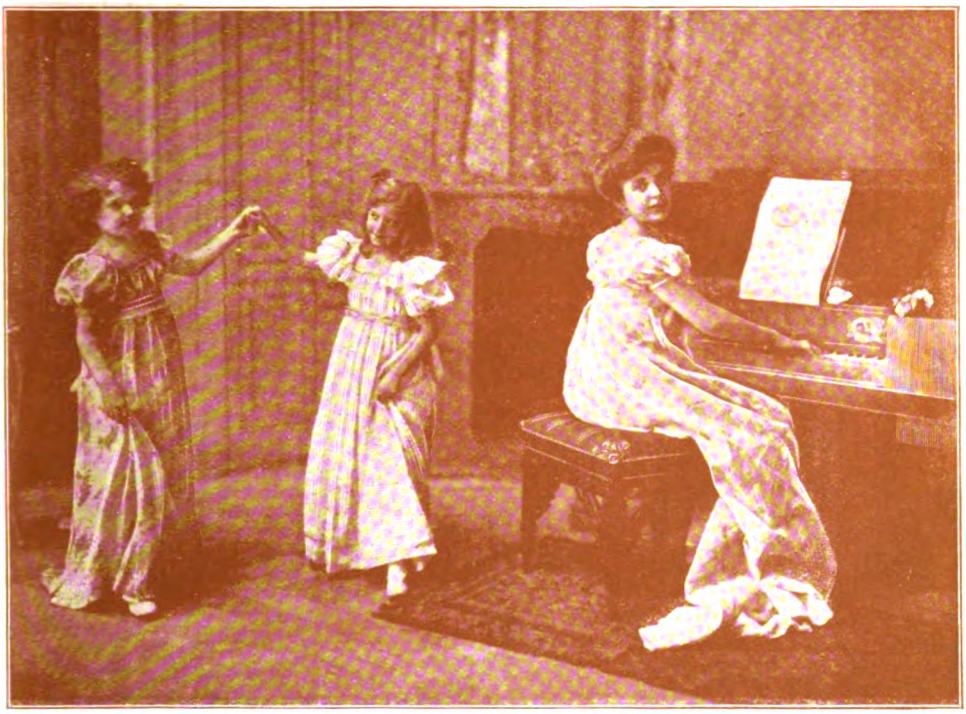
the stock "cloths," sometimes to be seen in studios, are of little use. The lighting of each group has to be specially studied, and is often the result of a series of experiments. Until this has been determined it is obviously impossible to tell precisely at what angle the shadows in the fictitious distance should fall.

It is often supposed that pleasing photographic groups, such as those shown in our illustrations, are the result of lucky snapshots taken at the psychological moment. This is very rarely the case. For artistic purposes, the instantaneous photograph is practically valueless.

of people ready to earn money by posing, but not one tenth of them are of any real use for the purpose. You may see in the street the prettiest or most picturesque figure possible, but no sooner do you attempt to photograph it than all its charm disappears.

Most people are more or less self-conscious, and this is fatal to success as a model. We all know cases of persons who do not photograph well. We have in mind one who ordinarily has the pleasantest expression, but no sooner does he face the camera than his mouth sets, his chin protrudes, and the result is anything but



"THE DANCING LESSON."

Anyone who has gone forth with a hand-camera and taken snapshots of unposed groups of people knows that they are nearly always unsatisfactory from a pictorial point of view. Someone is in an awkward position, another's face is in shadow, the dress of a third stands out stiffly, and so on. The most charmingly natural and "unstudied" effects are invariably the results of careful posing. Only thus can really pleasing groups be produced.

Now models, as every artist knows, are not easy to secure. True, there are plenty

fascinating. Natural nervousness has a good deal to do with it.

Oddly enough, actors and actresses do not make the best models for pictorial purposes. They know how to pose and to assume a facial expression to suit any given part, but the resultant picture generally conveys the impression of clever acting rather than of reality. A little of this is immaterial on the stage, where the audience recognises and expects the histrionic element; but it is fatal in a picture which is supposed to represent nature.

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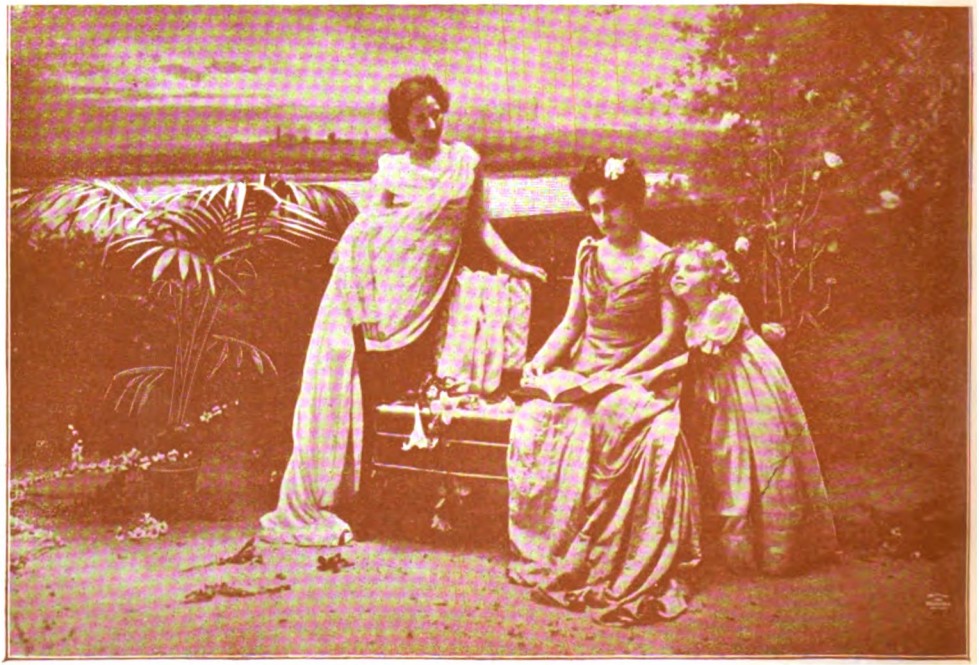
Children, if skilfully handled, generally make capital models, simply because they are not so self-conscious as adults. But in order to secure really picturesque child studies you must catch the young models yourself and not apply to the mothers. The result of the latter course is to find the children dressed in their Sunday best, with faces well scrubbed, and hair elaborately oiled and brushed for the occasion. The average parent cannot be made to understand that a child makes the best picture when its hair is tousled and its face not over clean!

"AN ANGEL OF MERCY."

In the making of pictures by photography, reality is of prime importance. Stage properties and imitation dress stuffs never succeed in standing the keen scrutiny of the camera. They always look what they really are—shams.

The photographer who aims at pictorial effect must not only be expert in technical work, but must also have the eye and instinct of a true artist. Only thus can he hope to compose effects that will be harmonious and pleasing to the eye, and at the same time will impress by their truth and reality. Though the work calls for great patience, in the teeth of many disappointments, it is well worth the trouble that it involves.



"AN INTERESTING STORY."

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Other Peoples Shoes

A STORY ABOUT **CHILDREN** FOR GROWN-UPS.

BY

OWEN OLIVER.

ILLUSTRATED BY

HAROLD COPPING.

FATHER was not down when the postman came, so I ran upstairs with the letters.

"Two little ones!" I called, and he came out on the landing with his face half-covered with lather and a razor in his hand. The big letters bring back the tales that editors cannot appreciate. The little ones bring cheques and acceptances. They do not come so often as the others.

"The *Comet* has taken 'A Wild Goose Chase,' and the *Moral Magazine* 'His Error,'" he cried when he had read them. "They both send cheques—fifteen guineas altogether." I clapped my hands. "We're rich," he continued.

"Ye-es," I said, doubtfully. When father thinks we are rich, he spends too quickly. He is a great author and very clever, but he does not understand business. "The bacon will be burnt if you aren't quick."

He laughed. "You terrible little housekeeper."

I have kept house since mother died three years ago. I was only ten then and found it hard work; but now I do not mind.

"Master's sold another of them 'ere stories, I s'pose?" Jane asked, when she was clearing away the boys' breakfast things.

"Two," I told her.

"Sounds like it," she grumbled. Father was singing while he finished dressing. He only does that when he is very pleased.

"It is so nice to hear him," I said.

"Umph! I don't 'old with a great big man goin' about squawkin' like a duck." Jane has not a good way of putting things.

"I don't hold with rudeness, Jane. You had better go and finish the boots; and make haste, please." She went slowly out, with the tray under one arm.

"'E'll go wastin' it on somethink that isn't wanted, mark my words; an'——"

"Hold your tongue, Jane," I said, severely. If father is not good at business, it is no concern of hers.

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Father came downstairs singing, and when I reminded him how late it was, he said it did not matter.

"I must do something for Rogers," he remarked when he had sat down at the table. I put the coffee-pot on the stand with a clatter.

"Oh, daddy!" I cried, "you really can't afford it."

"Fifteen guineas are too much to spend all on ourselves, Molly."

"There are the bills." I try to be as economical as I can, but they do mount up so.

"We'll pay them all." I shook my head. They were a good deal more than fifteen guineas. "Well, we'll pay part of them."

"The boys want new boots." They always do.

"Ye-es," he agreed. "So do you."

"I could wait a week or two; but you must have a new hat."

"We can do it all," he replied cheerfully, "and spare a few pounds. You see, my dear, poor Rogers has had a bad time."

"You said it was his own fault."

"Well, I dare say it is; but they're dreadfully hard up."

"So are we, daddy." He began to look solemn.

"If I go on selling at this rate, we shall soon be well off." That is how he always talks when he sells things.

"When you do, you can help Mr. Rogers." He smiled and sighed at the same time.

"You are right, no doubt, Molly; but I can't bear to think of them being worried about money when we——"

"You don't know how they worry me for the bills." Of course, I do not tell him when I know he has not got the money.

"No," he owned, "I don't suppose I do. I have a brave little daughter, who takes all the worry, like her mother did." He sighed again.

"I don't mind, but—daddy, dear?" He put down his cup suddenly. "We have to go without things very often—Bob, and Tommy, and you." He got up and stroked my hair.

"And my brave 'little mother' most of anybody. God bless you!"

"I don't want to be selfish." He laughed aloud.

"Selfish! You!" Father fancies I am much better than I am. "Shall I tell you what I think of you?" I smiled.

"No! You are a silly old father! But you will be careful about the money, won't you, dear?" He looked grave.

"Yes," he promised. "I will. You shall have it all to pay the bills and buy new clothes." He looked at his watch. "Bless me! I'm two trains late. Where are my boots?" I rang for Jane.

"You don't think I'm selfish, do you?"

"No, no, dear!"

"We must think of Bob and Tommy before strangers, and ——"

"Certainly we must. We have no right to give away a penny till we are out of debt."

Bob and Tommy came home later than usual. They are generally in great spirits on Wednesdays, because it is half holiday; but Bob was very quiet and had only two helpings of pudding, so I thought he was not well. When Tommy had gone into the garden to play, I enquired what was the matter. He did not answer at first, only kicked the floor with his toes. That is one of his ways of wearing them out—the boots, I mean.

"What have you been doing, Bob?" I asked.

"Nothing," I sat down beside him.

"Tell me what is wrong, old man."

"Nothing's wrong with me. It's Benson."

"The nasty little wretch!"

"No, he isn't."

"I thought you didn't like him?"

"Well, I didn't; but it's *horrid* for him." Bob turned away from me.

"What is horrid, dear?"

"You know his father and mother are in India?"

"So you told me."

"They haven't sent the money home for him this month; and the people where he lives won't buy him any boots."

"Are his boots bad?"

Bob nodded.

"They are out at the toes *dreadful*; and the boys laugh at him and call them sandals. It's a beastly shame."

"Oh!" I cried. "*Poor* little fellow!" People think boys don't feel things; but they do. "Of course, *you* didn't tease him." Bob shook his head.

"Jackson didn't, either; and he stopped the other boys and said they were a set of cads." Jackson is the head boy of the school. He is over fifteen, and rather nice.

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He brought me a chair at the sports, and takes off his cap when we meet.

"Then it's all right now."

Bob kicked the sofa leg.

"No, it isn't. He knows they notice and talk about it. He — I said I wouldn't give him away——"

"I shan't tell anyone about it," I promised.

"I walked home with him; and in the lane he laid down in the grass and cried like anything——" Bob put his head on my shoulder, as he does when he is poorly, and I put my arm round him.

"I *am* sorry," I said.

"Couldn't you—a pair of boots doesn't cost much?"

"Oh, Bob, I can't! I really can't." He kicked the sofa leg very hard. "Don't do that, dear."

"You might, Molly."

"We have a lot of bills to pay; such a dreadful lot. You don't understand."

"Tell them to wait." I shook my head.

"We've no right to buy shoes for other people when we can't pay for our own."

"Yes, we can. You're mean, that's what it is."

"Oh, Bob!" I walked away and looked out of the window. In a minute he came after me.

"ARE HIS BOOTS BAD?" BOB NODDED. "THEY ARE OUT AT THE TOES *DREADFUL*."

"No, you aren't, Molly. You're a brick. I didn't mean it."

Then he ran out, and I went upstairs and tried to read, but could not. It seemed so sad for the poor boy that I could not bear to think about it.

Father came home early and helped Bob and Tommy with their home-lessons, but he did not seem so cheerful as usual. After dinner, when the boys had gone to bed, I went and took his paper away, and sat on his knee.

"What is the matter, daddy?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing. Only I met Rogers in town to-day. Things are bad with them, very bad."

Mr. Rogers is the sort of man that things always are bad with. Mrs. Serplis says he would be no better off if he were ever so rich.

"If we aren't careful they will be bad with us."

"I know, my dear. I know; but I was wondering if I could go without anything that would—er——"

"No," I said, decidedly. "You can't and you shan't." He stroked my hair. "The butcher and baker have been asking for their money again to-day."

"They shall have some, but——"

"There's the milkman; and the greengrocer."

"I don't see why the tradespeople should be in such a hurry for their money."

"They really can't afford to wait——"

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"No—o," he agreed. "I don't suppose they can."

"There's the bill for Tommy's suit. It has come three times; and Bob's cap; and Jane's wages—two months."

"Ah!" he said. "Dear me, how things do run on."

"And the window the boys broke. I promised I'd send the money to-morrow."

"There will be a cheque from the *Weekly Trimmer* on Saturday."

"You were going to keep that for the rent. There are over two quarters due, you know." He shook his head.

"Now I come to think of it, I believe there are."

"The boys must have boots, and you—" He put his hand over my mouth.

"You are quite right, little girl, quite right. Charity must begin at home." He took out fifteen sovereigns. "There, pay what you can with it, and get the boots." I held out my hand. "There's only one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you buy a pair for yourself."

"I think I might wait a little longer, perhaps," I suggested; but he insisted that I could not, so I had to promise.

I paid the butcher £3 10s., and the baker £2, and—but that does not really matter. Anyhow, I kept just enough for three pairs of boots for the boys and myself, and a hat for father. I called at the boot shop and asked them to send some round to try on that evening.

On the way home I overtook the boys and Benson. He is a tall, pale, thin boy, and looks quite old, though he is only ten. The toes of his boots were really dreadful. You could see the stockings through them and he looked at his feet nearly every step he took. I was afraid that he would think I noticed them. So I talked and laughed a lot to attract his attention. I generally get on well with boys. I mean little boys, of course. I do not take notice of big ones, though I am polite to any who are nice.

"Will you come to tea with Bob and Tommy this afternoon?" I asked. He brightened up; but looked miserable again directly.

"I should like to," he said, "only——" He went very red and stopped.

"Don't dress up?" I told him. "Come just as you are. It is not a party and you can play in the garden. I am going to make a lot of tea-cakes; so be sure you come."

"They're good," Tommy whispered.

"Thank you very much," Benson said. He looked quite a nice boy when he smiled.

I walked a little way down the street with them, to make Benson think that I did not see anything wrong with him. Then I said good-bye. When Bob came in to dinner he said that he did not think Benson would come.

"He says he doesn't like to, because of his boots."

"You must make him. Tell him I am cooking the tea-cakes on purpose for him."

"Shall I say you don't mind toes out?" Tommy asked. He is only seven, so he does not understand things.

"Certainly not! The idea! You must say nothing about his boots, and let him think people don't notice them."

"But he knows they do. There was a boy called after him this morning, and Bob——" Bob gave Tommy a poke and he stopped suddenly.

"You've been fighting again?" I asked severely.

"Well——" Bob shifted from one leg to the other, and frowned at Tommy. "Wouldn't you have?"

"If I did *I* should have done wrong." They both laughed.

"You don't never," Tommy assured me. "Father says what you tell us is right." I smiled.

"Try to be good like father," I said, "and mind you make Benson come."

He did come. I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when I saw him. The poor boy had actually blacked the toes of his stockings so that they should look like the boots. I felt I *would* so like to buy him a pair and save the money somehow or other; but of course it was right to pay our debts first. I could see they were too far gone for toe-capping, or I would have sent them.

He seemed to like the tea-cakes very much, and so did our boys. I had a lot of fruit for them, too, and they said it was very jolly. Benson said he wished that I was his mother. I explained that I was not old enough. So he offered to marry me when he grew up. I told him that *he* was not old enough, but I would be his sister instead. I did not mean it, of course, but it is what they always say in father's tales.

After tea I played boys' games with them in the garden. Benson seemed to forget all

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his troubles, and laughed the most of any of us till Tommy dropped a stilt on his foot.

"Oh, Tommy!" I cried. "It was right on his poor toes." He went crimson; and I was so angry with myself for saying it, that I spoke quite disagreeably to poor Tommy: "You naughty boy!"

"It doesn't matter," said Benson. "He couldn't help it." He limped behind the gooseberry bushes to rub his toes without

"Suppose we go indoors and play cards," I proposed; "and you shall have some apples."

Bob and Tommy said we might as well have the apples in the garden; but Benson wanted to go indoors, so we went. I think he was glad to hide his feet under the table. When we were tired of cards, he told us about India, where he lived till he was seven. We were getting on very nicely, when Jane came in with a great bag.

POOR LITTLE BENSON WAS STANDING, RUBBING HIS SLEEVE ACROSS HIS EYES.

attracting attention to the boots, while I consoled Tommy. He is a kind little fellow, and cannot bear me to be cross with him.

"We'll play football again," I suggested. "Tommy and I will be partners."

Benson and Bob were winning at first, so I began to play really hard like boys do. I got two goals, then I managed to kick Benson where the boot wasn't. He pretended that I had not hurt him much; but I knew that I had.

"The boy 'as brought the boots," she said, "an' 'e'll wait wile yer try 'em on."

"The boots!" shouted Bob and Tommy. They rushed and snatched the bag out of Jane's hands, and turned the boots out on the floor.

"I want this sort, Molly," cried Bob. "It's got red things to pull them on by."

"I want these," said Tommy. "'cause they've got smooth toes, an'—"

"You must have toe-caps," I told him. "Boys' boots wear out so at the toes." Benson

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went red again, and I felt as if I could bite my tongue for being so thoughtless. "This is the best sort, Tommy. You see." I knelt down to pull them on.

"Don't you wish you could have a new pair, Benson?" Tommy asked. He did not mean to be unkind, of course. Children do not think.

"I—I am going to have a new pair soon," said Benson. "I—I had some last—the other day."

I did not know how to change the subject. So I tried to put a pair on Tommy that looked too small; and of course he began to shout that they pinched him.

"New boots are a great nuisance," I remarked. "Old ones are ever so much more comfortable."

"When they aren't too old," said Bob. Benson turned away suddenly. "These are all right, Molly." He hobbled about the room as fast as the string in the heel would let him.

"Yer've no bis'nis to walk in 'em till they're settled on," Jane told him; but he did not pay any attention.

At last I found a pair that seemed to fit Tommy, and he strutted about, too.

"I think they're all right?" I asked Jane. "Feel the toes." We knelt down and felt the boys' toes in turn.

"They'll do," she declared. Then she whispered in my ear. "Look at 'im!" Poor little Benson was standing looking out of the window, rubbing his sleeve across his eyes. "I'll give three-and-six towards a pair."

I could not bear it any longer. Mine would not give out for quite a fortnight longer, and then they would not be so bad as his.

"Come on, Benson," I called. "I'm going to give you a pair." He looked at me with his eyes wide open. Then he began to tremble at the mouth. So I just picked him up, and sat him on a chair. "I told the man we'd have three pairs, so we must, you see. What do you say to these with the red straps?"

They fitted so well that we did not even try on another pair; and he smiled all the time till he went home.

"It's a rum thing," said Jane, when he had gone, "'ow it makes yer feel 'appy to see other people 'appy."

"Yes," I agreed. "It does."

"Pertickler wen yer 'ad a 'and in it yerself." She fumbled in her pocket. "'Ere's the three-an'-six."

"No, no, Jane. It is very, very kind of you; but I couldn't think of it. His boots were no concern of yours."

"Come to that," she argued obstinately, "they wasn't no bis'nis of yourn, neither. After the way yer bin talkin' to the marster, too."

I sighed. "I am afraid it was wrong. I shall tell father this evening."

It was half-past ten when father came in. He looked tired and worried, and did not talk much till he had done supper. Then he coughed twice.

"I met Rogers in the city to-day, Molly," he said slowly. "He looked as if he hadn't had enough to eat lately."

"Oh, daddy!"

"He told me they had only a couple of shillings in the house, and—well, my dear, I lent him a pound. I suppose it was wrong; but I can't help putting myself in other people's shoes." He sighed, and I put my arms round his neck.

"Neither," I whispered, "can I!"

Then I told him about Benson's boots. I did not say that I had not got mine; but he must have guessed. For next morning, as it happened, he had a cheque from the *Highflyer* and handed me five pounds.

"Bills and boots!" he said with a smile. "By the way, you haven't shown me your new pair yet. I'll see them this evening."

Jane grinned when I told her.

"For a person wot writes tales an' sich rubbidge," she said, "the marster 'as got 'is proper senses!"

It would be a good thing if there were more people like father.

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THE POLAR BEAR STEALTHILY APPROACHES FROM ABOVE, AND—

CREATURES THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED.

THE SPORTING INSTINCT IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

By T. C. Bridges.

Illustrated by A. F. Lydon.

A LONG, bottle-shaped body, a small head, jaws like animated shears, and an appetite which nothing ever satisfies—that is the ant lion, a creature whose extraordinary method of trapping its prey beats the efforts of the most careful and painstaking human sportsman. The ant lion's pitfall is a common object in England, and well worth the trouble of examining to anyone interested in the art of trapping.

You find it in loose, sandy soil, a place generally where the grass is fairly thick all round, so that unsuspecting insects hurrying about their business may stumble unknowingly into it. Watch the ant lion at work. Making a pivot of its front feet, it uses its whole body as a shovel, and spins rapidly round. Soon an encircling ridge is thrown up, and the ant lion has sunk to the bottom of a circular cone, one to two inches deep, and with sides at an angle of forty-five degrees. At the lowest point of its pit the insect buries itself, leaving only its long jaws exposed. Woe betide the ant or other insect that ventures over the edge of the pitfall. The sliding sand gives no possible foothold for escape, and, struggling, scrambling, the unfortunate creature falls to the bottom, where the animated pincers seize and rend it. Having finished its meal, the tiny sportsman places the empty skin of its victim on its back, and carefully flings it to a distance. The ant lion leads the existence of a trapper for two whole years before it makes its final changes into cocoon and dragon fly.

A near relation of the ant lion, a sort of ascalaphus, imitates the head hunters of the Dyak tribes. Its favourite food consists of aphides, the green flies seen on rose trees. After eating them, it attaches their empty skins, like scalps, to its back, and so converts itself into a perambulating chamber of horrors.

There is very little doubt but that man got his first ideas of netting fish and birds from the spider's web. But even after all these thousands of years of experiments, he has evolved nothing so perfect for its purpose as the web of the garden spider. In strength for weight, elasticity, and holding power it is unequalled.

It is to the seas round our coasts that we must go to find any net for trapping which can compare with that of the king of insect sportsmen, the spider. The rays of the sea basket are in some ways even more efficient than the web of the spider, for while the latter is immovable, the eighty thousand filaments of which the former is composed are used by their owner as a living casting net, from the meshes of which nothing that they once enclose can hope to escape. The common acorn barnacle is another British marine creature which hunts its food with a perfectly-formed casting net.

— QUIETLY ROLLS A STONE ON TO THE WALRUS'S HEAD

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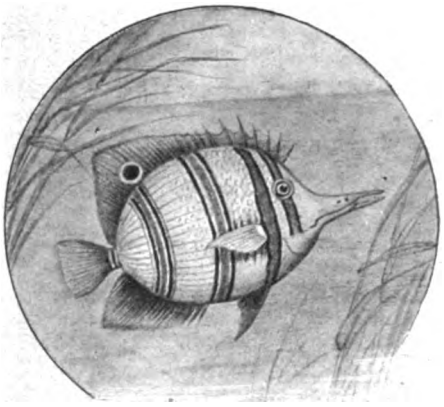
Probably no living creature is so perfectly supplied by Nature with a ready-made net for hunting as a quaint, ugly inhabitant of the southern part of the United States. This creature, called the peripatus, is like



A SHOOTING FISH, PETTED BY THE JAPANESE FOR AMUSEMENT.

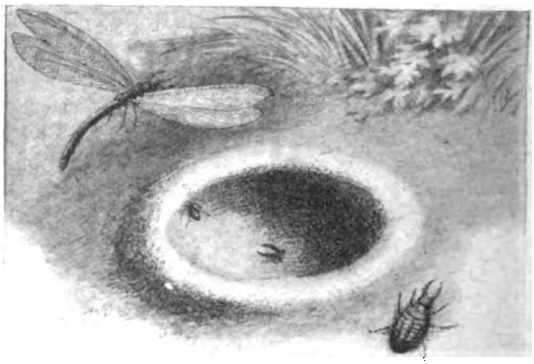
a caterpillar in shape, but is really more closely related to the worm family. Small, sluggish, and stupid as the peripatus looks, there is not a keener sportsman alive. A fly comes hovering past, humming on quivering wings, and never noticing the stick-like creature beneath it. There is a little flash. Suddenly the fly is no longer moving, but stationary, enveloped in a curious maze of silvery web, which hangs cloudlike above the head of the ugly hunter.

The creatures already mentioned use traps without baits. Others, to make more sure of good hunting, employ lures to tempt possible prey to a dangerous nearness. Chief among these is the angler fish, a hideous inhabitant of British waters, and known to fishermen as the fishing frog. With its small body, its gigantic head, its yawning mouth, and queer frills on head and back, the angler fish looks more like a nightmare than most of its finny companions. Its methods of life equal its appearance in strangeness. On the top of the creature's head, among several spines, is one about a foot long, which can be moved forward or backward at will. It is about the size of a steel darning needle, and is tipped with a lump of soft, fleshy membrane, looking very like raw meat. Hidden, like the ant-lion, deep in the mud and weeds at the sea bottom, the angler dangles its lure before the eyes of dozens of foolish small fry. Presently one makes a dart. A gloomy cavern opens, receives the too trusting fishlet, and before the others have had time to take fright, the tempting bait is again amongst them.

There are several other finny anglers. The bat fish, or malthea, has a bait-like arrangement on its head which can be raised or lowered at will, while a creature known as Melanocetus Johnsoni has not only a rod and line, and a mouth which shames even the fishing frog, but also fins specially adapted for burying itself in the mud at the bottom.

Still more elaborate is the fishing apparatus of the nemertes, a kind of marine worm which you may find at low tide in soft mud under stones along the south coast of England. It is literally a living fishing line, and possesses powers of contraction and expansion beyond those of any known creature. One of these worms, which, when in a state of repose, does not more than cover a man's hand, can extend itself to a length of twenty or thirty feet.

At first sight the nemertes hardly seems a thing endowed with life. It resembles a slimy bootlace which has lain under water for a long time. No doubt the fish which plays across it at high tide never dreams there is life or danger in the coil of blackness below it. Then, suddenly, the sucker-like mouth which acts as hook to this living line,



THE ANT LION'S INGENIOUS PITFALL, INTO WHICH UNSUSPECTING INSECTS TUMBLE AND ARE SEIZED BY THE PINCERS OF THE BURIED TRAPPER.

closes upon the fish's side. The fish darts away, the long, lithe body follows it, and without stopping its rush, exercises a slow and careful drag. The playing process resembles exactly that of an angler who has

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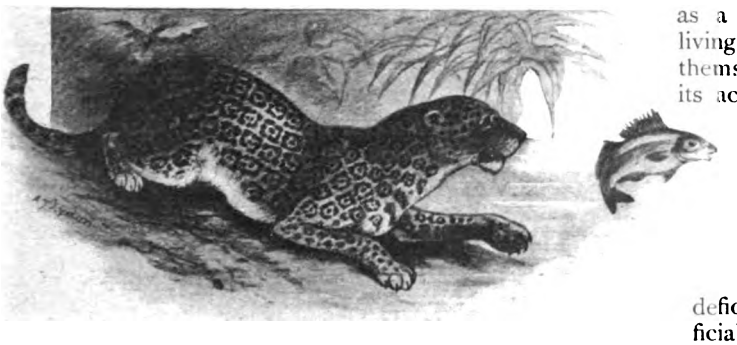
hooked a heavy trout on a light fly rod. The only difference is that while he may make a mistake and lose his fish, the nemertes never blunders. Sooner or later the end comes. The tired fish sinks, and the black lips shift along the body until they reach the head or tail. Then out flies a curious tapir-like proboscis from one lip, and this curved finger begins packing the unfortunate down into the gullet of its captor, whose body swells boa-like to make room for the meal.



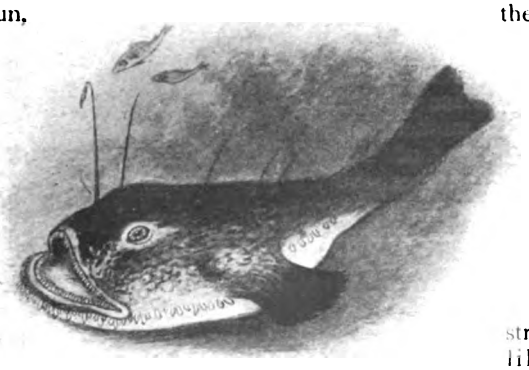
THE JAGUAR IS AN EXPERT AT SPEARING FISH WITH ITS SHARP CLAWS.

To possess an air gun is usually the utmost ambition of the small boy with sporting tastes. How such a youngster must envy the archer fish, which Nature has provided with a perfect little blow-gun, excellently adapted to a day's sport among the reeds and water plants!

The archer fish—or to give the creature its correct scientific name, Toxotes Jaculator—is a native of the shallow waters of Java and the surrounding islands. It is a tiny chap not more than six or eight inches long, but it can fire a liquid bullet in the shape of a drop of water through its beak to a distance of four or five feet. Its quarry is a fly, beetle, or gnat, settled on a leaf or stem above the water. Phew! The well-aimed drop strikes it full on the back, soaking its wings, and bringing it tumbling down upon the surface, where the active archer is waiting to snap it up. An archer fish has been watched to bring down seven out of eight flies aimed at. Chelmon rostratus, another fish of a similar species, is found in the same waters, and is often kept as a pet by the Chinese living in Java, who amuse themselves by wagering on its accuracy of aim.

No other creatures beside the archer fish are naturally provided with shooting apparatus, but several occasionally make up for the deficiency by using artificial missiles. Everyone who knows South Africa is aware what capital shots with stones are the big baboons who live in the kopjes. But as baboons are not flesh-eating creatures, and do not use their missiles except in self-defence, they can hardly be put down as sportsmen.

At least one animal, however, uses stones to kill its prey. This is the polar bear, which, next to its cousin, the wicked cinnamon, is the cleverest of all its numerous family. Captain Hall, the Arctic explorer, is the authority for a description of the ingenious method Bruin has of tackling its ancient enemy, the walrus. Bigand strong as the Polar bear is, the walrus is bigger and stronger. The bear likes walrus beef second only to fat seal, but dares not attack openly. So, on a warm August day, when the slanting beams of the Polar sun may tempt the walrus out of the water, the bear creeps cautiously along the edge of the cliffs above the rocks where his prospective dinner basks. At last a walrus comes in sight, sitting sleepily on a slab a hundred feet below. Then the



THE ANGLER FISH LIES QUIETLY ON THE SEA BOTTOM, AND DANGLES A TEMPTING BAIT ABOVE ITS HEAD.

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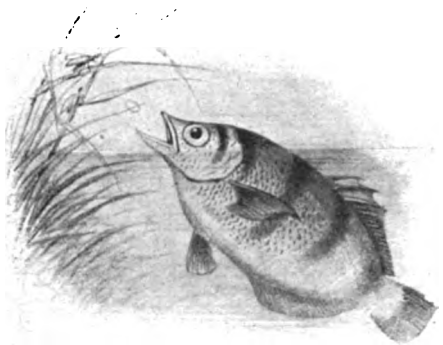
bear quickly but very quietly rolls a big stone to the edge of the cliff, and judging distance as well as any man could, drops it plump upon the skull of his unsuspecting



THE ARCHER FISH KILLS ITS PREY BY A LIQUID BULLET, WHICH IT FIRES FROM ITS BEAK.

victim. A fat feast of blubber is the ingenious brute's reward.

Another trick of this same white-coated Arctic sportsman shews even greater approach to reasoning power. When the bear finds a seal-house, which is a dome-like dwelling scooped out of the snow, and communicating with the water by means of a hole though the ice, it pounds the roof in and hauls out the young seal. But not to make an immediate meal of it. Instead, the bear drives its long claws through the flipper of the small creature, and dangles it over the edge of the seal hole, allowing it to flounder upon the surface of the water. Up comes the mother seal, hurrying to the rescue of her struggling baby. Out flashes the other front paw of the bear, and its long hooked talons are driven deeply into the mother seal's flesh, and she, as well as her progeny, is whipped out on to the ice.

Spearing fish is generally put down as an unsportsmanlike trick, worthy only of a poacher. All the same, it is by no means so easy as it appears, and where fish are plentiful and pot-hunting permissible, offers very good fun. So, at any rate, thinks the South American jaguar, which often abandons its every-day meal of monkey flesh to turn fisherman. Stretched prone upon some trunk which overhangs the water, the big cat lies there absolutely still and motionless hour after hour. At last a shoal of fish approach, swimming easily just below the surface of the clear, yellow water. A paw armed with curved claws as sharp as needles whips out like lightning, and a fat five-pounder lies quivering upon the bank. The common house cat will do just the same thing with a bowl of gold fish, and you can almost see the grin of joy which follows long-awaited success.

No one who has ever shared in a day's hunting can doubt that horses and hounds both relish the run as keenly as their masters. In the case of the horses it may be the mere joy of galloping, aided by the instinctive feeling that they are giving pleasure to their riders.

But hounds inherit their love of the chase from ancestors thousands of years back. The Indian wild dogs, the little red dholes of which Kipling writes, hunt in regularly-organised packs of from six to thirty. No creature on earth matches the dhole for relentless pertinacity on the trail. No animal alive, not even the lordly tiger, is safe from the pack that lays to its scent. And when they have pulled down their prey, these dogs show the most sportsmanlike behaviour in

THE INDIAN DOGS HUNT NATURALLY IN ORGANISED PACKS.

the division of the spoil. The hyæna dogs of South Africa, with their odd markings of yellow, black and white, have precisely similar habits, and evidently delight quite as much in hunting.

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THE SILENT LANGUAGE OF CRIME.

Some Secrets Divulged by a Reformed Burglar

To W. J. Wintle.

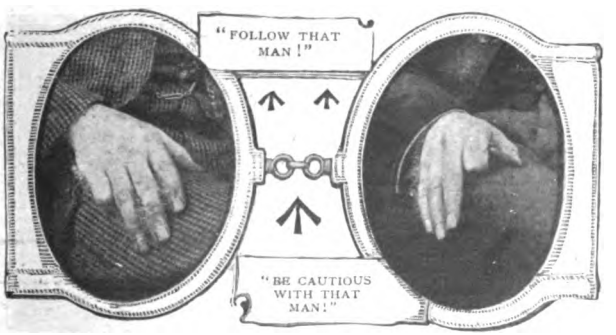
IF any one occupation more than another calls for secrecy, it is that of the professional thief. The precautions taken to ensure the privacy of a meeting of the Cabinet are less elaborate than those that accompany a conclave of the light-fingered gentry.

TWIRLING THE MOUSTACHE MEANS, "I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU PRIVATELY."

It was only after much cautious investigation that we ran to earth the professional gentleman who furnished us with the facts contained in this article. It was in a house in a retired square, not a hundred miles from Pentonville, that the interview took place, and those who brought about the meeting were careful not to mention the burglar's name.

We soon found out, however, who he was, and if it were advisable to reveal his identity he would at once be recognised as one of the most expert and successful burglars and bank robbers of modern days. The total of his sentences amounts to no less than thirty-seven years! Happily, he has now retired from the profession, and the London householder may sleep in peace so far as he is concerned.

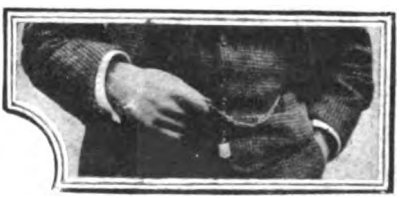
He was the leader of more than one gang that brought off great *coups* before the police succeeded in breaking them up, and his transactions with the "fence," or receiver, often involved sums of four figures. It was his boast that there was no house—however well barred and bolted—that he could not get into, and no safe—however strong—that he could not open.



The small business he affected to despise, though he had taken pains to become expert in all branches of the profession. He shook hands with us and our ring disappeared; he gave us a playful blow on the chest and we missed our watch! We were glad he had retired from business!

The special information that we sought of our burglar friend had reference to the secret signs by which members of the profession are able to hold communication with one another without attracting the notice of other persons who may happen to be present.

He remarked that in the various gangs, or "mobs," that he had led, it was the rule



A HINT TO A CONFEDERATE TO SNATCH A WATCH.

not to meet in taverns or other public places, but always to assemble in a private house, so that there was no great need for secret signs of communication. All the same, it was sometimes necessary to use them when engaged in professional business, especially in the very interesting pursuit of "plucking the pigeon," or relieving a "flat" of his money and other superfluous articles of luxury.

This branch of sport is chiefly followed in hotel bars, billiard-rooms, and other places of public resort. The sportsmen generally hunt in couples, and it is often necessary to give one another "the office"—*i.e.*, a hint or caution—without speaking, as the "mobsmen" usually pretend to be strangers to one another.

For this purpose a code of signs is used in the profession, and every light-fingered

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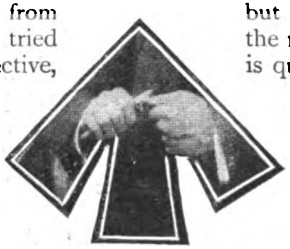
gentleman "keeps his eyes skinned" for them. There is a story told of an American "sharp" who began practising in this country without first mastering the secret code, with the result that, in spite of frantic warnings from other "mobsmen" present, he tried the confidence trick on a detective, with disastrous consequences to himself. These signs are of the simplest and most unobtrusive character, and—thanks to our communicative burglar—they are now revealed for the first time.



SCRAPING THE NAILS—"IT'S A SAFE JOB!"

A "mobsman" working with a "pal" will be quietly playing with one of his own coat buttons, but a very observant person might notice that he suddenly doubles his index finger. This is a code signal, and it means "Be cautious, I'm doubtful about that man." His "pal," who is standing perhaps with one thumb in his side pocket, quietly doubles the ring finger, and so telegraphs back "I'm keeping my eye on him."

A SNAP OF THE FINGER—"HE'S DANGEROUS!"

Presently a young fellow who has been imbibing a "B. and S." at the bar picks up his gloves to go, and immediately an old gentleman of benevolent aspect raises his hand to adjust his cigar. No one notices that his little finger is doubled in the palm of his hand, except an innocent-looking youth, who at once goes out at the door. That doubled finger signified "Go out and follow that man."

The benevolent old gentleman, whose face literally beams with kindliness, now quietly crosses his right leg over the left, with the foot pointing towards a West Country farmer, who has evidently come up to town for the cattle show. Let that farmer beware, for the leader of the smartest "mob" in London has signalled to his assistants "That man is worth sounding."

"IT'S WORTH TRYING!"

"IT'S NOT WORTH TRYING!"

A little later he twists his chair towards a couple of men who have just got into conversation by the window. He is apparently absorbed in the financial page of the *Times*, but his left leg is now crossed over the right, and one of those two men is quick to note his leader's opinion that the other man "is not worth troubling about."

Much later in the evening the same old gentleman may be seen occupying a lounge in the foyer of a fashionable theatre. He is in evening dress, and looks the very incarnation of respectability. His eyes are half-closed and his hands clasped before him. You might be pardoned for thinking that he was taking a nap. But you would be very greatly mistaken.

A HINT TO ANNEX A RING.

Do you notice that his thumbs are gently moving up and down, and that one of his little fingers is slightly separated from the rest? That is a private signal to the well-groomed man who is chatting casually with his neighbour over a glass of sherry that there is a valuable finger-ring within reach. Presently the thief will contrive to shake hands with his companion, and the ring will change owners. Had the leader of the "mob" apparently dozed off to sleep with his fingers entwined in his heavy gold albert, some "mug" would probably have missed his watch before he was much older.

Our respectable friend has lots of other little signals at command. Watch him on another occasion as he sits in the saloon bar of a well-known hotel in the city. The place is crowded, and he sits by the window, with his back turned to the drinkers, and leisurely turns the pages of an illustrated magazine. His face has a far-away air, and no one would imagine that he is listening intently to the conversation of a little group that he is able to watch by means of a reflection

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in the mirror by his side. Presently he gently rubs his right ear, and if you were standing near the group that he is watching, you might notice that one of them promptly changes the subject of conversation, and in a few minutes the group breaks up. Touching the ear is a caution signal, and is equivalent to "Hold your tongue."

After a while the old gentleman rises and makes for the door, taking no notice of anyone, but using his pocket-handkerchief somewhat vigorously. This means, "Join me outside," and no fewer than six of the men in the bar pay for their drinks and stroll out, but without recognising one another in the least.

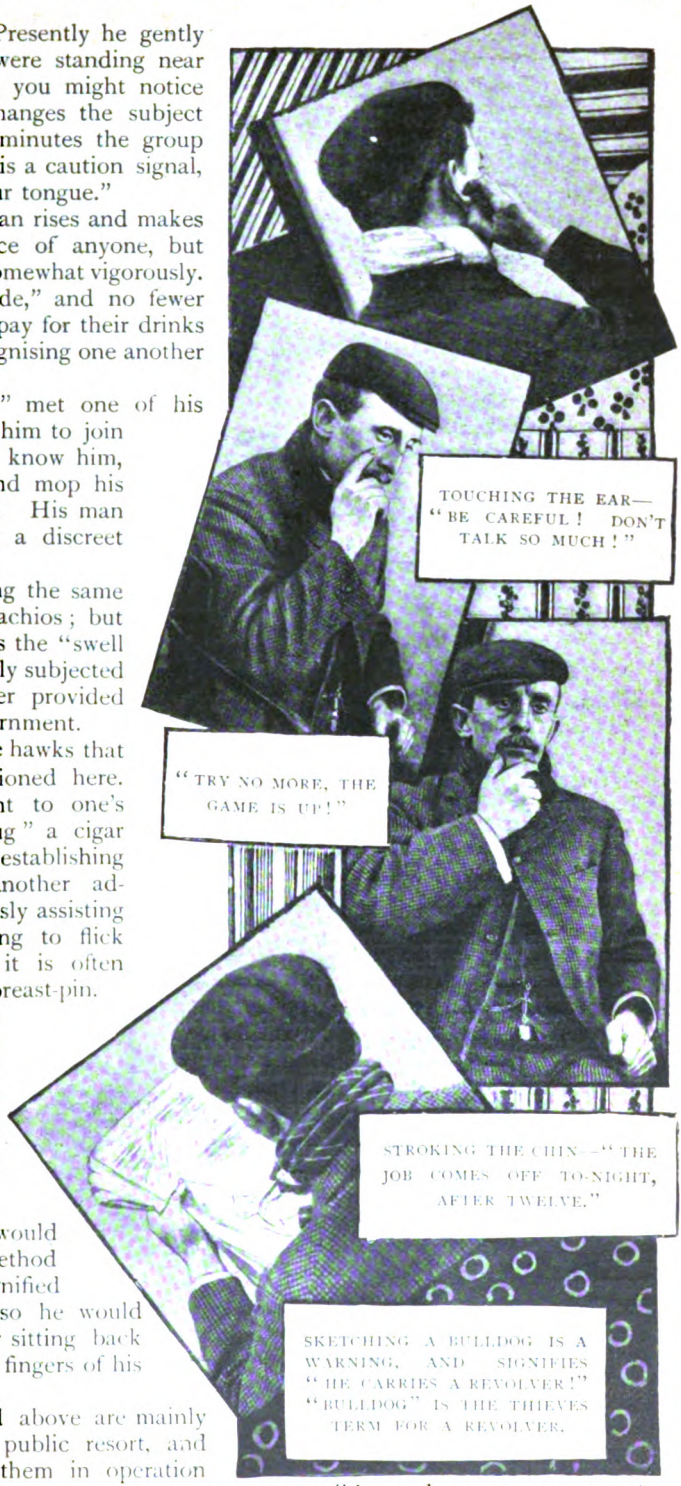
If the leader of the "mob" met one of his men in the street and wished him to join him, but without appearing to know him, he would push his hat back and mop his forehead with his handkerchief. His man would at once follow, but at a discreet distance.

Another method of conveying the same intimation is to twirl the moustachios; but this is not always practicable, as the "swell mob" are more or less frequently subjected to the attentions of the barber provided gratuitously by a paternal Government.

Two other signs used by "the hawks that pluck pigeons" may be mentioned here. Scratching the nose is a hint to one's confederate to give the "mug" a cigar — a common method of establishing friendly relations. It has another advantage in that while courteously assisting him with a light, or pretending to flick a little ash off his necktie, it is often an easy matter to annex his breast-pin.

Sometimes, however, the "mug" is not so flat as he looks — he may even be an extra well disguised "split," or detective—and in that case a caution signal is quickly given. This may be effected by silently snapping the fingers.

Our elderly friend, however, would probably consider this method inconsistent with the air of dignified respectability that he affects, so he would convey the same intimation by sitting back in his chair and crossing the fingers of his hands.


TOUCHING THE EAR— "BE CAREFUL! DON'T TALK SO MUCH!"
"TRY NO MORE, THE GAME IS UP!"
STROKING THE CHIN—"THE JOB COMES OFF TO-NIGHT, AFTER TWELVE."
SKETCHING A BULLDOG IS A WARNING, AND SIGNIFIES "HE CARRIES A REVOLVER!" "BULLDOG" IS THE THIEVES' TERM FOR A REVOLVER.

The various signs described above are mainly used by sharpers in places of public resort, and the man who notices any of them in operation will be well advised to quit the company as soon as possible, and on no account to respond to any friendly overtures that may be made to him.

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It remains now to describe a few of the secret signs used by burglars when meeting in the street, or on other occasions when it would not be safe to talk.

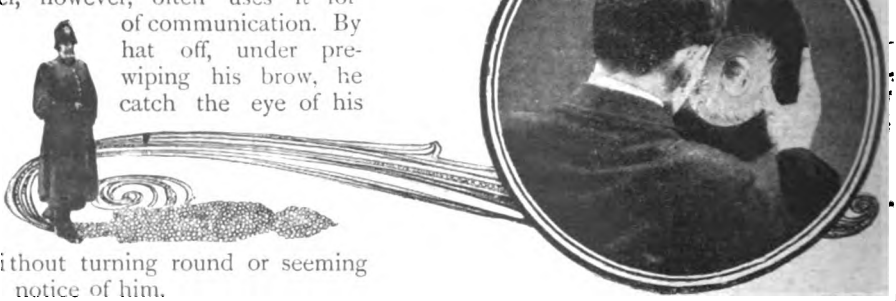
The flash word with perhaps the widest range of meanings is "crooked." It is used to indicate any unsatisfactory situation. "He's crooked" means that he is not a man to be trusted—possibly a "split's nark," or detective's informer. "The crib's crooked" means that the house which it is proposed to break into presents dangerous features and had better be left alone. "The lay was crooked" is the "mobsman's" way of saying that his nefarious little plan proved a failure.

MUTTERING THE WORD "CHOICE," UNDER COVER OF READING, MEANS THAT THE PLAN HAS FAILED.

Hence anything crooked serves as a sign of danger among thieves. A match bent or half-broken through and left on the table is an eloquent warning to those who come after; that is, if they know how to read the sign. To show a bent finger is a common mode of intimating that danger threatens, and the hint is never disregarded by a clever thief.

Another danger signal is given by means of the small mirror which many thieves carry in the top of their hat. It is a handy little contrivance, as a man often wants to see if he is being followed, or to watch somebody without appearing to look round. He has only to raise his hat, and, with practice, he is able to catch a glimpse of whatever is behind him. This simple method might prove very useful to cyclists.

The thief, however, often uses it for purposes of communication. By taking his hat off, under pretence of wiping his brow, he can easily catch the eye of his "pal" behind him and administer a cautionary wink without turning round or seeming to take any notice of him.



A WARNING WINK CONVEYED BY MEANS OF A MIRROR IN A HAT.

The most urgent sign of all, which is only used in the greatest emergencies, is made by rushing into a bar and pushing someone aside; with, of course, a hasty apology for clumsiness. Every thief in the place will "rough it," or make tracks, with all speed, for the signal means that the police are coming.

On the other hand, scraping the nails with a knife, or stroking the chin, means that the proposed expedition is a safe one, and that every arrangement has been made for carrying it out. When a burglar strokes his chin, someone's house will be broken into that same night!

Details are often conveyed by means of signs that suggest certain flash words. To quote but one example, a rough sketch of a bulldog indicates that extreme caution is needed, because a revolver is kept on the premises—the word "bulldog" in thieves' slang meaning revolver.

It is a signal for jubilation when a burglar slyly pulls his pal's coat, for it intimates that the "crib has been cracked" safely. In other words, another householder has been relieved of his goods while he slept!

If the business proved a failure, owing to the wakefulness of the baby or the needless inquisitiveness of the police, the melancholy intelligence is conveyed by the word "choice," which means "a miss," and which may easily be muttered to one's confederate under cover of reading the newspaper in any public place of resort.

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MR. MacGLOWRIE'S WIDOW.

One of Bret Harte's Powerful Stories.

Illustrated by John Cameron.

VERY little was known of her late husband, yet that little was of a sufficiently awe-inspiring character to satisfy the curiosity of Laurel Spring. A man of unswerving animosity and candid belligerency, untempered by any human weakness, he had been actively engaged as survivor in two or three blood feuds in Kentucky, and some desultory duelling, only to succumb, through the irony of fate, to an attack of fever and ague in San Francisco. Gifted with a fine sense of humour, he is said, in his last moments, to have called the simple-minded clergyman to his bedside to assist him in putting on his boots. The kindly divine, although pointing out to him that he was too weak to rise, much less walk, could not resist the request of a dying man. When it was fulfilled, Mr. MacGlowrie crawled back into bed with the remark that his race had always "died with their boots on," and so passed smilingly and tranquilly away.

It is probable that this story was invented to soften the ignominy of MacGlowrie's peaceful end. The widow herself was also reported to be endowed with relations of equally homicidal eccentricities. Her two brothers, Stephen and Hector Boompointer, had Western reputations that were quite as lurid and remote. Her own experiences of a frontier life had been rude and startling, and her scalp — a singularly beautiful one of blonde hair—had been in peril from Indians on several occasions. A pair of scissors, with which she had once pinned the intruding hand of a marauder to her cabin doorpost, was to be seen in her sitting room at Laurel Spring. A fair-faced woman with eyes the colour of pale sherry, a complexion a little sallowed by innutritious food, slight and tall figure, she gave little suggestion of this Amazonian feat. But that it exercised a wholesome restraint over the many who would like to have induced her to re-enter the married state, there is little reason to doubt. Laurel Spring was a peaceful agricultural settlement. Few of its citizens dared to aspire to the dangerous eminence of succeeding the defunct MacGlowrie; few could hope that the sister of living Boompointers would accept an obvious *mésalliance* with them. However sincere their affection, life was still sweet to the rude inhabitants of Laurel Spring, and the preservation of the usual quantity of limbs necessary to them in their avocations. With their devotion thus chastened by caution, it would seem as if the charming mistress of Laurel Spring House was secure from disturbing attentions.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon and the sun was beginning to strike under the laurels around the hotel into the little office where the widow sat with the housekeeper—a stout spinster of a coarser Western type. Mrs. MacGlowrie was looking wearily over some accounts on the desk before her, and absently putting back some tumbled sheaves from the stack of her heavy hair. For the widow had a certain indolent Southern negligence, which in a less pretty woman would have been untidiness, and a characteristic hook-and-eyeless freedom of attire which on less graceful limbs would have been slovenly. One sleeve cuff was unbuttoned, but it showed the blue veins of her delicate wrist; the neck of her dress had lost a hook, but the glimpse of a bit of edging round the white throat made amends. Of all which, however, it should be said that the widow, in her limp abstraction, was really unconscious.

"I reckon we kin put the new preacher in Kernel Starbottle's room," said Miss Morvin, the housekeeper. "The Kernel's going to-night."

"Oh," said the widow in a tone of relief, but whether at the early departure of the gallant Colonel or at the successful solution of the problem of lodging the preacher, Miss Morvin could not determine. But she went on tentatively:

"The Kernel was talkin' in the bar room, and kind o' wonderin' why you hadn't got married agin. Said you'd make a stir in Sacramento—but you was jest berried *here*."

"I suppose he's heard of my husband?" said the widow indifferently.

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"Yes—but he said he couldn't *place you*," returned Miss Morvin.

The widow looked up. "Couldn't place *me?*" she repeated.

"Yes—hadn't heard o' MacGlowrie's wife and disremembered your brothers."

"The Colonel doesn't know everybody, even if he is a fighting man," said Mrs. MacGlowrie with languid scorn.

"That's just what Dick Blair said," returned Miss Morvin. "And though he's only a Doctor, he jest stuck up agin the Kernel, and told that story about your jabbin' that man with your scissors—beautiful; and how you once fought off a bear with a red-hot iron, so that you'd have admired to hear him. He's awfully gone on you!"

The widow took that opportunity to button her cuff.

"And how long does the preacher calculate to stay?" she added, returning to business details.

"Only a day. They'll have his house fixed up and ready for him to-morrow. They're spendin' a heap o' money on it. He ought to be the pow'ful preacher they say he is—to be worth it."

But here Mrs. MacGlowrie's interest in the conversation ceased, and it dropped.

In her anxiety to further the suit of Dick Blair, Miss Morvin had scarcely reported the Colonel with fairness.

That gentleman, leaning against the bar in the hotel saloon with a cocktail in his hand, had expatiated with his usual gallantry upon Mrs. MacGlowrie's charms, and on his own "personal" responsibility had expressed the opinion that they were thrown away on Laurel Spring. That—blank it all—she reminded him of the blankest beautiful woman he had seen even in Washington—old Major Beveridge's daughter from Kentucky. Were they sure she wasn't from Kentucky? Wasn't her name Beveridge—and not Boompointer? Becoming more reminiscent over his second drink, the Colonel could vaguely recall only one Boompointer—a blank skulking hound, sir—a mean white shyster—but, of course, he couldn't have been of the same breed as such a blank fine woman as the widow! It was here that Dick Blair interrupted with a heightened colour and a glowing eulogy of the widow's relations and herself, which, however, only increased the chivalry of the Colonel—who would be the last man, sir, to detract from—or suffer any detraction of—a lady's reputation. It was needless to say that all this was intensely diverting to the bystanders, and proportionally discomposing to Blair, who already experienced some slight jealousy of the Colonel as a man whose fighting reputation might possibly attract the affections of the widow of the belligerent MacGlowrie. He had cursed his folly and relapsed into gloomy silence until the Colonel left.

For Dick Blair loved the widow with the unselfishness of a generous nature, and a first passion. He had admired her from the first day his lot was cast in Laurel Spring, where coming from a rude frontier practice he had succeeded the district doctor in a more peaceful and domestic ministration. A skilful and gentle surgeon rather than a general household practitioner, he was at first coldly welcomed by the gloomy dyspeptics and ague-haunted settlers from riparian lowlands. The few bucolic idlers who had relieved the monotony of their lives by the stimulus of patent medicines and the exaltation of stomach bitters, also looked askance at him. A common-sense way of dealing with their ailments did not naturally commend itself to the shop-keepers who vended these nostrums, and he was made to feel the opposition of trade. But he was gentle to women and children and animals, and, oddly enough, it was to this latter dilection that he owed the widow's interest in him—an interest that eventually made him popular elsewhere.

The widow had a pet dog—a beautiful spaniel, who, however, had assimilated her graceful languor to his own native love of ease to such an extent that he failed in a short leap between a balcony and a window, and fell to the ground with a fractured thigh. The dog was supposed to be crippled for life—even if that life were worth preserving—when Doctor Blair came to the rescue, set the fractured limb, put it in splints and plaster after an ingenious design of his own, visited him daily, and eventually restored him to his mistress' lap sound in wind and limb. How far this daily ministration and the necessary exchange of sympathy between the widow and himself heightened his zeal was not known. There were those who believed that the whole thing was an unmanly trick to get the better of his rivals in the widow's good graces; there were others who averred that his treatment of a brute beast like a human being was sinful and unchristian.

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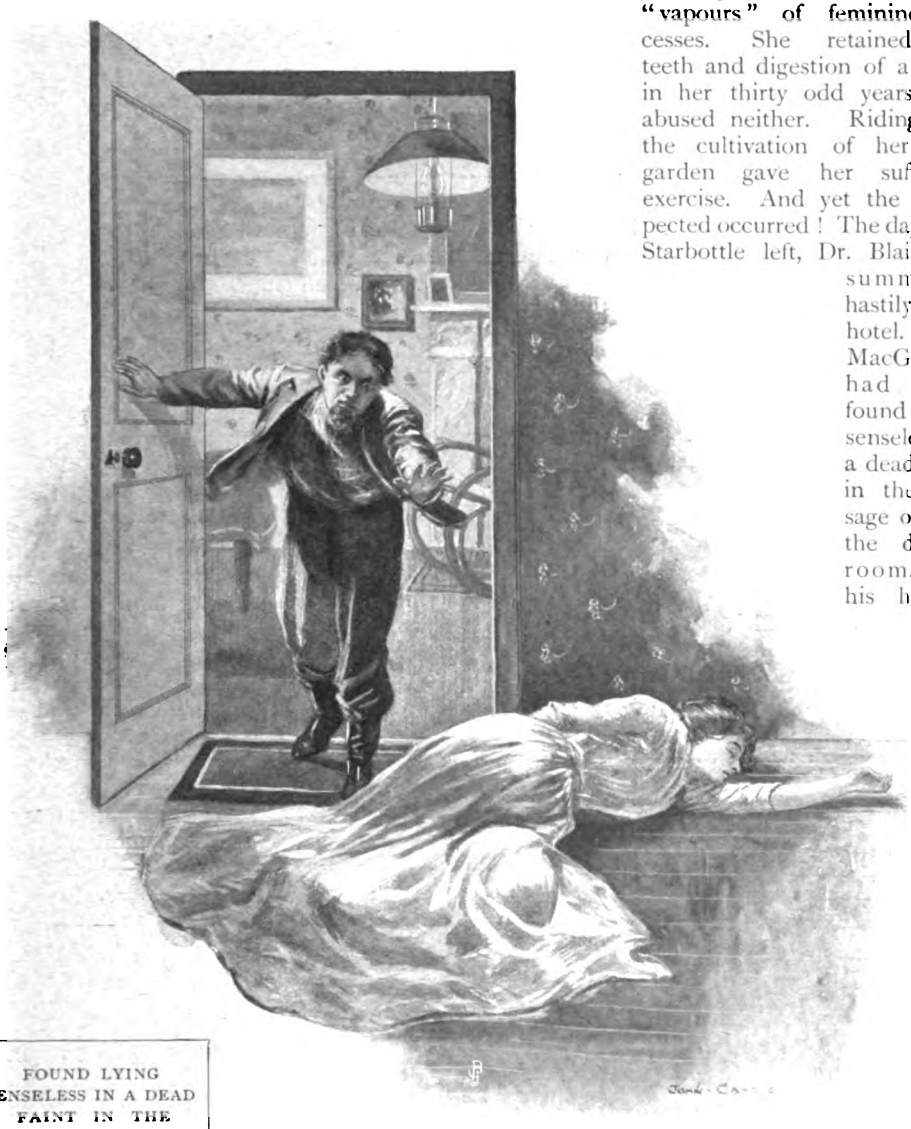
"He couldn't have done more for a regularly baptised child," said the post-mistress. 'And what mo' would a regularly baptised child have wanted?" returned Mrs. MacGlowrie, with the drawling Southern intonation she fell back upon when most contemptuous.

But Dr. Blair's increasing practice and the widow's preoccupation presently ended their brief intimacy. It was well known that she encouraged no suitors at the hotel, and his shyness and sensitiveness shrank from ostentatious advances. There seemed to be no chance of her becoming, herself, his patient; her sane mind, indolent nerves and calm circulation kept her from feminine "vapours" of feminine excesses. She retained the teeth and digestion of a child in her thirty odd years, and abused neither. Riding and the cultivation of her little garden gave her sufficient exercise. And yet the unexpected occurred! The day after Starbottle left, Dr. Blair was summoned hastily to the hotel. Mrs. MacGlowrie had been found lying senseless in a dead faint in the passage outside the dining-room. In his hurried flight thither with the messenger he could learn only that she had seemed to be in her usual health that morning, and that no one could assign any cause for her fainting.



FOUND LYING SENSELESS IN A DEAD FAINT IN THE PASSAGE.

He could find out little more when he arrived and examined her as she lay pale

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and unconscious on the sofa of her sitting-room. It had not been thought necessary to loosen her already loose dress, and indeed he could find no organic disturbance. The case was one of sudden nervous shock—but this, with his knowledge of her indolent temperament, seemed almost absurd. They could tell him nothing but that she was evidently on the point of entering the dining-room when she fell unconscious. Had she been frightened by anything? A snake or a rat? Miss Morvin was indignant! The widow of MacGlowrie!—the repeller of grizzlies—frightened at "sich!" Had she been upset by any previous excitement, passion, or the receipt of bad news? No!—she "wasn't that kind," as the doctor knew. And even as they were speaking he felt the widow's healthy life returning to the pulse he was holding, and giving a faint tinge to her lips. Her blue-veined eyelids quivered slightly and then opened with languid wonder on the doctor and her surroundings. Suddenly a quick, startled look contracted the yellow-brown pupils of her eyes, she lifted herself to a sitting posture with a hurried glance around the room and at the door beyond. Catching the quick, observant eyes of Dr. Blair, she collected herself with an effort, which Dr. Blair felt in her pulse, and drew away her wrist.

"What is it? What happened?" she said weakly.

"You had a slight attack of faintness," said the doctor cheerily, "and they called me in as I was passing, but you're all right now."

"How pow'ful foolish," she said with returning colour, but her eyes still glancing at the door, "slumping off like green gyrl at nothin'."

"Perhaps you were startled?" said the doctor.

Mrs MacGlowrie glanced up quickly and looked away. "No!—Let me see! I was just passing through the hall, going into the dining-room, when—everything seemed to waltz round me—and I was off! Where did they find me?" she said turning to Miss Morvin.

"I picked you up just outside the door," replied the housekeeper.

"Then they did not see me?" said Mrs. MacGlowrie.

"Who's they?" responded the housekeeper with more directness then grammatical accuracy.

"The people in the dining-room? I was just opening the door—and I felt this coming on—and—I reckon I had just sense enough to shut the door again before I went off."

"Then that accounts for what Jim Slocum said," uttered Miss Morvin triumphantly. "He was in the dining-room talkin' with the new preacher, when he allowed he heard the door open and shut behind him. Then he heard a kind of slump outside and opened the door again just to find you lyin' there, and to rush off and get me. And that's why he was so mad at the preacher!—for he says he just skurried away without offerin' to help. He allows the preacher may be a pow'ful exhorter—but he ain' worth much at 'works.'"

"Some men can't bear to be around when a woman's up to that sort of foolishness," said the widow, with a faint attempt at a smile, but a return of her paleness.

"Hadn't you better lie down again?" said the doctor, solicitously.

"I'm all right now," returned Mrs. MacGlowrie struggling to her feet, "Morvin will look after me till the shakiness goes. But it was mighty touching and neighbourly to come in, doctor," she continued, succeeding at last in bringing up a faint, but adorable, smile, which stirred Blair's pulses. "If I were my own dog—you couldn't have treated me better!"

With no further excuse for staying longer, Blair was obliged to depart—yet reluctantly—both as lover and physician. He was by no means satisfied with her condition. He called to enquire the next day—but she was engaged and sent word to say she was "better."

In the excitement attending the advent of the new preacher the slight illness of the charming widow was forgotten. He had taken the settlement by storm. His first sermon at Laurel Spring exceeded even the extravagant reputation that had preceded him. Known as the "Inspired Cowboy," a common unlettered frontiersman, he was said to have developed wonderful powers of exhortatory eloquence among the Indians and scarcely less savage border communities where he had lived, half outcast, half missionary. He had just come up from the Southern agricultural districts, where he had been, despite his rude antecedents, singularly effective with women and young people. The moody dyspeptics and lazy rustics of

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Laurel Spring were stirred as with a new patent medicine. Dr. Blair went to the first "revival" meeting. Without undervaluing the man's influence, he was instinctively repelled by his appearance and methods. The young physician's trained powers of observation not only saw an overwrought emotionalism in the speaker's eloquence, but detected the ring of insincerity in his more lucid speech and acts. Nevertheless, the hysteria of the preacher was communicated to the congregation, who wept and shouted with him. Tired and discontented housewives found their vague sorrows and vaguer longings were only the result of their "unregenerate" state; the lazy country youths felt that the frustration of their small ambitions lay in their not being "convicted of sin." The mourner's bench was crowded with wildly emulating sinners. Dr. Blair turned away with mingled feelings of amusement and contempt. At the door Jim Slocum tapped him on the shoulder: "Fetches the wimmin folk every time, don't he, doctor?" said Jim.

SLOCUM TOUCHED HIM ON THE SHOULDER. "FETCHES THE WIMMIN' FOLK EVERY TIME, DON'T HE, DOCTOR?"

"So it seems," said Blair, drily.

"You're one o' them scientific fellers that

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looks inter things—what do *you* allow it is?"

The young doctor restrained the crushing answer that rose to his lips. He had learned caution in that neighbourhood. "I couldn't say," he said indifferently.

"'Tain't no religion," said Slocum emphatically, "it's jost pure fasination. Did ye look at his eye. It's like a rattlesnake's, and them wimmin are like birds. They're frightened of him—but they hev to do jest what he 'wills' 'em. That's how he skeert the widder the other day."

The doctor was alert and on fire at once. "Scared the widow?" he repeated indignantly.

"Yes. You know how she swooned away. Well, sir, me and that preacher, Brown, was the only one in that dinin'-room at the time. The widder opened the door behind me and sorter peeked in, and that thar preacher give a start and looked up; and then, that sort of queer light kom in his eyes, and she shut the door, and kinder fluttered and flopped down in the passage outside, like a bird! And he crawled away like a snake, and never said a word! My belief is that either he hadn't time to turn on the hull influence, or else she, bein' smart, got the door shut betwixt her and it in time! Otherwise, sure as you're born, she'd hev been floppin' and crawlin' and sobbin' arter him — jest like them critters we've left."

"Better not let the brethren hear you talk like that, or they'll lynch you," said the Doctor, with a laugh. "Mrs. MacGlowrie simply had an attack of faintness from some over exertion, that's all."

Nevertheless, he was uneasy as he walked away. Mrs. MacGlowrie had evidently received a shock which was still unexplained, and, in spite of Slocum's exaggerated fancy, there might be some foundation in his story. He did not share the man's superstition, although he was not a sceptic regarding magnetism. Yet even then, the widow's action was one of repulsion, and as long as she was strong enough not to come to these meetings, she was not in danger. A day or two later, as he was passing the garden of the hotel on horseback, he saw her lithe, graceful, languid figure bending over one of her favourite flower beds. The high fence partially concealed him from view, and she evidently believed herself alone. Perhaps that was why she suddenly raised herself from her task, put back her straying hair with a weary, abstracted look, remained for a moment quite still staring at the vacant sky, and then with a little catching of her breath, resumed her occupation in a dull, mechanical way. In that brief glimpse of her charming face, Blair was shocked at the change; she was pale, the corners of her pretty mouth were drawn, there were deeper shades in the orbits of her eyes, and in spite of her broad garden hat with its blue ribbon, her light flowered frock and frilled apron, she looked as he fancied she might have looked in the first crushing grief of her widowhood. Yet he would have passed on, respecting her privacy of sorrow, had not her little spaniel detected him with his keener senses. And Fluffy being truthful—as dogs are—and recognising a dear friend in the intruder, barked joyously.

The widow looked up, her eyes met Blair's, and she reddened. But he was too acute a lover to misinterpret what he knew, alas! was only confusion at her abstraction being discovered. Nevertheless, there was something else in her brown eyes he had never seen before. A momentary lighting up of *relief*—of even hopefulness—in his presence. It was enough for Blair; he shook off his old shyness like the dust of his ride, and galloped round to the front door.

But she met him in the hall with only her usual languid good humour. Nevertheless, Blair was not abashed.

"I can't put you in splints and plaster like Fluffy, Mrs. MacGlowrie," he said, "but I can forbid you to go into the garden unless you're looking better. It's a positive reflection on my professional skill, and Laurel Spring will be shocked, and hold me responsible."

Mrs. MacGlowrie had recovered enough of her old spirit to reply that she thought Laurel Spring could be in better business than looking at her over her garden fence.

"But your dog, who knows you're not well, and doesn't think me quite a fool, had the good sense to call me. You heard him."

But the widow protested that she was as strong as a horse, and that Fluffy was like all puppies, conceited to the last degree.

"Well," said Blair cheerfully, "suppose I admit you are all right, physically, you'll confess you have some trouble on your mind, won't you? If I can't make you *show* me your tongue, you'll let me hear you *use* it to

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tell me what worries you. If," he added more earnestly, "you won't confide in your physician—you will perhaps to—to—a—*friend*."

But Mrs. MacGlowrie, evading his earnest eyes as well as his appeal, was wondering what good it would do either a doctor, or—a—a—she herself seemed to hesitate over the word—"a *friend*, to hear the worriments of a silly, nervous old thing—who had only stuck a little too closely to her business."

AS BLAIR TURNED FROM THE TRAIL HE SAW THE FIGURES OF A MAN AND WOMAN SUDDENLY SEPARATE.

"You are neither nervous nor old, Mrs. MacGlowrie," said the doctor, promptly, "though I begin to think you *have* been too closely confined here. You want more diversion, or—excitement. You might even go to hear this preacher——" he stopped, for the word had slipped from his mouth unawares.

But a swift look of scorn swept her pale face. "And you'd like me to follow those skinny old frumps and leggy, limp chits, that slobber and cry over that man!" she said, contemptuously. "No! I reckon I only want a change—and I'll go away, or get out of this for a while."

The poor doctor had not thought of this possible alternative. His heart sank, but he was brave. "Yes, perhaps you are right," he said, sadly, "though it would be a dreadful loss—to Laurel Spring—to us all—if you went."

"Do I look so *very* bad, doctor?" she said, with a half-mischievous, half-pathetic smile.

The doctor thought her upturned face very adorable, but restrained his feelings heroically, and contented himself with replying to the pathetic half of her smile. "You look as if you had been suffering," he said, gravely, "and I never saw you look so before. You seem as if you had experienced some great shock. Do you know," he went on, in a lower tone and a half-embarrassed smile, "that when I saw you just now in the garden, you looked, as I imagined you might have looked in the first days of your widowhood—when your husband's death was fresh in your heart."

A strange expression crossed her face. Her eyelids dropped instantly, and with both

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hands she caught up her frilled apron as if to meet them and covered her face. A little shudder seemed to pass over her shoulders, and then a cry that ended in an uncontrollable and half hysterical laugh followed from the depths of that apron. Until shaking her sides and with her head still enveloped in its covering she fairly ran into the inner room and closed the door behind her.

Amazed, shocked, and at first indignant, Doctor Blair remained fixed to the spot. Then his indignation gave way to a burning mortification as he recalled his speech. He had made a frightful *faux pas!* He had been fool enough to try and recall the most sacred memories of that dead husband he was trying to succeed — and her quick woman's wit had detected his ridiculous stupidity. Her laugh was hysterical—but that was only natural in her mixed emotions. He mounted his horse in confusion, and rode away.

For a few days he avoided the house. But when he next saw her she had a charming smile of greeting and an air of entire obliviousness of his past blunder. She said she was better. She had taken his advice and was giving herself some relaxation from business. She had been riding again—oh, so far! Alone?—of course; she was always alone—else what would Laurel Spring say?

"True," said Blair smilingly, "besides, I forgot that you are quite able to take care of yourself in an emergency. And yet," he added, admiringly looking at her lithe figure and indolent grace, "do you know I never can associate you with the dreadful scenes they say you have gone through."

"Then please don't!" she said quickly, "really, I'd rather you wouldn't. I'm sick and tired of hearing of it!" She was half laughing and yet half in earnest, with a slight colour on her cheek.

Blair was a little embarrassed. "Of course, I don't mean your heroism—like that story of the intruder and the scissors," he stammered.

"O, *that's* the worst of all! It's too foolish—it's sickening!" she went on almost angrily. "I don't know who started that stuff." She paused, and then added shyly, "I really am an awful coward and horribly nervous—as you know."

He would have combated this—but she looked really disturbed, and he had no desire to commit another imprudence. And he thought, too, that he again had seen in her eyes the same hopeful, wistful light he had once seen before, and was happy.

This led him, I fear, to indulge in wilder dreams. His practice, although increasing, barely supported him, and the widow was rich. Her business had been profitable, and she had repaid the advances made her when she first took the hotel. But this disparity in their fortunes which had frightened him before now had no fears for him. He felt that if he succeeded in winning her affections she could afford to wait for him, despite other suitors, until his talents had won an equal position. His rivals had always felt as secure in his poverty as they had in his peaceful profession. How could a poor, simple doctor aspire to the hand of the rich widow of the redoubtable MacGlowrie?

It was late one afternoon, and the low sun was beginning to strike athwart the stark columns and down the long aisles of the redwoods on the High Ridge. The Doctor, returning from a patient at the loggers' camp in its depths, had just sighted the smaller groves of Laurel "Springs," two miles away. He was riding fast, with his thoughts filled with the widow, when he heard a joyous bark in the underbrush, and Fluffy came bounding towards him. Blair dismounted to caress him as was his wont, and then, wisely conceiving that his mistress was not far away, sauntered forward exploringly, leading his horse, the dog bounding before him and barking, as if bent upon both leading and announcing him. But the latter he effected first, for as Blair turned from the trail into the deeper woods, he saw the figures of a man and woman walking together suddenly separate at the dog's warning. The woman was Mrs. MacGlowrie—the man was the Revival Preacher!

Amazed, mystified and indignant, Blair nevertheless obeyed his first instinct, which was that of a gentleman. He turned leisurely aside as if not recognising them, led his horse a few paces further, mounted him and galloped away without turning his head. But his heart was filled with bitterness and disgust. This woman—who but a few days before had voluntarily declared her scorn and contempt for that man and his admirers—had just been giving him a clandestine meeting like one of the most infatuated of his devotees! The story of the widow's fainting, the coarse surmises and comments of Slocum came back to him with overwhelming significance.

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But even then his reason forbade him to believe that she had fallen under the preacher's influence — she, with her sane mind and indolent temperament. Yet, whatever her excuse or purpose was, she had deceived him wantonly and cruelly! His abrupt avoidance of her had prevented him from knowing if she, on her part, had recognised him as he rode away. If she *had*, she would understand why he had avoided her, and any explanation must come from her.

Then followed a few days of uncertainty, when his thoughts again reverted to the preacher with returning jealousy. Was she, after all, like other women, and had her gratuitous outburst of scorn of *their* infatuation been prompted by unsuccessful rivalry? He was too proud to question Slocum again or breathe a word of his fears. Yet, he was not strong enough to keep from again seeking the High Ridge, to discover any repetition of that rendezvous. But he saw her neither there, nor elsewhere, during his daily rounds.

THE PREACHER GLANCED UNEASILY AT THE COLONEL.

And one night his anxiety and feverish anxiety getting the better of him, he entered the great "Gospel Tent" of the revival preacher.

It chanced to be an extraordinary meeting, and the usual enthusiastic audience was reinforced by some sightseers from the neighbouring county town—the District Judge and officials from the Court in session—among them Colonel Starbottle. The impassioned revivalist—his eyes ablaze with fever, his lank hair wet with perspiration, hanging beside his heavy but weak jaws—was concluding a fervent exhortation to his

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auditors to confess their sins, "accept conviction," and regenerate then and there, without delay. They must put off "the old Adam," and put on the flesh of righteousness at once! They were to let no false shame or worldly pride keep them from avowing their guilty past before their brethren. Sobs and groans followed the preacher's appeals; his own agitation and convulsive efforts seemed to spread in surging waves through the congregation, until a dozen men and women arose, staggering like drunkards blindly; or led or dragged forward by sobbing sympathisers towards the mourners' bench. And prominent among them, but stepping jauntily and airily forward, was the redoubtable and worldly Colonel Starbottle!

At this proof of the orator's power the crowd shouted—but stopped suddenly, as the Colonel halted before the preacher, and ascended the rostrum beside him. Then taking a slight pose with his gold-headed cane in one hand and the other thrust in the breast of his buttoned coat, he said in his blandest, forensic voice :—

"If I mistake not, sir, you are advising these ladies and gentlemen to a free and public confession of their sins and a—er—denunciation of their past life—previous to their conversion. If I am mistaken I—er—ask your pardon, and theirs—and—er—hold myself responsible—er—personally responsible!"

The preacher glanced uneasily at the Colonel, but replied, still in the hysterical intonation of his exordium :—

"Yes! a complete searching of hearts—a casting out of the seven Devils of Pride, Vain Glory——"

"Thank you—that is sufficient," said the Colonel blandly. "But might I—er—be permitted to suggest that you—er—er—*set them the example!* The statement of the circumstances attending your own past life and conversion would be singularly interesting and exemplary."

The preacher turned suddenly and glanced at the Colonel with furious eyes set in an ashy face.

"If this is the flouting and jeering of the Ungodly and Dissolute," he screamed, "woe to you! I say—woe to you! What have such as *you* to do with my previous state of unregeneracy."

"Nothing," said the Colonel blandly, "unless that state were also the *State of Arkansas!* Then, sir, as a former member of the Arkansas *Bar*—I might be able to assist your memory—and—er—even corroborate your confession."

But here the enthusiastic adherents of the preacher, vaguely conscious of some danger to their idol, gathered threateningly round the platform from which he had promptly leaped into their midst, leaving the Colonel alone, to face the sea of angry upturned faces. But that gallant warrior never altered his characteristic pose. Behind him loomed the reputation of the dozen duels he had fought, the gold-headed stick on which he leaned was believed to contain eighteen inches of shining steel—and the people of Laurel Spring had discretion.

He smiled suavely, stepped jauntily down and made his way to the entrance without molestation.

Bur here he was met by Blair and Slocum, and a dozen eager questions :—

"What was it?" "What had he done?" "*Who* was he?"

"A blank shyster, who had swindled the widows and orphans in Arkansas and escaped from jail."

"And his name isn't Brown?"

"No," said the Colonel, curtly.

"What is it?"

"That is a matter which concerns only myself and him, sir," said the Colonel, loftily; "but for which I am—er—personally responsible."

A wild idea took possession of Blair.

"And you say he was a noted desperado?" he said, with nervous hesitation.

The Colonel glared.

"Desperado, sir! Never! Blank it all!—a mean, psalm-singing, crawling, sneak thief!"

And Blair felt relieved without knowing exactly why.

The next day it was known that the preacher, Gabriel Brown, had left Laurel Spring on an urgent "Gospel Call" elsewhere.

Colonel Starbottle returned that night with his friends to the county town. Strange to say, a majority of the audience had not grasped the full significance of the Colonel's unseemly interruption, and those who had, as partisans, kept it quiet. Blair, tortured by doubt, had a new delicacy added to his hesitation, which left him helpless until the widow should take the initiative in explanation.

A sudden summons from his patient at the Logger's Camp the next day brought

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him again to the fateful redwoods. But he was vexed and mystified to find, on arriving at the camp, that he had been made the victim of some stupid blunder, and that no message had been sent from there. He was returning abstractedly through the woods when he was amazed at seeing at a little distance before him the flutter of Mrs. MacGlowrie's well-known dark green riding habit and the figure of the lady herself. Her dog was not with her, neither was the Revival Preacher—or he might have thought the whole vision a trick of his memory. But she slackened her pace, and he was obliged to rein up abreast of her in some confusion.

"I hope I won't shock you again by riding alone through the woods with a man," she said with a light laugh.

Nevertheless, she was quite pale as he answered, somewhat coldly, that he had no right to be shocked at anything she might choose to do.

"But you *were* shocked, for you rode away the last time without speaking," she said; "and yet"—she looked up suddenly into his eyes with a smileless face—"that man you saw me with once had a better right to ride alone with me than any other man. He was——"

"Your lover?" said Blair, with brutal brevity.

"My husband!" returned Mrs. MacGlowrie, slowly.

"Then you are *not* a widow," gasped Blair.

"No! I am only a divorced woman. That is why I have had to live a lie here. That man—that hypocrite—whose secret was only half exposed the other night, was my husband—divorced from me by the law, when, an escaped convict, he fled with another woman from the State three years ago." Her face flushed and whitened again; she put up her hand blindly to her straying hair, and for an instant seemed to sway in the saddle.

But Blair as quickly leaped from his horse, and was beside her. "Let me help you down," he said, quickly, "and rest yourself until you are better." Before she could reply, he lifted her tenderly to the ground and placed her on a mossy stump a little distance from the trail. Her colour and a faint smile returned to her troubled face.

"Had we not better go on?" she said, looking around. "I never went so far as to sit down in the woods with *him* that day."

"Forgive me," he said, pleadingly, "but, of course, I knew nothing. I disliked the man from instinct—I thought he had some power over you."

"He has none—except the secret that would also have exposed himself."

"But others knew it. Colonel Starbottle must have known his name? And yet"—as he remembered he stammered—"he refused to tell me."

"Yes, but not because he knew he was my husband, but because he knew he bore the same name. He thinks, as everyone does, that my husband died in San Francisco. The man who died there was my husband's cousin—a desperate man and a noted duellist."

"And *you* assumed to be *his* widow?" said the astounded Blair.

"Yes, but don't blame me too much," she said, pathetically. "It was a wild, a silly deceit, but it was partly forced upon me. For when I first arrived across the plains, at the frontier, I was still bearing my husband's name, and although I was alone and helpless, I found myself strangely welcomed and respected by those rude frontiersmen. It was not long before I saw it was because I was presumed to be the widow of *Allen* MacGlowrie—who had just died in San Francisco. I let them think so, for I knew—what they did not—that Allen's wife had separated from him and married again, and that my taking his name could do no harm. I accepted their kindness; they gave me my first start in business, which brought me here. It was not much of a deceit," she continued, with a slight tremble of her pretty lip, "to prefer to pass as the widow of a dead desperado than to be known as the divorced wife of a living convict. It has hurt no one, and it has saved me just now."

"You were right! No one could blame you," said Blair, eagerly, seizing her hand. But she disengaged it gently, and went on:

"And now you wonder why I gave him a meeting here?"

"I wonder at nothing but your courage and patience in all this suffering!" said Blair, fervently, "and at your forgiving me for so cruelly misunderstanding you."

"But you must learn all. When I first saw MacGlowrie under his assumed name, I fainted, for I was terrified and believed he knew I was here and had come to expose me even at his own risk. That was why I hesitated between going away or openly

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defying him. But it appears he was more frightened than I at finding me here—he had supposed I had changed my name after the divorce, and that Mrs. MacGlowrie, Laurel Spring, was his cousin's widow. When he found out who I was he was eager to see me and agree upon a mutual silence while he was here. He thought only of himself," she added scornfully, "and Colonel Starbottle's recognition of him that night as the convicted swindler was enough to put him to flight."

"And the Colonel never suspected that you were his wife?" said Blair.

"Never! He supposed from the name that he was some relation of my husband, and that was why he refused to tell it—for my sake. The Colonel is an old fogey—and pompous—but a gentleman—as good as they make them!"

A slightly jealous uneasiness and a greater sense of shame came over Blair.

"I seem to have been the only one who suspected and did not aid you," he said sadly, "and yet God knows——"

The widow had put up her slim hand in half-smiling, half-pathetic interruption.

"Wait! I have not told you everything. When I took over the responsibility of being Allen MacGlowrie's widow I had to take over *her* relations and *her* history as I gathered it from the frontiersmen. *I* never frightened any grizzly—*I* never jabbed anybody with the scissors; it was *she* who did it. *I* never was among the Injins—*I* never had any fighting relations; my paw was a plain farmer. I was only a peaceful Blue Grass girl—there! I never thought there was any harm in it; it seemed to keep the men off, and leave me free—until I knew you! And you know I didn't want you to believe it—don't you?"

She hid her flushed face and dimples in her handkerchief.

"But did you never think there might be another way to keep the men off, and sink the name of MacGlowrie for ever?" said Blair, in a lower voice.

"I think we must be going back now," said the widow, timidly, withdrawing her hand which Blair had again mysteriously got possession of in her confusion.

"But wait just a few minutes longer to keep me company," said Blair, pleadingly. "I came here to see a patient, and as there must have been some mistake in the message—I must try to discover it."

"Oh! Is that all?" said the widow quickly. "Why?"—she flushed again and laughed faintly—"Well! I am that patient! I wanted to see you alone to explain everything, and I could think of no other way. I'm afraid I've got into the habit of thinking nothing of being somebody else."

"I wish you would let me select who you should be," said the doctor, boldly.

"We really must go back—to the horses," said the widow.

"Agreed—if we will ride home together."

They did. And before the year was over, although they both remained, the name of MacGlowrie had passed out of Laurel Spring.

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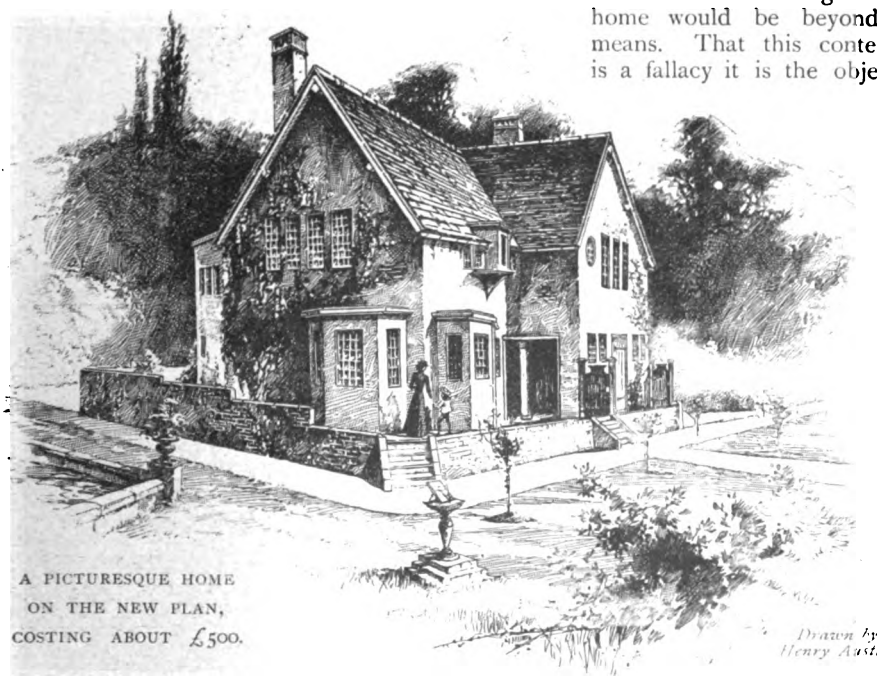
Home-making on the Cosy-corner Plan

Artistic Houses for Slender Purses—A New Idea in Building.

DESCRIBED BY F. A. TALBOT.

HAVE we for years past been building our homes upon the wrong principle? Have we been following the dictates of conventionality so long, that art and comfort have become subservient to the decree of fashion? The modern system of house-building certainly seems to point to such a conclusion. For instance, take the prevalent type of suburban villa or country cottage. It can certainly boast of no striking pretentions to beauty or symmetry externally, while its degree of comfort internally is decidedly limited. Yet in these days of building and kindred societies, whereby it is possible for the man with the most moderate income to become possessed of his own residence, he is naturally desirous to secure a domicile, comfortable and pretty. But how to break away from the prevailing custom is the problem that perplexes the would-be householder. He has a distinct yearning for the dwelling reminiscent of the middle ages, with its wooden and plaster fronts, heavily timbered, spacious rooms, nestling and inviting alcoves, and capacious fire-places, which are generally conceded to be the acme of comfort and picturesqueness. But he hesitates to venture upon such a speculation, fearing that the cost of building such a home would be beyond his means. That this contention is a fallacy it is the object of



A PICTURESQUE HOME ON THE NEW PLAN, COSTING ABOUT £500.

Drawn by Henry Austin.

this article to show, and the accompanying illustrations will prove what can be accomplished by the judicious expenditure of a small sum—say £500. Of course, in this moderate estimate, the cost of the site is not included, as the expense of this, naturally, depends upon its situation.

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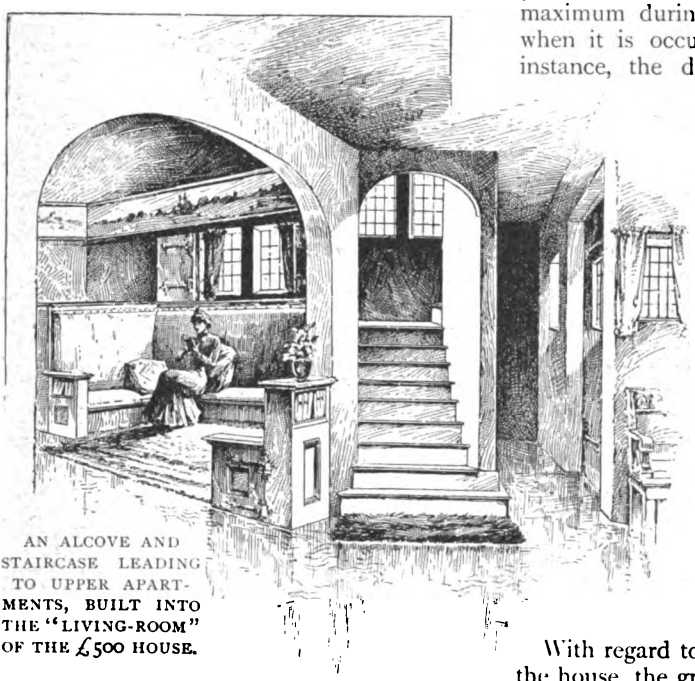
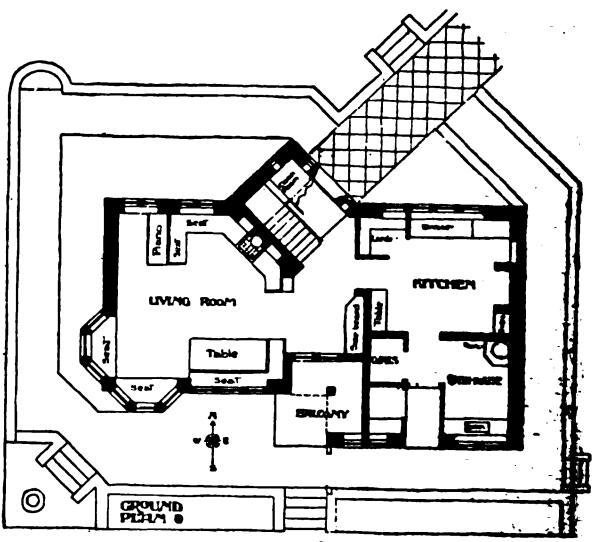
The site secured, the first thing is to study its natural position. This is a far more vital point than it appears from an evanescent glance. It is essential that the external appearance of the house should harmonise with the natural surroundings, and synchrony in this direction exercises more far-reaching influence upon the internal arrangements of the dwelling than might be supposed. The house should face southwards, so that the principal rooms might receive the full benefit of the sun throughout the greater part, if not the whole, of the day. Old Sol, as is well known, is the most powerful enemy of the microbe, and executes far more havoc among germs in an hour or so, than unlimited quantities of any known disinfectants can accomplish in a week. To attain this end it is necessary to break away from the general trend of house designing, the ground plan of which, in the majority of cases, either assumes the shape of a square or an oblong. The external aspect of the building should be extensively broken up by irregular projections and bay windows, so that all the most important apartments might receive a large amount of sunshine, or, at any rate, a particular room might be benefited to the maximum during those periods of the day when it is occupied by the inmates. For instance, the dining-room, which is used more during the early part of the day, should have a south-eastern aspect, so as to catch the sun during the morning, and the sitting, or drawing-room, should be arranged on the south-western side, to receive the sunlight throughout the afternoon and evening.



AN ALCOVE AND STAIRCASE LEADING TO UPPER APARTMENTS, BUILT INTO THE "LIVING-ROOM" OF THE £500 HOUSE.

In some cases, the main living-room can be so contrived as to get the sunshine practically throughout the whole day. In our ground plan of the house it will be observed that this ideal is attained, since the windows have eastern, southern, and western frontage, respectively.

With regard to the internal arrangement of the house, the greatest defect of the general dwelling is too many rooms, each necessarily of small dimensions. For some inexplicable reason, the small householder for his £500 wants almost as many rooms as are to be found in a larger type of house costing as many thousands. Custom decrees that there shall be a morning-room, dining-room, and



PLAN OF THE £500 HOUSE.

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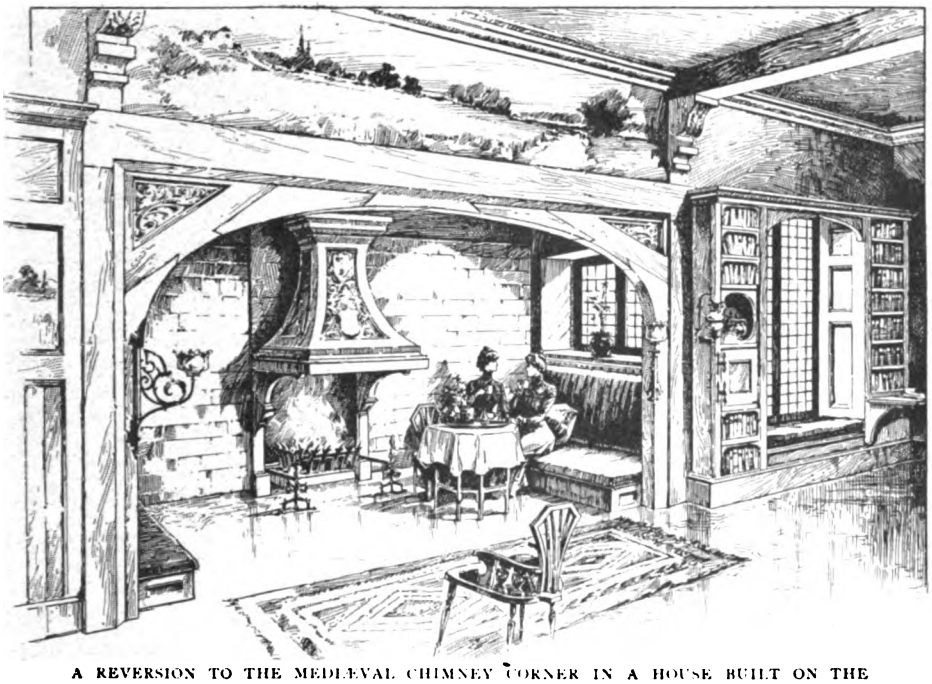
drawing-room at least on the ground floor, in addition to the usual domestic offices. What is the result? The rooms are so small and



A REVERSION TO THE MEDIÆVAL CHIMNEY CORNER IN A HOUSE BUILT ON THE PRINCIPLES DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

cramped as to be practically useless, while they are by no means healthy.

The dining-room is the most utilitarian apartment; while the morning and drawing-rooms are reserved for purely formal purposes, so that in reality they constitute a sheer waste of valuable space—more valuable in a small, than in a large, house. Why not dispense with both the drawing and morning-rooms, and throw them into the dining-room, making one large, airy apartment? There is one great prejudice against the large room, and that is that cosiness cannot be so well obtained as in a small apartment. This is a popular fallacy, since far more cosiness can be achieved in a room of large dimensions, provided it is designed upon the correct principle.

But to obtain cosiness in a large apartment it is imperative that it should be broken up, as it were. This is easily accomplished by the provision of small alcoves and recesses, which are thus converted into inviting cosy corners. This is where the internal arrangement of the building so powerfully influences its external design. By means of numerous projections the alcoves to the rooms are provided.

THE PORCH OF THE £500 HOUSE.

Then, again, each of these recesses can be set aside for a certain purpose, and thus made to fulfil the same requirements as a separate room. For instance, one alcove may be converted into a study or library, another into a small drawing-room, and so on, and if they are

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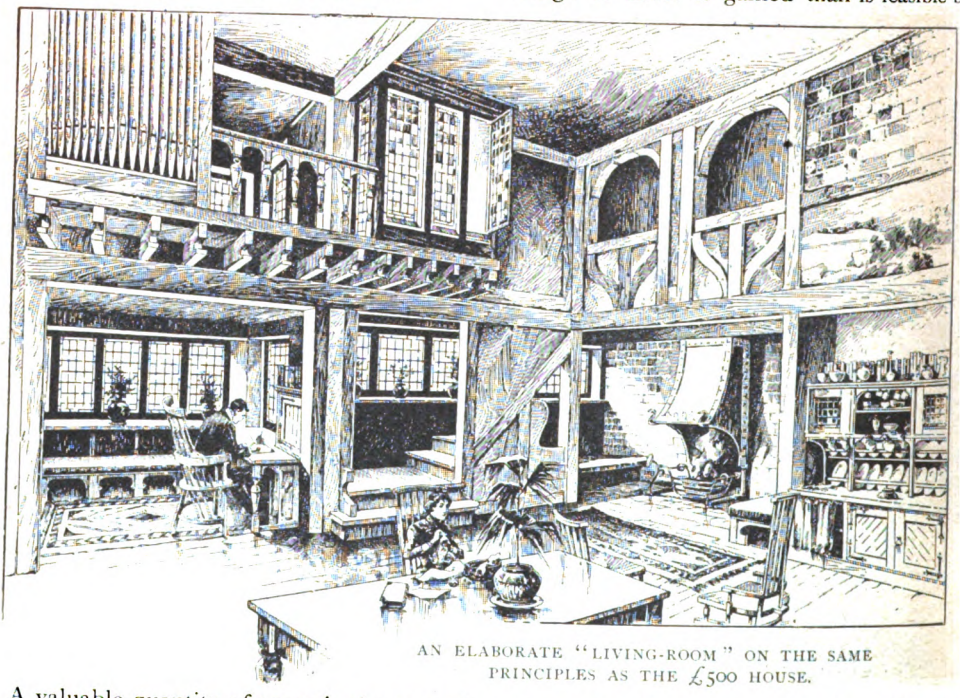
shut off from the main apartment by curtains, they are as isolated as if divided by a brick wall. In the majority of cases, each recess is bordered on three sides by windows, so that uninterrupted views over the surrounding country are obtained.



AN ELABORATE "LIVING-ROOM" ON THE SAME PRINCIPLES AS THE £500 HOUSE.

A valuable quantity of space is also wasted in the entrance hall and staircase giving access to the upper apartments. This can be turned to far more profitable utility by throwing the area thus occupied into the one room. By extending the staircase up one side of the apartment, the space beneath it may be utilised for the accommodation of a sideboard, wagon, or some other necessary article of furniture. At first sight, it may appear æsthetically repulsive to have a staircase obtruding into a room, but when the staircase is made, as it were, a portion of the room itself, it does not appear unduly prominent.

The main features of economy that are effected in a room constructed upon this principle, are in connection with its various embellishments. Instead of the prosaic plaster ceiling, the supporting rafters of the room above are left bare, only stained either a dark green or brown, to yield the quaint and picturesque mediæval effect of the Elizabethan house. Wall-paper is also dispensed with, the walls being tinted a suitable colour to harmonise with the general appearance of the room. If necessary, a design may be stencilled upon the wall, or only an artistic frieze supplied. By treating the walls in this manner a far more extensive range of effect is gained than is feasible by means of wall-papers. Also, the walls only require a periodical washing-down to restore them to their original pristine appearance, whereas re-papering, which must be done more frequently, for hygienic purposes if for no other, is far more expensive, so that an appreciable economy is effected in this direction alone.

The floor may be either paved with tiles, laid out in a decorative pattern, or with large oak blocks, stained or polished, and flanked here and there with rugs instead of being covered by a large carpet.

Another important characteristic of this principle of construction is the valuable saving, both of space and money, in connection with the furnishing. To impart a pleasant cosiness and effect to the rooms, it is essential that the embellishments should harmonise with the structure. The furniture, as it were, fits the room, and the room fits the furniture. This is accomplished by building the greater part of the fittings into the walls. Bookcases, sideboards, cupboards and shelves are by this means supplied

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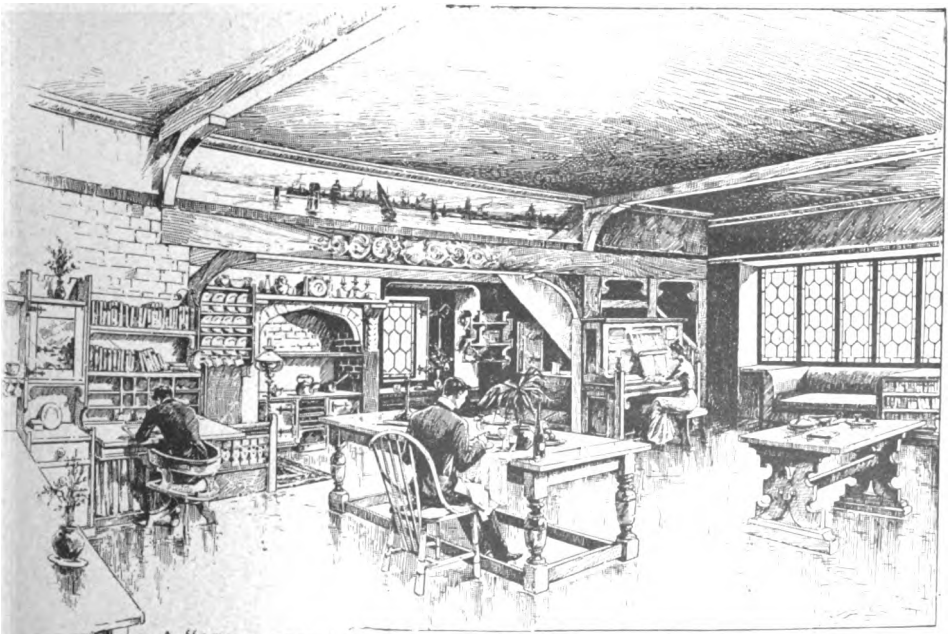
almost *ad lib.* Then again, right round the walls extends one long seat, which can be easily converted into lounges where desired.

The alcoves and recesses only need a few cushions to render them ideal cosy corners. It, therefore, does not need a very observant eye to realise that to equip a house after this manner, is much cheaper than the method now in vogue. What does it matter whether your furniture is made of pine or mahogany! The former can be tastefully stained and the resultant effect is just as pleasing as if it were fashioned out of the more expensive wood and highly polished; while it is certainly just as durable. Nothing is more hideous, revolting, or more opposed to the true ethics of art, than the prevalent system of equipping a room with multi-coloured furniture. It is expensive, and complete satisfaction is never attained. A very salient advantage of the "fixed" system of furnishing is that much greater floor space is available, which facilitates the cleaning of the apartment to a very appreciable degree, as there is no heavy furniture to move.



A "LIVING-ROOM" COMBINING THE COMFORTS OF A STUDY, DINING, AND DRAWING ROOMS.

One of the greatest charms of the old-fashioned house was the capacious chimney corner. The modern system of house-designing will not permit of this comfort being incorporated. But if the principles of building a house as advocated in this article are adopted, this picturesque embellishment may be included. How much of the heat generated in the modern fire-place is appreciated in the room? Very little, since it is impossible for the heat to be thrown into the apartment. One of the greatest advantages of the old capacious chimney-corner was that the heat was reflected from three sides of the fire. This feature is accentuated in this renaissance of mediæval comfort. There is a capacious ingle nook, with a roaring, open fire in the centre. Settees placed on either side of it enable one to reap its heat-giving properties to the full, and yet be perfectly sheltered from draughts, if any exist, while the heat from the fire penetrates every part of the apartment.

This return to mediævalism in connection with house-building, combined with Ruskinian principles of decoration, is rapidly coming into vogue. It is not only confined to medium-priced houses, but may be as advantageously employed for mansions ranging as high as £10,000 or £20,000. In the higher-priced houses, the same principle is followed, only with greater effect. For instance, we give an interior illustration of a superior type of house of this description. The depth of the main apartment was continued through the floor above, and a gallery

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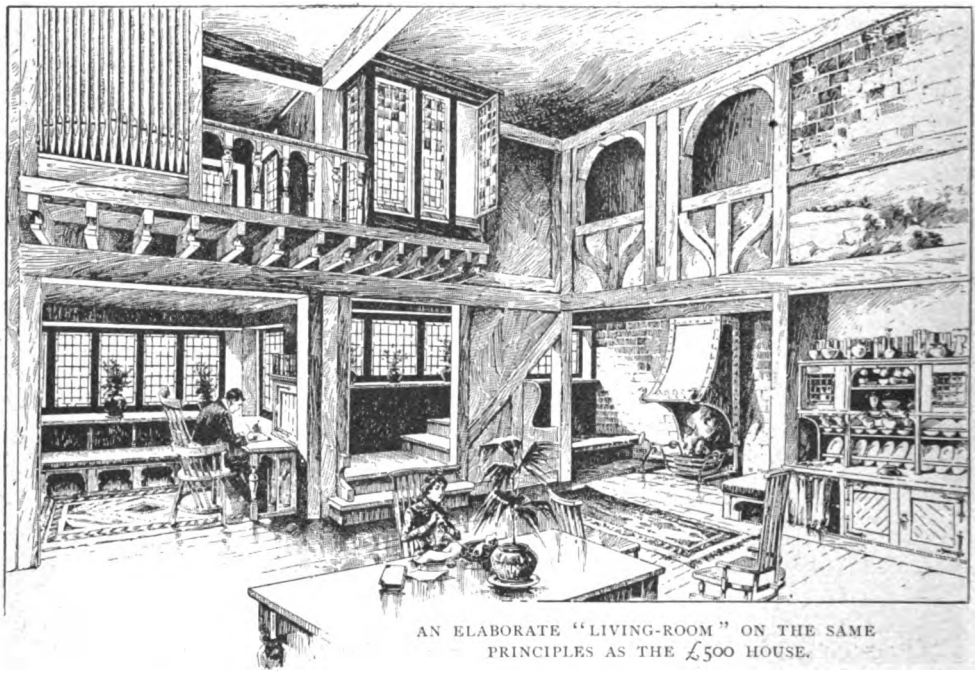
shut off from the main apartment by curtains, they are as isolated as if divided by a brick wall. In the majority of cases, each recess is bordered on three sides by windows, so that uninterrupted views over the surrounding country are obtained.



AN ELABORATE "LIVING-ROOM" ON THE SAME PRINCIPLES AS THE £500 HOUSE.

A valuable quantity of space is also wasted in the entrance hall and staircase giving access to the upper apartments. This can be turned to far more profitable utility by throwing the area thus occupied into the one room. By extending the staircase up one side of the apartment, the space beneath it may be utilised for the accommodation of a sideboard, wagon, or some other necessary article of furniture. At first sight, it may appear æsthetically repulsive to have a staircase obtruding into a room, but when the staircase is made, as it were, a portion of the room itself, it does not appear unduly prominent.

The main features of economy that are effected in a room constructed upon this principle, are in connection with its various embellishments. Instead of the prosaic plaster ceiling, the supporting rafters of the room above are left bare, only stained either a dark green or brown, to yield the quaint and picturesque mediæval effect of the Elizabethan house. Wall-paper is also dispensed with, the walls being tinted a suitable colour to harmonise with the general appearance of the room. If necessary, a design may be stencilled upon the wall, or only an artistic frieze supplied. By treating the walls in this manner a far more extensive range of effect is gained than is feasible by means of wall-papers. Also, the walls only require a periodical washing-down to restore them to their original pristine appearance, whereas re-papering, which must be done more frequently, for hygienic purposes if for no other, is far more expensive, so that an appreciable economy is effected in this direction alone.

The floor may be either paved with tiles, laid out in a decorative pattern, or with large oak blocks, stained or polished, and flanked here and there with rugs instead of being covered by a large carpet.

Another important characteristic of this principle of construction is the valuable saving, both of space and money, in connection with the furnishing. To impart a pleasant cosiness and effect to the rooms, it is essential that the embellishments should harmonise with the structure. The furniture, as it were, fits the room, and the room fits the furniture. This is accomplished by building the greater part of the fittings into the walls. Bookcases, sideboards, cupboards and shelves are by this means supplied

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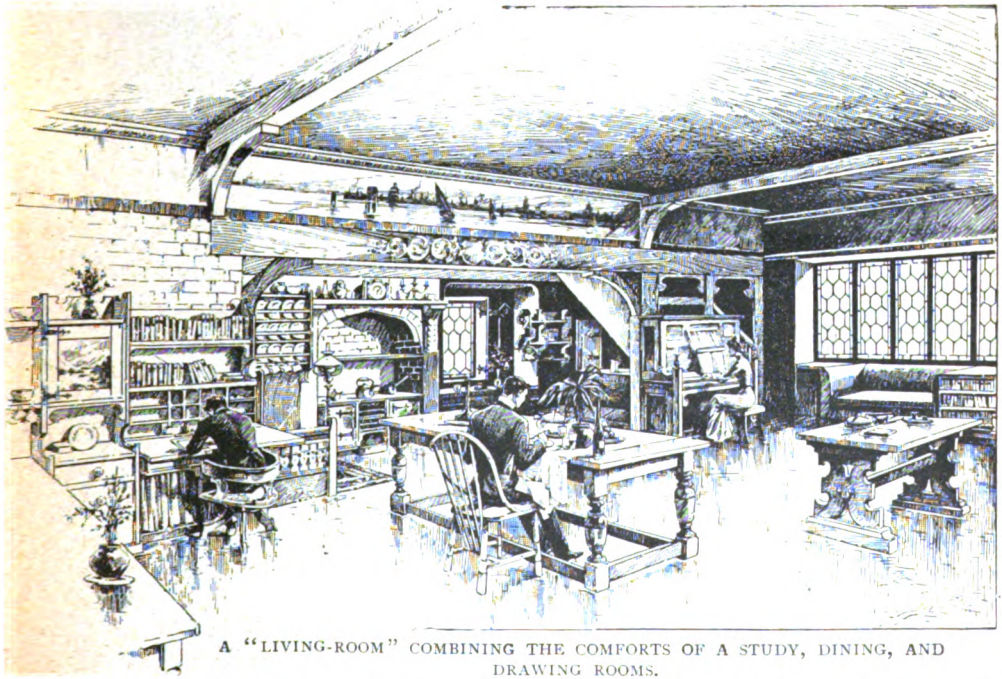
almost *ad lib.* Then again, right round the walls extends one long seat, which can be easily converted into lounges where desired.

The alcoves and recesses only need a few cushions to render them ideal cosy corners. It, therefore, does not need a very observant eye to realise that to equip a house after this manner, is much cheaper than the method now in vogue. What does it matter whether your furniture is made of pine or mahogany! The former can be tastefully stained and the resultant effect is just as pleasing as if it were fashioned out of the more expensive wood and highly polished; while it is certainly just as durable. Nothing is more hideous, revolting, or more opposed to the true ethics of art, than the prevalent system of equipping a room with multi-coloured furniture. It is expensive, and complete satisfaction is never attained. A very salient advantage of the "fixed" system of furnishing is that much greater floor space is available, which facilitates the cleaning of the apartment to a very appreciable degree, as there is no heavy furniture to move.



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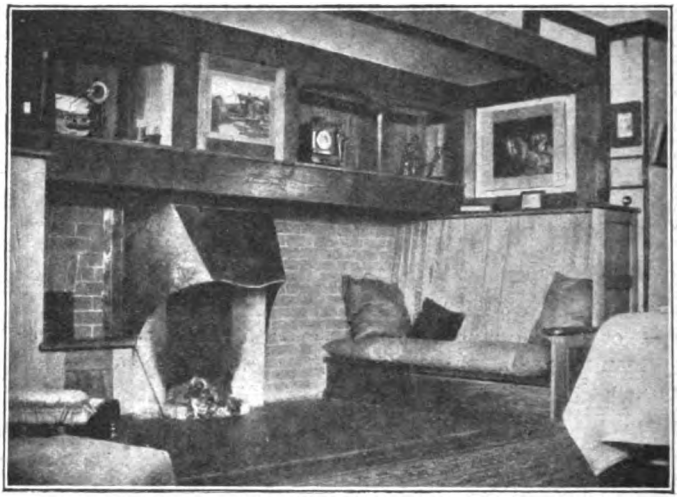
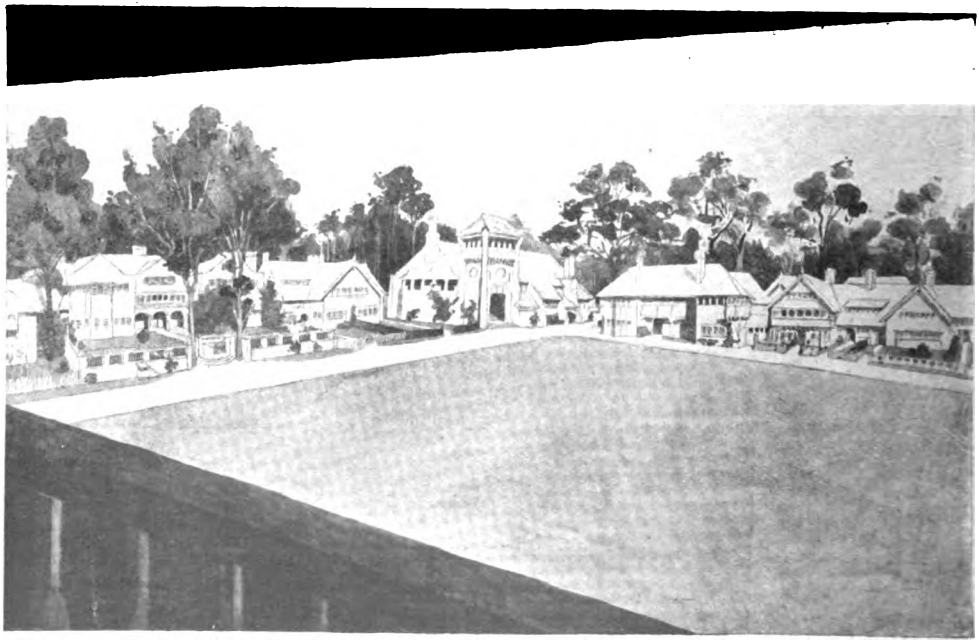
extended round it, replete with numerous cosy corners, and a large organ. Alcoves and recesses were supplied with great liberality, and every foot of space was turned to some useful account. Of course, the internal embellishment was more lavish than it would ordinarily have been.



AN INVITING COSY CORNER IN THE INGLE NOOK.

Why should our suburban building plots be laid out in long, regular, serried rows of houses? To this there is no reply beyond conventionalism. As a relief to this monotonous system, two well-known architects, Messrs. Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, of Buxton, to whom we are indebted for the material for the illustrations in this article, have devised an alternative, novel and effective system.

They contend that houses, instead of being erected in streets, should be built round the sides of the particular plot, leaving the centre open, in much the same way as we lay out squares. The houses might be detached, semi-detached, or built in blocks, and each should possess an individual design, so that a pleasing variety of styles of architecture might be obtained. At first sight it might be conceded that such a Utopia is impossible in our crowded cities, where land is so valuable as the centre plot of land is apparently wasted. Such, however, is not the case, since exactly the same number of houses of a given size can be erected on a certain plot of land in this manner, as if they were built in rows in the orthodox fashion.



A BUILDING PLOT CONTAINING VARIED TYPES OF HOUSES BUILT IN A SQUARE INSTEAD OF STREETS, AND OCCUPYING NO MORE SPACE.

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THE ORDER OF THE "WOODEN SPOON"

THE wooden spoon is a kind of consolation prize conferred at Cambridge during the "May Festivities," when those who have passed the Mathematical Tripos are admitted to the B.A. Degree. The Senior Wrangler heads the list, and the last of the Junior Optimes—who is the bottom man on the list—receives the wooden spoon.

This is generally a large malting shovel, gaily bedecked with ribbons, and with the arms of the recipient's college emblazoned on the bowl. It is lowered by the undergraduates from the gallery in the Senate House just as the last man is presented to the Vice-Chancellor for his degree, and dangles over his head while he kneels.

On rising he takes the spoon, and, shouldering it, starts for home, accompanied by an enthusiastic group of his friends, who escort him to his rooms, where the rest of the day is usually spent in merry-making. The custom is one of considerable antiquity, and is not viewed very favourably by the University authorities, but though the Dons have more than once wished to abolish it, the practice still survives. On the last occasion two men happened to be bracketed together for the last place in the list, so that an extra spoon was required. When the degrees were conferred one of these men had gone to the front in South Africa; so his colleague received both spoons—an incident unique in the history of the practice. He is shown with them at the top of this page.

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CELEBRITIES' PETS.

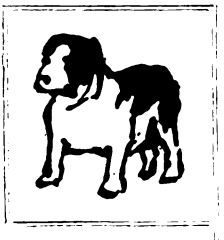
As Specially Drawn and Described by Their Owners for the *London Magazine*.

"I SEND BACK VIEW OF ONE OF MY PETS"—MR. J. A. SHEPHERD'S HUMOROUS SKETCH.

SOME months back, before ping-pong had arrived to supply the reposeful diner with unwelcome post-prandial exercise, it was the fashion for a short while to invite one's friends to try their hands at drawing pigs.

This form of mild recreation has died out, and we venture to recommend to our readers a modification of it which will prove to be considerably more interesting. As a practical experiment, we asked a number of well-known people to favour us with sketches—however rough—of their pet animals, and the amusing selection that we reproduce shows how abundant amusement may in this way be afforded at any social gathering.

Pour encourager les autres, we appealed to the good nature of Mr. G. R. Sims to set the ball a-rolling, which he very kindly did with a sketch of his celebrated bulldog, "Billy Greet." A pathetic little note came with it: "Art is long and life is short, so I cannot make any further attempt. This is my fourth and final."



THE DUKE OF ARGYLE'S SKETCH OF HIS FAVOURITE DOG "BLARNEY," IN PEACE AND WAR.

"Billy Greet" has been caught in a very characteristic attitude. This sketch shows exactly how he looks when the rash interviewer essays to pass the portal of the well-known mansion "Opposite the Duckpond," at Regent's Park.

We showed this sketch to the Duke of Argyll, who at once said he could produce a more peaceable dog than "Billy Greet." So by His Grace's courtesy we have "Blarney" portrayed in two widely different phases—peace and war.

The Marquis of Stafford, eldest son of the Duke of Sutherland, has the good fortune to be a lad of thirteen, enjoying school-life at Oxford. He has been kind enough to contribute a sketch of his black cat "Smut," trying to get at his lordship's tame white mice in their cage on the table. Lord Stafford writes very modestly of his artistic effort: "I expect that directly you see this you will tear it up and throw it into the fire. But if you feel inclined to disgrace the LONDON MAGAZINE with it, I should be pleased."

THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD'S BLACK CAT, "SMUT," TRYING TO GET AT HIS LORDSHIP'S TAME WHITE MICE.

Next comes the ever-versatile Editor of *Punch*, who very appropriately sends a drawing of a gay dog armed with pipe and pint, and inscribed:—

"Toby or not Toby,
That is the question."

Mr. Burnand adds that the animal's real name is "Jup," and he belongs to Miss Winnie Burnand. Then comes the following original poem in his praise:—

"Capital dog to guard the house;
Tackles a cat, or rat, or mouse;
Friendly to cats who live *chez lui*;
Greatly beloved by the familee;
Got a wonderful spring in his legs;
Jumps, or dies, or 'trusts,' or begs;
He's 'such a dog!' can carry or fetch,
More than will this remarkable sketch."

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Other members of the *Punch* staff have shown a kindly interest in our collection. Mr. Anstey, whose "Vice Versa" has made all the world laugh, supplies a charming pen and ink drawing of his skye terrier "Bogie," and Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the well-known exponent of the humours of animal life, is represented by a decidedly vigorous study. "I send back view of one of my pets," he writes. "Owing to incompatibility of temper, we parted—or I would have completed the sketch for you." If the enquiring reader will describe a parabolic curve, starting from the vacant saddle, he will shortly arrive at the spot where the artist is lying! By the way, it argues the possession of a philosophic turn of mind that Mr. Shepherd still includes this amiable brute in his list of pets.

"TOBY, OR NOT TOBY, THAT IS THE QUESTION."—F. C. BURNAND.

THE REV. THEODORE WOOD'S SKETCH OF HIS PET CAT "JAMES."

Most of the pets whose portraits—more or less lifelike—lie before us as we write, are of a peaceful and harmless character, though we are not without a few that most people would prefer to admire at a distance.

Naturally, the great cat family occupies a conspicuous place in our gallery, and first of all comes an animal that has been petted by more than one crowned head, and was declared by H.M. Queen Alexandra to be "simply lovely!"

"White Heather" is the famous black cat belonging to Madame Janotha, the court pianist to H.I.M. the German Emperor, and was a prime favourite with her late Majesty Queen Victoria. Thus it is quite in the fitness of things that its owner should represent "White Heather" lying at the foot of the coronation throne and saying "To where all thoughts and good wishes are directed, there will I keep my 'Good Luck' watch."

Though named "White Heather," this particularly lucky cat is perfectly black, and was rescued from the wreck of the *Elbe* before coming into Madame Janotha's possession. Now it accompanies her in all her travels, and is constantly moving in the very best society.

Black—and wicked too, if one may judge by looks!—are the two feline pets that have been portrayed for us by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the most popular political cartoonist of the day.

MADAME JANOTHA'S FAMOUS BLACK CAT "WHITE HEATHER," LYING AT THE FOOT OF THE CORONATION THRONE.

And what shall we say of their names? The younger one is called "Kits," and that is all very well in its way, the plural form being, perhaps—like the editorial "We"—an outward and visible sign of dignity. But the senior cat has a name that is sufficient in itself to commit its owner at any feline police court! "Uncle Wumf" is bad enough, but then there is an *alias*—and an *alias* is nearly always a mark of the criminal classes. "Gollywog," indeed! and "Gollywog, *alias* Uncle Wumf!" Why, the case is as clear as daylight! With the face of a convict and an *alias* that would do credit to a "fence," this is plainly a cat to avoid!

MR. BROOKE'S LURID SKETCH OF HIS OWN FINAL END, BY HIS PET WOLVES AND WILD CAT.

Let us turn to a pleasanter subject of contemplation. It is a cherubic little feline innocent that Mr. Louis Wain—portrait painter to the nobility and gentry of the cat world—introduces to our notice. There's a world of wondering

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joy in those sparkling eyes, and the chubby cheeks as yet have known no care; but, somehow, we are not quite sure, but—well, there's something about that little mouth that suggests a liking for stolen sweets! Perhaps, on the whole, it would be just as well to keep the larder door shut when this little innocent creature is wandering around!

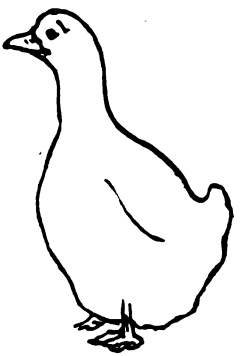
MR. LOUIS WAIN'S PET CAT—EXISTING ONLY IN HIS IMAGINATION.

Mr. Louis Wain assures us that his pet costs nothing to keep—a very suspicious circumstance in a cat!—and that she lives on the drawing-room floor of his imagination.

Another cat, dignified, sleek, and eminently "comfortable," is the pet of the Rev. Theodore Wood, whose entertaining articles on popular natural history are familiar to our readers. "James" is a smoke-coloured Russian cat—a variety not very often met with, and is in every respect a very fine specimen of his kind. Happily, his owner's hobby is not birds, but beetles—of which he has a very large collection—or "James" might prove a somewhat dangerous pet.

There is probably only one man in the Empire who can confess to having three thousand pets, and that is Mr. Frank Beddard, F.R.S., Prosector and Vice-secretary of the Zoological Society, who has the oversight of the collection of animals in the Gardens at Regent's Park. Naturally, he is somewhat at a loss to name his prime favourite.

"As I have three thousand pets here," he writes, "my affections are somewhat subdivided! On the whole I lean most towards our fine European wild cat. He is so sleek and well-liking; so upright and independent in character; I try to cajole him, but he only growls and spits at me!"

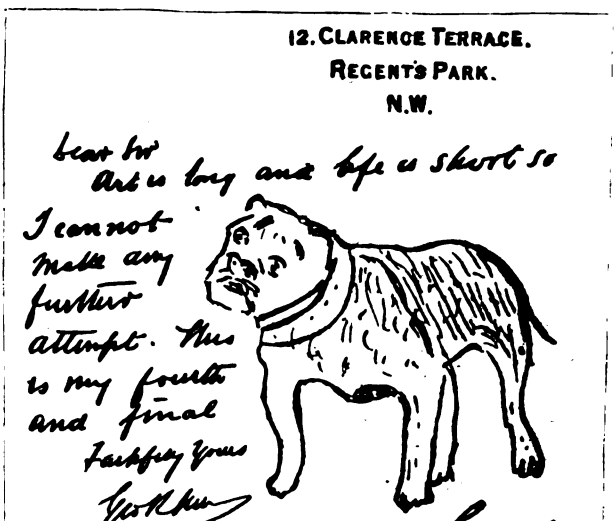


THE REV. J. M. BACON'S FAVOURITE GOOSE.

We know that wild cat well, and can quite endorse Mr. Beddard's description of the animal's character, having been frequently the subject of hostile demonstrations on the part of the savage creature. The gentle and amiable air that the wild cat puts on when a scrap of meat is in evidence, gives little clue to his real disposition.

"Tita" is a charming little skye terrier who is the constant companion of her mistress, Mrs. Marie Leighton, the novelist. Mrs. Leighton is most anxious that we shall not suppose "Tita" to be bow-legged!

So far, our contributors have supplied us with sketches of pets which are for the most part quite "domestic," but the drawing supplied by Mr. H. C. Brooke, the



A "MEM" AND SKETCH FROM MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

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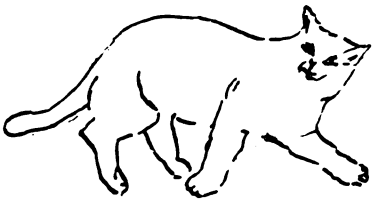
honorary secretary of the South London Bulldog Society, is truly blood-curdling. This gentleman, who is well known in the "doggy" world, has for his pets several large wolves and other animals which most people admire best at a distance.



THE EUROPEAN WILD CAT AT THE ZOO; MR. FRANK BEDDARD'S SPECIAL PET.

The sketch which Mr. Brooke has sent us shows what his friends say will be the final end of him. A great grey wolf is disposing of his arms, and an Australian dingo has got one of his legs in chancery, while in the distance a white wolf is making off with the other.

To crown all, a specimen of Geoffrey's wild cat—a most intractable brute — is taking a mean advantage of its master's difficulties by going for his head.

"GOLLYWOG" AND "KITS," THE TWO BLACK FELINE PETS OF MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

Happily the sketch is a purely imaginative one! Mr. Brooke's wolves are practically tame—so much so that one of them accompanies him in his daily walks, and another runs loose in the house like a pet dog. As to the wild cat, if it did manage to escape from its cage it would simply run away, and would certainly not attack anyone unless cornered.

Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bt., M.P., who has kindly contributed to our series, takes us far from the busy haunts of men. With the aid of a little ink and water and a brush, he has deftly sketched a delightful scene on a Scottish salmon river, where the sharp descent of the banks is clad with a dense growth of pines.

In the foreground we have Sir Herbert, wading up to the thighs and playing a salmon of heroic proportions. "Forty pounds if he's a pennyweight!" The whole thing lives before one's eyes. We see the swirl on the surface of the stream as the fish makes a sudden rush, and hear the screech of the reel and the singing of the line as it bends the rod well-nigh double! What are lap dogs and pampered cats to such a pet as this?

The angler himself assures us that "In the spring an old man's fancy lightly turns to this kind of thing," and so does many a young man's fancy, too!

But it is time to give the birds a turn. Oddly enough, they have not so far figured in our sketches of pets, but now comes the Rev. J. M. Bacon, the well-known aeronaut and explorer of the currents of the atmosphere, with a most substantial goose for a pet! Now, there is some sense in this, because when the pet ceases to charm it may still serve a very useful purpose on the table. This is more than can be said of the most worshipful cat in the world!

"RICHARD BIRD" AND "CHARLES LAMB" ARE MR. HERBERT VIVIAN'S PETS.

Mr. Herbert Vivian, the Editor of *The Rambler*, gives half his heart to a bird and the other half to a weird quadruped.

MR. F. C. ANSTEY'S SKYE TERRIER, "BOGIE."

The pair are named "Richard Bird" and "Charles Lamb." But Mr. Vivian must speak for himself.

"I am much honoured," he writes, "by your request for a specimen of my artistic

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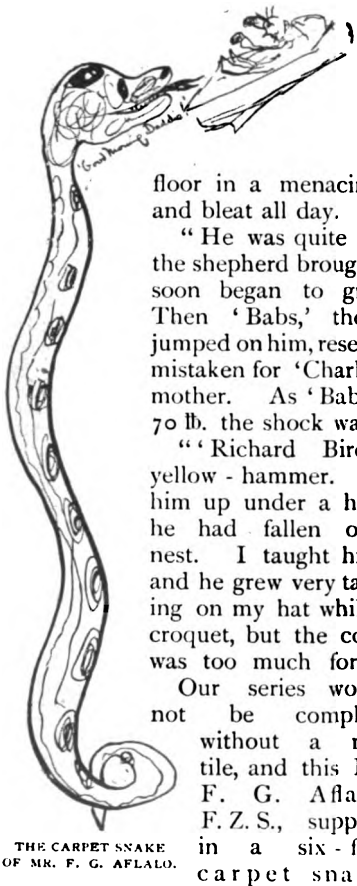
skill. It is the first request of the kind I ever received. May I hope that it will not be the last. I may define my style as Anglo-Assyrian.

"'Charles Lamb's' mother had triplets, but could only nourish twins, so he came to me.

"TITA," THE SKYE TERRIER OF MRS. LEIGHTON, THE NOVELIST.

"You may think that I have made some of his legs larger than the others, but that is perspective. He had, as you see, a very small body, but he used his enormous legs like men do when they dress themselves up as animals for a pantomime. He used to beat the floor in a menacing manner and bleat all day.



THE CARPET SNAKE OF MR. F. G. AFLALO.

"He was quite black when the shepherd brought him, but soon began to grow white. Then 'Babs,' the bull-dog, jumped on him, resenting being mistaken for 'Charles Lamb's' mother. As 'Babs' weighed 70 lb. the shock was fatal.

"'Richard Bird' was a yellow-hammer. I picked him up under a hedge where he had fallen out of his nest. I taught him to feed and he grew very tame, perching on my hat while I played croquet, but the cold weather was too much for him."

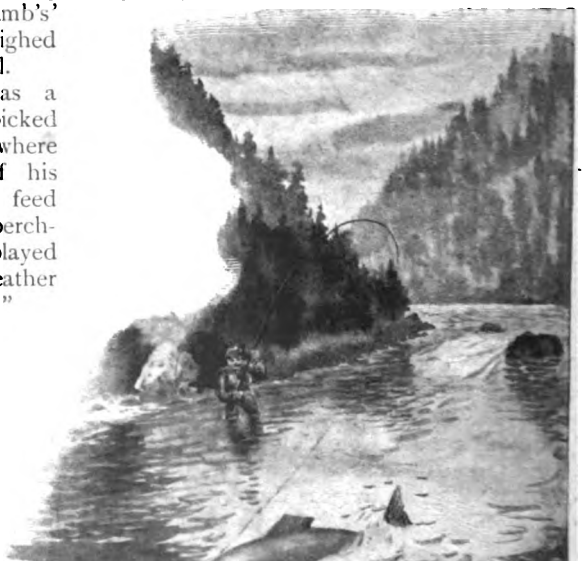
Our series would not be complete without a reptile, and this Mr. F. G. Aflalo, F.Z.S., supplies in a six-foot carpet snake, which was once his companion during a two-months' sea voyage. Mr. Aflalo is too modest, for he deprecates the publication of his little sketch lest our readers should mistake it for a study by one of the old masters!

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, author of "Many Cargoes," writes, "I should not like to hurt the feelings of your artistic contributors by putting them in the shade with a drawing such as they could never hope to equal!"

Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., assures us that he "could never draw anything—except Ministers"; and the Rev. W. Carlisle remarks that the only thing he is supposed to draw is—a crowd!

Mr. Justin McCarthy gives us the following exposition of his views:—

"I am sorry to say that the weakness of my sight at present does not allow me to comply with your kind invitation to make you a sketch, however rough, of one of my favourite animals. I do not shrink from an attempt because of mere artistic vanity, but from the well-founded dread that when the work was done the public must be left in curious doubt as to whether my favourite was, or was not, of the animal kingdom. 'Perhaps,' says Burns, 'it may turn out a sang—perhaps turn out a sermon.' Perhaps my favourite, as now delineated by me, might turn out a cat—perhaps, hey-diddle-diddle—a fiddle."



"FORTY POUNDS IF HE'S A PENNYWEIGHT"—SIR HERBERT MAXWELL'S PET IS THE SALMON.

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THE·WOMAN·WHO HATED·CHILDREN

A SHORT STORY.

By Winifred Graham.

Illustrated by Charles E. Dawson.

ELSIE was only a very small person, but she thoroughly appreciated the house parties at Audley Court. Her parents' guests had a knack of spoiling, or trying to spoil, the pretty little girl, who never seemed any the worse for the kindly attentions bestowed upon her.

She was allowed to run wild over the house and grounds at all hours.

"One cannot keep an only child shut up in the nursery," Lady Rickbate declared. "She wants more than the society of nurses and dolls to satisfy her growing mind. Elsie never bothers people."

But when it came to be an assured fact that Mrs. Lumley, wife of an eminent politician, was about to visit Audley Court, the child was told she must appear less often, and try to keep out of the new-comer's way.

"Everybody knows Mrs. Lumley hates children," was the somewhat discouraging statement with which Elsie became familiar, before the advent of the guest.

"Why does she hate them?" Elsie asked her mother.

"I don't know, dear. I suppose they worry her—get on her nerves. She isn't used to them."

"But do people always hate what they are not used to?" questioned the little voice.

"Not necessarily. But some women who are without families of their own, find the children of their friends and acquaintances a great nuisance. As Mrs. Lumley has openly expressed her dislike several times in my hearing, I don't want her to think me inconsiderate."

Elsie received the information silently. The thought of the terrifying personality of the child-hater had a sobering effect upon her juvenile spirits. She had never been told before to "keep out of the way." It was as if some dreadful dragon were expected, who might snap her up and devour her, should she stray down the long corridors, or linger on the stairs.

Elsie dreamed that night of "the woman who hated children," since the thought weighed heavily on her mind. She fancied Mrs. Lumley had long teeth like a wolf, and wore a cap similar to that donned by the bloodthirsty devourer of Red Riding Hood's grandmother. She thought the fierce female had a voice like the roaring of a wild beast, while under her cloak were furry hands, with claws instead of fingers.

The child awoke trembling and in tears, to find that her pet Persian kitten had sprung upon the bed.

"Anabel," she said. "Oh! I'm so glad it's only you," gathering the grey ball of fluff lovingly in her arms.

Anabel was the joy of Elsie's heart. Night and day they were hardly ever parted.

"I wonder if Mrs. Lumley hates kittens, too," Elsie murmured. "I don't mind much about her hating children if she is kind to cats and other animals. She's coming to-day, Anabel. We must stay upstairs and hide, so that she doesn't see us. I daresay she won't be here very long."

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"I WONDER IF MRS. LUMLEY HATES KITTENS, TOO," MURMURED ELSIE.

Elsie tried to pretend she did not mind, and tried to speak cheerfully, but the memory of her dream still haunted her.

Yes, Mrs. Lumley was expected that evening, and would arrive after dusk! A thrilling sense of apprehension tightened Elsie's heart strings, making her pulses beat faster as she buried her face in the bedclothes—marvellous safeguards with which to ward off the terrors of grey, early dawn. Nobody guessed the hidden fear in the young heart as she wandered that day with her little army of pet dogs down the grass-laid avenue, bordered with immense trees. In the noble old grounds of Audley Court, the ash, the beech, the chestnut and the elm grew to a gigantic size, and the boughs sweeping the ground, gave evidence that from time immemorial cattle had not been allowed to graze in the park. Some of the lower branches of the very ancient specimens had rooted in the soil and started up into independent trees, candelabra fashion, round the mother stem.

The house, a large imposing edifice, was built in the style of a French château, with quaintly-slated Mansard roofs, and a magnificent cut-stone carriage portico. Lady Rickbate always dressed Elsie in picturesque old-fashioned garments, in keeping with the place — she looked, indeed, as if she might just have stepped out of one of the family portraits in the ancestors' gallery.

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It was a day of unrest both for the little girl and her canine companions, who gladly enough helped her to work off the energy caused by a mind ill at ease.

When twilight came Elsie could not resist concealing herself behind a big tapestry ottoman in the hall to watch the arrival of her enemy, the woman for whose satisfaction her innocent little wings were to be cut.

"Don't come into the drawing-room at tea-time this afternoon," Lady Rickbate had said, and though the reason was not repeated, the child knew it well enough, remembering her mother's words :—"Mrs. Lumley has openly expressed her dislike several times in my hearing."

Elsie held her breath as she heard the carriage stop. The electric light disposed behind a deep picture-moulding flooded the hall, casting a golden radiance on the incoming guests. Several fresh visitors were expected, but all were known to Elsie save Mrs. Lumley. It was not difficult to distinguish "the woman who hated children." She was tall, dark, and handsome, with nothing in her features to suggest a wolf, though she wore a huge fur coat, which would have proved invaluable for the savage monster in "Red Riding Hood" theatricals. A singularly hard, embittered expression made an otherwise attractive face almost repellent. The mouth, drawn into severe lines, appeared incapable of smiling, and the coal-black hair lay parted on the white forehead, with no attempt at softness in its coiffure.

She passed so closely to the hiding child that her skirt brushed against Elsie's frock. Then the drawing-room door closed, and the watcher found herself alone in the deserted hall, listening to the laughter and talk within, from which she had never before been shut out.

A sense of loneliness crept over her. It seemed as if she had done something wrong, and must suffer punishment ; she felt intense humiliation, as of being put in the corner.

And the worst of it all was, Cousin Clare had come—a delightful young married woman of barely twenty, with the brightest blue eyes and the most unaffected merry manner in the world. Cousin Clare loved Elsie, and the two had glorious romps together.

As she crept noiselessly upstairs she planned in her mind a visit to her cousin before dinner.

She could hardly wait till the house party dispersed to their rooms, so impatient was she to join her favourite relative.

Clare, of course, would be sleeping in the same room as usual. Elsie called Anabel to her, and, gathering the kitten under her arm, started off on her pilgrimage to the south wing.

The little face looked flushed and radiant now—her fair hair waved as she ran. Anabel kept slipping with every step, till it became a necessity to cling with agitated claws to Elsie's pinafore.

Clare's door stood ajar. The child did not wait for an answer to her question as she cried, "Cousin Clare, may I come in?"

Already she had reached the centre of the room, and breathlessly collided with a tall figure wearing a long purple dressing gown, lined with old gold silk.

In a moment the full horror of the situation broke upon Elsie—she was standing a shivering culprit under the big, mournful eyes of Mrs. Lumley.

The bright pink flush faded, the little face paled with fear, a pair of trembling hands clasped Anabel tighter, the innocent baby lips twitched, and the long lashes blinked back agitated tears.

"Why are you frightened?" asked Mrs. Lumley, reading the troubled features. "I think your Cousin Clare is sleeping in the room next to mine, but there's nothing to be alarmed about."

The quiet tone reassured Elsie; she looked up surprised.

"I was told to keep out of your way," she gasped truthfully, with all the candour of youth ; "that was why I couldn't see Cousin Clare at tea-time. They said you hated children."

The words came quite naturally. She just gave the facts in answer to a question, little guessing how deeply her innocent shaft had wounded.

Mrs. Lumley winced. "Is it as bad as that?" she murmured under her breath. "You were not allowed down because of me!"

She paused, weighing the incident in her mind, and catching the reflection of her hard features in the mirror.

Elsie edged to the door, still clutching Anabel. Mrs. Lumley looked from the child to the kitten, with a medley of strange emotions surging in her breast.

"Won't you stay a few minutes to talk to me?" she said desperately, putting out a

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supplicating hand. Her face appeared extraordinarily pale. "There is time before dinner. I should like to tell you a story—a story I have told no one for years. Come and sit on my knee before the fire. You will see plenty of Cousin Clare to-morrow."

"I WAS TOLD TO KEEP OUT OF YOUR WAY. THEY SAID YOU HATED CHILDREN."

For a moment the small intruder hesitated, unable quite to forget the stranger's reputation. The dark eyes had a look of appeal in them, which seemed to draw Elsie towards her. Suddenly all the childish fear vanished, as Mrs. Lumley sank into a low armchair before the cheerful blaze.

The little girl went and stood against her with absolute confidence now.

Mrs. Lumley put out her hand and stroked Anabel's soft coat. "I suppose," she said, with an effort, and there was a strangled sound in her voice, "I suppose you are very fond of your kitten."

Elsie's face glowed. "Yes, I love Anabel," answered the child dreamily.

"If she were in danger, or being illtreated, you would do almost anything to save her?"

The question was put quickly, and Mrs. Lumley looked away as she spoke, hardly able to bear the sight of the slim, childish figure.

Elsie nodded.

"But no one would hurt Anabel, everybody is kind to her," she replied.

Mrs. Lumley turned, and took the child on her knee.

"I mustn't forget the story," she said; "it is about a little girl who was so like you, just your age and size, with fair hair."

She touched the golden halo caressingly.

"What was the little girl's name?" asked Elsie.

"Grace, and Grace was always fond of animals; she loved them from a baby: she, too, had a kitten of her own. Her nature was so tender, so sweet, she never thought about people being cruel to poor dumb creatures, till one day she discovered it for herself."

"Discovered what?" asked Elsie, wriggling herself into a more comfortable position, and tickling Anabel's ear to induce her to remain.

"The devilry of other children!"

Mrs. Lumley forgot to curb her words; she was back in fancy upon old ground, groping her way among thorns.

"Some boys and girls—only think of it, Elsie—had found a poor stray kitten, just the colour of Grace's pet, and the boys (of course it was the boys!) suggested throwing it into

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a pond with a stone round its neck! Their inhuman desire met with approbation, and nothing Grace could say would turn them from their fiendish purpose. She prayed, implored, she fought with them; her agony only increased their amusement. They lured her to the very edge of the pond, pretending they would spare their victim, then, with a shout of triumph, flung the wretched creature into the water. It was a cold November day, but without a moment's hesitation Grace dashed into the pond. It was not deep, and she could swim. In a few minutes, to the breathless wonder of the other children, she emerged with the kitten in her arms. Never pausing to speak another word, she ran home to me, her mother, and poured out her story. Even then she only thought of the half-drowned animal, and not of herself; but her teeth were chattering with cold, and her lips looked blue. Those cruel children had driven Grace to her death; from that moment she sickened; in a few days she was dead. Now do you wonder, Elsie, that my heart is full of hatred? To have seen such a sacrifice, the unselfish giving up of the little martyr's life, for she was a martyr! She never thought of herself."

Elsie put both arms round Mrs. Lumley's neck, she laid her soft cheek, like a pink rose-leaf, against the pale, set face of "the woman who hated children." Nobody under that large roof guessed the secret of her hatred, nobody knew except Elsie, to whom she had opened her heart.

"What became of the kitten?" she asked in a whisper, looking up at Mrs. Lumley with wide, enquiring eyes.

"Oh! the kitten. I don't quite remember. Somebody took it away. I was ill for a long, long time."

"But you didn't go in the water," said Elsie.

"No."

A pause! Anabel struggled to the ground, taking up her position on the hearthrug.

"You are quite sure," persisted Elsie, "the story is true. You did not make it up out of your own head?"

"I am quite sure it is true," answered Mrs. Lumley, in a breathless whisper, "and I don't want you to tell anyone. I thought if you knew about Grace, and how dearly I loved her, it would prevent your being frightened of me again."

"Mamma said people without families found children a great nuisance," Elsie confided, "so you see she doesn't know."

A far sweeter expression than had beautified Mrs. Lumley's face for years now stole over the pale countenance, endowing it with marvellous attraction. The smooth hair and white brow looked Madonna-like under the refining influence of tender emotions.

Elsie had unconsciously wrought a miracle by her accidental appearance with Anabel in her arms.

She was the first child that had sat on Mrs. Lumley's knee, or dared to kiss her—since she steeled her heart against the little ones of the world.

It only needed the touch of a small hand to break the ice and humanise the hardened heart.

Mrs. Lumley rose and heaved a deep sigh.

"I must dress now," she said. "Shall you be in the drawing-room before dinner, dear?"

"Not to-night," answered the child, colouring.

"Why not to-night? Is it because I am here you are to be banished?"

Elsie nodded.

"Come back to my room in half-an-hour. I shall take you down with me."

Elsie picked up Anabel, and went slowly to the door; she looked very thoughtful as she passed out of the room, and her troubled manner puzzled Mrs. Lumley.

The tall, dark woman turned the key on her departing guest. Then she flung herself down on the sofa, and buried her face in her hands. The sound of low, stifled sobbing broke from her lips—it was the first time she had cried for ten years.

With an effort she regained her self-possession, and rang for her maid. Tears meant much to this woman of stone, and racked her with intolerable pain.

Silently Mrs. Lumley allowed herself to be dressed in a long trained gown of sombre black velvet, relieved by the flash of diamonds, from which her eyes seemed to catch a new and astonishing radiance. Still strangely excited, she awaited Elsie's coming—Was it possible the child would fail her, and had strayed away to Cousin Clare?

She went to the door and looked out into the passage, marvelling at her own impatience.

A servant with a very small note on a salver came sailing down the corridor—

"From Miss Elsie, madam," she said, "and will you please send an answer back by me, 'yes' or 'no.'"

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The tall figure in velvet went back to the fire, and read the ill-spelt missive in the large childish hand:

Dear Mrs. Lumly—

I have been thinking about your not having any little gurl, and them taking the kiten away when you were ill. I think you must be very loanly without the kiten or Grace. . . . . Would you like me to giv you Annerbell to make up? If you say yes I will bring her direckly, she is very affecshnate, only please remember to take her colar off at night, she does not sleep well in it. Your loving friend,

Elsie.

The crumpled sheet was blotted by a tear. Mrs. Lumley guessed what an effort it had cost the writer to offer Anabel as a consolation. Not only was this strange little child like Grace in face and manner, but she had in her nature the ennobling inclination of self-sacrifice for others. Mrs. Lumley slipped the letter under the lace of her bodice. She would keep it next to her heart.

"Ask Miss Elsie to come to me," she said, "and tell her not to bring Anabel."

Presently the sound of running feet announced Elsie's arrival. Mrs. Lumley went to the door to meet her, and caught the panting figure in her arms.

"It was so good of you," she said gratefully, "to think about me and my loneliness, but I would not rob you of Anabel for the world, I know you are very fond of her. Besides, I am not lonely: I have a husband in London of whom I am very fond, and he is coming here to-morrow."

A look of supreme relief stole over the rose-bud face.

"Oh! I *am* glad!" sighed the child, "a husband makes all the difference, and then I *should* have missed Anabel!"

Together they passed down the broad staircase into the brilliantly-lighted hall, where the guests were assembled.

Lady Rickbate met them at the bottom of the staircase. Elsie caught her mother's look of surprise as her eyes travelled to Mrs. Lumley, holding Elsie's hand.

"I met your little girl by chance," she said, addressing Lady Rickbate, "and I made her come down; we are great friends already!"

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Lumley bent down, and taking the tiny face between her hands, kissed it passionately.

"I thought you didn't care for youngsters," said the man who offered her his arm.

"That seems to be the general impression."

"The woman who hated children" glanced back over her shoulder at the little figure standing in the firelight and smiled.

TOGETHER THEY PASSED DOWN THE BROAD STAIRCASE.

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CAN WE DRESS WITHOUT PARIS?

English *v.* French as Artists in Clothes.

BY MARIE A. BELLOC.

WHY dress in Paris? The answer comes only too readily, and should give pause to those optimists who are so confidently hopeful in the future of British trade. France, in spite of all her misfortunes, her revolutions, her great wars, her internal troubles and external jealousies, remains absolutely supreme in the one matter of dress, and all that pertains thereto.

More British gold is paid out to the milliners and dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix—one of the shortest streets in Paris—in any given week, than enriches the milliners and dressmakers in Bond Street—one of the longest streets in London—in any given month. Optimists interested in the question, and above all the sanguine journalist, who naturally wishes to do the best for those great firms whose advertisements maintain our splendid ladies' papers, assert that the British lady millionaire can find not only prettier clothes, but also a greater choice, in the land of her birth, than she can do in the country which has been justly styled the kingdom of dress. Let us, with the aid of one very remarkable example, more convincing to the mind than rows of statistics, examine how far this is true. Last spring a certain English woman living in London wished to have made by her dressmaker a purple crêpe de chine frock. It will be remembered that at that time only mourning tints were being worn, and that accordingly a very large choice of purples in every shade and in every material might have been expected to have been forthcoming in the metropolis of an empire mourning its late sovereign. The dressmaker, a very intelligent woman, with immense trade connections, ransacked London for ten days, and failed to find the smallest thread of purple crêpe de chine. She was thus compelled to send to Paris, whence by return of post she received some dozens of samples of the material and colour. Small wonder that after such an experience the lady in question made up her mind, that as far as was possible, she would in future obtain her dresses in Paris, arranging to cross the Channel, say twice or three times a year, for this purpose alone. In this connection it may be stated that this method is pursued by many English women who are by no means wealthy, for they find—and we purpose to show the reasons why this is so—that they can make a limited dress allowance go further in France than in the United Kingdom.

It has been asserted that what may be called the French sartorial industry can be sub-divided into eight hundred branches, and, further, that it gives employment, directly and indirectly, to hundreds of thousands of French men and women scattered over the fair realm of France, but having a common centre in Paris itself, and especially in that quarter of Paris which radiates from the great Opera House.

Into the world-famous Paris houses which line the Rue de la Paix, notably the milliners and dressmakers who set the fashions for the whole civilised world, it is by no means easy for a stranger to penetrate, for every firm, from Worth to the latest sartorial recruit, has its own special designs or models, which it guards with jealous care from its many rivals. Indeed, the leading Paris millinery houses send a representative to London at certain stated intervals of the year in order to dispose of those models which they feel inclined to give away to the world at large, and the trained eye of even an amateur interested in those matters can soon detect on a racecourse, or at a garden party, a Paris hat which has been procured in Paris and really designed and made for the wearer, and that which, even if more

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highly priced, has arrived at its destination Londonwards, and in the guise of a so-called "model hat."

Let us for the moment treat the *chef d'œuvre* of a Paris milliner with the respect which is its due by tracing its career from workroom to wearer. Each famous *modiste* is ever on the look-out for good ideas, and is quite willing to pay a large price for original suggestions, whether they concern the shape, the colouring, or simply the general style of the headgear which she is preparing for the forthcoming spring, summer or winter. It is asserted that the coloured straws which had so great a vogue some seasons ago, and which formed a really new departure in millinery, were due to the inventive genius and artistic mind of the wife of a well-known Paris doctor.

The leading milliners always renounce a mode as soon as it has become universal or common. Accordingly, the coloured straws, delightful as they were, and charmingly as they lent themselves to delicate symphonies of colour, enjoyed in these exclusive circles but a brief popularity, the more so that the Parisian milliner far prefers to produce those models of which every item has to be actually made in her own workrooms.

Photo, Reutlinger, London & Paris.

At Virot's, Carlier's, Gillot's, Reboux's, to quote the leading houses, a hat or toque is seldom, if ever, sold out of hand. The models displayed (and it may be added, admirably displayed) on the tall mushroom stands which, placed in groups about the floor of the showroom, make such a *salon* look not unlike a miniature flower garden, bedded out with strange exotic blossoms, simply suggest to the onlooker what form, what style, and what scheme of colour will suit her best. Every Frenchwoman with any pretensions to taste has her headgear made specially to suit her colouring and general style. In the Rue de la Paix the "creation" of a new hat or toque often means as much discussion and as many fittings as would be the case in London were a coronation dress in question! Once the shape, the colouring, the trimming, and last, but not least, the price—this varying from £5 to £10 in the best houses—have been settled with the saleswoman, the important member of the firm under whose supervision the hat or toque will really be put together, comes forward, and once more the whole question is gone over, many modifications being suggested both by milliner and client, whose head is measured, and with whom an appointment is made to come back in a couple of days. In the majority of cases the material or flowers employed in the making of each piece of headgear has to be specially dyed, for colour always plays a great part in the composition of a French hat. Still, from the purchaser's point of view, very little seems to

Photo, Reutlinger, London & Paris.

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Photo, Reutlinger, London & Paris.

have been done when the moment for the trying-on ordeal arrives; for what only looks like a confused mass of silk, tulle, fur and feathers, is held up before her, and deftly pinned into her hair. But in a few moments the heterogeneous mass takes delightful shape and form under the clever fingers of the artist-milliner of the establishment, who, as she deftly places ribbons and flowers, carefully watches the effect in the mirror opposite which she has seated her customer. In most cases she literally makes the hat while it is on the wearer's head, modifying the shape and the disposition of the trimming, making it higher or lower, broader or narrower, according as she thinks the face beneath it requires one treatment or the other. After this ordeal, the hat, though only pinned together, is practically finished; but most Paris milliners ask for another fitting in order that the whole effect may be seen and pronounced successful, when it not infrequently happens that something proves unsatisfactory and the whole scheme must therefore be altered, two other fittings being in such a case indispensable.

It has been said that where the Paris milliner makes millions the Paris dressmaker makes thousands. Be that as it may, the salary received by even one of the minor employees in a great French dressmaking house is by no means to be despised. But then, each designer has to be, in the real sense of the word, an artist, ready to obtain inspiration not only in those places where the fashionable congregate, but also from the masterpieces of the great portrait painters of the past. It is this corps of designers who, often acting quite without any reference to one another, evolve the new fashions of the coming season. These are, however, constantly modified by the leading spirits of such houses as Worth, Paquin, and Rouff, to quote three out of the dozen or so sartorial establishments which may be said to set the fashion to the world. It is said in Paris that a dress expert can tell almost at a glance which firm any given costume comes from, for clothes have as much individuality as their wearers have, and a certain type of woman finds her special points studied far more intelligently by one dressmaker than she does by another.

Photo, Reutlinger, London & Paris.

We have seen what care and thought are bestowed on the fashioning of a Paris hat or toque. Much the same process, only intensified, goes on in the case of a gown, whether the garment be a plain little walking costume or an elaborate Court dress. Be it the one

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or the other, as much trouble is seemingly taken over its inception, and—this is an important point, for it undoubtedly answers in many cases the question, "Why dress in Paris?"—the lady who orders only a couple of costumes each year is paid the same attention as is her wealthier sister whose yearly bill amounts to many hundreds of pounds. Once the question of price, colouring and material have been settled definitely the head fitter decides how many fittings are to take place, these varying from three to six, and not until every detail is perfected is the customer allowed to depart in peace. Should the bodice prove a misfit (and all women will admit that occasionally such accidents happen) however great the care taken to prevent it, the client is not assured over and over again (as it is to be feared she would be in almost every English dressmaking house) that the bodice or skirt in question will be all right after some trifling alteration, but cutters and fitters set to work again, and the offending garment is often thrown aside and a new one made.

Yet another reason which should surely induce those women to whom money is no object to dress in Paris, is that there, and there alone, can they procure, should they care to do so, garments which are in a very real sense unique, that is to say, costumes of which the material has been woven purposely, and where the trimming, especially if it consists of the exquisite embroideries which are now the fashion, has been designed and carried out in such a manner that it can never be exactly repeated. Each Parisian dressmaker, even in a small way of business, generally has attached to her staff a highly-skilled and well-paid embroideress and lace maker, and those who have the good fortune to number among their customers wealthy women who really study the art of dress, make a point of securing early in each season certain "pieces" of silk, of crêpe de chine, of figured muslins and of brocades of which their firm is to have the strict monopoly, at any rate for six or twelve months. The French silk manufacturers lend themselves very amiably to what may seem to them a somewhat incomprehensible whim, for even though this kind of arrangement is not at first profitable it often leads to further business of a valuable kind.

As regards the various accessories of dress which are so important to us all, gloves "made in France" have always maintained their supremacy, and when the smart and at the same time patriotic American ladies determined to boycott French goods at the time when the American-Spanish War was provoking in France much adverse criticism, they were compelled to make an exception in favour of gloves.

There are at least half-a-dozen famous Parisian glovers which occupy in the glove world much the same position as do Worth and Paquin in the world of dress.

At these establishments an army of skilful leather-dressers, cutters and stitchers are kept busily at work from one end of the year to the other making gloves to order for customers living in all parts of the world. One firm has practically the monopoly of royal orders, and there may be seen casts of the hands of most of the princesses, queens and empresses of Europe. Quoth the junior partner to one of his English customers: "The Empress of —— cannot very much care for dress or she would certainly have made a special journey to Paris in order that we might take the real measurements of her hand! We offered to send one of our workmen, but her Majesty believed that a cast of her hand could be used just as well."

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BREATHING for HEALTH.

RESPIRATION AS A MEDICINE AND A MEANS OF PROLONGING LIFE.

By T. F. Manning.

WRONG WAY. RIGHT WAY.

BREATHING exercise is one of the latest cures introduced into this country. From remote ages, people of Eastern lands have worked wonders by regulating the respiration. But the effect which they sought was not the cure of disease, but an exalted mental state, differing very little from insanity.

It remained for the German doctors to turn this important bodily function to account as a remedy for many maladies, while a London physician, Dr. Harry Campbell, placed it upon a scientific basis about the same time.

Before describing the orthodox medical exercises, let me give a few of the more interesting heterodox methods. Anyone can carry them out, and test for himself their efficacy.

The "Voga" breathing, practised by the Brahmins of India, depends for its success upon intense concentration of the mind. One must lie in an easy position during the operation, and breathe deeply and strongly, as if his body were an accordion. After a dozen such breaths he must imagine that in breathing the air he is inhaling some sort of supernatural power. Then he must fancy that his feet and legs are hollow tubes, and take four or five long breaths through them. After a moment's rest he will do the same through his hollow hands and arms; next through holes in his knees; then through his elbows, through knees and elbows together, through the hips, through the shoulders, through hips and shoulders together, through the abdomen, the chest, the head; and, lastly, he must take a grand breath, imagining it to come through all the pores of the body.

THE "DISPERSIVE" OR "PICK-ME-UP" BREATHING ACTION.

This may seem to be a somewhat absurd proceeding. But in those of sufficient faith it produces a marvellous consciousness of power.

On the other hand, when the brain is exhausted and yet irritably active, the "Dispersive Breathing" proves efficacious in bringing repose.

To accomplish it, one lies on the floor, and clasps the hands over the head. Then he inhales slowly, during five beats of the heart, holds the breath during one beat, exhales during five beats, and rests during one beat. While expiring the air, he must imagine that he is dispersing blood from the brain into the hands and feet. If the mind is kept free from every other thought, and concentrated on this alone, the effect is wonderfully restful and refreshing.

To promote health and strength, the "Packing Breath" is prescribed. While standing erect, a long breath is taken in a series of sniffs, the patient compelling himself to believe that he is breathing delicious and life-giving air. Expiration must be long,

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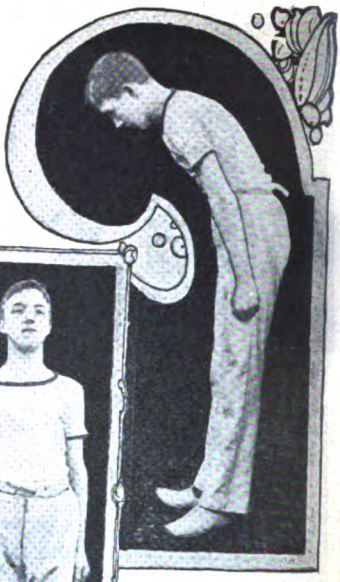
slow and easy. If this exercise be repeated several times a day it produces a feeling of freshness and vigour.

After a long day's work, no doubt the best thing is to go to bed. But if that wise proceeding be inconvenient, both body and mind might be refreshed by the following measures. Lie on a couch and take a deep, long inspiration. Then, while slowly expiring, imagine, first, that the hands and arms are lifeless, next the legs and feet, and so on through all the parts of the body. Imagination has only to be strong enough to produce complete reinvigoration.

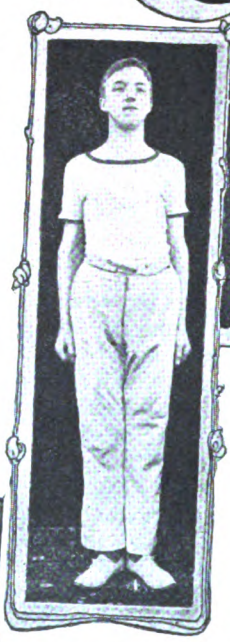
We seem to be losing, if we have not lost, the arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture. In the old days we know that artists invoked the gods before undertaking any great work. Possibly, they also carried out some form of breathing exercise, for it is asserted that whoever practises "Inspirational Breathing," with full faith and patient perseverance, may become a great poet, painter, musician, or any other thing one may desire.

The procedure is simple enough. Standing in an upright and easy attitude, one inhales, slowly, during seven beats of the heart. While doing this, the arms are raised until they meet over the head, the latter being gradually thrown backwards. It is necessary to firmly believe that one is inhaling the spirit of music, poetry, or whatever art he covets. The breath must be held during four beats of the heart. And expiration must be slowly effected during seven more beats, the arms being lowered and the head gently bowed forward. No scientific explanation of the foregoing exercises is forthcoming. But, turning to those adopted by some

DR. HARRY CAMPBELL'S BREATHING EXERCISES FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHEST.

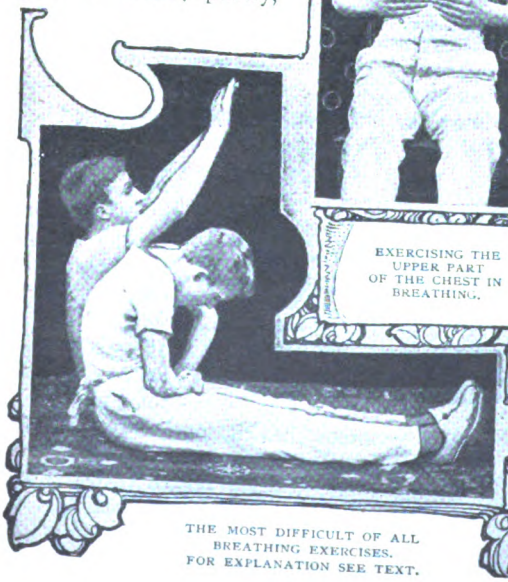


INSPIRE TO THE UTMOST, AND THEN EXPIRE AS YOU BEND THE BODY.



STAND ERECT AND TAKE DEEP BREATHS WITHOUT MOVING THE ABDOMEN.

EXERCISING THE UPPER PART OF THE CHEST IN BREATHING.



THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL BREATHING EXERCISES. FOR EXPLANATION SEE TEXT.

HOW TO PRACTISE DEEP BREATHING BY THE ACTION OF THE RIBS.

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enterprising doctors, we find that they are based on sound physiological principles.

Breathing is commonly supposed to effect only one purpose—aëration of the blood. That is its chief function, but it also promotes the circulation of both blood and lymph, and keeps the stomach and other abdominal organs in constant movement. To realise the health-giving power of regulated breathing we must understand what happens during inspiration and expiration.

PRACTISING BREATHING WITH A WEIGHTED BAG ON THE ABDOMEN.

The chest-cavity is surrounded by the ribs, and closed below by a sheet of powerful muscle, the diaphragm. This diaphragm is shaped like a dome, or an open umbrella, the top being directed upwards. In the upper narrow portion of the chest are the apices, or smaller ends, of the lungs, and the great blood-vessels. In the lower portion are the large bases of the lungs and the heart, these resting on the diaphragm. Below the diaphragm are the various abdominal organs.

In order to inspire, we enlarge the chest-cavity, and this is done in two ways. The ribs are lifted upwards and forwards by a large number of muscles, and the diaphragm is depressed or flattened.

But we do not all breathe alike. Some men and all women breathe chiefly with the upper portion of the chest. And the consequence is that as the tops of the lungs are filled with air, they press upon the vessels, and hinder the return of blood and lymph from the head. Observe the red face of a woman in a tight corset who makes a great effort, or of a bandsman, or of a singer when executing a prolonged note. Bandsmen and many singers intentionally breathe with the upper chest.

KEEPING TIME WITH DUMB-BELLS DURING A BREATHING EXERCISE.

On the other hand, most men, and all children, breathe chiefly with the diaphragm and lower chest. Consequently the blood flows freely to and from their head, and they do not suffer from congestion of face or brain. But, further, the rise and fall of the diaphragm causes a sort of massage of liver and stomach. And thus men suffer less than women from dyspepsia and kindred complaints.

Now it is possible to educate our respiratory apparatus. With a little practice anyone may, at will, breathe with the upper chest, the lower chest, or the diaphragm; or he may breathe with one lung only, keeping the other still. He may take deep or shallow,

BREATHING SO STEADILY AND SOFTLY THAT THE BREATH IS NOT FELT ON THE FINGER.

long or short, rapid or slow, breaths. And as he can thus supply less or more oxygen to the blood, and hasten or retard the flow of blood and lymph in the head, the chest, the abdomen and even the limbs, it is obvious that he has a very powerful health agent at his command.

To learn breathing with the diaphragm only, or rather mainly, it is necessary to lie prone on the floor. Attention must be centred on the abdomen, and an effort made to bulge this part out at each inspiration. At the same time the chest must be kept from moving, and this end is promoted by placing the hands heavily on the ribs. A few days' practice ensures success. As soon as this exercise is mastered it is well to weight the abdomen with a sheet of lead or a bag of sand moulded to fit it. The weight should not exceed four pounds, and its object is to strengthen the diaphragm.

Lower chest breathing may be practised standing, lying, or sitting astride a chair

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CELEBRITIES' PETS.

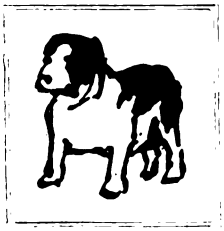
As Specially Drawn and Described by Their Owners for the *London Magazine*.

"I SEND BACK VIEW OF ONE OF MY PETS."—MR. J. A. SHEPHERD'S HUMOROUS SKETCH.

SOME months back, before ping-pong had arrived to supply the reposeful diner with unwelcome post-prandial exercise, it was the fashion for a short while to invite one's friends to try their hands at drawing pigs.

This form of mild recreation has died out, and we venture to recommend to our readers a modification of it which will prove to be considerably more interesting. As a practical experiment, we asked a number of well-known people to favour us with sketches—however rough—of their pet animals, and the amusing selection that we reproduce shows how abundant amusement may in this way be afforded at any social gathering.

Pour encourager les autres, we appealed to the good nature of Mr. G. R. Sims to set the ball a-rolling, which he very kindly did with a sketch of his celebrated bulldog, "Billy Greet." A pathetic little note came with it: "Art is long and life is short, so I cannot make any further attempt. This is my fourth and final."



THE DUKE OF ARGYLE'S SKETCH OF HIS FAVOURITE DOG "BLARNEY," IN PEACE AND WAR.

"Billy Greet" has been caught in a very characteristic attitude. This sketch shows exactly how he looks when the rash interviewer essays to pass the portal of the well-known mansion "Opposite the Duckpond," at Regent's Park.

We showed this sketch to the Duke of Argyll, who at once said he could produce a more peaceable dog than "Billy Greet." So by His Grace's courtesy we have "Blarney" portrayed in two widely different phases—peace and war.

The Marquis of Stafford, eldest son of the Duke of Sutherland, has the good fortune to be a lad of thirteen, enjoying school-life at Oxford. He has been kind enough to contribute a sketch of his black cat "Smut," trying to get at his lordship's tame white mice in their cage on the table. Lord Stafford writes very modestly of his artistic effort: "I expect that directly you see this you will tear it up and throw it into the fire. But if you feel inclined to disgrace the LONDON MAGAZINE with it, I should be pleased."

THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD'S BLACK CAT, "SMUT," TRYING TO GET AT HIS LORDSHIP'S TAME WHITE MICE.

Next comes the ever-versatile Editor of *Punch*, who very appropriately sends a drawing of a gay dog armed with pipe and pint, and inscribed:—

"Toby or not Toby,
That is the question."

Mr. Burnand adds that the animal's real name is "Jup," and he belongs to Miss Winnie Burnand. Then comes the following original poem in his praise:—

"Capital dog to guard the house;
Tackles a cat, or rat, or mouse;
Friendly to cats who live *chez lui*;
Greatly beloved by the familee;
Got a wonderful spring in his legs;
Jumps, or dies, or 'trusts,' or begs;
He's 'such a dog!' can carry or fetch,
More than will this remarkable sketch."

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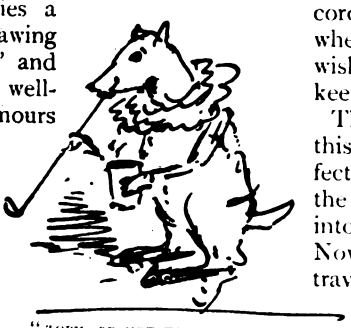
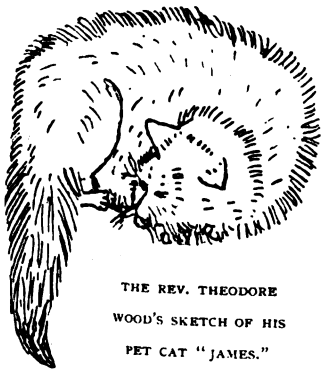
Other members of the *Punch* staff have shown a kindly interest in our collection. Mr. Anstey, whose "Vice Versa" has made all the world laugh, supplies a charming pen and ink drawing of his skye terrier "Bogie," and Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the well-known exponent of the humours of animal life, is represented by a decidedly vigorous study. "I send back view of one of my pets," he writes. "Owing to incompatibility of temper, we parted—or I would have completed the sketch for you." If the enquiring reader will describe a parabolic curve, starting from the vacant saddle, he will shortly arrive at the spot where the artist is lying! By the way, it argues the possession of a philosophic turn of mind that Mr. Shepherd still includes this amiable brute in his list of pets.



"TOBY, OR NOT TOBY, THAT IS THE QUESTION."—F. C. BURNAND.



THE REV. THEODORE WOOD'S SKETCH OF HIS PET CAT "JAMES."

Most of the pets whose portraits—more or less lifelike—lie before us as we write, are of a peaceful and harmless character, though we are not without a few that most people would prefer to admire at a distance.

Naturally, the great cat family occupies a conspicuous place in our gallery, and first of all comes an animal that has been petted by more than one crowned head, and was declared by H.M. Queen Alexandra to be "simply lovely!"

"White Heather" is the famous black cat belonging to Madame Janotha, the court pianist to H.I.M. the German Emperor, and was a prime favourite with her late Majesty Queen Victoria. Thus it is quite in the fitness of things that its owner should represent "White Heather" lying at the foot of the coronation throne and saying "To where all thoughts and good wishes are directed, there will I keep my 'Good Luck' watch."

Though named "White Heather," this particularly lucky cat is perfectly black, and was rescued from the wreck of the *Elbe* before coming into Madame Janotha's possession. Now it accompanies her in all her travels, and is constantly moving in the very best society.

Black—and wicked too, if one may judge by looks!—are the two feline pets that have been portrayed for us by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the most popular political cartoonist of the day.

MADAME JANOTHA'S FAMOUS BLACK CAT "WHITE HEATHER," LYING AT THE FOOT OF THE CORONATION THRONE.

And what shall we say of their names? The younger one is called "Kits," and that is all very well in its way, the plural form being, perhaps—like the editorial "We"—an outward and visible sign of dignity. But the senior cat has a name that is sufficient in itself to commit its owner at any feline police court! "Uncle Wumf" is bad enough, but then there is an *alias*—and an *alias* is nearly always a mark of the criminal classes. "Gollywog," indeed! and "Gollywog, *alias* Uncle Wumf!" Why, the case is as clear as daylight! With the face of a convict and an *alias* that would do credit to a "fence," this is plainly a cat to avoid!

MR. BROOKE'S LURID SKETCH OF HIS OWN FINAL END, BY HIS PET WOLVES AND WILD CAT.

Let us turn to a pleasanter subject of contemplation. It is a cherubic little feline innocent that Mr. Louis Wain—portrait painter to the nobility and gentry of the cat world—introduces to our notice. There's a world of wondering

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joy in those sparkling eyes, and the chubby cheeks as yet have known no care; but, somehow, we are not quite sure, but—well, there's something about that little mouth that suggests a liking for stolen sweets! Perhaps, on the whole, it would be just as well to keep the larder door shut when this little innocent creature is wandering around!

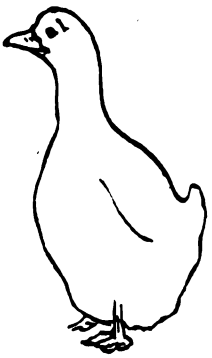
MR. LOUIS WAIN'S PET CAT—EXISTING ONLY IN HIS IMAGINATION.

Mr. Louis Wain assures us that his pet costs nothing to keep—a very suspicious circumstance in a cat!—and that she lives on the drawing-room floor of his imagination.

Another cat, dignified, sleek, and eminently "comfortable," is the pet of the Rev. Theodore Wood, whose entertaining articles on popular natural history are familiar to our readers. "James" is a smoke-coloured Russian cat—a variety not very often met with, and is in every respect a very fine specimen of his kind. Happily, his owner's hobby is not birds, but beetles—of which he has a very large collection—or "James" might prove a somewhat dangerous pet.

There is probably only one man in the Empire who can confess to having three thousand pets, and that is Mr. Frank Beddard, F.R.S., Prosector and Vice-secretary of the Zoological Society, who has the oversight of the collection of animals in the Gardens at Regent's Park. Naturally, he is somewhat at a loss to name his prime favourite.

"As I have three thousand pets here," he writes, "my affections are somewhat subdivided! On the whole I lean most towards our fine European wild cat. He is so sleek and well-liking; so upright and independent in character; I try to cajole him, but he only growls and spits at me!"

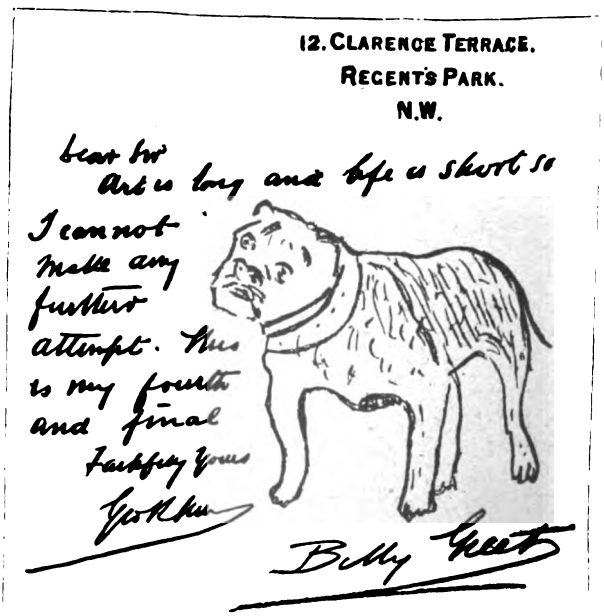


THE REV. J. M. BACON'S FAVOURITE GOOSE.

We know that wild cat well, and can quite endorse Mr. Beddard's description of the animal's character, having been frequently the subject of hostile demonstrations on the part of the savage creature. The gentle and amiable air that the wild cat puts on when a scrap of meat is in evidence, gives little clue to his real disposition.

"Tita" is a charming little skye terrier who is the constant companion of her mistress, Mrs. Marie Leighton, the novelist. Mrs. Leighton is most anxious that we shall not suppose "Tita" to be bow-legged!

So far, our contributors have supplied us with sketches of pets which are for the most part quite "domestic," but the drawing supplied by Mr. H. C. Brooke, the



A "MEM" AND SKETCH FROM MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

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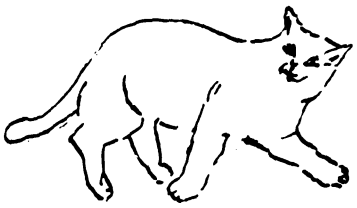
honorary secretary of the South London Bulldog Society, is truly blood-curdling. This gentleman, who is well known in the "doggy" world, has for his pets several large wolves and other animals which most people admire best at a distance.



THE EUROPEAN WILD CAT AT THE ZOO; MR. FRANK BEDDARD'S SPECIAL PET.

The sketch which Mr. Brooke has sent us shows what his friends say will be the final end of him. A great grey wolf is disposing of his arms, and an Australian dingo has got one of his legs in chancery, while in the distance a white wolf is making off with the other.

To crown all, a specimen of Geoffrey's wild cat—a most intractable brute — is taking a mean advantage of its master's difficulties by going for his head.

"GOLLYWOG" AND "KITS," THE TWO BLACK FELINE PETS OF MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

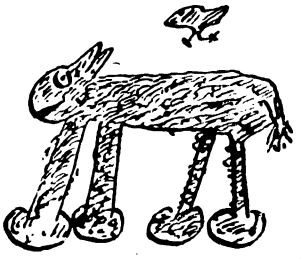
Happily the sketch is a purely imaginative one! Mr. Brooke's wolves are practically tame—so much so that one of them accompanies him in his daily walks, and another runs loose in the house like a pet dog. As to the wild cat, if it did manage to escape from its cage it would simply run away, and would certainly not attack anyone unless cornered.

Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bt., M.P., who has kindly contributed to our series, takes us far from the busy haunts of men. With the aid of a little ink and water and a brush, he has deftly sketched a delightful scene on a Scottish salmon river, where the sharp descent of the banks is clad with a dense growth of pines.

In the foreground we have Sir Herbert, wading up to the thighs and playing a salmon of heroic proportions. "Forty pounds if he's a pennyweight!" The whole thing lives before one's eyes. We see the swirl on the surface of the stream as the fish makes a sudden rush, and hear the screech of the reel and the singing of the line as it bends the rod well-nigh double! What are lap dogs and pampered cats to such a pet as this?

The angler himself assures us that "In the spring an old man's fancy lightly turns to this kind of thing," and so does many a young man's fancy, too!

But it is time to give the birds a turn. Oddly enough, they have not so far figured in our sketches of pets, but now comes the Rev. J. M. Bacon, the well-known aeronaut and explorer of the currents of the atmosphere, with a most substantial goose for a pet! Now, there is some sense in this, because when the pet ceases to charm it may still serve a very useful purpose on the table. This is more than can be said of the most worshipful cat in the world!



"RICHARD BIRD" AND "CHARLES LAMB" ARE MR. HERBERT VIVIAN'S PETS.

Mr. Herbert Vivian, the Editor of *The Rambler*, gives half his heart to a bird and the other half to a weird quadruped.

MR. F. C. ANSTEY'S SKYE TERRIER, "BOGIE."

The pair are named "Richard Bird" and "Charles Lamb." But Mr. Vivian must speak for himself.

"I am much honoured," he writes, "by your request for a specimen of my artistic

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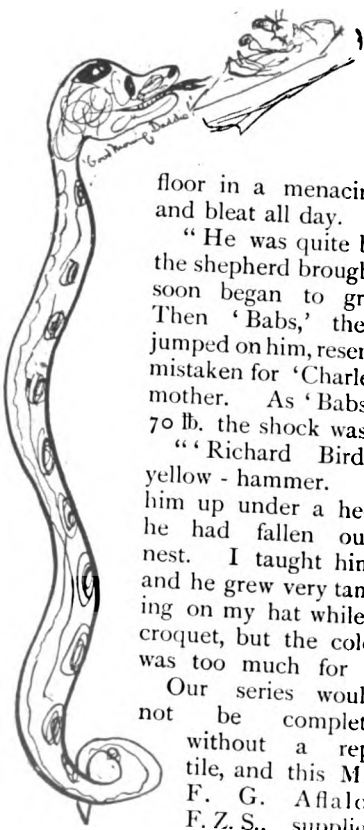
skill. It is the first request of the kind I ever received. May I hope that it will not be the last. I may define my style as Anglo-Assyrian.

"'Charles Lamb's' mother had triplets, but could only nourish twins, so he came to me.

"TITA," THE SKYE TERRIER OF MRS. LEIGHTON, THE NOVELIST.

"You may think that I have made some of his legs larger than the others, but that is perspective. He had, as you see, a very small body, but he used his enormous legs like men do when they dress themselves up as animals for a pantomime. He used to beat the floor in a menacing manner and bleat all day.



THE CARPET SNAKE OF MR. F. G. AFLALO.

"He was quite black when the shepherd brought him, but soon began to grow white. Then 'Babs,' the bull-dog, jumped on him, resenting being mistaken for 'Charles Lamb's' mother. As 'Babs' weighed 70 lb. the shock was fatal.

"'Richard Bird' was a yellow-hammer. I picked him up under a hedge where he had fallen out of his nest. I taught him to feed and he grew very tame, perching on my hat while I played croquet, but the cold weather was too much for him."

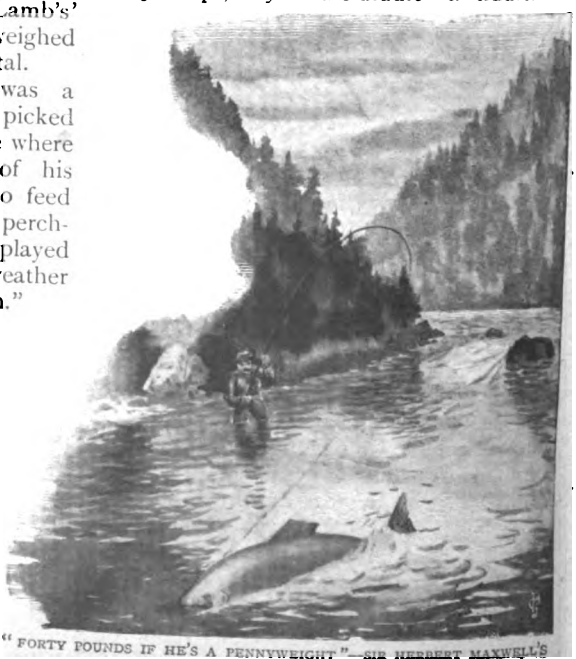
Our series would not be complete without a reptile, and this Mr. F. G. Aflalo, F.Z.S., supplies in a six-foot carpet snake, which was once his companion during a two-months' sea voyage. Mr. Aflalo is too modest, for he deprecates the publication of his little sketch lest our readers should mistake it for a study by one of the old masters!

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, author of "Many Cargoes," writes, "I should not like to hurt the feelings of your artistic contributors by putting them in the shade with a drawing such as they could never hope to equal!"

Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., assures us that he "could never draw anything—except Ministers"; and the Rev. W. Carlisle remarks that the only thing he is supposed to draw is—a crowd!

Mr. Justin McCarthy gives us the following exposition of his views:—

"I am sorry to say that the weakness of my sight at present does not allow me to comply with your kind invitation to make you a sketch, however rough, of one of my favourite animals. I do not shrink from an attempt because of mere artistic vanity, but from the well-founded dread that when the work was done the public must be left in curious doubt as to whether my favourite was, or was not, of the animal kingdom. 'Perhaps,' says Burns, 'it may turn out a sang—perhaps turn out a sermon.' Perhaps my favourite, as now delineated by me, might turn out a cat—perhaps, hey-diddle-diddle—a fiddle."



"FORTY POUNDS IF HE'S A PENNYWEIGHT"—SIR HERBERT MAXWELL'S PET IS THE SALMON.

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THE·WOMAN·WHO HATED·CHILDREN

A SHORT STORY.

By Winifred Graham.

Illustrated by Charles E. Dawson.

ELSIE was only a very small person, but she thoroughly appreciated the house parties at Audley Court. Her parents' guests had a knack of spoiling, or trying to spoil, the pretty little girl, who never seemed any the worse for the kindly attentions bestowed upon her.

She was allowed to run wild over the house and grounds at all hours.

"One cannot keep an only child shut up in the nursery," Lady Rickbate declared. "She wants more than the society of nurses and dolls to satisfy her growing mind. Elsie never bothers people."

But when it came to be an assured fact that Mrs. Lumley, wife of an eminent politician, was about to visit Audley Court, the child was told she must appear less often, and try to keep out of the new-comer's way.

"Everybody knows Mrs. Lumley hates children," was the somewhat discouraging statement with which Elsie became familiar, before the advent of the guest.

"Why does she hate them?" Elsie asked her mother.

"I don't know, dear. I suppose they worry her—get on her nerves. She isn't used to them."

"But do people always hate what they are not used to?" questioned the little voice.

"Not necessarily. But some women who are without families of their own, find the children of their friends and acquaintances a great nuisance. As Mrs. Lumley has openly expressed her dislike several times in my hearing, I don't want her to think me inconsiderate."

Elsie received the information silently. The thought of the terrifying personality of the child-hater had a sobering effect upon her juvenile spirits. She had never been told before to "keep out of the way." It was as if some dreadful dragon were expected, who might snap her up and devour her, should she stray down the long corridors, or linger on the stairs.

Elsie dreamed that night of "the woman who hated children," since the thought weighed heavily on her mind. She fancied Mrs. Lumley had long teeth like a wolf, and wore a cap similar to that donned by the bloodthirsty devourer of Red Riding Hood's grandmother. She thought the fierce female had a voice like the roaring of a wild beast, while under her cloak were furry hands, with claws instead of fingers.

The child awoke trembling and in tears, to find that her pet Persian kitten had sprung upon the bed.

"Anabel," she said. "Oh! I'm so glad it's only you," gathering the grey ball of fluff lovingly in her arms.

Anabel was the joy of Elsie's heart. Night and day they were hardly ever parted.

"I wonder if Mrs. Lumley hates kittens, too," Elsie murmured. "I don't mind much about her hating children if she is kind to cats and other animals. She's coming to-day, Anabel. We must stay upstairs and hide, so that she doesn't see us. I daresay she won't be here very long."

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"I WONDER IF MRS. LUMLEY HATES KITTENS, TOO," MURMURED ELSIE.

Elsie tried to pretend she did not mind, and tried to speak cheerfully, but the memory of her dream still haunted her.

Yes, Mrs. Lumley was expected that evening, and would arrive after dusk! A thrilling sense of apprehension tightened Elsie's heart strings, making her pulses beat faster as she buried her face in the bedclothes—marvellous safeguards with which to ward off the terrors of grey, early dawn. Nobody guessed the hidden fear in the young heart as she wandered that day with her little army of pet dogs down the grass-laid avenue, bordered with immense trees. In the noble old grounds of Audley Court, the ash, the beech, the chestnut and the elm grew to a gigantic size, and the boughs sweeping the ground, gave evidence that from time immemorial cattle had not been allowed to graze in the park. Some of the lower branches of the very ancient specimens had rooted in the soil and started up into independent trees, candelabra fashion, round the mother stem.

The house, a large imposing edifice, was built in the style of a French château, with quaintly-slated Mansard roofs, and a magnificent cut-stone carriage portico. Lady Rickbate always dressed Elsie in picturesque old-fashioned garments, in keeping with the place — she looked, indeed, as if she might just have stepped out of one of the family portraits in the ancestors' gallery.

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It was a day of unrest both for the little girl and her canine companions, who gladly enough helped her to work off the energy caused by a mind ill at ease.

When twilight came Elsie could not resist concealing herself behind a big tapestry ottoman in the hall to watch the arrival of her enemy, the woman for whose satisfaction her innocent little wings were to be cut.

"Don't come into the drawing-room at tea-time this afternoon," Lady Rickbate had said, and though the reason was not repeated, the child knew it well enough, remembering her mother's words :—"Mrs. Lumley has openly expressed her dislike several times in my hearing."

Elsie held her breath as she heard the carriage stop. The electric light disposed behind a deep picture-moulding flooded the hall, casting a golden radiance on the incoming guests. Several fresh visitors were expected, but all were known to Elsie save Mrs. Lumley. It was not difficult to distinguish "the woman who hated children." She was tall, dark, and handsome, with nothing in her features to suggest a wolf, though she wore a huge fur coat, which would have proved invaluable for the savage monster in "Red Riding Hood" theatricals. A singularly hard, embittered expression made an otherwise attractive face almost repellent. The mouth, drawn into severe lines, appeared incapable of smiling, and the coal-black hair lay parted on the white forehead, with no attempt at softness in its coiffure.

She passed so closely to the hiding child that her skirt brushed against Elsie's frock. Then the drawing-room door closed, and the watcher found herself alone in the deserted hall, listening to the laughter and talk within, from which she had never before been shut out.

A sense of loneliness crept over her. It seemed as if she had done something wrong, and must suffer punishment ; she felt intense humiliation, as of being put in the corner.

And the worst of it all was, Cousin Clare had come—a delightful young married woman of barely twenty, with the brightest blue eyes and the most unaffected merry manner in the world. Cousin Clare loved Elsie, and the two had glorious romps together.

As she crept noiselessly upstairs she planned in her mind a visit to her cousin before dinner.

She could hardly wait till the house party dispersed to their rooms, so impatient was she to join her favourite relative.

Clare, of course, would be sleeping in the same room as usual. Elsie called Anabel to her, and, gathering the kitten under her arm, started off on her pilgrimage to the south wing.

The little face looked flushed and radiant now—her fair hair waved as she ran. Anabel kept slipping with every step, till it became a necessity to cling with agitated claws to Elsie's pinafore.

Clare's door stood ajar. The child did not wait for an answer to her question as she cried, "Cousin Clare, may I come in?"

Already she had reached the centre of the room, and breathlessly collided with a tall figure wearing a long purple dressing gown, lined with old gold silk.

In a moment the full horror of the situation broke upon Elsie—she was standing a shivering culprit under the big, mournful eyes of Mrs. Lumley.

The bright pink flush faded, the little face paled with fear, a pair of trembling hands clasped Anabel tighter, the innocent baby lips twitched, and the long lashes blinked back agitated tears.

"Why are you frightened?" asked Mrs. Lumley, reading the troubled features. "I think your Cousin Clare is sleeping in the room next to mine, but there's nothing to be alarmed about."

The quiet tone reassured Elsie; she looked up surprised.

"I was told to keep out of your way," she gasped truthfully, with all the candour of youth ; "that was why I couldn't see Cousin Clare at tea-time. They said you hated children."

The words came quite naturally. She just gave the facts in answer to a question, little guessing how deeply her innocent shaft had wounded.

Mrs. Lumley winced. "Is it as bad as that?" she murmured under her breath. "You were not allowed down because of me!"

She paused, weighing the incident in her mind, and catching the reflection of her hard features in the mirror.

Elsie edged to the door, still clutching Anabel. Mrs. Lumley looked from the child to the kitten, with a medley of strange emotions surging in her breast.

"Won't you stay a few minutes to talk to me?" she said desperately, putting out a

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supplicating hand. Her face appeared extraordinarily pale. "There is time before dinner. I should like to tell you a story—a story I have told no one for years. Come and sit on my knee before the fire. You will see plenty of Cousin Clare to-morrow."

"I WAS TOLD TO KEEP OUT OF YOUR WAY. THEY SAID YOU HATED CHILDREN."

For a moment the small intruder hesitated, unable quite to forget the stranger's reputation. The dark eyes had a look of appeal in them, which seemed to draw Elsie towards her. Suddenly all the childish fear vanished, as Mrs. Lumley sank into a low armchair before the cheerful blaze.

The little girl went and stood against her with absolute confidence now.

Mrs. Lumley put out her hand and stroked Anabel's soft coat. "I suppose," she said, with an effort, and there was a strangled sound in her voice, "I suppose you are very fond of your kitten."

Elsie's face glowed. "Yes, I love Anabel," answered the child dreamily.

"If she were in danger, or being illtreated, you would do almost anything to save her?"

The question was put quickly, and Mrs. Lumley looked away as she spoke, hardly able to bear the sight of the slim, childish figure.

Elsie nodded.

"But no one would hurt Anabel, everybody is kind to her," she replied.

Mrs. Lumley turned, and took the child on her knee.

"I mustn't forget the story," she said; "it is about a little girl who was so like you, just your age and size, with fair hair."

She touched the golden halo caressingly.

"What was the little girl's name?" asked Elsie.

"Grace, and Grace was always fond of animals; she loved them from a baby; she, too, had a kitten of her own. Her nature was so tender, so sweet, she never thought about people being cruel to poor dumb creatures, till one day she discovered it for herself."

"Discovered what?" asked Elsie, wriggling herself into a more comfortable position, and tickling Anabel's ear to induce her to remain.

"The devilry of other children!"

Mrs. Lumley forgot to curb her words; she was back in fancy upon old ground, groping her way among thorns.

"Some boys and girls—only think of it, Elsie—had found a poor stray kitten, just the colour of Grace's pet, and the boys (of course it was the boys!) suggested throwing it into

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a pond with a stone round its neck! Their inhuman desire met with approbation, and nothing Grace could say would turn them from their fiendish purpose. She prayed, implored, she fought with them; her agony only increased their amusement. They lured her to the very edge of the pond, pretending they would spare their victim, then, with a shout of triumph, flung the wretched creature into the water. It was a cold November day, but without a moment's hesitation Grace dashed into the pond. It was not deep, and she could swim. In a few minutes, to the breathless wonder of the other children, she emerged with the kitten in her arms. Never pausing to speak another word, she ran home to me, her mother, and poured out her story. Even then she only thought of the half-drowned animal, and not of herself; but her teeth were chattering with cold, and her lips looked blue. Those cruel children had driven Grace to her death; from that moment she sickened; in a few days she was dead. Now do you wonder, Elsie, that my heart is full of hatred? To have seen such a sacrifice, the unselfish giving up of the little martyr's life, for she was a martyr! She never thought of herself."

Elsie put both arms round Mrs. Lumley's neck, she laid her soft cheek, like a pink rose-leaf, against the pale, set face of "the woman who hated children." Nobody under that large roof guessed the secret of her hatred, nobody knew except Elsie, to whom she had opened her heart.

"What became of the kitten?" she asked in a whisper, looking up at Mrs. Lumley with wide, enquiring eyes.

"Oh! the kitten. I don't quite remember. Somebody took it away. I was ill for a long, long time."

"But you didn't go in the water," said Elsie.

"No."

A pause! Anabel struggled to the ground, taking up her position on the hearthrug.

"You are quite sure," persisted Elsie, "the story is true. You did not make it up out of your own head?"

"I am quite sure it is true," answered Mrs. Lumley, in a breathless whisper, "and I don't want you to tell anyone. I thought if you knew about Grace, and how dearly I loved her, it would prevent your being frightened of me again."

"Mamma said people without families found children a great nuisance," Elsie confided, "so you see she doesn't know."

A far sweeter expression than had beautified Mrs. Lumley's face for years now stole over the pale countenance, endowing it with marvellous attraction. The smooth hair and white brow looked Madonna-like under the refining influence of tender emotions.

Elsie had unconsciously wrought a miracle by her accidental appearance with Anabel in her arms.

She was the first child that had sat on Mrs. Lumley's knee, or dared to kiss her—since she steeled her heart against the little ones of the world.

It only needed the touch of a small hand to break the ice and humanise the hardened heart.

Mrs. Lumley rose and heaved a deep sigh.

"I must dress now," she said. "Shall you be in the drawing-room before dinner, dear?"

"Not to-night," answered the child, colouring.

"Why not to-night? Is it because I am here you are to be banished?"

Elsie nodded.

"Come back to my room in half-an-hour. I shall take you down with me."

Elsie picked up Anabel, and went slowly to the door; she looked very thoughtful as she passed out of the room, and her troubled manner puzzled Mrs. Lumley.

The tall, dark woman turned the key on her departing guest. Then she flung herself down on the sofa, and buried her face in her hands. The sound of low, stifled sobbing broke from her lips—it was the first time she had cried for ten years.

With an effort she regained her self-possession, and rang for her maid. Tears meant much to this woman of stone, and racked her with intolerable pain.

Silently Mrs. Lumley allowed herself to be dressed in a long trained gown of sombre black velvet, relieved by the flash of diamonds, from which her eyes seemed to catch a new and astonishing radiance. Still strangely excited, she awaited Elsie's coming—Was it possible the child would fail her, and had strayed away to Cousin Clare?

She went to the door and looked out into the passage, marvelling at her own impatience.

A servant with a very small note on a salver came sailing down the corridor—

"From Miss Elsie, madam," she said, "and will you please send an answer back by me, 'yes' or 'no.'"

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The tall figure in velvet went back to the fire, and read the ill-spelt missive in the large childish hand:

Dear Mrs. Lumly—

I have been thinking about your not having any little gurl, and them taking the kiten away when you were ill. I think you must be very loanly without the kiten or Grace. . . . . Would you like me to giv you Annerbell to make up? If you say yes I will bring her direckly, she is very affeeshnate, only please remember to take her colar off at night, she does not sleep well in it. Your loving friend,

Elsie.

The crumpled sheet was blotted by a tear. Mrs. Lumley guessed what an effort it had cost the writer to offer Anabel as a consolation. Not only was this strange little child like Grace in face and manner, but she had in her nature the ennobling inclination of self-sacrifice for others. Mrs. Lumley slipped the letter under the lace of her bodice. She would keep it next to her heart.

"Ask Miss Elsie to come to me," she said, "and tell her not to bring Anabel."

Presently the sound of running feet announced Elsie's arrival. Mrs. Lumley went to the door to meet her, and caught the panting figure in her arms.

"It was so good of you," she said gratefully, "to think about me and my loneliness, but I would not rob you of Anabel for the world, I know you are very fond of her. Besides, I am not lonely: I have a husband in London of whom I am very fond, and he is coming here to-morrow."

A look of supreme relief stole over the rose-bud face.

"Oh! I *am* glad!" sighed the child, "a husband makes all the difference, and then I *should* have missed Anabel!"

Together they passed down the broad staircase into the brilliantly-lighted hall, where the guests were assembled.

Lady Rickbate met them at the bottom of the staircase. Elsie caught her mother's look of surprise as her eyes travelled to Mrs. Lumley, holding Elsie's hand.

"I met your little girl by chance," she said, addressing Lady Rickbate, "and I made her come down; we are great friends already!"

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Lumley bent down, and taking the tiny face between her hands, kissed it passionately.

"I thought you didn't care for youngsters," said the man who offered her his arm.

"That seems to be the general impression."

"The woman who hated children" glanced back over her shoulder at the little figure standing in the firelight and smiled.

TOGETHER THEY PASSED DOWN THE BROAD STAIRCASE.

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CAN WE DRESS WITHOUT PARIS?

English *v.* French as Artists in Clothes.

BY MARIE A. BELLOC.

WHY dress in Paris? The answer comes only too readily, and should give pause to those optimists who are so confidently hopeful in the future of British trade. France, in spite of all her misfortunes, her revolutions, her great wars, her internal troubles and external jealousies, remains absolutely supreme in the one matter of dress, and all that pertains thereto.

More British gold is paid out to the milliners and dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix—one of the shortest streets in Paris—in any given week, than enriches the milliners and dressmakers in Bond Street—one of the longest streets in London—in any given month. Optimists interested in the question, and above all the sanguine journalist, who naturally wishes to do the best for those great firms whose advertisements maintain our splendid ladies' papers, assert that the British lady millionaire can find not only prettier clothes, but also a greater choice, in the land of her birth, than she can do in the country which has been justly styled the kingdom of dress. Let us, with the aid of one very remarkable example, more convincing to the mind than rows of statistics, examine how far this is true. Last spring a certain English woman living in London wished to have made by her dressmaker a purple crêpe de chine frock. It will be remembered that at that time only mourning tints were being worn, and that accordingly a very large choice of purples in every shade and in every material might have been expected to have been forthcoming in the metropolis of an empire mourning its late sovereign. The dressmaker, a very intelligent woman, with immense trade connections, ransacked London for ten days, and failed to find the smallest thread of purple crêpe de chine. She was thus compelled to send to Paris, whence by return of post she received some dozens of samples of the material and colour. Small wonder that after such an experience the lady in question made up her mind, that as far as was possible, she would in future obtain her dresses in Paris, arranging to cross the Channel, say twice or three times a year, for this purpose alone. In this connection it may be stated that this method is pursued by many English women who are by no means wealthy, for they find—and we purpose to show the reasons why this is so—that they can make a limited dress allowance go further in France than in the United Kingdom.

It has been asserted that what may be called the French sartorial industry can be sub-divided into eight hundred branches, and, further, that it gives employment, directly and indirectly, to hundreds of thousands of French men and women scattered over the fair realm of France, but having a common centre in Paris itself, and especially in that quarter of Paris which radiates from the great Opera House.

Into the world-famous Paris houses which line the Rue de la Paix, notably the milliners and dressmakers who set the fashions for the whole civilised world, it is by no means easy for a stranger to penetrate, for every firm, from Worth to the latest sartorial recruit, has its own special designs or models, which it guards with jealous care from its many rivals. Indeed, the leading Paris millinery houses send a representative to London at certain stated intervals of the year in order to dispose of those models which they feel inclined to give away to the world at large, and the trained eye of even an amateur interested in those matters can soon detect on a racecourse, or at a garden party, a Paris hat which has been procured in Paris and really designed and made for the wearer, and that which, even if more

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highly priced, has arrived at its destination Londonwards, and in the guise of a so-called "model hat."

Let us for the moment treat the *chef d'œuvre* of a Paris milliner with the respect which is its due by tracing its career from workroom to wearer. Each famous *modiste* is ever on the look-out for good ideas, and is quite willing to pay a large price for original suggestions, whether they concern the shape, the colouring, or simply the general style of the headgear which she is preparing for the forthcoming spring, summer or winter. It is asserted that the coloured straws which had so great a vogue some seasons ago, and which formed a really new departure in millinery, were due to the inventive genius and artistic mind of the wife of a well-known Paris doctor.

The leading milliners always renounce a mode as soon as it has become universal or common. Accordingly, the coloured straws, delightful as they were, and charmingly as they lent themselves to delicate symphonies of colour, enjoyed in these exclusive circles but a brief popularity, the more so that the Parisian milliner far prefers to produce those models of which every item has to be actually made in her own workrooms.

Photo, Reutlinger, London & Paris.

At Virot's, Carlier's, Gillot's, Reboux's, to quote the leading houses, a hat or toque is seldom, if ever, sold out of hand. The models displayed (and it may be added, admirably displayed) on the tall mushroom stands which, placed in groups about the floor of the showroom, make such a *salon* look not unlike a miniature flower garden, bedded out with strange exotic blossoms, simply suggest to the onlooker what form, what style, and what scheme of colour will suit her best. Every Frenchwoman with any pretensions to taste has her headgear made specially to suit her colouring and general style. In the Rue de la Paix the "creation" of a new hat or toque often means as much discussion and as many fittings as would be the case in London were a coronation dress in question! Once the shape, the colouring, the trimming, and last, but not least, the price—this varying from £5 to £10 in the best houses—have been settled with the saleswoman, the important member of the firm under whose supervision the hat or toque will really be put together, comes forward, and once more the whole question is gone over, many modifications being suggested both by milliner and client, whose head is measured, and with whom an appointment is made to come back in a couple of days. In the majority of cases the material or flowers employed in the making of each piece of headgear has to be specially dyed, for colour always plays a great part in the composition of a French hat. Still, from the purchaser's point of view, very little seems to

Photo, Reutlinger, London & Paris.

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Photo, Reutlinger, London & Paris.

have been done when the moment for the trying-on ordeal arrives; for what only looks like a confused mass of silk, tulle, fur and feathers, is held up before her, and deftly pinned into her hair. But in a few moments the heterogeneous mass takes delightful shape and form under the clever fingers of the artist-milliner of the establishment, who, as she deftly places ribbons and flowers, carefully watches the effect in the mirror opposite which she has seated her customer. In most cases she literally makes the hat while it is on the wearer's head, modifying the shape and the disposition of the trimming, making it higher or lower, broader or narrower, according as she thinks the face beneath it requires one treatment or the other. After this ordeal, the hat, though only pinned together, is practically finished; but most Paris milliners ask for another fitting in order that the whole effect may be seen and pronounced successful, when it not infrequently happens that something proves unsatisfactory and the whole scheme must therefore be altered, two other fittings being in such a case indispensable.

It has been said that where the Paris milliner makes millions the Paris dressmaker makes thousands. Be that as it may, the salary received by even one of the minor employees in a great French dressmaking house is by no means to be despised. But then, each designer has to be, in the real sense of the word, an artist, ready to obtain inspiration not only in those places where the fashionable congregate, but also from the masterpieces of the great portrait painters of the past. It is this corps of designers who, often acting quite without any reference to one another, evolve the new fashions of the coming season. These are, however, constantly modified by the leading spirits of such houses as Worth, Paquin, and Rouff, to quote three out of the dozen or so sartorial establishments which may be said to set the fashion to the world. It is said in Paris that a dress expert can tell almost at a glance which firm any given costume comes from, for clothes have as much individuality as their wearers have, and a certain type of woman finds her special points studied far more intelligently by one dressmaker than she does by another.

Photo, Reutlinger, London & Paris.

We have seen what care and thought are bestowed on the fashioning of a Paris hat or toque. Much the same process, only intensified, goes on in the case of a gown, whether the garment be a plain little walking costume or an elaborate Court dress. Be it the one

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or the other, as much trouble is seemingly taken over its inception, and—this is an important point, for it undoubtedly answers in many cases the question, "Why dress in Paris?"—the lady who orders only a couple of costumes each year is paid the same attention as is her wealthier sister whose yearly bill amounts to many hundreds of pounds. Once the question of price, colouring and material have been settled definitely the head fitter decides how many fittings are to take place, these varying from three to six, and not until every detail is perfected is the customer allowed to depart in peace. Should the bodice prove a misfit (and all women will admit that occasionally such accidents happen) however great the care taken to prevent it, the client is not assured over and over again (as it is to be feared she would be in almost every English dressmaking house) that the bodice or skirt in question will be all right after some trifling alteration, but cutters and fitters set to work again, and the offending garment is often thrown aside and a new one made.

Yet another reason which should surely induce those women to whom money is no object to dress in Paris, is that there, and there alone, can they procure, should they care to do so, garments which are in a very real sense unique, that is to say, costumes of which the material has been woven purposely, and where the trimming, especially if it consists of the exquisite embroideries which are now the fashion, has been designed and carried out in such a manner that it can never be exactly repeated. Each Parisian dressmaker, even in a small way of business, generally has attached to her staff a highly-skilled and well-paid embroideress and lace maker, and those who have the good fortune to number among their customers wealthy women who really study the art of dress, make a point of securing early in each season certain "pieces" of silk, of crêpe de chine, of figured muslins and of brocades of which their firm is to have the strict monopoly, at any rate for six or twelve months. The French silk manufacturers lend themselves very amiably to what may seem to them a somewhat incomprehensible whim, for even though this kind of arrangement is not at first profitable it often leads to further business of a valuable kind.

As regards the various accessories of dress which are so important to us all, gloves "made in France" have always maintained their supremacy, and when the smart and at the same time patriotic American ladies determined to boycott French goods at the time when the American-Spanish War was provoking in France much adverse criticism, they were compelled to make an exception in favour of gloves.

There are at least half-a-dozen famous Parisian glovers which occupy in the glove world much the same position as do Worth and Paquin in the world of dress.

At these establishments an army of skilful leather-dressers, cutters and stitchers are kept busily at work from one end of the year to the other making gloves to order for customers living in all parts of the world. One firm has practically the monopoly of royal orders, and there may be seen casts of the hands of most of the princesses, queens and empresses of Europe. Quoth the junior partner to one of his English customers: "The Empress of —— cannot very much care for dress or she would certainly have made a special journey to Paris in order that we might take the real measurements of her hand! We offered to send one of our workmen, but her Majesty believed that a cast of her hand could be used just as well."

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WRONG WAY.

BREATHING for HEALTH.

RESPIRATION AS A MEDICINE AND A MEANS OF PROLONGING LIFE.

By T. F. Manning.

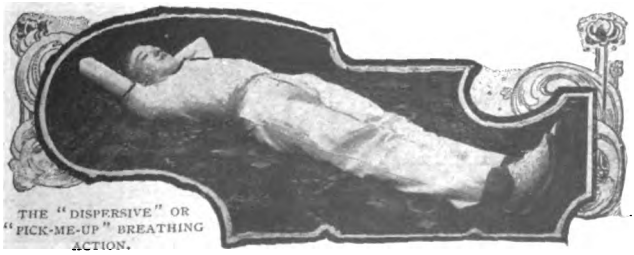
RIGHT WAY.

BREATHING exercise is one of the latest cures introduced into this country. From remote ages, people of Eastern lands have worked wonders by regulating the respiration. But the effect which they sought was not the cure of disease, but an exalted mental state, differing very little from insanity.

It remained for the German doctors to turn this important bodily function to account as a remedy for many maladies, while a London physician, Dr. Harry Campbell, placed it upon a scientific basis about the same time.

Before describing the orthodox medical exercises, let me give a few of the more interesting heterodox methods. Anyone can carry them out, and test for himself their efficacy.

The "Voga" breathing, practised by the Brahmins of India, depends for its success upon intense concentration of the mind. One must lie in an easy position during the operation, and breathe deeply and strongly, as if his body were an accordion. After a dozen such breaths he must imagine that in breathing the air he is inhaling some sort of supernatural power. Then he must fancy that his feet and legs are hollow tubes, and take four or five long breaths through them. After a moment's rest he will do the same through his hollow hands and arms; next through holes in his knees; then through his elbows, through knees and elbows together, through the hips, through the shoulders, through hips and shoulders together, through the abdomen, the chest, the head; and, lastly, he must take a grand breath, imagining it to come through all the pores of the body.



THE "DISPERSIVE" OR "PICK-ME-UP" BREATHING ACTION.

This may seem to be a somewhat absurd proceeding. But in those of sufficient faith it produces a marvellous consciousness of power.

On the other hand, when the brain is exhausted and yet irritably active, the "Dispersive Breathing" proves efficacious in bringing repose.

To accomplish it, one lies on the floor, and clasps the hands over the head. Then he inhales slowly, during five beats of the heart, holds the breath during one beat, exhales during five beats, and rests during one beat. While expiring the air, he must imagine that he is dispersing blood from the brain into the hands and feet. If the mind is kept free from every other thought, and concentrated on this alone, the effect is wonderfully restful and refreshing.

To promote health and strength, the "Packing Breath" is prescribed. While standing erect, a long breath is taken in a series of sniffs, the patient compelling himself to believe that he is breathing delicious and life-giving air. Expiration must be long,

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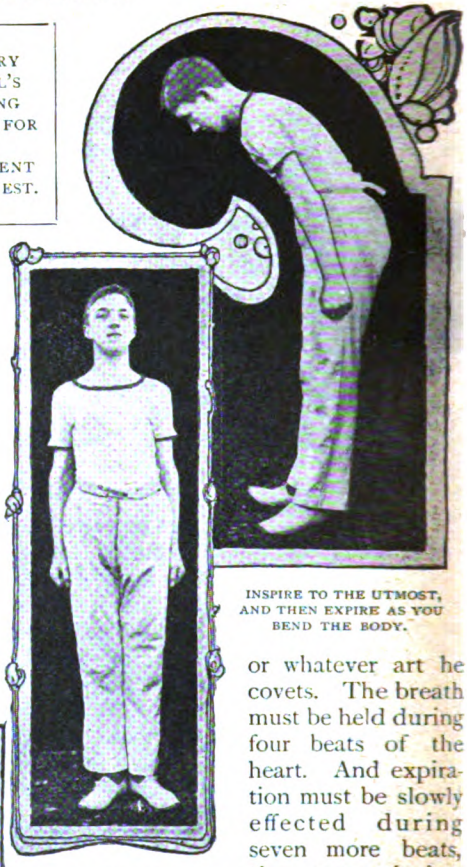
slow and easy. If this exercise be repeated several times a day it produces a feeling of freshness and vigour.

After a long day's work, no doubt the best thing is to go to bed. But if that wise proceeding be inconvenient, both body and mind might be refreshed by the following measures. Lie on a couch and take a deep, long inspiration. Then, while slowly expiring, imagine, first, that the hands and arms are lifeless, next the legs and feet, and so on through all the parts of the body. Imagination has only to be strong enough to produce complete reinvigoration.

We seem to be losing, if we have not lost, the arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture. In the old days we know that artists invoked the gods before undertaking any great work. Possibly, they also carried out some form of breathing exercise, for it is asserted that whoever practises "Inspirational Breathing," with full faith and patient perseverance, may become a great poet, painter, musician, or any other thing one may desire.

The procedure is simple enough. Standing in an upright and easy attitude, one inhales, slowly, during seven beats of the heart. While doing this, the arms are raised until they meet over the head, the latter being gradually thrown backwards. It is necessary to firmly believe that one is inhaling the spirit of music, poetry, or whatever art he covets. The breath must be held during four beats of the heart. And expiration must be slowly effected during seven more beats, the arms being lowered and the head gently bowed forward. No scientific explanation of the foregoing exercises is forthcoming. But, turning to those adopted by some

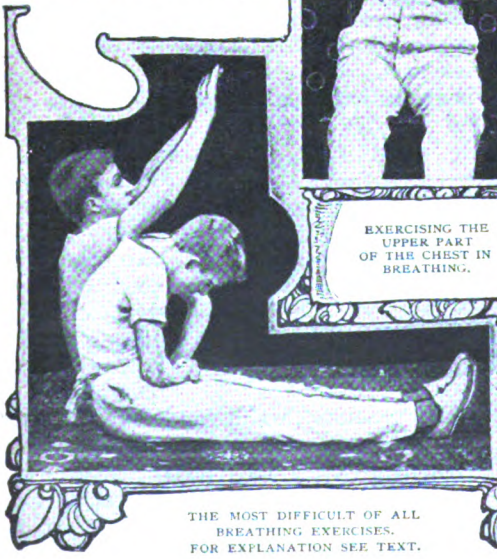
DR. HARRY CAMPBELL'S BREATHING EXERCISES FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHEST.



INSPIRE TO THE UTMOST, AND THEN EXPIRE AS YOU BEND THE BODY.

STAND ERECT AND TAKE DEEP BREATHS WITHOUT MOVING THE ABDOMEN.

EXERCISING THE UPPER PART OF THE CHEST IN BREATHING.



THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL BREATHING EXERCISES. FOR EXPLANATION SEE TEXT.

HOW TO PRACTISE DEEP BREATHING BY THE ACTION OF THE RIBS.

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enterprising doctors, we find that they are based on sound physiological principles.

Breathing is commonly supposed to effect only one purpose—aëration of the blood. That is its chief function, but it also promotes the circulation of both blood and lymph, and keeps the stomach and other abdominal organs in constant movement. To realise the health-giving power of regulated breathing we must understand what happens during inspiration and expiration.

PRACTISING BREATHING WITH A WEIGHTED BAG ON THE ABDOMEN.

The chest-cavity is surrounded by the ribs, and closed below by a sheet of powerful muscle, the diaphragm. This diaphragm is shaped like a dome, or an open umbrella, the top being directed upwards. In the upper narrow portion of the chest are the apices, or smaller ends, of the lungs and the great blood-vessels. In the lower portion are the large bases of the lungs and the heart, these resting on the diaphragm. Below the diaphragm are the various abdominal organs.

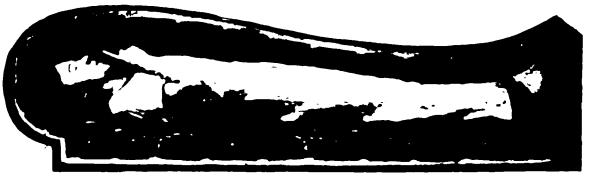
In order to inspire, we enlarge the chest-cavity, and this is done in two ways. The ribs are lifted upwards and forwards by a large number of muscles, and the diaphragm is depressed or flattened.

But we do not all breathe alike. Some men and all women breathe chiefly with the upper portion of the chest. And the consequence is that as the tops of the lungs are filled with air, they press upon the vessels, and hinder the return of blood and lymph from the head. Observe the red face of a woman in a tight corset who makes a great effort, or of a bandsman, or of a singer when executing a prolonged note. Bandsmen and many singers intentionally breathe with the upper chest.

KEEPING TIME WITH DUMB-BELLS DURING A BREATHING EXERCISE.

On the other hand, most men, and all children, breathe chiefly with the diaphragm and lower chest. Consequently the blood flows freely to and from their head, and they do not suffer from congestion of face or brain. But, further, the rise and fall of the diaphragm causes a sort of massage of liver and stomach. And thus men suffer less than women from dyspepsia and kindred complaints.

Now it is possible to educate our respiratory apparatus. With a little practice anyone may, at will, breathe with the upper chest, the lower chest, or the diaphragm; or he may breathe with one lung only, keeping the other still. He may take deep or shallow, long or short, rapid or slow, breaths. And as he can thus supply less or more oxygen to the blood, and hasten or retard the flow of blood and lymph in the head, the chest, the abdomen and even the limbs, it is obvious that he has a very powerful health agent at his command.



BREATHING SO STEADILY AND SOFTLY THAT THE BREATH IS NOT FELT ON THE FINGER.

To learn breathing with the diaphragm only, or rather mainly, it is necessary to lie prone on the floor. Attention must be centred on the abdomen, and an effort made to bulge this part out at each inspiration. At the same time the chest must be kept from moving, and this end is promoted by placing the hands heavily on the ribs. A few days' practice ensures success. As soon as this exercise is mastered it is well to weight the abdomen with a sheet of lead or a bag of sand moulded to fit it. The weight should not exceed four pounds, and its object is to strengthen the diaphragm.

Lower chest breathing may be practised standing, lying, or sitting astride a chair

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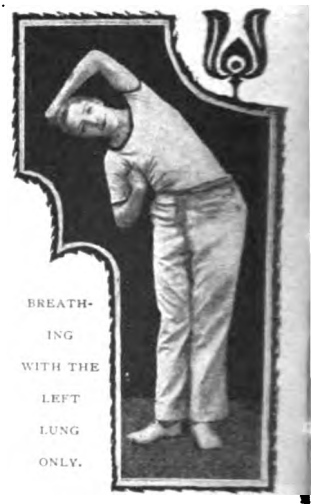
BREATHING WITH THE RIGHT LUNG ONLY.

with one's face to its back. If standing or lying, the hands are placed over the lower ribs so that the tips of the fingers are in contact. Then an effort is made to separate them by expanding the chest. But neither the abdomen nor the collar-bone must move. This is very difficult to accomplish at first, and, in the case of those who wear corsets, impossible. But in time it becomes easy. To acquire upper-chest breathing, fix the will on the upper ribs and try to raise them at each inspiration, keeping the abdomen flat. Raising the hands until they meet above the head and keeping them there, is of great assistance in this effort.

Breathing with one lung at a time is an easy matter. To do this place the right hand in the armpit; raise the left until the wrist touches the head; bend the body to the right; and then breathe. Do the same exercise in the converse position.



BREATHING WITH THE LEFT LUNG ONLY.

the sides, the head slightly raised, and the abdomen weighted with a sheet of lead or other substance, weighing 3½ lb. Breathe gently with lower chest and abdomen.

2.—The same sitting, without the weight.

3.—The same standing, without the weight.

4.—Lie down, weighted as before. Take deep lower chest and abdominal breath. Hold it for some time and then suddenly expire with force.

5.—The same sitting.

6.—The same standing.

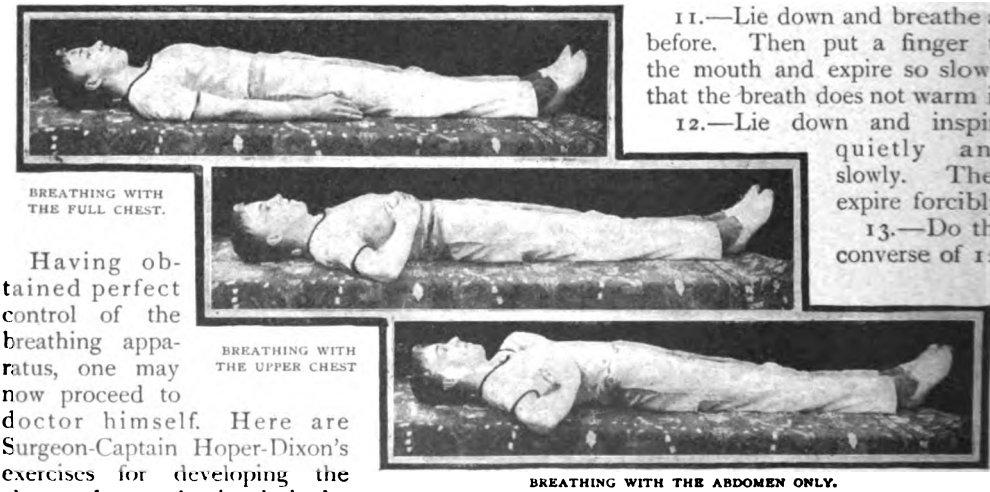
7, 8, 9.—Repeat the exercise lying, sitting and standing. But enunciate from four to eight letters of the alphabet while holding the breath.

10.—Lie down and slowly inspire with lower chest and abdomen while raising light dumb-bells. Expire quickly, returning dumb-bells to the floor.

11.—Lie down and breathe as before. Then put a finger to the mouth and expire so slowly that the breath does not warm it.

12.—Lie down and inspire quietly and slowly. Then expire forcibly.

13.—Do the converse of 12.



BREATHING WITH THE FULL CHEST.

BREATHING WITH THE UPPER CHEST

BREATHING WITH THE ABDOMEN ONLY.

Having obtained perfect control of the breathing apparatus, one may now proceed to doctor himself. Here are Surgeon-Captain Hoper-Dixon's exercises for developing the chest and strengthening the body. They increase the appetite, give fulness to the voice, give good wind to boxers, fencers, rowing men, etc., improve the digestion, and cure stammering (which is often due to weakness of the diaphragm):—

1.—Lie on the floor, the arms close to

14.—Breathe in and out at the rate of 360 respirations to the minute, lying, sitting and standing.

15.—Stand erect and raise dumb-bells over the head while inspiring, and lower them while expiring.

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Dr. Harry Campbell, who has given much attention to breathing as a therapeutical agent, recommends the following exercises :—

1.—Stand upright and take the fullest possible chest inspiration, following it by an easy expiration. The abdomen must not move.

2.—Breathe out to the utmost, at the same time bending the body forward. Follow up with an easy inspiration.

3.—Inspire to the utmost and then expire to the utmost, bending forward the body while breathing out.

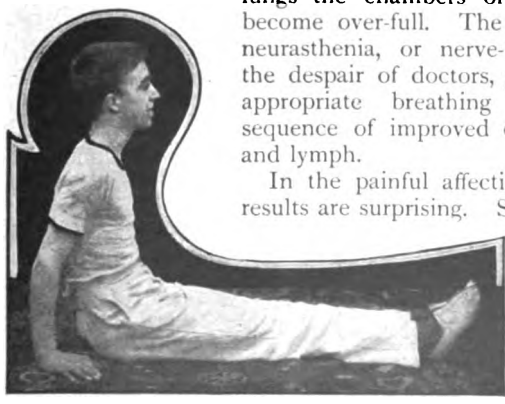
4.—Stand with legs well apart and take a deep abdominal breath, keeping the chest immovable. Then breathe out quietly and without effort.

5.—Stand with legs well apart and take the deepest possible inspiration, followed by the deepest expiration, drawing in the abdomen and keeping the chest quite still.

6.—Sit on the floor. Fold the hands on the lap and bend the body forward as much as possible. Take a very deep abdominal breath, keeping the mouth closed. Then slowly raise the body, lift the arms over the head, and take a very deep chest breath. All this must be accomplished in six seconds. Lastly, breathe out with a sigh, taking one second to do it.

In carrying out these exercises attention to several details is necessary.

The air must be as pure as possible and, therefore, it is desirable to breathe at an open window or in the outer air. Tight collars, belts, corsets, and everything that interferes with free movement must be removed; and the mouth must be closed during inspiration, so that the air shall pass through the nose and be filtered, warmed, and moistened.



A DIFFICULT POSITION IN WHICH TO PRACTISE ABDOMINAL BREATHING.

As to the particular good effects, they are manifold. Strong abdominal inspirations, for instance, stimulate a sluggish liver by squeezing it between the diaphragm and abdominal wall. When the stomach is out of tone, causing delay in digestion, nothing stirs it up so well as abdominal breathing. If a deep chest breath is taken the blood flows freely into the abdominal veins from the various organs, and even from the lower limbs. If this be then followed by a deep abdominal inspiration, the blood is forced up towards the heart. Here we have a remedy for varicose veins and for congestion of several internal organs. A roomy chest is the best defence against consumption and bronchitis. If the exercises given above be systematically practised they increase the capacity of the chest far more effectually than gymnastics and are almost a certain preventive of consumption. Even sufferers from that disease are benefited in the early stages. But when the disease has made much progress, they would prove dangerous.

THE USE OF DUMB-BELLS, AS EXPLAINED IN THIS ARTICLE, IS OF MOST VALUABLE ASSISTANCE IN ACQUIRING CORRECT BREATHING.

In asthma, Dr. Campbell says, the results of systematic breathing "are little short of miraculous." Heart-disease is benefited, for, when the blood flows freely through the lungs the chambers of the heart do not become over-full. The modern disease of neurasthenia, or nerve-weakness, which is the despair of doctors, yields very often to appropriate breathing exercise, in consequence of improved circulation of blood and lymph.

In the painful affection of blushing, the results are surprising. Sleeplessness may be cured by a series of deep breaths; hiccoughs can be stopped by rapid abdominal breathing, which puts an end to the convulsive movements of the diaphragm —the cause of the hiccough; and the complete recovery of patients convalescent from fevers and other diseases is hastened by gentle respiratory exercise.

The most beneficial effect of these exercises is that they add to the length of one's days.

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MR. "PREHISTORIC PEEPS" AT HOME.

A Chat with a famous *Punch* Artist.

By Cyril Sinclair.

MR. E. T. REED MAKING A LIGHTNING SKETCH IN PARLIAMENT.

IT has been said, with a good deal of truth, that the man in the street is more familiar with the personal appearance of distinguished people through their caricatures, than through their actual portraits.

Certainly, for every one person who has seen a photograph of —say Sir William Harcourt—a hundred have laughed over the caricatures of him in the pages of *Punch* and other humorous papers.

This lends a very real importance to the work of the caricaturist, and it will be generally admitted that men like Sir John Tenniel, Linley Sambourne, E. T. Reed, Harry Furniss and F. C. Gould—to mention no others—have fully risen to the occasion.

In a sense they have given us even more speaking likenesses than the camera has recorded; for they have shown us the men in action, with all the little peculiarities characteristic of each when he is not conscious of sitting for his portrait.

One of the most successful of all caricaturists in noting and preserving what we may call the *minutiæ* of each man's individuality is Mr. Edward Tennyson Reed, who succeeded Mr. Harry Furniss, in 1894, as Parliamentary draughtsman to *Punch*, and who is even better known for his wonderful "Prehistoric Peeps."

READING UP FOR A NEW "PREHISTORIC PEEP."

Who has not revelled in some of his delightful imaginings of what life might have been like in the days when neolithic man hunted the cave bear in our land?

His conceptions of the first hansom cab, with its harnessed bear dragging it over the boulders; and of the first billiard table, when all that was needed to play the game was a rough stick and a round pebble, are as happy as they are ingenious.

Then there is the inimitable prehistoric *Punch* dinner, in which he has introduced marvellously life-like portraits of the distinguished staff, but clothed in skins, and sitting on boulders round a very primitive dining table.

The genial chief beams upon his colleagues, all unconscious that a saurian monster is opening its mouth to swallow him up, happy thoughts and all! The artist himself may be seen in the foreground kneeling suppliant before a saurian of fierce and hungry aspect. Toby, M.P., is evidently perturbed at the intrusion, while Phil May—half way down the throat of another monster—snatches the opportunity for making a last sketch.

But we could fill pages in the attempt to describe these delightfully unveracious peeps into the days when history was yet unborn.

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The examples that we are enabled, through the courtesy of the Proprietors of *Punch*, to reprint in the present article, will speak more in their own praise than any words of ours.

A few weeks ago we found Mr. E. T. Reed at home in his charming flat in Fitz-George Avenue, West Kensington, and took the opportunity of asking him to show us his studio.

"Well, you see, I don't use one now, and so I haven't got one; but this is where I do my drawings," came the laughing reply, as he led us into a well-lighted room, hung round with sketches of many kinds, but all of them possessing interesting histories.

ROUGH STUDY OF MR. SAMUEL SMITH, M.P.

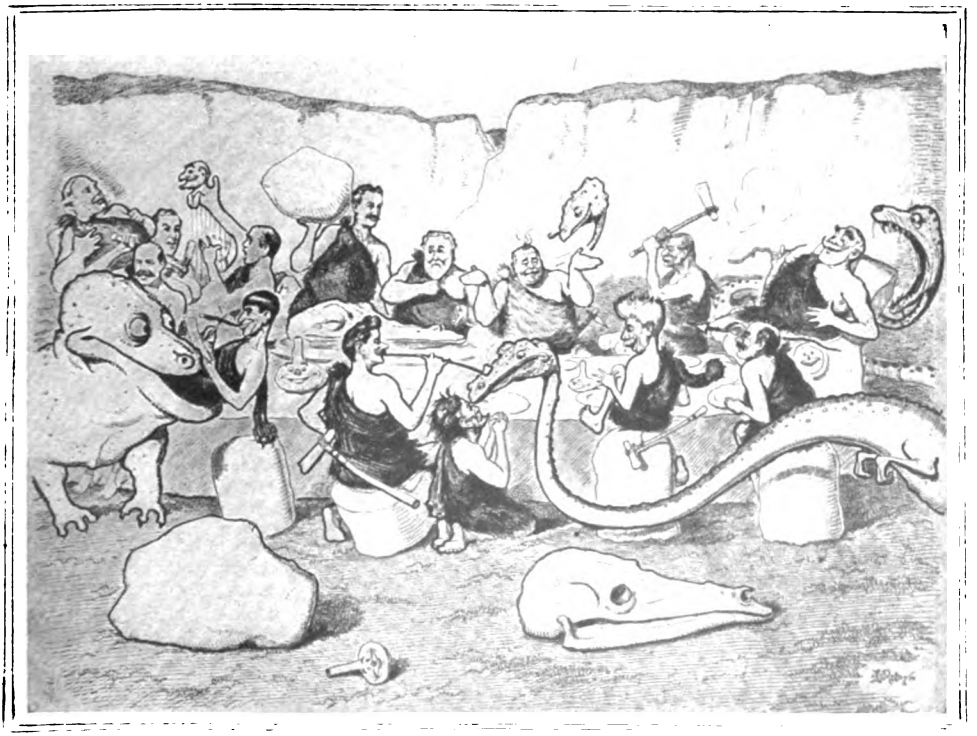
Along one wall were flashlight photographs of the famous *Punch* dinner, held every Wednesday night, when the cartoons for the coming week are discussed and decided upon.

Here at a small table Mr. Reed sits, and, with infinite pains over every detail, executes the drawings that are to make the readers of *Punch* laugh and grow fat.

"When I was a boy at Harrow I used to draw caricatures of the masters; in fact, drawing was about the only thing that I could do decently," he tells us presently. "After I left school I started reading for the Bar, but my health was unsatisfactory, so I went with my father on a visit to Japan, where we stayed for some time. I see you are looking at the Japanese curios about the place; well, collecting them is my hobby.

"Soon after we came back to England I attended Mr. Calderon's Art School, and then went in for portrait painting. But, you know, it is one thing to paint portraits, but quite another to get portraits to paint!

"So it was a lucky day when a friend of mine mentioned me to Linley Sambourne,



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A PREHISTORIC "*PUNCH* DINNER."

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and through this introduction I sent in some sketches to *Punch*, and Mr. Burnand was rash enough to give me some work to do for him.

"The first drawing I did for *Punch* was a sketch of the three Judges with the Parnell Commission taking a holiday up the river. This was in the summer of 1889. Less than a year afterwards I received an appointment on the regular staff, much to my delight, and I cannot imagine any more congenial work."

CHAS. KEENE'S BUREAU, NOW OWNED BY MR. E. T. REED.

To these facts we may add that Mr. Reed, who was born in London in 1860, is the only son of Sir Edward Reed, K.C.B., formerly Chief Naval Constructor to the Admiralty, and Lord of the Treasury in Mr. Gladstone's 1886 administration. Mr. Reed was a member of the Harrow School Football Eleven in 1877, but his chief recreations at the present time are tennis and cycling. He was also anxious to impress upon us his qualities as a cricketer, and boasted with conscious pride that he once made two runs!

One of his early *Punch* pictures, which now hangs, in company with scores of others, on his walls, was entitled "A Warning to Cyclists." It represents a skeleton, supposed to be dug up in some future age, when cycling shall have had time to modify man's physical structure.

The skeleton has the legs enormously developed, while the arms have diminished till they resemble the fore limbs of a kangaroo. The vertebral column is bent almost into a hoop.

This startling and rather horrifying drawing was designed to show the possible ultimate effects of scorching on the human frame. But it has a further significance as marking the development of an idea in its author's mind, which ultimately took shape in the series of "Prehistoric Peeps," which, more than anything else, brought him into popular favour. These commenced in the Christmas Number of 1893.

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PREHISTORIC PEEPS!!

"Coaching" from the bank was no sinecure, even in those days. (The "eight" all sixes and sevens—and only a few days to the race!)

"Where did you get those fearsome monsters, Mr. Reed?" we asked him.

"Well, I made as careful a study of the subject as I could," he answered. "I spent a good deal of time at the Natural History

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Museum, and I read Mr. Hutchinson's *Extinct Monsters* and other books dealing with the creatures of past geological epochs.

"But I must confess that some of my monsters are purely mythical, and I won't guarantee that the others co-existed at the same period, or that man had then appeared upon the earth. But, after all, my object was not to teach people geology, but simply to make them laugh.

"The series caught the popular taste, and ran for twelve months. One of the London swimming clubs got up a prehistoric water-polo match, and some prehistoric *tableaux vivants* were given at Cambridge. Something of the same sort took place in India, and I have heard from many quarters that the series gave amusement to schoolboys."

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PRIMÆVAL BILLIARDS—SOLE REQUIREMENTS: A CHALK PIT, SOME STONES AND BRANCHES.

THREE GENERATIONS—SIR EDWARD REED, K.C.B., MR. E. T. REED AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Mr. Reed next drew for *Punch* a number of humorous studies in the Law Courts, for which Sir Frank Lockwood—himself no mean caricaturist—sent many suggestions and sketches. His own experience when a student at the Bar afforded much material for these legal skits.

Eight years ago, when the work of Mr. Harry Furniss disappeared from the pages of *Punch*, Mr. Reed was appointed Parliamentary draughtsman to illustrate the inimitable "Diary of Toby, M.P.," in which Mr. H. W. Lucy, under the guise of fiction, contrives to give to the world a good deal of amusing fact.

Mr. Reed's sketches of our senators are made on the spot, his field of operations oscillating between the Reporters' Gallery and the Lobby of the House of Commons.

The former is not a very satisfactory point of attack, as it only affords a birds-eye view of the Parliamentary head, which is apt to be bald. However interesting this may be to the student of phrenology, or the dealer in hair restorers, it does not afford much scope for the caricaturist.

Mr. Reed finds his chief opportunity in

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THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, M.P.

the Lobby, where the Members can be caught unawares and immortalised. His earlier work as a portrait painter often stands him in good stead in rapidly jotting down the lineaments of his subject. Photography has not lent him much assistance in this work. Indeed, he tells us that the only way to draw a really "living" portrait is to study the living man. A few rough pencil jottings, conveying no meaning to anyone else, will often afford him greater assistance than the most perfect photograph ever taken.

It is sometimes amusing to notice how a Member, suddenly awake to the fact that he is being sketched, will stealthily move himself into what he considers a dignified and appropriate pose. But it is the old, unconscious attitude that has been jotted down; and, in nine cases out of ten, it is far more graceful than the studied pose.

As a rule, Mr. Reed's caricatures are taken in good part by his victims, who are as much amused by them as other people. This is largely due to the fact that throughout his career as a Parliamentary caricaturist, he has never published a sketch that was in bad taste, or calculated to hurt any man's self-respect.

COL. SAUNDERSON, M.P.

ROUGH STUDIES MADE IN PARLIAMENT.

Only on two or three occasions have sensitive M.P.'s resented the operation of being made fun of.

Among his more recent series of *Punch* drawings we must mention Mr. Reed's "Ready-made coats (-of-Arms)," in which he turned a knowledge of heraldry to entirely novel effect, and imparted an element of humour to a branch of knowledge which is usually regarded as hopelessly dry and pedantic. Then came a series of more elaborate drawings illustrating certain "Unrecorded Events in History," such as Queen Elizabeth as a would-be dramatist inflicting "a little thing of her own" on Shakespeare, and George Washington trying to tell a lie!

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

Breaking out in another place, Mr. Reed portrayed several distinguished M.P.'s in the guise of antediluvian lizards of fearsome aspect.

Quite lately he has appeared in the *rôle* of editor, having brought out *Mr. Punch's Holiday Book* with great success.

Since the retirement of Sir John Tenniel and the appointment of Mr. Linley Sambourne to take charge of the cartoon which occupies the central opening of *Punch*, Mr. Reed has been responsible for some of the more important topical drawing in our one humorous weekly. Here his painstaking love of detail, and his facility for accurate portraiture have stood him in remarkably good stead, and have drawn wide attention to his skilful and convincing work.

Asking him about some of the sources of his inspiration, he assured us that his best ideas were the offspring of the severe attacks of influenza from which he periodically suffers, but we remember that Mr. Reed is a humorist in matters conversational as well as artistic, and so we——well, we recognise the excellence of the joke! Let it stand at that.

MR. E. T. REED SURREPTITIOUSLY SKETCHING HIS FATHER IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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The Coward.

A Powerful Short Story.

By Vance Thompson. *Illustrated by H. A. Hogg.*

I.

He walked along Pall Mall slowly, leaning heavily upon his stick as if he were uncertain of his footsteps. He had not got his land-legs yet, and then he was ill. There were seeds of old fevers in his blood. No cabman raised his whip with a respectful "Keb, sir?" Lestrelin flushed a little. In other days he was not the sort of man that cabmen overlooked. He was in a weak, black mood. He said to himself: "This is the beginning; I might have known what would happen if I came back to London." For a moment he stood looking about him fretfully. He was alone; and yet of all the faces that passed him it seemed to him that there was not one he did not know. Everything spoke of home. The rumbling of the 'buses, the pit-a-pat of the cab horses, the cries of the newsboys—all this was London; all this was home. How he had dreamed of it, thought of it, longed for it—the great city, with its clanging highways and bustling life.

Lestrelin tossed his head with a hint of his old jauntiness and turned on his heel. He crossed Trafalgar Square and walked down to a familiar hotel. With his hat over his eyes, he traversed the white marble corridor and turned to his right into the dining saloon. Fritz, the head waiter, watched him in a puzzled way for a moment; then he came forward, smiling: "Mr. Lestrelin!" he said, "it's good to see you again, sir—the old seat by the window, sir? Yes, sir."

He bustled about, taking hat and coat, and prepared the choice table at the corner, which faces the windows that overlook the busy artery of traffic of the metropolis. Lestrelin sank glumly into the chair and rested his elbow on the table.

"It's good to see you back, sir," said the waiter; "from the war, sir? We heard you'd been wounded, sir, or killed—soup, sir? No? Try the sole, sir; I can recommend it, sir. And a steak? And your own claret? Yes, sir. It's good to see you, sir."

Lestrelin stared at the white tablecloth. He could not get his thoughts together. He took from his pocket a leathern tobacco pouch and rolled a cigarette. As he lit it he caught a glimpse of his face in the gilt-rimmed mirror opposite him. He studied it—a thin, pale, boyish face. The eyes were steady and brown; the mouth was kind, the chin and nose were strong. It was a sad young face, well-bred and handsome, in a frame of thick, dark hair. The smoke from his cigarette made a little blur between his eyes and the mirror.

"I wonder if that's the type of a coward's face?" he said to himself.

And so his thoughts were back on the old problem—they quested it like hounds—worried it like cats. He remembered the beginning. Everyone had said he would never have got his commission had he not been old "Dave" Lestrelin's son. The newspapers had gibed at him; they said he was "a rich man's son" and a "college dude." In this pen and ink warfare he had become

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a Party issue. And the fellows at the club had given him a banquet before he went away to the war. His stepmother, the tears in her eyes—for she knew what war was—had kissed him, saying: "You will always remember that you are your father's son—and think how proud he was of his name."

"And am I not proud, mother, to be David Lestrelin's son?" he had said. Very brave, too, he looked in his new uniform—Lieutenant Roger Lestrelin.

His cigarette had gone out; his fish on the silver dish in front of him was chilled in its sauce; his thoughts were far across the world. He saw a little valley, a muddy stream going down it; at the bend of the stream a cluster of houses with the green hillsides beyond; he saw his men—eighteen of them—grouped near a doorway, joking; heard old MacFeredith's cry as the death-bullet reached him, felt again the blood splash in his face, heard the bullets whistling in the air, felt again the horror that choked him as he turned and ran blindly——

Then the court-martial; the disgrace; the clamour of the newspapers—and this pitiful home-coming. He was David Lestrelin's son, and they would not even shoot him.

"Nothing else, sir?" said the waiter. "No, sir? It's your wound, sir, I suppose—you must take care of yourself, Mr. Lestrelin."

"I do," Lestrelin laughed, grimly.

He tossed some money on the table and went out, feeling a hint of new strength. "I must go and face mother," he said as he walked along. A short drive in a hansom brought him to his mother's house in Kensington. He rang. The maid who opened the door was new to him.

"I am Mr. Lestrelin," he said. "Tell my mother I am here."

The maid hesitated. "Mrs. Lestrelin is at Scarborough," she said, "and I don't——"

"Are none of the old servants here?"

"Only cook——"

"You can tell her I've come home," Lestrelin said, pushing past her. "I'm going to my room."

He caught a glimpse of the drawing-room, the floor and the furniture all sheeted with linen, and climbed the familiar stairs to his room. When he had switched on the electric light he saw his trunks scattered about the floor, his pictures and odds and ends from the club. On the tables were letters and cards — the accumulation of happier months a half-year ago. There was dust everywhere; in his dressing-room there was dust, in the bathroom, and on his sponges and brushes. It was as though he had stepped into a house of the dead. And it seemed to him as though he had neither life nor feeling in him; as though there were dust on his heart and dust on his brain.

The maid knocked at the door.

"Mrs. Lestrelin did not expect you, sir; but there is a letter for you that she left."

He walked over towards the bureau, where the light was brightest, to read his stepmother's letter. And he read:—

Oh, Roger, how could you! You have broken my heart and disgraced us for ever. You must not come to Scarborough this season. It is all I can do to bear it alone. You had better go abroad until this blows over. Mr. Buckworth says that you have been badly treated, and that it is all politics; but that won't help you at Scarborough at all. I always told your father that he was bringing you up wrongly, and if he were alive now and could hear what people say, I'm sure he'd agree with me for once. And before you went away you promised to *remember the name*! I can't say anything, Roger. You have broken my heart! If your poor father knew. K. E. L.

Roger put the letter back in its envelope and laid it down on the bureau.

"She's right," he said, wearily.

He paced the long room to and fro. He stopped now and then and glanced up at his father's picture. The face was curiously like his own: strong and narrow and dark—the face of the man who might have been a political leader. Roger tried to think what his father would have done had he been in his place that moment when old MacFeredith's blood had splashed over him. With a gesture of repugnance that had come to him scores of times—that had grown almost a daily habit—he rubbed his eyes with the flat of his hand. And always he walked to and fro, to and fro, a dull pain in heart and head.

On the table lay another letter. He picked it up—it must have been one forwarded from the club, Lestrelin thought; he looked at the envelope and recognised John Buckworth's sprawling handwriting.

"I can't read that now," he muttered; "not after mother's letter—not now."

He doubled it into his pocket and went out.

Roger Lestrelin hailed a cab and drove to Piccadilly Circus, where he dismissed the hansom. He turned down Haymarket and passed the theatre. The entrance was crowded with correct and impassive men; little women, trussed up like fowls, scurried

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across the pavement from their carriages; some of them Lestrelin knew. There was Ryle, for instance, who was standing near the door, smiling.

"How d'you do, old man?" Lestrelin said.

Ryle tossed his cigarette into the street, turned on his heel and walked into the theatre. He never said a word; he did not even look at the young man. Lestrelin stifled a fierce desire to cry aloud—to rush at him—to end all his ignominy in some act of savagery. But he had not been bred to that sort of thing. Years of social propriety had schooled him into a fear of making himself ridiculous. And then, what could he do? Ryle owed him money. He crossed the street and entered a restaurant. He was not thirsty, but he had eaten no dinner, and the weakness of an old fever was on him; he felt faint.

"Give me a stiff brandy-and-soda," he called to the waiter.

And there, leaning against the marble bar, the cigar-lighter throwing a light on the paper, he read John Buckworth's hastily written letter. Twice he read it:—

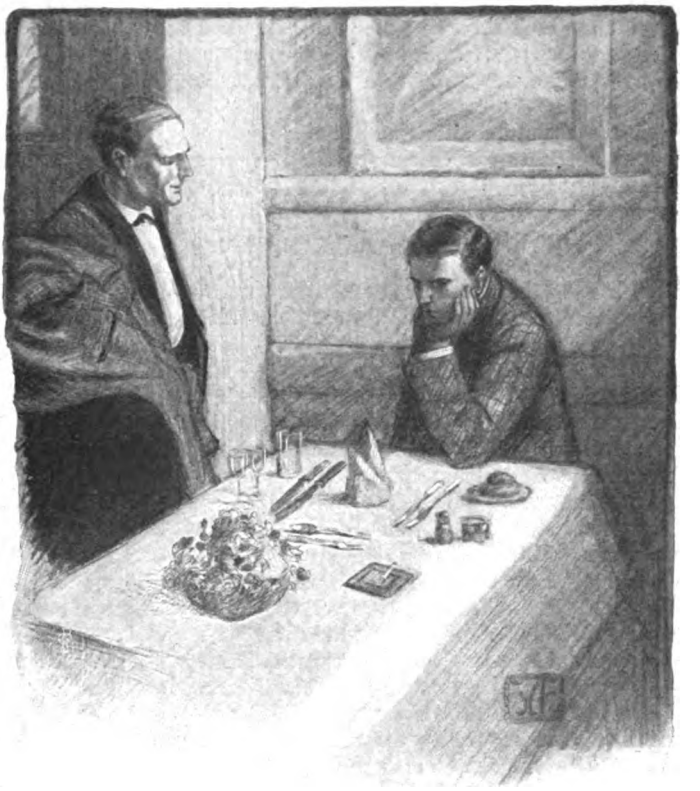
Dear Rodge,—You'll get this letter somewhere. I sent copies to your house, your club, and wired you to Cape Town. Buck up, my boy. There's one man who don't go back on Dave Lestrelin's son, and that's me. I know you since you had teeth, and I'm sure of you. That South African biz must have been crooked, and I know it, and I'll set it straight. Don't worry. Come straight to my place at Benhill. Come at once. Peter, at the station, will drive you up. Don't wait for anything.

Have you seen it in the papers? Then you know what's on. The wedding is set for the 17th—and Dave Lestrelin's son is to be my best man. You can't refuse. Miss Cranston, the future Mrs. B., says you are the man. So come on. After the wedding we'll see what they dare to say. If you want to be your father's son, fight it out. Don't funk. I'm with you to the finish.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN BUCKWORTH.

A scrawl of a letter, but there was wine in it. It lifted the young man out of his grey mood; it put heart and fight in him. He returned home, and within half-an-hour he had packed up a couple of bags of clothes and had caught the express for John Buckworth's country place in Hampshire. And as the swift train whirled along the rhythm of the wheels made a little song for him, and over and over again it sang in his brain; now the words of the song were: "Be your father's son and fight it out, fight it out."



"WE HEARD YOU'D BEEN WOUNDED, SIR, OR KILLED—SOUP, SIR?"

II.

John Buckworth had dined alone. At that lonely meal he had worn evening dress, but now, in the library over his pipe and coffee, he had taken off his coat and sat unabashed in his shirt-sleeves. His patent-leather shoes he had replaced by comfortable

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slippers. Lolling back in a big willow chair, he took his ease. And why should he not? If he had slippered ease he had fought for it. It was that long battle that had put the white into his hair, and the lines into his grim, square face. Not lightly does a man come up from the slums to dictate the policy of a great political party; not lightly. Behind such a success there lies a long, dark stretch of battle—many battles, in which friends go down as well as enemies. What a long record of intrigue and desperate daring that was! The early battles with street ruffians, the more deadly battles with Stock Exchange millions. The victories—and the failures that were the stepping-stones for future victories. All this was vaguely in John Buckworth's mind to-night as he lolled there—rough, masterful, adroit—looking at the son of his old friend, "Dave" Lestrelin.

"Rodge," he was saying, "your father had the chance to do me a bad turn once—but he didn't. He stood by me clean and straight. Now, I don't go back on my friends and"—he laughed grimly—"I don't forget my enemies. If a cad was to come in here and tell me his name was Lestrelin, I'd give him the best in the house. No, no, don't get hot, Rodge, you ain't a cad. Now tell me about that South African business. Talk up."

Young Lestrelin did not speak for a moment. He stared at the velvet carpet under his feet—stared, too, at the little fleck of tobacco ash near John Buckworth's chair—stared, it may be, into his own conscience.

At last he said: "I suppose the newspapers have it pretty nearly right, Mr. Buckworth. I saw the *Times*—that's the only one I dared to read. I ran—that's all true. I was frightened, I suppose." And with this Lestrelin brought his teeth together and took a long breath.

"That's all."

John Buckworth had watched him shrewdly under his eyebrows. Now he said:

"Sort of stage fright?"

"I ran," said Roger Lestrelin, slowly.

"Yes," said John Buckworth. He puffed at his wooden pipe. Presently he went on:

"They didn't give you a fair show, boy. That's right, see? I know the man that did it, and I'll get even with him for it. The man who runs away ain't always a coward! I was one night in the Strand. I wasn't no older'n you. I was alone, and some fellows set upon me—I run. Why? I dunno why I run. I was no kid, and I was a good scrapper, but I run."

The boy stared at the fireplace; old John Buckworth leaned forward in his chair and knocked out into the palm of his hand the red ashes from his pipe; the hard, grim face was harder now; the black-and-white beard bristled.

"Well," he said, harshly, "there was one man, an' he was the worst of the gang. He came for me another night, and I done him up fairly."

John Buckworth paused. He laughed a little and sat back in his chair.

"You know that anecdote," he said, quietly, "it has been repeated often enough. It was a police court job, but your father got me out of that—difficulty. Had I been in your position, Roger, I might have acted precisely as you did. I ran the first time. The second time I did not run—nor will you. You are no more a coward than I am. Stay here and fight it out—don't run the second time"—he stood up and laid his hand on the boy's drooping shoulder—"and between us we will make it all right."

"Thank you, sir," said Roger, and he, too, arose; "but I'm afraid I'm not much good—if I had been a decent sort of fellow I should have remembered my men."

"Yes, you should have remembered many things," said Buckworth. "That's right. There'll be plenty of people to remind you of it. It will not be easy."

"No, not easy," Lestrelin replied.

"You're just as I was when I felt I couldn't live in the world. But I lived there," Buckworth added, his square jaw set like a vice, "an' you've got to live in London and make 'em take you, too. An' you'll do it!"

"Yes," the young man said slowly, "I'll do it—I meant to do it, and I will."

They shook hands in a grip that was a treaty and an alliance.

"And now——"

The politician smiled vaguely and sat down in his easy chair.

"You're going to stand up with me Saturday," he said; "my best man—and the best man I want—at my wedding."

Over the coarse, cold face there had come a reflection of youth, and the keen, cold eyes that could look down a mob of men—a herd of millionaires—were veiled with tenderness. Young Lestrelin wondered. In his boy's

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way he had often dreamed of love; now it seemed to him that he saw love, real, alert and visible, shining on that implacable face. And this, then, was love—the power that could make as gracious as spring the life-scarred face of a man of fifty, that could draw a film of tenderness over those keen, preying eyes. Lestrelin wondered.

"And Miss Cranston is willing that I should be her best man?" he said slowly.

With himself, and his friends, John Buckworth was unflaggingly honest. "Cicely don't know you, Rodge," he said, "and—she's read the newspapers. No—at first she was—not pleased. But I told her I wanted that day to be the best in my life. It would give me her for my wife—and help me to pay my debt to Dave Lestrelin all in one. And she agreed. You see, Rodge, she loves me."

Again the boy wondered; the eternal April of love was like a benison on John Buckworth's rugged face.

"Whatever you wish," Roger said, "and whatever she wishes, sir."

A second later they were shaking hands again.

"We'll fight it out together, boy," said John Buckworth, "you and Cicely and me."

The boy's hand almost melted in the grip of that brawny paw, and his eyes were misty.

* * *

"STAY HERE AND FIGHT IT OUT—DON'T RUN THE SECOND TIME."

The next day they rode over to the Cranstons' place. As they approached the door three ravens fluttered down from the trees and went cawing riverward.

"I know men who would call that a bad sign," said John Buckworth, laughing, "but I haven't got any superstitions; have you?"

"I don't know," said Lestrelin.

A boy took their horses, and they were shown into a small room off the great hall that bisected the house. A wood fire glimmered pleasantly on the hearth.

Mrs. Cranston and her daughter came in together, and Cicely went directly to John Buckworth and gave him her hand. He smiled down at her with a tenderness that made his rough face beautiful.

"Little Cicely," he said, softly. Standing there beside him she seemed very slight and young; her face was very delicate, and the dark masses of hair that framed it lent it unusual whiteness. But the lips were full and red, and her eyes were not sad. For Roger Lestrelin, the first few moments were very difficult. Mrs. Cranston had received him with a kindness in which he felt a touch of pity. Cicely was coldly correct; he could feel the antipathy she concealed so carefully. They talked of the people they knew, of the wedding, of the guests, and all the little formalities that had to be settled with the

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best man; they talked—all, that is, save Cicely, who sat in a low chair by the window, cold and aloof. John Buckworth went to her and whispered: "I can't ride with you, this afternoon, Cicely, and——"

"I see," she said, calmly; "and you wish Mr. Lestrelin to accompany me."

"Don't be hard, girl," he answered; "I want you to know him—we two mustn't go back on him."

"I don't like a coward," she replied.

"Nor I," he said; "but when I say he isn't——"

And what she said was meant only for his ears.

III.

The afternoon was already darkening faintly when Cicely Cranston and Roger Lestrelin rode out into the highway. At first they trotted along slowly, hardly speaking to each other. Now and then Cicely called her dog.

"Come here, Shan," she cried. "Don't run away, sir."

Roger drove the spur into his horse.

"You don't think I meant anything," she said, eagerly, when she had ridden up alongside of his galloping horse.

"No," he said, and they swung on in a gallop. A moment later she reined in her horse.

"You might say more than that," she cried, angrily.

"What can I say?" he asked. "In heaven's name, what can I say?"

"Tell me how it happened," she said. "I want to hear it from your lips—you are to be our friend. Is it not fair you should tell me?"

"You've read it all. I was talking to old MacFeredith—he was a good man—the only friend I had out there. I cared more for him than any man I knew—and then that thing happened. I did not hear the shot. I was just standing talking, and suddenly he went down, groaning, and the blood splashed in my eyes."

Again he drew his hand across his face.

"And I ran. I could not see. I blundered on somehow, until I tripped and fell. That brought me to myself. I heard the shots and ran back. It was tangled ground there, and it seemed as though years went by before I could find the place. Then—there were only four of my men—three of them lying there dead; the rest had been taken prisoners. They hadn't even time to get their guns, poor fellows. There was one wounded, and I managed to get him in and told them I'd run away—that's all."

"But you went back," Cicely said, and her voice was very kind.

"Yes," he said, bitterly, "after it was all over; when there was no more shooting. And yet—God knows I wanted to die. I wanted to die, Cicely——"

Her sympathy was the first he had known; neither of them noticed that he had called her Cicely; together they were trying to understand that tragedy on the other side of the world.

"As I ran back, shouting to my men—calling on them to stand—my only hope was that I might get there in time to die first—in front of them all. That was what I wanted."

She looked at him with wide open eyes.

"You are a hero," she whispered, softly.

"It was his blood—there in my face—he was my friend, and—I had never seen anyone killed."

"And you did not tell them at the—trial?" she asked.

"What was the good? I told the truth. I'd run away. That couldn't be explained."

"You have made me understand," Cicely said, softly, and she laid her slim, gloved hand on his arm. "It was braver to go back—braver than if you had never run away—and I'm so glad," she added. He pressed her little hand, but did not speak; they rode on in silence that was neither cold nor ineloquent. About them was the winter twilight. Their ride had carried them far into a wilder country, where there were few houses. They passed a stretch of woods, and beyond saw the fires of low-lying lime-kilns.

"We must go back," Cicely said, and called to her dog. Shan, however, dashed ahead and planted himself in the middle of the road, barking fiercely—a joyful, doggish bark that made him quiver with pleasure to the tip of his thick, bushy tail. From somewhere a brace of lean curs came and answered him in ill-bred canine slang. When Roger and Cicely cantered up they saw two vans resting at the roadside. The lean horses, hobbled, were grazing near by. Between the caravans a little fire had been kindled, round which sat a group of brown and ragged people, eating.

"Gipsies," said Roger, and laughed; he felt curiously light and happy now.

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A woman rose from the fire and came forward with the light, free step of her race.

"Let me tell the beautiful lady's fortune," she whined, in a slow, sing-song voice.

"Yes," Roger said, quickly.

Cicely, smiling, drew off her long glove and held down her hand.

"I must cross it with silver," the gipsy said.

"With gold," said Roger. He gave her a sovereign.

The gipsy bent over the little hand and studied it.

"A beautiful hand, dear lady, a high-born hand, and wonderful is the fortune. A wonderful fortune the poor gipsy must tell. Long years and great happiness—great honour and great riches—a husband who loves you better than his life." She stole a sly, comprehensive glance at Roger and then bent over the hand. "A noble husband, very young——"

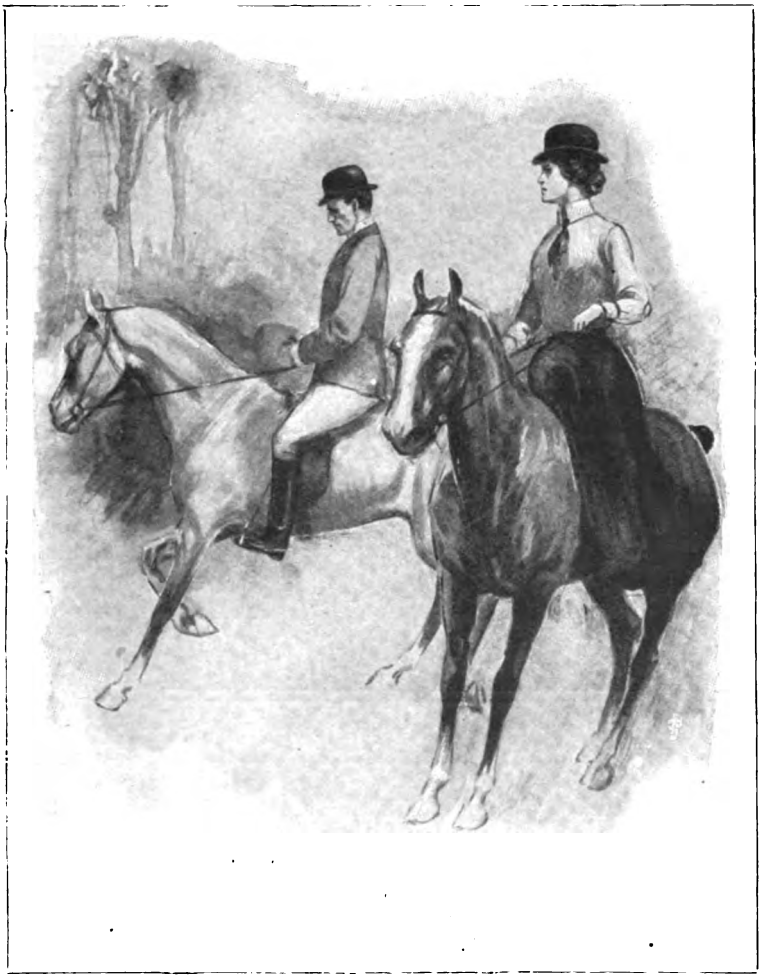
"Oh, enough of this nonsense," Cicely said; she tried to withdraw her hand, but the gipsy held it fast.

"Very young, with a beautiful white face and dark eyes like your own, dear lady. You will ride with him the first time you meet him, and he will tell you that he loves you, and you will learn to love him, and then you will ride with him through life. A wonderful fortune, lady——"

"Oh, come, come!" Cicely cried suddenly.

She whirled her horse round and sent him flying along the dim road. In a moment Roger had overtaken her. Side by side, swing for swing, breath for breath, they galloped on. The madness of speed, that fierce onward rush that seemed to make them one—the madness of the young night, that seemed to shut them off from all the world, was upon them.

"Cicely!" he cried, and swept his arm around her, then her lips found his; and in that first kiss there were confessions and promises.



"YOU HAVE LIED!" SHE ANSWERED. "YOU LOVE ME—BUT YOU ARE A COWARD."

It was not until they breasted the last hill at the gates of the Cranstons' house that the horses, weary of rivalry, fell into a walk. Until then Roger and Cicely had hardly spoken—a few words, perhaps, in which there was meaning only for them. But now thoughts came back with a rush.

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Lestrelin swayed a little in his saddle and with an old, familiar gesture, drew his hand across his face and eyes.

"What have I done, Cicely?" he asked with a little gasp. "What have I done?"

She turned to him with eyes like stars.

"For ever—to ride together, through long, happy years," she repeated.

He felt her hand on his arm; it seemed to burn into his flesh—that he should love her so, that he should love her so! That there should be nothing in all the world for him but her dear face! That it should be this!

Then her voice, sweet and broken, said:

"Roger, now I understand! You have saved me from a great sin. I was going to marry a man I did not love—think of it. But I did not know what love was. How could I know? How could I, dear, until you taught me? I knew only ambition and pride. But love came to save me."

And his brain rocked with the agony of it—that he should love her so! That she should love him! Then her voice again, bright and proud with love, continued:

"To ride with you for ever—all our lives!"

"Cicely," he said brokenly.

She started at the sound of his voice and reined up her horse.

"Roger, you do not mean——"

He spoke her name in a half sob of agony.

"I cannot, I cannot," he groaned; "oh, my heart's love — think of him — my friend——"

"You—you will leave me, Roger?"

"Think! Cicely—you know I must."

For a moment she sat there, very white, very still; then she said: "You do not love me?"

"I do not love you," he repeated, and the words burned like blasphemy on his lips.

"You have lied!" she answered proudly. "You love me—but you are a coward!" She struck her horse and rode swiftly up the avenue that led to her house. A storm of sobs, a clatter of horse-hoofs dying away; that was all—only three ravens sailed down from the time-old trees, cawing.

From the little railway station Roger sent the stable boy back with the horse and this note for John Buckworth:

> I cannot face the people here. I am going to America by the first steamer. The best you can do is to forget me.—R. LESTRELIN.

And John Buckworth, when he had read the note, tossed it into the fire.

"I can't understand how he's Dave's son," he said. "Poor fellow, I suppose he can't help being a funk. But trust a woman! Cicely always said he was a coward."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The next (JUNE) ISSUE of the LONDON MAGAZINE will be the

DOUBLE CORONATION NUMBER,

And with it will be Presented Gratis

TWO HANDSOME COLOURED PLATES

OF

HIS MAJESTY, KING EDWARD VII., and QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Owing to the time and care involved in the production of these portraits, it will be impossible to reprint the number, and to avoid disappointment copies should be ORDERED OF NEWSAGENTS NOW.

Apart from the above attraction, the CORONATION ISSUE will contain many special and timely features, yet the price will be SIXPENCE ONLY.

The CORONATION NUMBER will be published on 6th of JUNE, instead of 15th of the month as usual.

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CHILD-LIFE AT COURT

By Mary Spencer Warren.

CHILD life at Court is rather complex—a mingling of the usual instruction and amusement incidental to youthful existence, combined with a great insight into State functions and regal splendours, and occasionally—in the case of eldest line—an active participation in some of the important events.

That each of the children of the Court shall be brought up as simply as possible is the determination of their respective relatives, and no undue servility from servants or fulsome adulation from superior attendants is allowed. Each child is addressed as Prince or Princess with Christian name, the style and title "Royal Highness" never being used. And they are early inured to the nicest of manners to those beneath them in rank with whom they may come into contact, are counselled never to obtrude their dignity of birth, or have foolish assumptions or affectations, and are taught to show respect for the feelings of others, to have a due consideration for them and a sense of the fitness of things, coupled with an abhorrence of all that is unreal, untrue and mean.

Photo, W. & D. Downey.

THE THREE ELDEST CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Lessons, in the correct meaning of the word, are not insisted upon at a very early age—especially in the family of the Heir-Apparent, as it is thought wiser and better to give the children plenty of time for physical development by a life of open-air play and exercise or indoor amusement, rather than to force prematurely their mental capacities. At the same time, their young minds are early prepared to receive instruction by the introduction of the popular kindergarten system into the royal nurseries; some of their first recollections being connected with the animals which adorned the rugs on the floors, or the instructive toys with which the days of their earliest essays at walking were beguiled. And speaking of these times reminds one of how it was that Admiral Keppel—a trusted friend of the then Prince of Wales—largely assisted in teaching Prince Edward of Wales to walk. It was an interesting sight when the distinguished sailor and the infant Prince went gravely or joyously round and round the room hand in hand, or together executed a series of small dances.

And it was the late Queen Victoria—whom the little Prince always styled "granny"—who taught him his alphabet; for, needless to say, Her Majesty was extremely fond of the child who would in the course of time be

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called upon to fill such an exalted destiny, and many a little lesson of vast import often fell from the lips of her whose whole life was goodness itself. From the first, the Prince

Photo, W. & D. Downey.

PRINCE ALBERT AND HIS SISTER, PRINCESS VICTORIA.

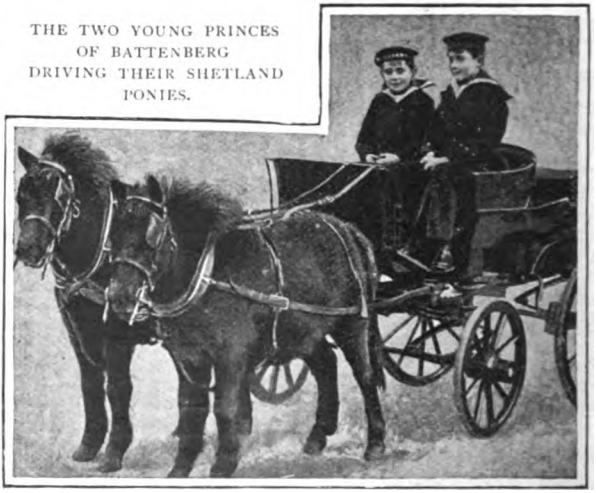
always accorded the most perfect obedience to the late Queen—as, indeed, did all the youthful members of the Court; for they were all so well beloved by her and so happy in her company, that it was quite a natural thing for them to render the obedience which is dictated by love. The happy days spent in the homes of the late Queen by the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Her Majesty, will long be a pleasant memory to each one as they go through life. Reminiscences of nursery days, school holidays, and leave from military or naval duties—when special festivities were arranged in their honour—will be bright seasons to look back upon. That Queen Victoria has materially helped in the formation of characters which will one day make history is undeniably true, and future generations will benefit thereby.

Now the Court circle is, of course, entirely reconstructed, and it is only the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales who live their life in the public eye, for the Duke and Duchess of Fife are still as anxious for the avoidance of State surroundings as they have ever been, not wishing even for the prefix of Princess to the children's names. When the eldest child of the Duke and Duchess was born, she actually stood nearer in succession to the Throne than did Queen Victoria at her birth, but it was decided she was only to have the rank and title of the child of a British Peer, and not that of a Royal Princess. Subsequent events proved the wisdom of this decision.

But quite as a matter of course, the family of the Prince and Princess of Wales pass very much of their time with the King and Queen, and it will be quite a matter for remembrance that they were recently with them nearly eight months, during the time the Heir-Apparent and his Consort were away on their Colonial tour. Then the children went to and fro with the Court on their journeys between London, Windsor, Sandringham and Portsmouth, Prince Edward in particular always keeping very near to his grandparents; persistently dragging Queen Alexandra up railway platforms to "see the engines"; or marching proudly up and down the deck of "Grandpa's ship" holding the King's hand; or sitting in the same carriage when driving through the streets, solemnly returning the salutes of soldiers and people.

But as a general rule, the days of the children are somewhat uneventful, riding, driving and walking always taking up a due share. Prince Edward has already a very good seat on his favourite pony "Midget," and he is extremely fond of occupying the position of charioteer when his sister and brothers are out driving with him. Also he has become quite an adept with the bicycle King Edward gave him on his last birthday. A little drill is imparted to the

THE TWO YOUNG PRINCES OF BATTENBERG DRIVING THEIR SHETLAND PONIES.



Photo, Hughes & Mullins.

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two elder Princes, this being a form of instruction of which they heartily approve, and it is a great delight to the boys to act drill-master in turns, their army consisting of a stray manservant or two whom they can beguile from their occupations, or occasionally, of their little sister only. And they know all about sidearms and firearms, and can bring the latter to the "salute" or "present" quite smartly.

"ON THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE."

Photo, Milne.

So far, Prince Edward is very divided in his own mind as to his future. When he sees his grandfather in brilliant Field Marshal's uniform, surrounded by a glittering cavalry escort, he is quite sure he will be a soldier; but when his father dons his naval dress, and the little Prince can accompany His Royal Highness to his ship or yacht, then he is equally determined to adopt the life of a sailor. Perhaps the Prince of Wales will adopt the same policy with his boys as did our present King with *his* two sons, by which the elder was made "soldier and sailor, too."

The two elder Princes are so near of an age that they are excellent companions for each other in all their amusements, as they will also be in their studies. Truth to tell, the arrival of Prince Albert was not greeted with great joy by his brother; in fact, he would have none of him, would not even look in his direction, and bitterly resented the proposed transfer of his particular nurse to the new baby. So hearty and noisy were his objections, in fact, that for the sake of peace and quietness the projected change had to be abandoned. But the young Prince has got over this long ago, and the two boys, generally speaking, are on excellent terms with each other. Of course, they have their occasional disagreements, as all children will—and it is recorded how that one day, hearing a tremendous commotion in a room where they were supposed to be playing, the Prince and Princess, on hurriedly entering to ascertain the cause, found the two boys having a real stand-up fight. The Princess was shocked and horrified, and was for immediately separating the combatants and ordering punishment; but their father—doubtless with a remembrance of his own youthful days—said, "Oh, let them fight it out; they will make all the better men for it."

Photos, The Biograph Studio.

THE FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND PLAYING SOLDIERS WITH HIS BROTHER AND SISTER.

Little Prince Albert has a will of his own, and a decided liking for arguing or thrashing a matter out, so that Prince Edward,

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although the elder, is in no danger of being spoiled by having things all his own way.

The children have each their own particular pets at Sandringham, and are most assiduous in their attentions to them, visiting the cages, huts and kennels in which they are lodged, feeding them and chattering to them in the gayest manner. When about the park and villages, there is generally a dog or two in company, Prince Edward's terrier being always on duty. Another great delight is the little garden allotted to each, where they can sow and plant on one day, and dig up on another to see "how they are getting on." There is a lovely spot in the park where primroses and violets grow in great profusion, and have, in fact, special care bestowed upon them, for the flowers are Queen Alexandra's special property and are used for Her Majesty's rooms, or by herself for church decoration, etc. To help "Grandma" gather some of them is a great treat, and there is a vast excitement as to who shall pick the largest quantity with the longest stalks.

Photo, Chancellor, Dublin.

PRINCESS BEATRICE'S SON AND DAUGHTER VISITING THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, DUBLIN.

These are halcyon days for the children, and whether at York Cottage, St. James's Palace, or with their grandparents, their lives so far are nearly all holiday. Yet, notwithstanding, they are by no means devoid of general knowledge, for infinite pains have been taken to instruct them without boring them with actual studies. The Princes Edward and Albert are really quite advanced for their ages in a variety of subjects, for they have grandparents, parents and friends of the Court circle who are always ready to simplify their little difficulties, and to explain the various problems which occur to their minds. Prince Edward especially has a wonderful memory, and can already faultlessly repeat quite a number of poetical compositions, much to the delight of his father.

But the time is drawing near when they will have to commence a course of study in real earnest, and this of necessity will be far more severe than falls to the lot of less-exalted personages. The subjects must be multitudinous and comprehensive, on account of the social and political relationships which the Royal Family and the country hold with other Powers and countries. In addition to the ordinary code imparted, say, to an Eton boy, the sons of the Prince of Wales must acquire fluency in several modern languages; they must have more than a cursory knowledge of the legal relations towards the several estates of the realm, constitutional government, international laws and the various nice points which have to be observed in the relations of monarch to monarch and prince to prince. Universal history and an intimacy with European literature must be included. They must also be grounded in the strength and equipment of English and foreign armies and navies, in addition to the necessity of passing their examinations as to handling men, guns, and ships, of either or both Services.

They will have to acquire the art of speaking in public with fluency and ease: cultivate the happy knack of saying the right thing at the right time; learn the gift of a quick recognition of faces and facts, and a faultless display of tact. The responsibilities of a man and a prince will rest upon the shoulders of each.

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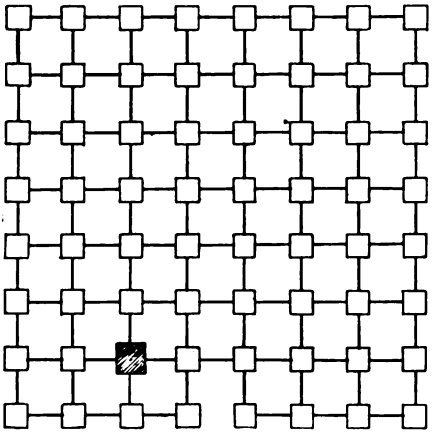
SOME ADVENTURES OF THE FAMOUS PILGRIMS NOW RECORDED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

Illustrated by Paul Hardy.

A CHANCE-GATHERED company of pilgrims, on their way to the shrine of Saint Thomas á Becket at Canterbury, met at the old Tabard Inn, later called the Talbot, in Southwark, and the host proposed that they should beguile the ride by each telling a tale to his fellow-pilgrims. This we all know was the origin of the immortal "Canterbury Tales" of our great fourteenth-century poet, Geoffrey Chaucer. Unfortunately, the tales were never completed, and perhaps that is why the quaint and curious "Canterbury Puzzles," devised and propounded by the same body of pilgrims, were not also recorded by the poet's pen. This is greatly to be regretted, since Chaucer, who, as Leland tells us, was an "ingenious mathematician," and the author of a learned treatise on the astrolabe, was peculiarly fitted for the propounding of problems. In presenting for the first time some of these old-world posers, we will not stop to explain the singular manner in which they came into our possession, but proceed at once, without unnecessary preamble, to give our readers an opportunity of solving them and testing their quality. There are certainly several far more difficult puzzles extant, but difficulty and interest are two qualities of puzzledom that do not necessarily go together.



START FROM THE LARGE BLACK TOWN AND VISIT ALL THE OTHER TOWNS ONCE ONLY IN FIFTEEN STRAIGHT PILGRIMAGES.

THE REVE'S PUZZLE.

The Reve was a wily man and something of a scholar. As Chaucer tells us, "There was no auditor could of him win" and "there could no man bring him in arrear." The poet also noticed that "ever he rode the hindermost of the route." This he did that he might the better, without interruption, work out the fanciful problems and ideas that passed through his active brain. When the pilgrims were stopping at a wayside tavern, a number of cheeses of varying sizes caught his alert eye, and calling for four stools he told the company that he would show them a puzzle of his own that would keep them amused during their rest. He then placed eight cheeses of graduating sizes on one of the end stools, the smallest cheese being at

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the top, as clearly shown in the illustration. "This is a riddle," quoth he, "that I did once set before my fellow townsmen at Baldeswell, that is in Norfolk, and, by Saint Joce, there was no man among them that could rede it aright. And yet it is withal full easy, for all that I do desire is that by the moving of one cheese at a time from one stool unto another, ye shall remove all the cheeses to the stool at the other end without ever putting any cheese on one that is smaller than itself. To him that will perform this feat in the least number of moves that be possible will I treat to a draught of the best that our good host can provide." To solve this puzzle in the fewest possible moves, first with 8, then with 10, and afterwards with 21 cheeses, is an interesting recreation.

QUOTH THE REVE, "I DO DESIRE THAT BY THE MOVING OF ONE CHEESE AT A TIME FROM ONE STOOL UNTO ANOTHER, YE SHALL REMOVE ALL THE CHEESES TO THE STOOL AT THE OTHER END WITHOUT PUTTING ANY CHEESE ON ONE THAT IS SMALLER THAN ITSELF."

THE PARDONER'S PUZZLE.

The gentle Pardoner, "that straight was come from the court of Rome," begged to be excused, but the company would not spare him. "Friends and fellow pilgrims," said he, "of a truth the riddle that I have made is but a poor thing, but it is the best that I have been able to devise. Blame my lack of knowledge of such matters if it is not to thy liking." But his invention was very well received. He produced the accompanying plan and said that it represented sixty-four towns through which he had to pass during some of his pilgrimages, and the lines connecting them were roads. He explained that the puzzle was to start from the large black town and visit all the other towns once, and once only, in fifteen straight pilgrimages. Try to trace the route in fifteen straight lines with your pencil. You may end where you like, but note that the apparent omission of a little road at the bottom is intentional, as it seems it was impossible to go that way.

THE MILLER'S PUZZLE.

The Miller next took the company aside and showed them nine sacks of flour that were standing as depicted in the sketch on the next page. "Now, hearken all and some," said he, "while that I do set thee the riddle of the nine sacks of flour. And mark ye, my lords and masters, that there be single sacks on the outside, pairs next unto them and three together in the middle thereof.

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By Saint Frideside, it doth so happen that if we do but multiply the pair, 28, by the single one, 7, the answer is 196, which is of a truth the number shown by the sacks in the middle. Yet it be not true that the other pair, 34, when so multiplied by its neighbour, 5, will also make 196. Wherefore I do beg you, gentle sirs, to so place anew the nine sacks with as little trouble as possible that each pair when thus multiplied by its single neighbour shall make the number in the middle." As the Miller has stipulated in effect that as few bags as possible shall be moved, there is only one answer to this puzzle, which everybody should be able to solve.

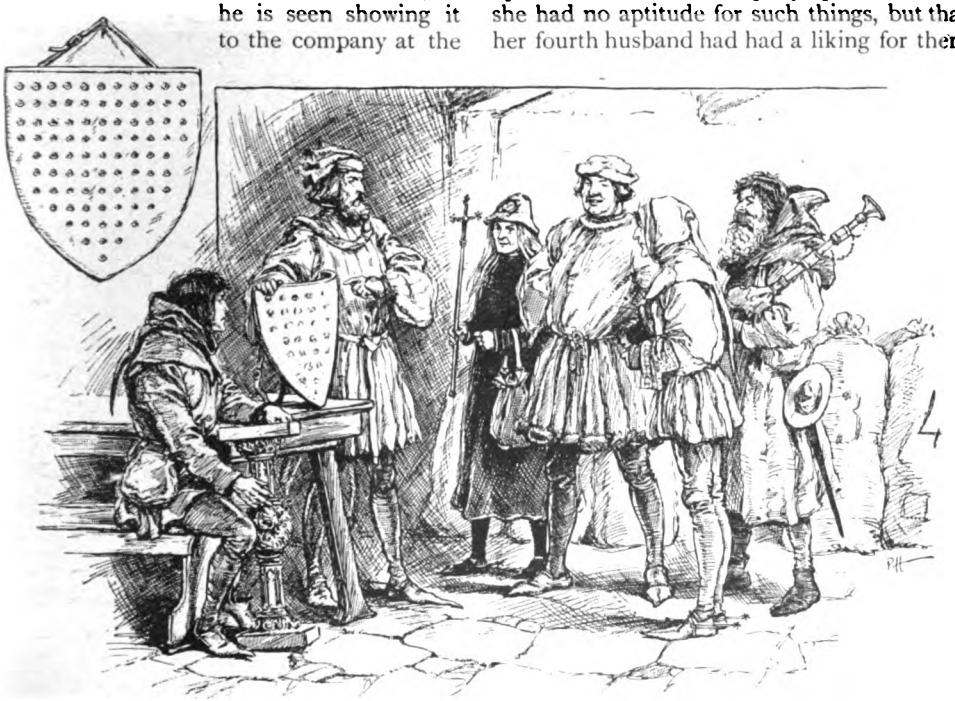
"I DO BEG YOU, GENTLE SIRS, TO SO PLACE ANEW THE NINE SACKS THAT EACH PAIR WHEN MULTIPLIED BY ITS SINGLE NEIGHBOUR SHALL MAKE THE NUMBER IN THE MIDDLE."

THE KNIGHT'S PUZZLE.

This worthy man was, as Chaucer tells us, "a very perfect, gentle knight," and "In many a noble army had he been: At mortal battles had he been fifteen." His shield, as he is seen showing it to the company at the seed is sown by the hand. When this Knight was called on to propound a puzzle, he said to the company, "This riddle a wight did ask of me when that I fought with the lord of Palatine against the heathen in Turkey. In thy hand take a piece of chalk and learn how many perfect squares thou canst make with one of the roses at each corner thereof." The reader may find it an interesting problem to count the number of squares that may be formed on the shield by uniting four roses.

THE WIFE OF BATH'S RIDDLES.

The frolicsome Wife of Bath, when called upon to favour the company, protested that she had no aptitude for such things, but that her fourth husband had had a liking for them



"IN THY HAND TAKE A PIECE OF CHALK AND LEARN HOW MANY PERFECT SQUARES THOU CANST MAKE WITH ONE OF THE ROSES AT EACH CORNER THEREOF."

"Tabard" in the illustration, was, in the peculiar language of the heralds, "argent, semée of roses, gules," which means that on a white ground red roses were scattered or strewn, as and she remembered two of his riddles that might be new to her fellow pilgrims. They were these: "Pray, what difference may there be betwixt live fish and fish alive? And

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why is a bung that hath been made fast in a barrel, like unto another bung that is just falling out of a barrel?" As the company promptly answered these easy conundrums, the lady went on to say that when she was one day seated sewing in her private chamber her son entered. "Upon receiving," saith she, "the parental command, 'Depart, my son, and do not disturb me!' he did reply, 'I am, of a truth, thy son, but thou art not my mother, and until thou hast shown me how this may be I shall not go forth.'" This perplexed the company a good deal, but it is not likely to give the reader much difficulty.

"MY MERRY MASTERS, HERE BE A CASK OF FINE ALE, AND IN MY HANDS TWO MEASURES—ONE OF FIVE, AND THE OTHER OF THREE, PINTS. PRAY SHOW HOW IT IS POSSIBLE FOR ME TO PUT A TRUE PINT INTO EACH OF THE MEASURES."

THE HOST'S PUZZLE.

Perhaps no puzzle of the whole collection caused more jollity or was found more entertaining than that produced by the Host of the "Tabard," who accompanied the party all the way. He called the pilgrims together and spoke as follows: "My merry masters all, now that it is my turn to give thy brains a twist, I will show thee a little piece of craft that will try thy wits to their full bent. And yet methinks it is but a simple matter when the doing of it is made clear. Here be a cask of fine London ale, and in my hands do I hold two measures—one of five pints, and the other of three pints. Pray show how it is possible for me to put a true pint into each of the measures." Of course, no other vessel or article is to be used, and no marking of the measures must be allowed. It is a knotty little problem and a fascinating one. A good many persons to-day will find it a by no means easy task. Yet it can be done.

THE CLERK OF OXENFORD'S PUZZLE.

The silent and thoughtful Clerk of Oxenford, of whom it is recorded that "Every farthing that his friends e'er lent, In books and learning was it always spent," was prevailed upon to give his companions a puzzle. He said "Ofttimes of late have I given much thought to the study of those strange talismans to ward off the plague and such evils, that are yclept magic squares, and the secret of such things is very deep and the number of such squares truly great. But the small riddle that I did make yester eve for the purpose of this company, is not so hard that any may not find it out with a little patience." He then produced the square shown in the illustration and said that it was desired to so cut it into four pieces (by cuts

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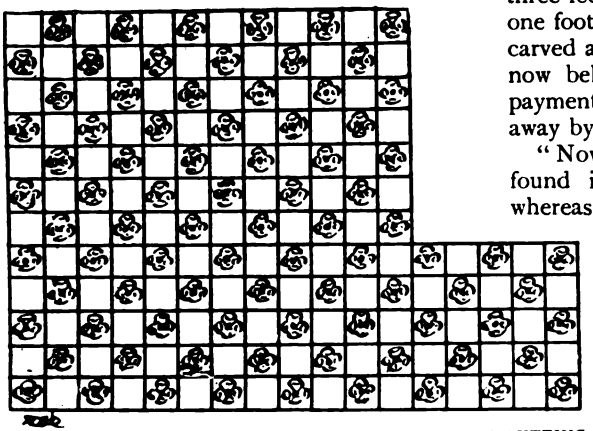
along the lines) that they would fit together again and form a perfect magic square, in which the four columns, the four rows and the two long diagonals should add up 34. It will be found that this is a just sufficiently easy puzzle for most people's tastes.

THE TAPISER'S PUZZLE.

Then came forward the Tapiser, who was, of course, a maker of tapestry, and must not be confounded with a tapster, who draws and sells ale.

He produced a beautiful piece of tapestry, worked in a simple chequered pattern, as shown in the diagram. "This piece of tapestry, sirs," quoth he, "hath one hundred and sixty-nine small squares, and I do desire you to tell me the manner of cutting the tapestry into three pieces that shall fit together and make one whole piece in shape of a perfect square.

"Moreover, since there be divers ways of so doing, I do wish to know that way wherein two of the pieces shall together contain as much as possible of the rich fabric." It is clear that the Tapiser intended the cuts to be made along the lines dividing the squares



"I DO DESIRE YOU TO TELL ME THE MANNER OF CUTTING THE TAPESTRY INTO THREE PIECES THAT SHALL FIT TOGETHER IN A PERFECT SQUARE."

only, and, as the material was not both sides alike, no piece may be reversed, but care must be observed that the chequered pattern matches properly.

THE CARPENTER'S PUZZLE.

The Carpenter produced the carved wooden pillar that he is seen holding in the illustration, wherein the knight is propounding his knotty problem to the goodly company, and spoke as follows: "There dwelleth in the city of London a certain scholar that is learned in astrology and other

1	15	5	12
8	10	4	9
11	6	16	2
14	3	13	7

SO CUT THE SQUARE INTO FOUR PIECES THAT THEY WOULD FIT TOGETHER AGAIN AND FORM A SQUARE IN WHICH THE FIGURES SHOULD MAKE 34 WHEN ADDED IN ANY DIRECTION.

strange arts. Some few days gone he did bring unto me a piece of wood that had three feet in length, one foot in breadth and one foot in depth, and did desire that it be carved and made into the pillar that you do now behold. Also did he promise certain payment for every cubic inch of wood cut away by the carving thereof.

"Now I did at first weigh the block and found it truly to contain thirty pounds, whereas the pillar doth now weigh but twenty pounds. Of a truth I have therefore cut away one cubic foot (which is to say one-third) of the three cubic feet of the block, but this scholar withal doth hold that payment may not thus be fairly made by weight, since the heart of the block may be heavier, or perchance may be more light, than the outside. How then may I with ease satisfy the scholar as to the quantity of wood that hath been cut away?" This at first sight looks a difficult question, but it is so absurdly simple that the method employed by the carpenter should be known to everybody to-day, for it is a very useful little "wrinkle."

The solutions of "The Canterbury Puzzles" will be found in the next issue of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

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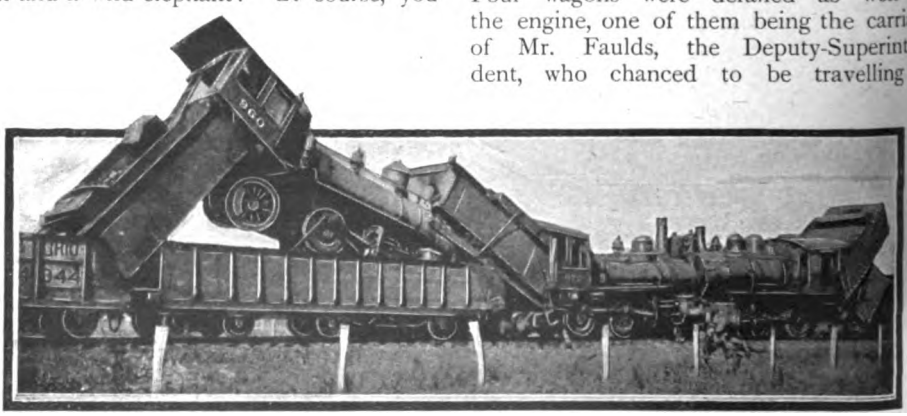
WARS THAT RAILWAYS WAGE

A RAILWAY INSPECTOR GOING HIS ROUNDS ON A SOUTH AMERICAN RAILWAY AFTER A FLOOD.

Some Sensational Fights with Nature.

THE greatest enemy a railway has to contend with in this country is expensive labour or fuel; and it is pretty safe to assume that no one, outside the circles interested, has even the faintest idea of the romance and sensational interest attaching to the working of railways in remote parts of the world, in which British capital is invested. It may do good to convey a realistic idea of the extraordinary obstacles and drawbacks such railway companies have to encounter in remote regions, and which render it a marvel how even British pluck, enterprise and hard work, can develop such countries, no matter how rich they may be, and earn handsome dividends.

What would you say to a fight between a train and a wild elephant? Of course, you would dismiss the thing as an absurd yarn, and yet in the board-room of the Bengal-Nagpur Railway you will see a set of photographs of the incident framed. It was the "up mail" of September 28th, 1894, that fought that wild tusker, among the Saranda jungles. After passing Goilkera Station at 9.15 the train raced through thick and heavy jungle, until it neared the Karo River, when it commenced to go down a "bank" at about 27 miles an hour. Immediately after crossing the Karo Bridge the driver experienced an alarming shock, and just as he was attempting to reverse and put on the brakes, the engine left the rails and plunged into the pitchy darkness over to the very edge of an embankment 40 feet high. Four wagons were derailed as well as the engine, one of them being the carriage of Mr. Faulds, the Deputy-Superintendent, who chanced to be travelling at



Photo, W. S. Voll, Warren.

A TERRIFIC SMASH-UP CAUSED BY A WASHED-AWAY EMBANKMENT. OBSERVE THE ENGINES PILED UP IN THE AIR.

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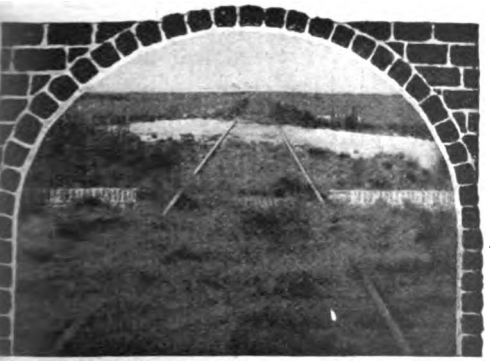
he time. Nothing could be seen at the moment to account for the accident, but further investigations at daylight showed unmistakable tracks of an elephant. Finally, he poor old tusker himself was found at the ottom of the embankment, with is hind leg cut off, and other evere injuries. He had evidently seen the headlight of he on-rushing train, and been ffended thereby. He had iven battle, and had een defeated. The amage done to the ngine and rolling stock mounted roughly to Rs. 1,000.

The worst foes of the ailways of Peru are oods and the truculent hilians, whilst the Ancon nd Chancay line was iscontinued in 1881 owing to a erfect rain of sand from the high liffs which towered above this art of the track. Oddly enough, he flood of sand was maliciously arted by a cannonade from the hilian ships of war in the bay, nd finally only the end of a eeper here and there remained o mark the course of the railay.

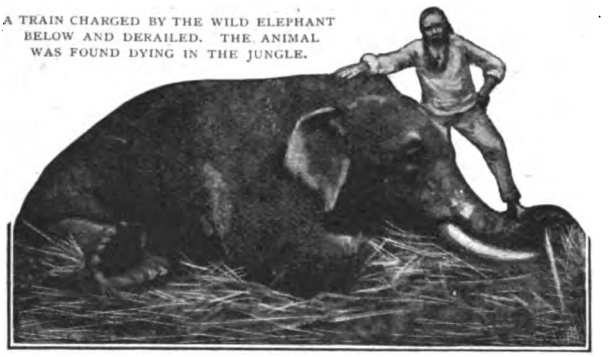
Although Peruvian alligators ould not be expected to show ght as our friend the tusker id on the Bengal-Nagpur Railway, yet ey sometimes constitute an obstruction



RAILWAY IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC BLOCKED WITH SOFT PAMPAS GRASS.

n the line, and then it falls to the lot of he of the white officials to combine business ith a little big game hunting—a sport in which he is often aided by the Indians, who, however, being provided only with the most primitive of bows and arrows, can only fetch and carry for the white man.

It seems a big come-down from wild elephants and alligators to locusts, and yet the companies in many regions of the Argentine Republic suffer terribly from these pests, which present themselves in such incredible volumes as actually to clog the wheels of the locomotives and stop the trains. It is no wonder that the enterprising Argentine Government should organise a kind of locust "conscription," practically forcing every able-bodied man to fight against the common insect enemy. The law is that every man shall



A TRAIN CHARGED BY THE WILD ELEPHANT BELOW AND DERAILED. THE ANIMAL WAS FOUND DYING IN THE JUNGLE.

clear his own ground of locusts as far as possible, the only person exempt from this duty being a railway employee on duty. As in Morocco, the Government offers rewards to natives for locusts' eggs, which are bought by weight and destroyed by fire or chemicals. But from a railway point of view, the locust obstacle does not end by clogging and stopping the train. The voracious creatures destroy large quantities of sleepers and woodwork belonging to the company.

The railways of the Argentine Republic also wage a relentless war against one of the most extraordinary of all the curious enemies of the iron road—whirling clouds of soft pampas grass. Some of the lines operated by the Buenos Ayres Great Southern, which is the richest and most powerful of all the railways of South America, run through vast pampas plains in a dead straight line, or

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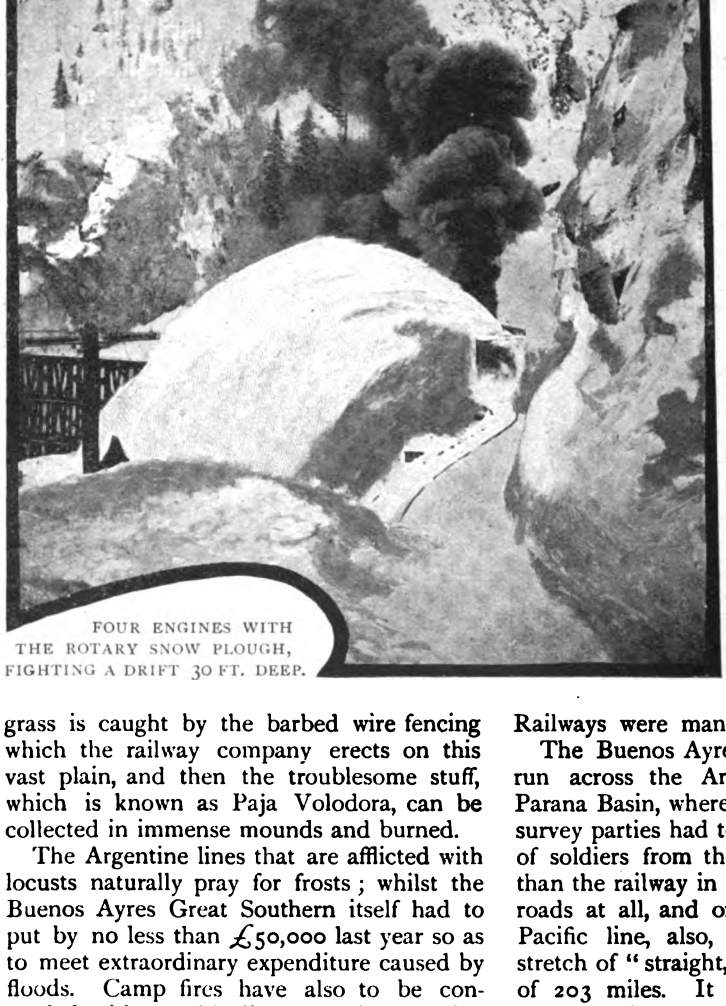
through an occasional cutting. At certain times of the year a wind rises, which picks up amazing quantities of the long, dry grass, which is extensively used for decorative purposes in Europe, and deposits acres of it on the railway track, rendering an organised clearance of the line absolutely necessary. It has been known that deep cuttings have been entirely filled up with this grass, and also with dust, so that it is rather more troublesome than snow is in northern countries. Great quantities of this flying grass is caught by the barbed wire fencing which the railway company erects on this vast plain, and then the troublesome stuff, which is known as Paja Volodora, can be collected in immense mounds and burned.



FOUR ENGINES WITH THE ROTARY SNOW PLOUGH, FIGHTING A DRIFT 30 FT. DEEP.

The Argentine lines that are afflicted with locusts naturally pray for frosts; whilst the Buenos Ayres Great Southern itself had to put by no less than £50,000 last year so as to meet extraordinary expenditure caused by floods. Camp fires have also to be contended with on this line, especially during the months of November and December, when special gangs travel with every train so as to deal with any fires that might start *en route*.

The freaks of storms on some of these Argentine Railways are extremely remarkable. For example, a cyclone struck a train at Frontera Station, on the Cordoba and Rosario line, on February 7th of last year and threw the greater part of it completely over on to its side; and yet, so sharply marked was the edge of this cyclone that some of the carriages were left standing. The above-named admirably-managed line is only 180 miles long but it passes through such a rich country that in one year it will carry nearly 200,000 tons of wheat.

We have already mentioned the enterprise of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern in dealing with floods on an enormous scale; but even its smaller sister, the Cordoba and Rosario line, is not free from troublesome enemies of this kind, and the regular raging Niagara may roar across the track and utterly obliterate it for the time being. But these events do not appal the local railway management, who are accustomed to deal with them in a very different way from that obtaining before South American Railways were managed by plucky Britons.

The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Company run across the Argentine pampas of the Parana Basin, where only a few years ago the survey parties had to be defended by troops of soldiers from the Indian attacks. Other than the railway in this country there are no roads at all, and on the Buenos Ayres and Pacific line, also, you will find a single stretch of "straight," of the amazing length of 203 miles. It is no wonder, therefore, that there is not a single bridge crossing the whole length of track now worked, which is

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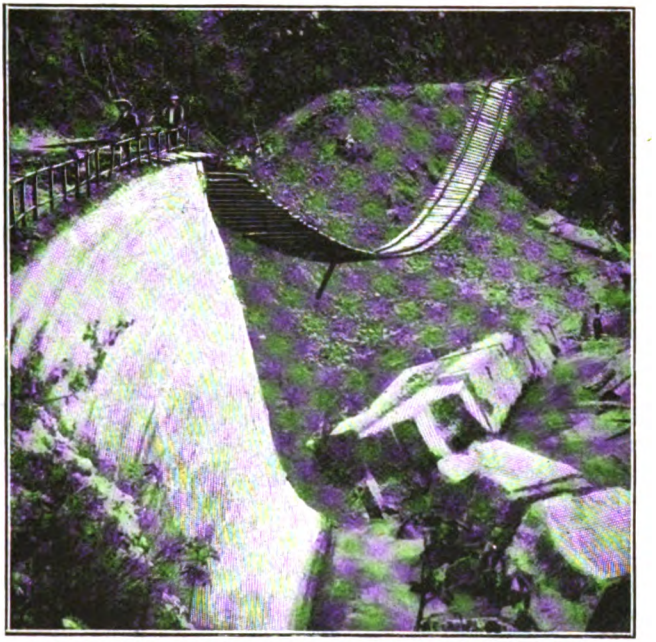
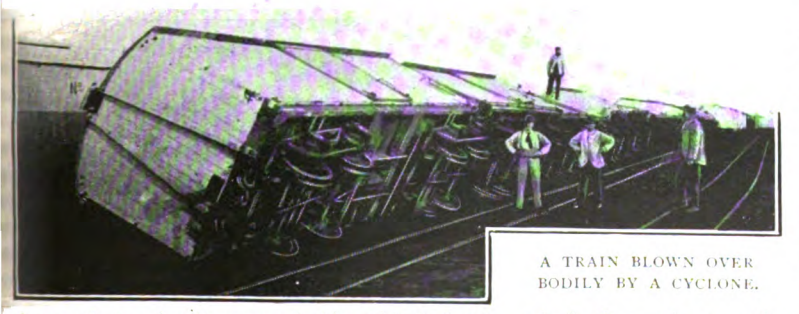
nearly seven hundred miles. Even the floods are of the "freak" order, and there being no water-courses, nor even an appreciable slope, the rain accumulates on the surface, so that over the enormous area of from five to ten thousand square miles, a monstrous shallow lake will form, and forty or fifty miles of the track will be covered, but only to the extent of a few inches, so that the inspector going his rounds on his trolley is not greatly interfered with, though he may look like a castaway on a raft in the middle of a limitless sea.

A "wash-out" is a very different matter from a flood, and, as a rule, much more disastrous. "Wash-outs" occur on many South American, West Indian, and other tropical lines, and they are generally due to a sudden irresistible rush of water, often caused by a sudden "change of mind" on the part of a river which—after many years of good behaviour—all at once decides upon mapping out another bed for itself, with disastrous results to the railway. These sudden rushes of water in many cases sweep the ground from under the track, leaving it suspended in mid-air, held together only by the sleepers and fish-plates.



A RAILWAY EMBANKMENT IN JAMAICA WASHED AWAY BY A FLOOD, LEAVING THE LINE SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR.



A TRAIN BLOWN OVER BODILY BY A CYCLONE.

The ably-managed Mexican Southern has a great deal to put up with in the way of "wash-outs" and landslides. In 1899, during August and September especially, these slides were of daily occurrence, and on September 7th no fewer than ninety landslides fell in one day. The same day saw forty-five "wash-outs" on the road north of Perian. The line is constantly being protected, however, by means of stone walls at the most threatening points; and a raging river that begins to exercise a "scouring" pressure is sometimes defeated by means of sacks full of sand thrown in round bridge piers and other threatened works. The Mexican Southern also has to contend with earthquakes, and the way in which it deals with all these peculiar enemies to big dividends excites the admiration of even the most casual and disinterested spectator.

In 1897 it cost the company over 25,000 dollars (Mexican) to fight slides and "wash-outs," and, as though carrying out the idea of "enemies" and "battles," the report says: "Nearly all banks exposed to the

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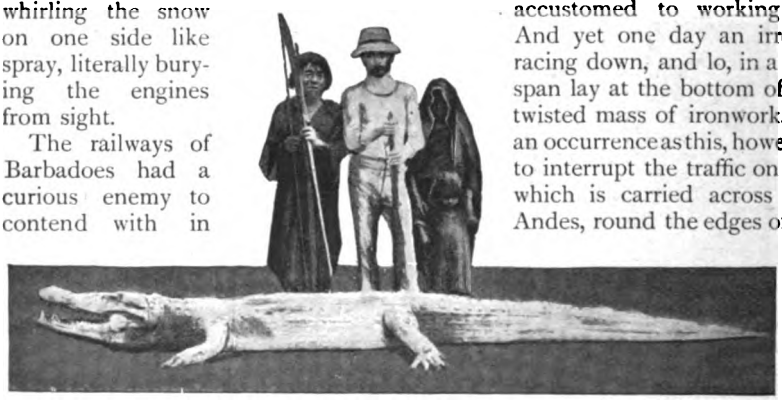
action of the river have been strongly *reinforced!*" Wood is largely burned in the engines of this company, and the astute natives sometimes endeavour so to stack a "cord" of wood that it will take up more room than it should do by means of dexterously-arranged gaps between each piece.

The widespread damage a severe downpour of rain will cause is graphically portrayed in our second illustration. Needless to say, the accident occurred in the States, and the embankment had been rendered so insecure by the percolating water, that the drivers of a heavy goods train, drawn by a couple of engines, hesitated to proceed. While standing still on the single line, debating, another goods train dashed into them with the result shown in our photograph.

RAILWAY TRACK CONVERTED INTO A RIVER BY A FLOOD.

The greatest enemy of the railroads in northern latitudes is snow. In midwinter, it is no uncommon sight, after a heavy snowfall, to see a string of seven or eight locomotives forcing their way through a drift 30-ft. in depth, the rotary plough whirling the snow on one side like spray, literally burying the engines from sight.

The railways of Barbadoes had a curious enemy to contend with in the shape of sea spray, which so corroded their lines that the rails bent under a comparatively light load, and the authorities at once sent for the eminent railway engineer, Mr. E. R. Calthrop, who went out and thoroughly investigated the line, and afterwards presented an exhaustive report.



A CROCODILE WHICH WRECKED A TRAIN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

On the Leopoldina Railway of Brazil, landslides are dealt with in a very energetic manner by huge gangs of labourers, who literally dig out the line from beneath a veritable mountain of earth.

One of the most extraordinary railways in the world is the Callao and Oroya, in Peru. When the engineers and surveyors were mapping out this line, temporary ledges had to be blasted for them in the sheer faces of terrible precipices, so that they might set up an instrument in a rock-cut niche. Perhaps the most remarkable feature even on this line is the Verrugas Viaduct, which is 252 feet high and 573 feet long. It cost upwards of £34,000, and the workmen employed in its construction were mostly runaway sailors, accustomed to working at dizzy heights. And yet one day an irresistible flood came racing down, and lo, in a moment the central span lay at the bottom of the awful ravine, a twisted mass of ironwork. Even so serious an occurrence as this, however, was not allowed to interrupt the traffic on this wonderful line, which is carried across the summit of the Andes, round the edges of terrible precipices, through tunnels, under rocky spurs, and over apparently fathomless ravines, by means of spidery viaducts.

The struggle between the ingenuity and enterprise of man and the forces of nature is practically never ending; and although magnificent monuments of human ingenuity, of enormous cost, and which have called for skill and daring of a high order, may be swept away in a few moments and destroyed, yet they are quickly replaced, and so the war between railways and Nature goes on.

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OUR MONTHLY GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PICTURES.

Photo, Ellis & Hayward, Gillspur Street, E.C.

"THE SISTERS."

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A LABOUR OF LOVE.

By permission of Franz Hanfstangl, Pall Mall, S.W.

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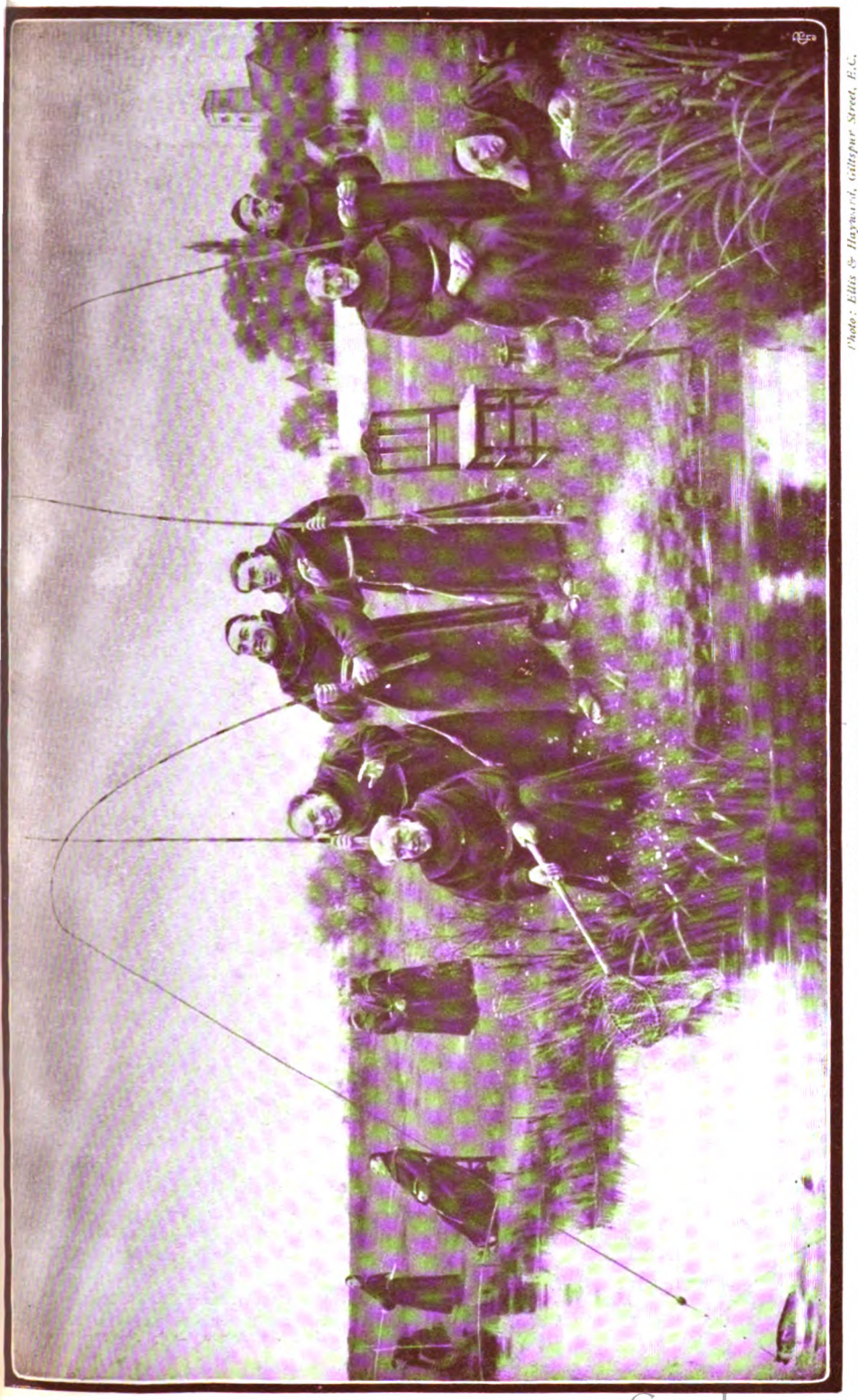

"TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY."

Photo: Ellis & Hayward, Gilspur Street, E.C.

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FIRST WORDS OF LOVE.

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INSPIRATION.

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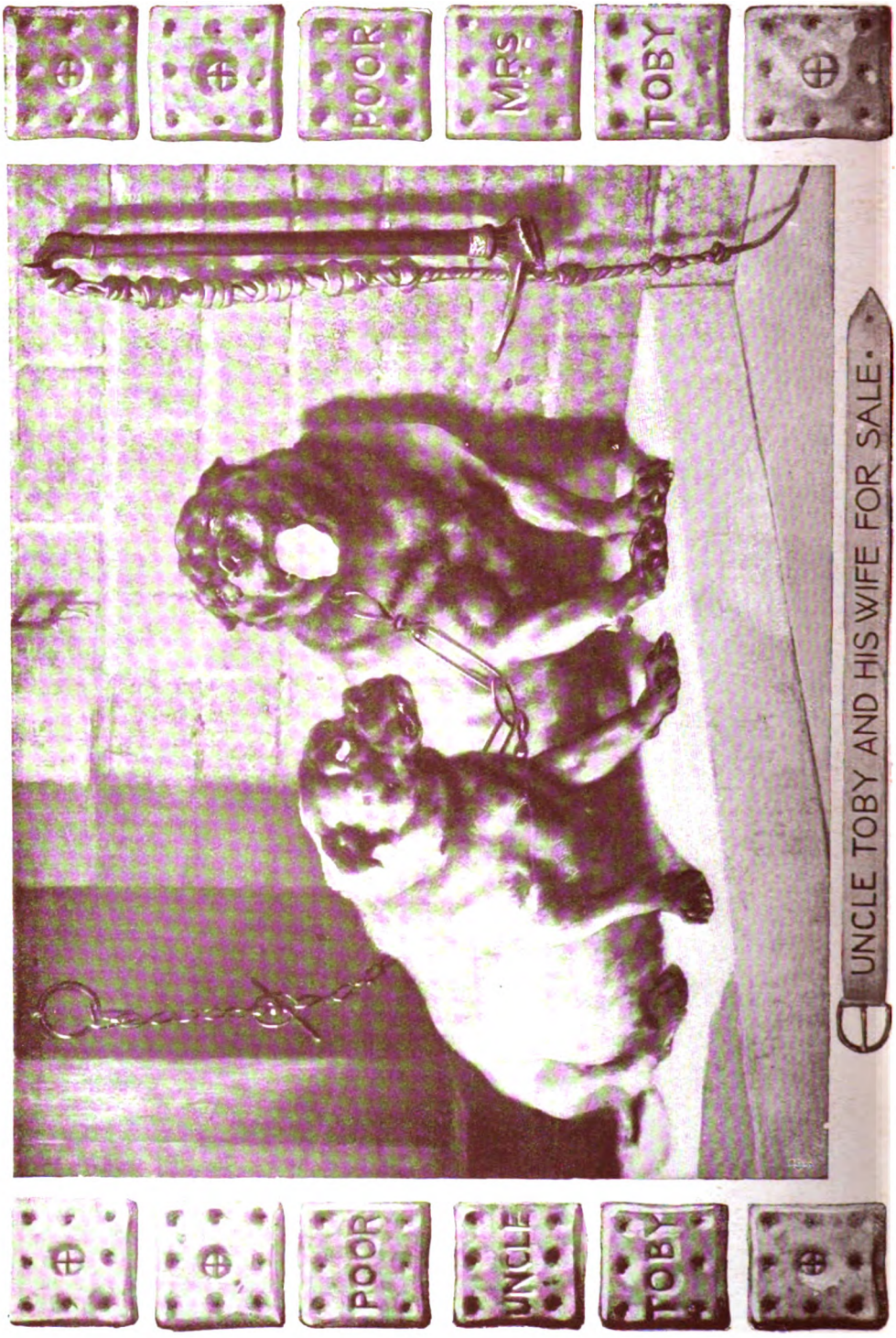

Photo. Ellis & Hayward Gilspur Street, E.C.

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HIS FIRST LOSS—WAITING FOR THE COACH.

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Photo: Ellis & Hayward, Gilt-spur Street, E.C.

IS NO NEWS GOOD NEWS?

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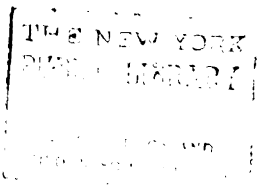

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From the Photogravure published by the "Illustrated London News."

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

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From the Photogravure published by the "Illustrated London News"

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

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HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

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PAINTING THE CORONATION

How the Official Pictorial Record is prepared.

Illustrated with Sir George Hayter's rough sketches and studies made for his famous picture.

THE announcement that his Majesty the King has appointed Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., to paint the official picture of the Coronation ceremony, gives special interest to the remarkable series of sketches which we are enabled to publish, and which show how the work was done on the last occasion — now sixty-four years ago.

When Queen Victoria was crowned, the important task of preparing a pictorial record of the occasion was entrusted to Sir George Hayter, who shortly before had been appointed Portrait and Historical Painter to Her Majesty.

Sir George Hayter, the painter of the picture of Queen Victoria's Coronation.

This artist, who was born at St. James's Street in 1792, had been educated in the Royal Academy Schools, where he carried off two medals, and gained such repute that, in 1815, he was appointed Painter of Miniatures and Portraits to the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.

In the following year, he went to Rome, where he studied three years, and became a member of the Academy of St. Luke. He then returned to London, where he was busily occupied with miniature and portrait work until 1826, when he returned to Italy, and subsequently practised his art in Paris. Without gaining any very recognised position in the world of art, he was esteemed as an accurate and graceful portrait painter, and on the accession of Queen Victoria, received the appointment to which we have referred.

Unfortunately, very little has been left on record about the painting of the great Coronation picture, for which Sir George Hayter will be chiefly remembered. The sketches that we reproduce—which are only a few out of many hundreds—will serve to show the painstaking attention to detail which the artist bestowed upon his work, and which will, doubtless, be fully equalled, if not surpassed, by Mr. Abbey in the execution of the important task with which he has been entrusted by the King.

On the occasion of Queen Victoria's Coronation, Sir George Hayter was provided with a series of passes, enabling him to enter various

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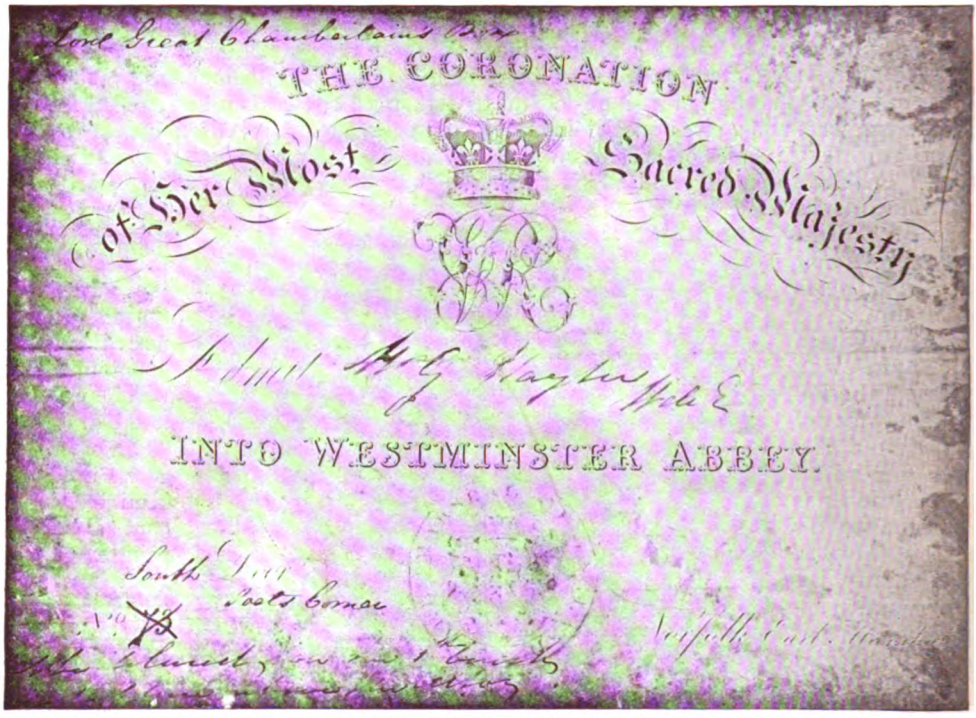
parts of the Abbey, and so to study the scene from different points of view. It is believed that he made his sketch of the act of crowning the Queen from a position just behind the glass door on the north side of the altar screen, where he could see everything without being noticed.

The principal part of the work was, of course, not done on the actual day, but occupied the artist for many months afterwards. All that could be done during the service was to make a rough and rapid sketch of the grouping of the various personages to be included in the scene. It must not, however, be supposed that everyone stood exactly as represented in Sir George Hayter's finished picture. His task was to produce, not so much an exact impression of what he saw, as a collection of portraits of the various personages who took part in the ceremony.

Some hours had to be spent in the Abbey, both before and after the Coronation, for the purpose of sketching the various features of the building as they were arranged for the occasion. Careful sketches were made of the Coronation Chair as it stood in the sanctuary, and of the altar as it was arranged with the various regalia and sacred vessels used in the ceremonial.

During the months following the Coronation, sittings had to be arranged with all the personages shown in the picture, for every portrait was drawn from life. Each detail of robes, regalia, decorations and the like had to be carefully studied, for the official picture had to possess a certain authority as a work of reference in matters of ceremonial and precedence.

The Queen gave Sir George Hayter several sittings, during which he not only made



Sir George Hayter's Admission Ticket to the Ceremony. Four places were reserved for him.

sketches of her head, hands, and dress, but was also allowed to take a series of exact measurements. Many of these memoranda are still in existence, and show the conscientious care for detail which characterised all the artist's work.

In order to save Her Majesty unnecessary fatigue, Sir George Hayter found a model of exactly the same height and build, who sat for the figure and dress, only the head, arms and hands being actually copied from the Queen.

The artist had most trouble with the accessory figures, many of the peers and foreign representatives being unable to give sittings at times convenient to him. It

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needed a good deal of tact and diplomacy to secure some of them at all! But patience and persistence at last succeeded and a picture was produced which—if not exactly an artistic triumph—was at any rate a faithful and pleasing record of a great historic occasion.

The Duke of Wellington assuming his coronet.

When the Queen was married to Prince Albert, the same artist was commanded to paint the official picture of the ceremonial in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace. He was placed in the south-east corner of the chapel, close to the altar, and in the finished picture he was daring enough to introduce a portrait of himself in the act of sketching the scene!

In 1841 he was appointed "Historical Painter in Ordinary to the Queen," and a year later he received the honour of knighthood. His subsequent career was not noteworthy. He painted a few historical pictures and several royal portraits, in addition to much private portraiture. Then he dropped quite out of sight and spent his later years in retirement. He died on January 18th, 1871, and so little interest was shown that the *Times* gave him only a three inch obituary notice!

He was one of those artists who achieve great success—and presumably large fortune—without ever becoming famous. He was essentially a portrait painter, and his State pictures were practically mosaics of delicately drawn miniatures.

How Mr. E. A. Abbey will go to work on the great painting for which he has been commissioned it is, of course, impossible, as yet, to say. Probably he does not know himself! But in the main it is safe to predict that the work of making rough sketches during the ceremonial, and of working up the various portraits at private sittings will be much the same as it was sixty-four years ago.

We may be sure, however, that on this occasion the King will receive no mere assemblage of portraits, but a picture of permanent importance as a work of art, for Mr. Abbey is one of the most distinguished painters of the day.

Born in 1852 at Philadelphia, he resolved, as a boy, to become an artist, though his parents wished to train him for some less precarious profession. He attended drawing classes at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and at the age of nineteen entered the office of Messrs. Harper Bros., of New York. Here he was employed as a black and white artist, and worked on magazine and book illustration. His first published work appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in 1871.

In the meantime he was making a special study of English literature, and about six years later his firm commissioned him to make a series of illustrations for Herrick's poems. He was sent to England in order to secure the correct local colour, and spent two pleasant years in wandering about the districts associated with the poet.

This was his first visit to England, and he resolved to make it his home. On his return

Archbishop Howley blessing Queen Victoria.

to America in 1880, he remained only eight months and then came back to the land of his forefathers—for the Abbeys are an old

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Huguenot family, long settled in Dorsetshire, who emigrated to America before the War of Independence.

Though continuing to do a large amount of black and white work, Mr. Abbey, soon after his settlement in England, became known as an expert worker in water-colour, and in 1883 was elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, and for the next eleven years was a regular exhibitor at the galleries in Piccadilly.

It was not till some years later that he gave serious attention to oils. As a general rule, a change of medium after many years of practice in a different direction is rarely satisfactory, but Mr. Abbey is one of the exceptions, for the result of his change has been in every way advantageous.

His first exhibited work in oils was the picture called "The May-day Morn," which was shown at the Royal Academy in 1890. It represented an English country scene at early morn, and in order to secure the true light effect, Mr. Abbey painted it out of doors, rising daily before the sun, to catch the first hints of the approaching dawn.

The Archbishop pronouncing the Benediction.

This picture was received with enthusiasm by all the best art critics, who were quick to recognise the very real success that Mr. Abbey had achieved with his new medium. He did not, however, turn out many works in oil, as his methods were somewhat slow.

Sketch of the drapery on Queen Victoria's shoulders, and the fold of the train, which hangs over St. Edward's chair in the finished picture.

His great triumphs came with the exhibition in 1896 and 1898 respectively, of the two magnificent historical paintings, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Anne," and "King Lear and his Daughters," both of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy. These two pictures mark the dates of his election to the associateship and membership of the Royal Academy.

Another very fine composition by Mr. Abbey, "Trial Scene, from Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII.'," exhibited in 1900, ranked as one of the finest pictures of the year.

In addition, Mr. Abbey, who is nothing if not versatile, has devoted much time and attention to pastel work, and in 1895 exhibited a collection of fifty drawings in that medium.

In 1890, he accepted a commission to decorate the new Public Library at Boston, Massachusetts, with a huge frieze, running round the Delivery Hall. He chose as his subject, "The Quest of the Holy Grail," and has been mainly engaged upon this work during the past few years. For this purpose Mr. Abbey studied all the extant versions of the legend, and travelled largely on the Continent in search of material.

In the meantime, he had an immense studio built at his country house at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, to accommodate the great canvases needed for his American

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commission. Most of his work is done in the country, where he is able to labour with less interruption, and at the same time to indulge in the out-door sports in which he delights. He is a cyclist and a capital cricketer, and every summer he entertains the Artists' Cricket Club at his Fairford home.

In his own words, "I lead a very quiet life myself; am obliged to do so in order to get through the amount of work I have under way and in contemplation. Living being less expensive than in America, I can allow myself much more time over my work, and can spend money for materials of study that would be swallowed up in rent, taxes and wages in very short order in New York."

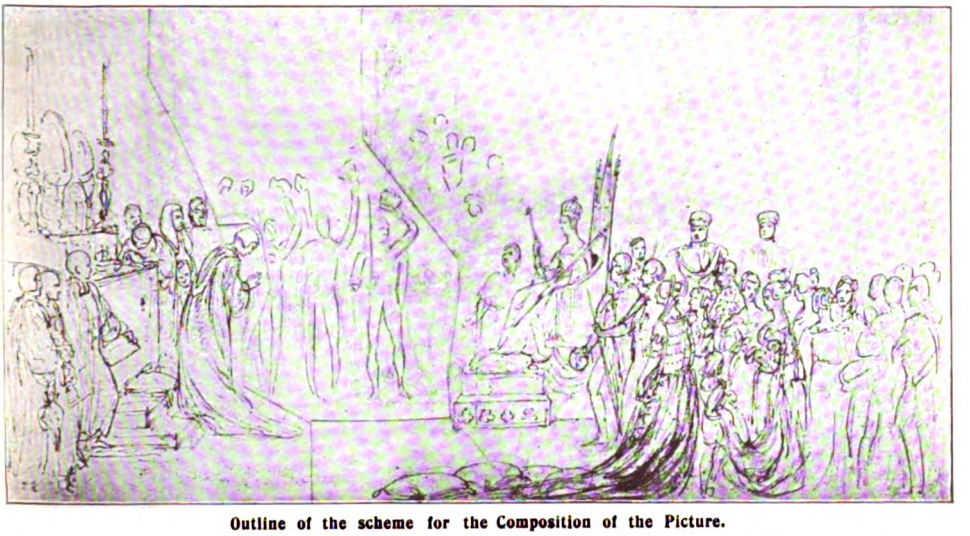
The studio at Fairford is about seventy feet by forty and is high in proportion, but it has proved not an inch too large for the huge canvases upon which the artist has lately been engaged.

Mr. Abbey finds that when he has been at work for several weeks on a picture of these large proportions it becomes difficult to keep the general effect in mind. In other words, the picture looks to the artist not like an actual scene, but simply like a flat surface covered with elaborate designs in colour. When this occurs his plan is to turn the canvas to the wall and not look at it for a month.

The Archbishop of Canterbury exhorting the Queen after the Crown had been placed on Her Majesty's head.

When at work on an important picture he keeps steadily at it from day to day, only stopping for his regular spell of physical exercise, which usually takes the form of cycling or batting at the net to the bowling of his butler. He is an active man, healthy-minded, full of energy, with a little of the Bohemian in his temperament, and a wholesome hatred of all decadent tendencies in art.

When he first set up his studio in Gloucestershire, he found great trouble in getting suitable models there, but he soon arranged a system of importing them in batches from town, which has worked remarkably well.



Outline of the scheme for the Composition of the Picture.

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In appearance Mr. Abbey does not look much like the typical artist. He is a thick-set man of medium height, with tousled black hair and a pair of gold-rimmed

The Duchess of Kent with her coronet in position.

spectacles. He rather affects sporting costume, and is generally to be found in light tweed knickerbockers and a somewhat startling tie. His home is a perfect museum of ancient arms and costumes, which he finds useful as models when engaged upon painting historical subjects.

When asked on a recent occasion how he laid out his work, he replied, "It all depends on circumstances. I usually sketch roughly the whole painting, as I shall do in my picture of the Coronation, but occasionally this seems unwise; for instance, when I have a particularly good model. Then I finish the more important parts and fill in the rest of the painting to harmonise with the central figure."

Mr. Abbey is no recluse, and when in town finds distraction in numberless social functions. His town house is in Tite Street, Chelsea, where he has two good studios. These generally look rather bare, for most of the artist's work is done at Fairford, but the painting of the Coronation picture, with the hundreds of special sittings that it will involve, will doubtless make the house in Tite Street a busy place for some months to come.

Already Mr. Abbey is forming his plans, and has made tentative arrangements for sketching many of the objects that will appear in the picture. It is not much, however, that can be done in advance, and the work itself will involve an expenditure of time and labour altogether out of proportion to any fee that may be proposed.

There is no room for doubt that His Majesty has made a wise choice of his artist, and will secure a picture worthy to rank among the greatest artistic possessions of the Crown.

Photo, Thomas.

Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., who has been specially appointed by His Majesty to paint the Picture of the Coronation Ceremony of King Edward VII., at work on his canvas, "The Quest of the Holy Grail."

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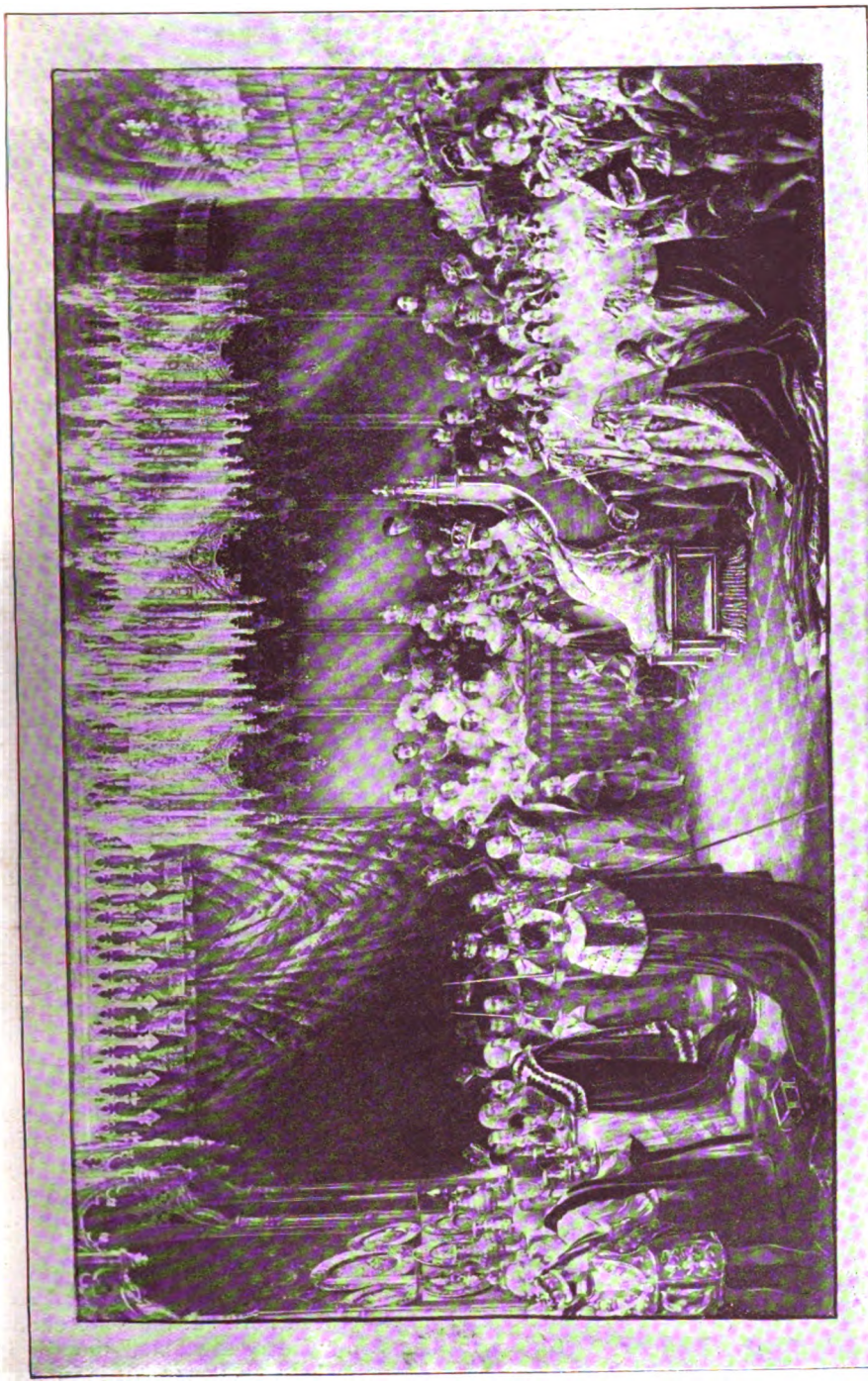

The completed picture of the Coronation of Queen Victoria, by Sir George Hayter.

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MY FAVOURITE PART

The Interesting Confessions of Some Popular Footlight Favourites.

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.
Miss Mabel Love's favourite part is Nurse Phœbe in "Lord Tom Noddy."

Photo: W. & D. Downey.
"I like best Mariamne in 'Herod' and Virginia in 'Virginius.'"—Miss Maud Jeffries.

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"Mrs. Dane in 'Mrs. Dane's Defence' is my favourite."—Miss Lena Ashwell.

"WHAT is my favourite part." From an evanescent point of view, this may not appear to be a very perplexing question for a popular star to decide. Yet considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining the thumbnail confessions from our most popular actresses set forth in this article. The majority of our leading ladies have, during the course of their long careers upon the boards, displayed such a peculiar versatility that it is no easy matter for them to make a selection. Many, indeed, notably Mrs. Kendal, refrained from committing themselves; while others divided their predilection equally among several characters. The following selections, however, will serve to convince that there are some characters that appeal the most strongly to our actresses, although they may diverge extensively from the opinions of a hypercritical playgoing public.

Curiously enough, a large majority of the stars of the histrionic firmament evince a distinct partiality for Shakespearean characters. Mrs. Brown-Potter likes "Juliet and Cleopatra best, because these are such completely womanly parts that they appeal to both sexes."

Many of them are adamant in this particular decision. Thus Miss Esmé Beringer says: "I have no difficulty in saying which is my favourite part. It is Romeo. I have only played it once, at a matinée, but I look back on the day with the keenest pleasure, as one of the most delightful memories of my dramatic career. My great hope and ambition is that, perhaps, some day in the near future I trust I shall play Romeo for a run. It is, to my mind, one of the very few masculine parts that a woman can play better than a man: by this I mean that a woman can perhaps come nearer to Shakespeare's ideal boy lover, both in appearance and in feeling. The hysterical grief and passion of the banished scene is, I think, almost feminine in its self abandonment. There, I think, a woman playing Romeo gets her big chance; she need not be afraid to let herself go. Yes, I would rather play Romeo again than any part I have ever played."

Miss Lily Hanbury is another charming actress who has a distinct predilection for the work of the Bard of Avon. Her choice is divided between Portia in the "Merchant of Venice," and Chorus in "Henry the Fifth," though if a distinction must be made between the two, it is in favour of the former.

It seems impossible to reconcile the inimitably droll Miss Louie Freear with a Shakespearean character, but the

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difficulty is minimised when one learns it is "Puck." This accomplished comedienne, who has created such a *furore* in the farcical comedies "Oh, Susannah," "My Innocent Boy," and "A Chinese Honeymoon," however, bestows her choice upon the name part in a military play more familiar to provincial playgoers. This selection, however, is made with diffidence, since she says "It is hard to say which is my favourite part. I love them all when playing them. Perhaps Boy Bob in the play of that name is. I love it for its humorous tenderness and human sympathy, and I hope to be permitted to play it in the West-End some day. Puck in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' I also love dearly; I was never more happy than when playing this part in Mr. Tree's magnificent production of the play at Her Majesty's Theatre."

Miss Winifred Emery, whose acting is a source of great delight to the patrons of the Haymarket Theatre, finds it no easy matter to make a choice after her thirty years' life on the stage. "It seems impossible for an actress who has had so much experience as I, to say which is her favourite part," she writes. "I have several, but those which have appealed to me most in modern pieces are Lady Windermere in 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' Cynthia Greenslade in 'The Crusaders,' Mrs. Fraser in 'The Benefit of the Doubt'; and in costume plays, The Countess de Candale in 'A Marriage of Convenience,' and I like far and away above all, Lady Teazle."

Miss Mary Moore, who plays leading lady to Mr. Charles Wyndham, also finds it no easy matter to allot her fancy to any particular character, but compromises the matter by emulating Miss Winifred Emery's solution of the difficulty. "My favourite rôles are The Quakeress in 'Wild Oats,' Dolly Cruikshank in 'Rosemary,' Lady Susan Kanakin in 'The Case of Rebellious Susan,' and Lady Jessica Nepean in 'The Liars,'" is her frank admittance, "because these parts are good ones, admitting more scope than any others I have portrayed."

Mrs. Lewis Waller is more emphatic in expressing her favourite. It is the name part in "Zaza." She confesses, "I prefer Zaza to any other part I have played. Its infinite variety is its great charm, and as you get all your greatest effects on the stage by contrast, so in this part you can sway the audience at your own sweet will—one moment commanding tears, the next a roar of laughter. Yes, it is, indeed, a fine part—the biggest, I should say, ever written for a woman."

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Miss Mary Moore as the Quakeress in "Wild Oats."

Daisy Vane in "An Artist's Model" is Miss Marie Studholme's choice.

"My favourite role is Lady Vernon in 'Haddon Hall.'"—Miss Rosina Brandram. *Photo: Ellis & Walery.*

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Photo: Hana.

"I love Boy Bob for its humorous tenderness."
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Photo: Ellis & Walery.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh's favourite part is Kate Ommany.

Photo: Window & Grove.

"I like, far and away above all, Lady Teazle."—Miss Winifred Emery.

Photo: Langfier.

Chorus in "Henry V." is one of Miss Lily Hanbury's choices.

"All in all, I like best, the part of Phyllis in "When We were Twenty-One."—Miss Maxine Elliott.

Photo: Bassano.

Miss Marie Dainton in "A Chinese Honeymoon."

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life-like, that both the artist who impersonates her, and the audience who watch her are enthralled."

Miss Maxine Elliott, who with her husband, Mr. Nat Goodwin, greatly delighted London audiences with her representation of Phyllis in Mr. H. V. Esmond's charming comedy, "When We Were Twenty-one," shares Miss Nethersole's dilemma, and declares: "One has bits in every part, and perhaps in juxtaposition to these scenes that prove a *bête noire*. I think all in all, however, that I like Alice Adams in Clyde Fitch's play of 'Nathan Hale,' and my present part, Phyllis Erricson, in 'When We Were Twenty-one.' Mr. Esmond has drawn Phyllis with so many subtle touches, and she is such a good sort, that although this is my third year with her, we are as friendly as ever."

"Which is my favourite part?" reiterated Miss Katherine Compton. "Well, I have been more than twenty years on the stage, and during that time I have played a great number of different characters and have found many of them an affectionate and grateful memory." Yet, despite long experience and great versatility, Miss Compton quickly decided her favourite part. It is Lady Algy, in the play "Lord and Lady Algy," of which character she was the original exponent.

"You wish to know why?" she continued. "Well, it is partly perhaps for the reason that she seemed to suit my general method and personality, and also because everything she did, and didn't do, appealed to me. She was always unruffled in moments of difficulty, always good humoured under provocation, and never jealous of her husband; in fact, because she was a good sort, and a thorough sportswoman all round. Yes, we will make it Lady Algy."

"I prefer Zaza to any other part I have played."—Mrs. Lewis Waller.

Photo: Langfier

"The part that interests me most is Paula in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.'"—Miss Olga Nethersole.

Photo: Window & Grove.

"I have no difficulty in saying my favourite part is Romeo."—Miss Esmé Beringer.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh was also emphatic in her selection, and it settled upon Kate Ommany, in Mr. Barrie's clever play "The Wedding Feast." Miss Vanbrugh's reason for this predilection is decidedly womanly. "It seldom falls to the lot of an actress to impersonate a character so intensely human. Mr. Barrie's sympathy with human nature is so strong, and even in a character where there is much to blame, as there is in Kate Ommany, it is always drawn with such a keen sense of pity that there is also much to love."

In view of the unique success Mrs. Patrick Campbell has achieved in the worldly characters incidental to Pinero's problematical plays, one would expect this talented actress to settle her choice upon one of the

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feminine parts portrayed therein with such subtle human strength and cleverness. Although she reacted the parts of Paula, the title rôle in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and Agnes, in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," in both of which it was a case of the right actress filling the right part, her choice is placed outside the pale of Pinero. When asked to contribute her confession, Mrs. Patrick Campbell unhesitatingly made the laconic reply "Melisande in 'Pelleas and Melisande'" as being the part "most dear to me."

Turning to the operatic stage, we found Miss Isabel Jay, who so tastefully interprets the principal feminine characters of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, to the delight of the Savoy audiences, commits her selection to Patience, because "I am so fond of a good acting part, and I feel that Patience enlists the sympathy of the audience."

Another actress who appeals so popularly to the frequenters of the Savoy Theatre — Miss Rosina Brandram—stated, "My favourite part is Lady Vernon in the Grundy and Sullivan opera, 'Haddon Hall,' because I had lovely music to sing, some beautiful dresses to wear, and the part was so sympathetic."

"We will make it Lady Algy."—Miss Katherine Compton.
Photo: Ellis & Walery.

Photo: Ellis & Walery.

Miss Isabel Jay's favourite part is Patience.

Photo: Lafayette.

"Melisande is the part most dear to me."—Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Few playgoers who witnessed the London production of the opera, "The Artist's Model," will forget the clever acting of Miss Marie Studholme in the part of Daisy Vane. Notwithstanding the numerous parts which this talented footlight favourite has fulfilled in the course of a successful career, she did not hesitate to answer that Daisy Vane was the character that has appealed to her more than any other.

Miss Lena Ashwell places her selection upon one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' heroines. "Mrs. Dane, in 'Mrs. Dane's Defence,' is my favourite rôle," she replied, "because Mrs. Dane was so interesting, as well as being the best part I have ever played."

Miss Maud Jeffries, when questioned as to her favourite part replied, "of all the parts I have played I like best Mariamne in 'Herod,' and Virginia in 'Virginius.' In both these parts the vesper note of passion is struck through family ties and devotion, and I reverently acknowledge a fuller understanding and appreciation for this class of part than any which has yet fallen to my lot to portray."

Miss Mabel Love, who is so popular with provincial audiences, selects Nurse Phœbe in "Lord Tom Noddy" as her favourite. Another rising actress, Miss Marie Dainton, lets her choice fall upon the character in the musical comedy "A Chinese Honeymoon," which she impersonated with such conspicuous cleverness.

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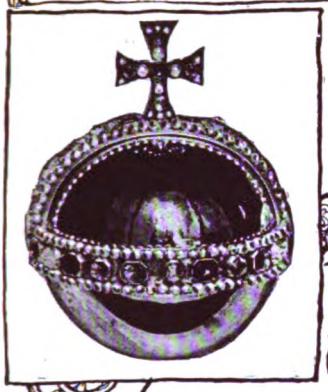
"I CROWN THEE KING."

About Britain's Interesting Coronation Ceremony and its Significance.

Described by Henry Navarr.

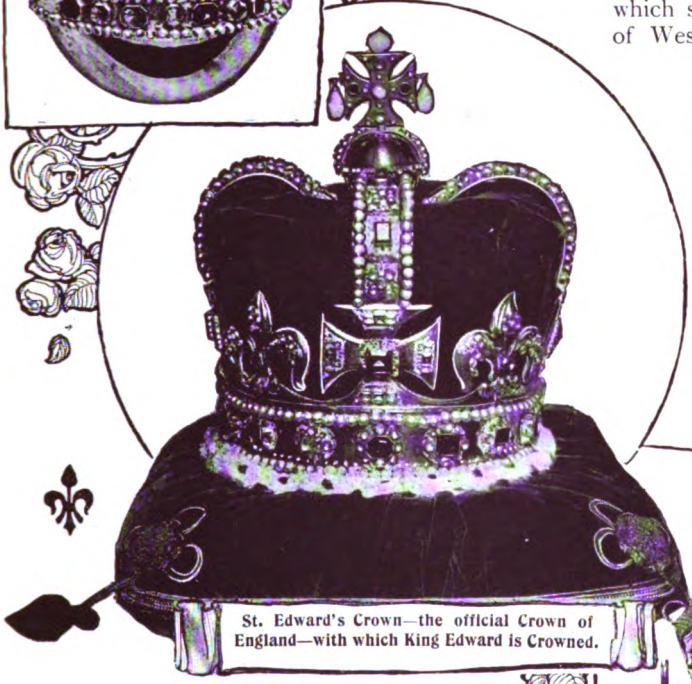


The Queen's Orb.

WHILE the intrinsic worth of the regalia is beyond compute, the actual insurance value represents something like £3,000,000. The many articles are the emblems of national sovereignty, and each piece has a special significance at the great ceremony. They are carried in the royal procession—which starts from the west doors of Westminster Abbey—by the noblemen, who claim the right by heredity, by virtue of office, or are specially selected for the honour, each article having been previously delivered to these officials in the Jerusalem Chamber by the Great Lord Chamberlain.

The most ancient piece of the regalia is the anointing spoon. This is of silver-gilt, about ten inches in length, and carries in the handle four large pearls of great antiquity. It is supposed to date from the twelfth century, and is used in conjunction with the Ampulla, or golden eagle, for the anointing of the Sovereign. The Ampulla is in the form of an eagle of pure gold, which, with expanded wings, stands on a pedestal. The head unfastens at the neck for the purpose of inserting the oil which, when used, is poured out through the beak, and the Archbishop anoints the crown of the head and the palms of the hands of the Sovereign, makes the sign of the cross, and pronounces the words, "Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests and prophets were anointed."

Following closely on the anointing, the Royal, or St. George's, Spurs—the sign of Knighthood—are offered to the Monarch by the Great Lord Chamberlain, and are then placed on the altar.



St. Edward's Crown—the official Crown of England—with which King Edward is Crowned.

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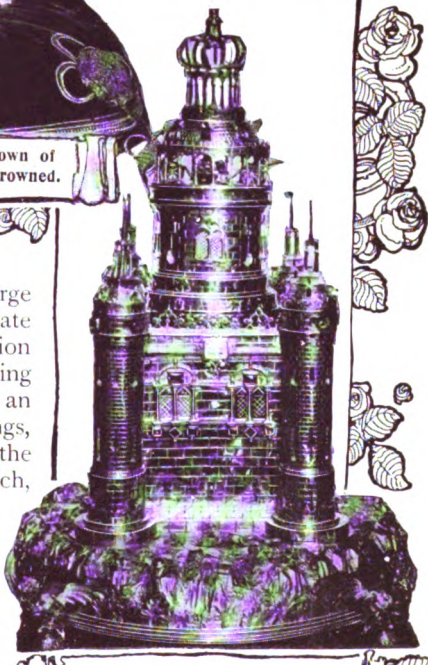

The State Salt-cellar used at the Coronation Banquet.

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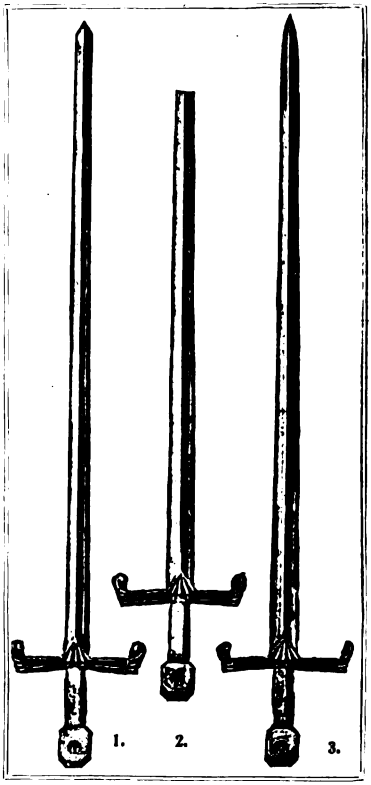
These were made for the Coronation of Charles II. They are of fine gold, curiously wrought, and are always carried in Coronation processions by the Lord Grey de Ruthyn, a service which he claims by descent from the family of Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon. And here may be noticed the Bracelets, or Armillæ, worn by the King, which are of solid fine gold, one-and-a-half inches wide. They are richly chased with the rose, thistle, harp, and *fleur-de-lis*.

St. George's Spurs—the sign of Knighthood.

Next, the Sword of State comes into evidence, as it is now unsheathed and remains so throughout the ceremony. There are, in fact, several swords. First, the above with its velvet scabbard ornamented with heraldic badges and designs; second, the Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, which is borne unsheathed before the King, and is made of plain steel, gilded. Then there are the two Swords of Justice—Spiritual and Temporal. These are carried before the King, one on either side of the Sword of Mercy. They each have blades about forty inches in length, with handles of fine gold wire, and while the point of the Spiritual sword is dull, that of the Temporal sword is sharp. The St. Edward's Staff is also carried in the procession. This is a sceptre of pure gold, nearly five feet in length, and is surmounted with a sphere and cross of gold. The sphere is said to contain a fragment of the true cross.



1. The Sword of Justice Spiritual.
2. Curtana, or Sword of Mercy.
3. The Sword of Justice Temporal.

The Orb, or mound, which is surmounted by a cross, is symbolic of the predominance of the Christian religion, and is placed in the Sovereign's right hand immediately on taking his seat in St. Edward's chair. This orb, which was also made for the Coronation of Charles II., is a solid ball of gold, encompassed with a band of the same, which is embellished with roses of diamonds, encircling other precious stones. The oval amethyst at the top, which is nearly one-and-a-half inches in height, forms the pedestal of the cross, which is further carried out with a sapphire, an emerald, and several pearls and diamonds. The weight of this orb is considerable, and Queen Victoria remarked, when it was placed in her hand, "It is very heavy."

The King's Sceptre is placed in His Majesty's right hand at a stated portion of the ceremony. This sceptre, composed entirely of gold, is two feet nine inches in length, and has a plain handle, but the upper part is wreathed, with a pommel at the bottom set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. On the top is a mound, which is further surmounted with a cross adorned with precious stones. Another sceptre which is actually carried by the King is that known as the Sceptre with the Dove—a symbol of mercy, peace, and equity. This is three feet seven inches in length, and about three inches in circumference. At the upper end is a small cross, whereon is a dove with expanded wings. The whole of the sceptre is richly emblazoned with jewels.

There are also two sceptres for the Queen. One, known officially as the Queen's Sceptre, was made for Queen Mary of Modena. It is similar in appearance to that of the King, but is not so large, nor wreathed. It is however richly adorned with stones. The Queen's Sceptre with the Dove was probably made for Queen Mary, Consort of William III. It is very rich and elegant, and has a history, for it was missing for very many years, and in 1814 was discovered behind the old wainscotting of the jewel house in the Tower.

Coronation Rings of the King and Queen.

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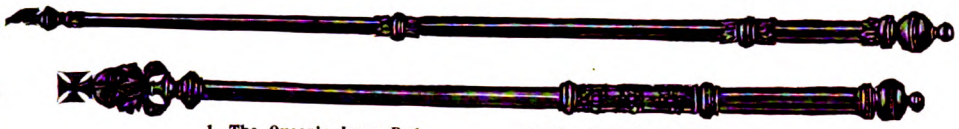


1. The Queen's Ivory Rod. 2. The Queen's Sceptre.

A gold ring set with a very large ruby plays a most important part at the Coronation of the King. It is, of course, typical of the union with the State, and is supposed to be newly made or, at any rate, newly set for each succeeding Monarch.

The ring provided for Queen Victoria was too small, and the attempt to place it upon Her Majesty's finger was productive of much pain; but it is not likely that history will repeat itself in this direction. King Edward, armed with the wisdom of years, will doubtless be as precise concerning this as he has been with every matter pertaining to the ceremony. There is also a ring for the Queen. This is set with one large ruby—smaller in size than that in the King's ring—surrounded by sixteen small ones.

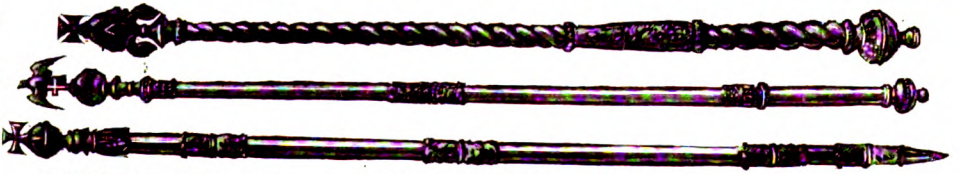
For the actual Coronation, the St. Edward's Crown—which is really the official Crown of England—is used. This was made for the Coronation of Charles II., in 1662, by Sir Robert Vyner. It is a circlet of gold, adorned with rosettes of precious stones, surrounded by diamonds, and set upon enamel arabesques of white and red. The centre gems of these rosettes are rubies, emeralds and sapphires. Rows of large pearls mark the upper and lower edges of the rim. By reference to the illustration it will be seen that there are two arches of gold crossing each other, symbolical of independent sovereignty. They are edged with rows of large pearls, and have clusters of gems upon them. At the top of the cross is a magnificent spheroidal pearl, with another large pear-shaped pearl on either side of it. The crown is worn with the crimson velvet cap.

The King's Orb—symbolical of the predominance of the Christian Religion—which is placed in the King's hand when he takes his seat in St. Edward's Chair.

When this crown is placed upon the Monarch's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the supreme moment of the sacred ceremony is reached. Every Peer assumes his coronet, the Kings-at-Arms their crowns, the Bishops their regulation head-dress; whilst the assembled concourse shout "God save the King" amidst the fanfare of the State Trumpeters.

The Crown of Queen Alexandra has been specially made for Her Majesty from a design selected by herself. The Queen's taste with regard to the arrangement of precious stones is exceptional, and the result is a crown of unique beauty and dignity.

No account of the Coronation regalia is possibly complete without due mention of the ancient Coronation Chair, made for Edward I. in 1297. An oblong rough stone is placed beneath the seat, and in this chair every English Sovereign has been crowned since Edward I. The stone, called "The Stone of Destiny," has much legendary lore attached to it. It is said, in fact, to be the actual stone which Jacob used for a pillow when he slept at Bethel, and which in the early morn he set up for a pillar, and anointed with oil, the manner



1. The Sceptre with the Cross. 2. The Sceptre with the Dove. 3. The King's Sceptre.

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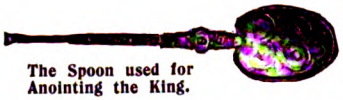
in which things were wont to be consecrated at that period. It was supposed in course of time to have found its way to Jerusalem, afterwards to Greece, thence to Egypt, Spain, Ireland, and Scotland. An Irish King is supposed to have been crowned upon it as early as 700 B.C., and the Kings of Scotland were crowned upon it until the year 1296. Two lines of prophecy were quoted in connection with it when it was in Scotland, to the effect that the regal power would stay or depart in accordance with the possession of the sacred stone.

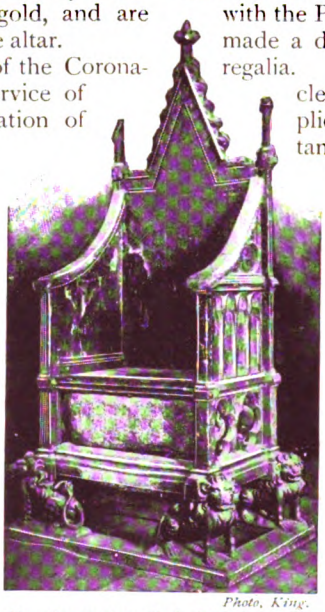


The Spoon used for Anointing the King.

When Edward I. brought this stone to Westminster Abbey, he had a new chair designed for it, richly carved and gilded, and supported upon four lions. The chair used for the Coronation of the Queen Consorts has a somewhat similar appearance. It was made for the use of Mary II. when crowned with her consort William III. For the Coronation ceremony, the chairs are richly cushioned with covers of cloth of gold, and are placed on a daïs in front of the altar.

Another important portion of the Coronation regalia is the beautiful service of plate used for the administration of Holy Communion to the King and Queen at the conclusion of the solemn ceremony. This is of silver double gilt, superbly wrought, the principal piece containing a beautiful representation of the Lord's Supper, executed in relief. During the administration of this Sacrament of the Church, the Monarchs are divested of every symbol of sovereignty, and kneel in front of the altar in the manner of the most humble of their subjects.

The last piece of the regalia is the State Salt-cellar, of which we give an illustration. This, however, must not be confounded with that which belonged to Queen Elizabeth. There are two State salt-cellars and that forming the subject of our illustration is the one presented by the City of Exeter to Charles II. The salt-cellar in design resembles a square tower with a turret at each of the four corners, and with a large turret rising from the centre, and surmounted by a crown. It is studded with gems, the most predominant of which is a fine emerald. This beautiful example of the silversmith's art is intended to represent the White Tower.



Photo, King.

The Coronation Chair (showing "The Stone of Destiny") in which the King is Crowned.

The regalia of England has been subject to many vicissitudes. On several occasions portions have been pledged to meet the various wants of different monarchs, and once the merchants of London were asked to accept them as guarantee for a loan to Richard II. During the civil war the majority of the various articles were sold and destroyed, and in the reign of Charles II. Thomas Blood, an adventurer, who sided with the Parliament in the great rebellion, made a daring attempt to carry off the regalia. He disguised himself as a clergyman, and, with three accomplices, succeeded in gaining admittance to the Tower, where he nearly murdered the keeper of the jewels, and actually succeeded in getting off with the crown under his cloak; while one of his accomplices carried away the orb. They were, however, pursued, arrested, and lodged in the Tower prison. But the crown, on that occasion, had a narrow escape of being lost entirely, and was actually despoiled of some of its beautiful stones, for in the struggle it fell in the dirt, and a pearl was picked up by a sweeper, a diamond by an apprentice, and several stones were scattered and not recovered.

The Ampulla—Vessel containing the Anointing Oil.

The office of Keeper of the Jewels is an appointment of great importance. He is responsible for their safety, and they are, by him, delivered to the Dean of Westminster on the day preceding the great ceremony.

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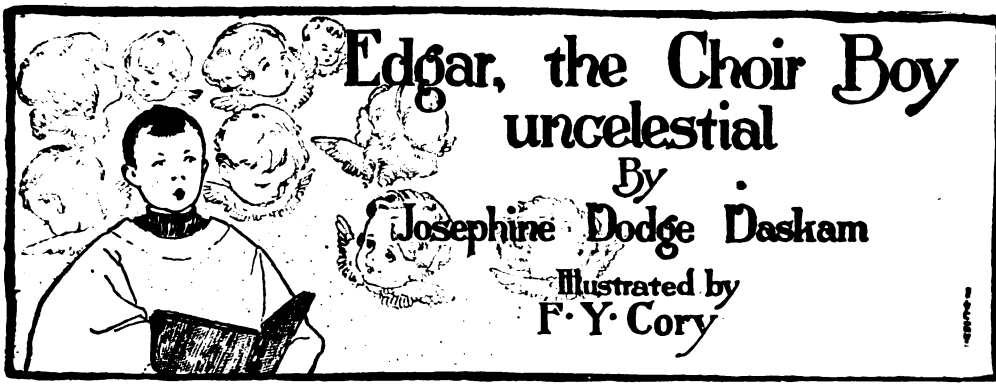

Edgar, the Choir Boy uncelestial

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

Illustrated by F. Y. Cory

YOU all know how they look in the pictures—enlarged photogravures, mostly—they have appealing violet eyes and drooping mouths and oval faces. They tip their heads back and to the side, and there is usually a broad beam of light falling across their little surplices. People frame them in Flemish oak, and hang them over the piano, and little girls long to resemble them.

But Edgar was not of that kind. So greatly did he differ, in fact, that even the choirmaster, who ought to have known better, was deceived, and discovered him with difficulty. When that gentleman confronted them in the parish schoolroom, a mob of suspicious little boys, shoving, growling, snickering and otherwise fulfilling their natures, he promptly selected Tim Mullaly, who possessed to an amazing degree the violet eyes and the drooping mouth and the oval face, as his first soprano. The choirmaster was young in years and his profession.

But Tim refused to sing the scale alone, and as the others scorned to accompany him in this exercise, Mr. Fellowes, determinedly patient, suggested in the hilarious "Come-on, boys" fashion, consecrated to childhood by adults, that they should all join in some popular melody to dispel their uneasiness.

"What shall we sing?" he called out breezily, from the piano-stool.

"'Honeysuckle and the Bee!'" burst from one of the youngsters.

"All right!" and the inviting melody drew them in; soon they were all shouting lustily. Raucous altos, nasal sopranos, fatal attempts to compass a bass—at any rate they were started. The verse was over, the chorus had begun, when a sudden sound sent the choirmaster's heart to his throat, and his hands left the keys. Into the medley of coarse, boyish shouting dropped a silvery thread of purest song, a very bird-note. For a moment it flowed on the level of the chorus, then suddenly, with an indescribable leap, a slurring rush, it rose to an octave above and led them all. The choirmaster twisted round on his stool.

"Who's that? Which boy is singing up there?" he demanded excitedly. There was no reply. They grinned consciously at each other; one could imagine them all guilty.

"Come, come, boys! Don't be silly—who was it?"

Silence, of the most sepulchral sort. Mr. Fellowes shrugged his shoulders, swung round again and started the second verse. They dashed through it noisily; he picked out here and there a sweet little treble, and one real alto. But his ears were pricked for something better, and presently it came.

You are my honey, honeysuckle, I am the bee,
I'd like to sip the honey sweet from those red lips, you see;
"That's high C!"
I love you dearly, dearly, and I want you to love me,
You are my honey, honeysuckle, I am the bee.

The choirmaster whirled about, still singing, and caught the ecstatic, dreamy gaze of Tim Mullaly.

"It's you!" he cried, pouncing on him. Tim giggled feebly.

"Yessir," he said.

"Now sing the scale, and I'll give you sixpence."

An envious sigh quavered through the schoolroom.

Tim threw back his head and opened his drooping mouth.

"*Do, re*—"

There was a flash, a snarl of rage, and a

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heavy thud, as fifty pounds of small boy was suddenly seated on the floor.

Tim refused to sing the scale alone.

"Where's yer tanner?" a new voice inquired hastily.

The choirmaster perceived with amazement that the owner of the voice, a freckled boy with an excessively *retroussé* nose, was sitting on the prostrate Tim.

"What is the meaning of this? Get up!" he said sternly. "What's your name? I can't have any of this sort of thing in my choir!"

The freckled boy did not rise. In fact, he seated himself more comfortably on Master Mullaly, and demanded again—

"Where's yer tanner?"

The choirmaster stepped forward and seized the offender's collar. As his fingers tightened, the captive burst into the chorus of the moment before. So obstinate was the choirmaster's first impression, that he looked instinctively at the fallen Tim to catch the notes, but Tim was struggling meekly but firmly for breath, and this free trilling came from above him. The choirmaster relaxed his hold.

"It was you all the time!" he said in a stupor of surprise.

"Yes," replied the singer, "it was me. Did yer think it was him?" with a slight jolt to indicate his victim.

"Get up, won't you, and sing me something else," the choirmaster urged, in a different tone. The boy rose promptly.

"What'll I sing?" he returned amicably.

"Ma' blushin' Rosie! Ma' blushin' Rosie!" the crowd demanded. They had stood to one side in the most neutral manner during the brief struggle that had laid Tim low, and listened respectfully to the brief colloquy that followed. It was evident that past experience had suggested this attitude on their part.

The choirmaster looked relieved.

"Where's your mouth organ?" demanded the freckled one of a larger boy in the crowd. The latter promptly produced the instrument in question, cuddled it in both hands a moment after the fashion of the virtuoso, and drew forth the jerky and complex series of strains peculiar to it. It was evidently a prelude, a tune vaguely familiar to the choirmaster. Suddenly the boy's voice burst into this vivacious background:—

Rosie, you are ma posie;
You are ma heart's bouquet.

The choirmaster sighed ecstatically. A voice so tender, so soft, so rich in appealing inflections he had never heard.

Come out heah in de moonlight.

"What's your name?" asked the choirmaster respectfully.

It appeared at first to be Egg-nog, but resolved into Edgar Ogden under careful cross-examination, and its owner agreed to attend three weekly practices and two services on Sunday for the princely salary of one shilling a week, the same to be increased in proportion to his progress.

"Where's yer tanner?"

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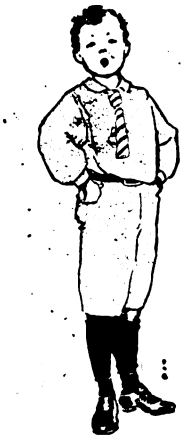
Subsequent efforts proved that it was utterly hopeless to attempt to teach Edgar to read music.

He learned all his solos by ear, but once learned, however, he never forgot them. Mr. Fellowes thrilled with pride as the silver stream of Edgar's voice flowed higher and higher, above the organ, beyond the choir at his side, till the people in the church sighed and craned their necks to look at the wonderful boy.



"Rosie, you are ma posie--"

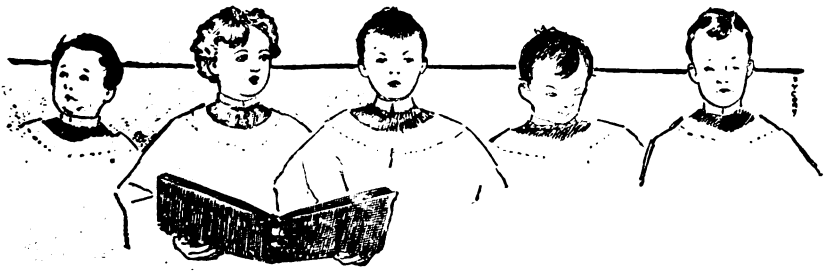
As a matter of fact, they looked, most of them, at Tim Mullaly. He stood next to Edgar, and, owing to a certain weakness of mind, invariably followed with his lips the entire libretto, so to speak, of the work in hand. As his appealing expression and violet eyes were undetachable, he had all the effect of the soloist, and received most of the credit from that vast majority who fail to distinguish one little boy, like one Chinaman, from another, unless he possesses some such salient feature as Tim's pleading gaze.

This little misapprehension was mercifully unsuspected by Edgar, otherwise it is to be feared that the services of a physician would have been required in the Mullaly household. Not that Edgar had any professional pride in his voice. He possessed, according to his own ideas, many more valuable and decorative qualities. His power of song was hereditary, and came to him from his father, and was equally shared with his brother Samuel.

Mrs. Ogden was not musical herself, and devoted most of her energies to fine laundry work, a less emotional but more lucrative occupation. Edgar's professional duties interested her chiefly by reason of the weekly salary, now grown to two shillings, of which twopence was allowed him for his private purse, the remainder being applied to the very obvious necessities of the household. His consequent position as wage-earner was firmly established, and his mother, though she cherished a natural contempt for the mental calibre of any young man who considered Edgar's voice worth two shillings a week, saw that so remunerative an organ received all the consideration it deserved.

To Mr. Ogden's undisguised horror, two new suits of under-flannels were purchased at the beginning of the winter, and shiny goloshes were urged upon the artiste's reluctant feet on every slushy day. The most unconvincing cough was rewarded with black liquorice, purchased from the general household fund, and when Edgar had the measles, "the Prince of Wales," to use Mr. Ogden's irritated phrase, "might have been glad to taste the mutton broth and cocoa that fattened that impident kid."

Nor was her system limited to this soft indulgence, as the occasion of one of the choirmaster's visits proved. Fearful lest the purpose of his call should become evident too abruptly, he began by one of his customary eulogies of his first soprano's voice; she received his enthusiasm coldly, indicated forcibly her own lack of musical ability, and boasted with a pride inexplicable to one who has not been accustomed to consider this gift synonymous with Penitentiary qualifications, that she could not remember a tune. On his mentioning somewhat diffidently that Edgar's fines for tardiness, absence, etc., must in the nature of things make appreciable inroads upon his salary, the interview assumed a different aspect.



As a matter of fact, they looked, most of them, at Tim.

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Wiping her hands on her apron, Mrs. Ogden assured the choirmaster that if Edgar wasn't earning his wages she'd attend to that part of it all right. So intent was her expression that he felt obliged to put in a plea for gentleness, on the ground that such a delicate mechanism as the human throat could not be too carefully treated. Mrs. Odgen assured him that she was not in the habit of applying her disciplinary measures to the throat, and the audience was at an end.

On Sunday afternoon Edgar marched into the church, impassive and uninteresting to the outward vision, with Tim behind him, rapt and effective. Edgar stared vacantly into space.

The brightest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!

Edgar's brows met, and he took a longer stride in reaching for his B flat.

How many a spot defiles the robe
That makes an earthly saint!

"He sings like an angel!" the rector mused.

Shiny goloshes were urged upon the artiste's reluctant feet.

Once through with the Psalms, which he loathed because he was not always certain of his pointing, and could not endure Tim's look of horror at his occasional slips, Edgar devoted himself to a study of the rose-window over the transept. The decoration of this window was a standing subject of quarrel between him and the first alto, Howard Potter. Edgar had advanced the somewhat untenable proposition that the various figures in the stained-glass windows represented the successive rectors and choirmasters of St. Mark's. Howard had objected that the dedications under the windows referred (as he had discovered by adroit questions that gave his informants no idea whatever of what he was driving at) to persons who had never held office of any kind in the church. Edgar had then fallen back on the theory that the figures were portraits of the persons whom the windows commemorated. Howard triumphantly queried, why, then, should the legend, "Sacred to the memory of Walter, beloved husband of Mary Bird Ferris," appear under a tall woman in dark green glass, with a most feminine amount of hair and a long red sash? Edgar was staggered, but suddenly recalled his father's glowing account of a costume ball given by the Foresters, in which many of the members appeared in women's clothes, one in particular, the proprietor of a fish market, having rented a long and flowing wig the better to deceive his fellow Foresters and their delighted guests. This having impressed Edgar as intensely humorous, he greatly enjoyed picturing the scene to his imagination, and he strengthened his wavering infallibility by declaring that the beloved husband of Mary Bird Ferris was beyond doubt a Forester in costume.

This had silenced Howard for a week, but one afternoon at Evensong, just before the electric bell sounded in the vestry, he had rapidly inquired in a hissing whisper, "Who that white puppy carryin' the flag in the round window on the side where the lectern eagle was, was a picture of?"

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Edgar was terribly puzzled. Try how he might, he could not for the life of him offer a solution to the enigma. Even the brass plate beneath it, inscribed: "This rose-window is placed in loving memory of Alice Helen Worden, who departed this life June nineteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety," did not offer any explanation whatever. The affair irritated Edgar exceedingly. He perceived that he should have to fight the first alto. This was not only a great responsibility in itself, but the necessity of evading the parental eye added to the nervous strain, and to make matters still worse, on this particular Sunday afternoon Mr. Ogden occupied one of the rear pews with the idea of seeing how his son behaved during service and intending subsequently to take him home.

She was not in the habit of applying her disciplinary measures to the throat.

Throughout the service Edgar was as one in a dream, and he even forgot his effective trick of frightening the choirmaster into cold chills by looking vacantly uncertain of the proper moment to take up the choir's share of the responses. The fact that he invariably came in at the precise beat had never fortified Mr. Fellowes against that nervous shudder as he saw his first soprano's mouth open hesitatingly two seconds before the time. To-day he was spared all anxiety. Edgar's voice and Tim's eyes were the perfection of tuneful devotion.

And bless thine in-her-i-tance!

they implored softly. Neither of them had the remotest idea of what inheritance meant. They would have besought as willingly a blessing for irrelevance or inelegance.

The rector noticed with pleasure the seedy-looking man in the back of the church; he was just then smarting a little under the accusation of "aristocratic tendencies"—a body of conservatives had never approved of the boy-choir.

Mr. Ogden, as we know, was on business of his own—business that kept him glaring fixedly at his son. But Edgar's ecclesiastical demeanour was without a flaw. Moreover, his plans were gradually maturing. He sang *Amen* at proper intervals, and by a process of unconscious cerebration, managed to get between the organist and the tenor, who depended on Mr. Fellowes to mark the time for him with his left hand, and in consequence of being unable to see him, bungled his offertory solo; but his thoughts were elsewhere. He had decided to slip out of the south transept door, thus eluding parental pursuit, and fight Howard Potter in his own back yard before he slept. He would practise upon his victim a recent scientific acquisition proudly styled by him "the upper-cut," which he had learnt from an acquaintance at the cost of sixpence and a bag of sweets.

At this point the anthem-prelude drew him to his feet. He saved his voice, according to directions, for his solo, and in the waiting hush every word flowed, softly and purely, to the end of the church.

"*Mercy and truth, mercy and truth, mercy*—" Ah, that exquisite, soft swoop downwards! The organ rippled on contentedly, a continuation of Edgar's flutelike tones—"*and truth are me-et together!*" There was all the richness of a woman's voice, all the passionless clearness of a boy's, all the morning innocence of a child's in the notes.

It occurred to him suddenly that the north transept would be safer — it was on the side farthest from home.

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"*Righteousness and peace, righteousness and peace have kissed each other!*"

He wondered if Howard had learned the "upper-cut" since their last encounter.

Tim's face was as the face of an angel; a long slanting ray from the rose-window fell across his curls.

"*Have kissed each other,*" Edgar sighed softly. "*Have kissed each other,*"—the caressing tones melted into the organ's, whispered once more "*each other,*" and died lingeringly. A long breath, an audible "Ah-h-h!" drifted through the church. The choirmaster kicked his feet together under the organ for joy. He little knew that at that very moment the future of his choir was swinging lightly in the balance.

But such was the fact. Fate, who links

together events seemingly isolated, smoothed Edgar's way to the fight, but allowed him to be beaten. If this had not happened, his wrath would not have vented itself in hectoring a bad-tempered bass at the Wednesday practice, by scampering in front of him and mimicking with wonderful accuracy his gruff, staccato voice.

"*He taketh up the isles—as a ver-ry—lit-tle thing!*" mocked Edgar.

"Shut up!" growled the bass.

"*A ver-ry lit-tle thing!*" Edgar continued malignantly, slipping across his victim's path.

"Oh, all right, young man!" called the bass, enraged at the grins and applause of the other men, "all right! Just you wait till Sunday, that's all!" If Edgar had not teased him so, he would not have added, "I know what'll happen then, if you don't."

"What?" Edgar inquired derisively, catching up with him.

"You're going to be 'done,' that's what," said the bass irritably.

"Aw, shut up! I ain't, either!"

"Well, you ought to be, the whole pack of you," the bass continued decidedly. "Bag and baggage! And a good riddance, too. No choir-boy excursion this summer!"

Edgar dropped behind and mused. "Who told yer?" he called.

"Ask Fellowes—and if he don't lick you, I will!" retorted the bass, making a quick grab, which Edgar easily evaded.

He summoned his companions immediately; the question was laid before them. Had they heard that their trip to the seaside, the object of all their

Howard inquired "Who that white puppy carryin' the flag was?"

endurance and loyalty, the prize of their high calling, was to be discontinued? Tim was deputed to inquire on Saturday afternoon. He returned disconsolate.

"What'd he say? What'd he say?"

"He says mos' prob'ly not. Says it costs too much. Says maybe a picnic—"

"Aw! old chump! Going to 'rush' us, too?"

"I dunno. I think so. I didn't ask him that."

"Well, I bet he don't 'rush' me! I betcher that, I betcher now!"

Edgar strutted before them. They regarded him with interest.

"Watcher goin' to do?" they asked respectfully.

"What'll I do? I'll—I'll 'rush' myself!" he called over his shoulder, as he strode home.

His moody air during supper convinced Mr. Ogden that something was up. Ever since he had discovered Edgar's demand for an additional sixpence a Sunday, on the ground that his mother thought him worth more, and his later daring strike for a further threepence, which the choirmaster

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had innocently considered justified and paid out of his own pocket, Mr. Ogden, who, having heard rumours of wild dissipations in the ice-cream line, had pounced upon his son returning plethoric from pay-day, and promptly annexed the extra ninepence, was convinced of the necessity of surveillance for this wily wage-earner. He, therefore, formed the habit of escorting Edgar regularly on pay-nights, alone at first, but later assisted by Mrs. Ogden, who accompanied the family group as a self-constituted and final auditor. It has frequently been remarked that a great grief may bind together once disunited members of a family; it is extremely improbable that any affliction whatever could have produced among the Ogdens such a gratifying *esprit de corps* as resulted in their unfeigned interest in pay-day.

"Well, I bet he don't 'rush' me!"

"You're going to be 'done,'" said the Bass, irritably.

But when Mr. Ogden had shadowed his son to a no more secluded and dangerous spot than the churchyard and saw him in earnest conclave with his attentive companions, he went, relieved, about his own business, reassured by the words "excursion" and "Sunday afternoon" that he caught from behind a convenient tombstone. He was utterly unconscious that the scene he had left was far more menacing to his household than even the most disfiguring fight of his warlike son's varied repertoire. But so it was. Haranguing, promising, taunting, threatening, Edgar led them finally, subdued, into one of the most successful rehearsals of the year.

* * * *

They waited till a quarter-past eleven in the vestry on Sunday and finally the men marched in alone, somewhat conscious and ill at ease, followed by a red-faced, determined rector and a puzzled visiting clergyman. They sang "*O happy band of pilgrims*," but it was remarked by the wondering congregation that they did not look happy themselves. There was no music but the hymns, which, as they had been altered to well-known numbers, were chanted lustily by the inhabitants of the pews, thus winning the sincere admiration of the visiting clergyman.

"Really, such well-trained congregational singing is quite rare," he remarked afterwards to the rector, and was somewhat surprised at the short answer: "It shall certainly never occur again!"

It would have gone hard with the choir but for Mrs. Ogden. Mr. Fellowes pleaded in vain; the Ladies' Auxiliary passed futile resolutions; the rector was firm. It was only when Mrs. Ogden swept in upon him in his study, with a chastened, still apprehensive boy under one arm, followed by half-a-dozen women similarly equipped, and made a

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speech that will adorn the parish annals for many a year, that he was convinced and relented.

Edgar had met his Waterloo, and lived, so to speak, under a consequent military surveillance; with much of his prestige gone, his pay docked for a month, and the certainty of approaching warm weather when it would be impossible to take cold, and nothing but a summons to the "choir invisible" could excuse him from rehearsals here, the future was rendered all too clear to him. In the words of the processional,

His tongue could never tire
Of singing with the choir.

Mrs. Ogden swept in with a chastened boy under one arm.

To-day, if you should be inclined to attend evensong at St. Mark's, you will, beyond a doubt, be delighted with a silver voice that appears to proceed from a violet-eyed boy with a sweet expression.

"*It is a good thing to render thanks!*" the voice declares melodiously, but it is doubtful if its owner is in a thankful frame of mind. Edgar would, in all probability, prefer to be with his brother Samuel, who is at present touring the country triumphantly with a successful comic opera rendering the song, "*When Father laid the carpet on the stairs?*" to crowded audiences, for thirty shillings a week and his travelling expenses.

And even this success leaves Samuel dissatisfied; he would far rather be in his father's position—first tenor in the Denman Thompson Theatrical Company Quartette — and sing appropriate verses behind the scenes when the limelight lantern throws thrilling visions upon the sheet at the frequent entertainments held in the village schoolroom.

It would seem that the artistic temperament is doomed to discontent. Whereas Mrs. Ogden, who cannot remember a tune, is perfectly satisfied with fine laundry work.

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LIFE UNDER FIVE SOVEREIGNS.

The Eventful Career of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—The Friend of Rich and Poor.

Described and Illustrated by Mary Spencer Warren.

TWO eminent women have made indelible marks on the pages of English history; by a singular coincidence, each one being launched into immense responsibilities in the same year of the 19th century, 1837—Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and Angela Georgina, Baroness Burdett-Coutts; the first-named succeeding to the throne of England and the latter to an immense fortune. The good life of the revered Queen has been related by countless writers; that of the Baroness—household word though her name may be—has yet to be told. But if ever an unseen monument has been raised in the hearts of the people, it has been raised to her who, from the twenty-third year of her age to the present time—when her years number eighty-eight—has never ceased in her untiring efforts to use the whole of her great wealth for the benefit of her poorer brethren.

The Boudoir, Holly Lodge.

The Baroness was a daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, one of the chief Liberal politicians of the early part of the last century; but her immense inheritance of nearly two millions was bequeathed to her by her step-grandmother, the wife of Mr. Coutts the banker. Miss Angela Burdett, on becoming the head of a banking house second only to the Bank of England, assumed the name of Coutts. The honour of a peerage was conferred by her late Majesty in 1871.

To look back upon the life of the Baroness is a historical education. One recalls the good and the great with whom she has been associated, reads the progress of the working classes, watches the education of the young, and reviews events which have stirred nations. And in each and every case where money could help, the Baroness has led the way with munificent benevolence; and what is more, has brought the effect of her example, and so used her enormous influence, that others have thereby been induced to co-operate in her many good works.

At the outset of her Ladyship's career, multitudes of well-intentioned people suddenly felt called upon to offer advice as to the disposal of her ladyship's money. But the Baroness had her own views on the matter, and had one friend in particular, who, spending, as he did, much of his time amongst the very poor of the metropolis, and having the cause of the oppressed very truly at heart, was more competent to give advice than was perhaps any other living person. This was none other than Charles Dickens, the great writer. He who could so graphically depict the squalid misery of the East End dens of poverty and infamy, enlisted the sympathies of his wealthy friend in a very thorough manner. Together they visited these scenes, and together devised such wholesale reforms and benefits as could only be accomplished by a combination of practicability, unbounded liberality, and true kindness of heart. It would be utterly impossible to recount even a tenth of what her ladyship has accomplished in this one direction. One of the first things undertaken was to sweep away what was actually nothing more than a den of thieves and murderers in Bethnal Green; and

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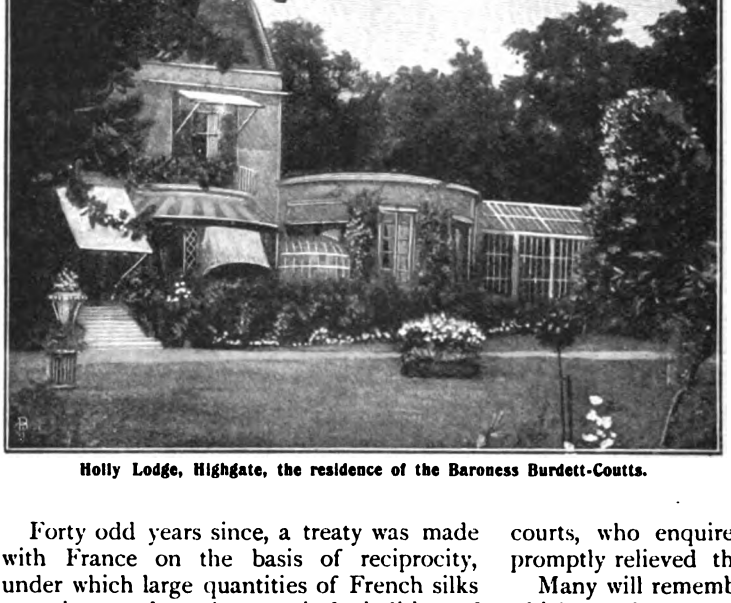
in its stead blocks of model dwellings were erected — the Baroness was really the pioneer of the model dwellings in London— with every accommodation in the shape of laundry, baths, etc., and a good library and reading-room. All this was for people who had been surrounded by abominations of every sort; whose every breath had sucked in foul stench, and whose every footstep had been in slimy pools and decaying refuse shot from dust carts—truly a trap for fevers and loathsome diseases. These buildings were erected some half-a-century ago, but they still hold their own, and are indeed in advance of some of later date for drainage, ventilation, and light.



Holly Lodge, Highgate, the residence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Forty odd years since, a treaty was made with France on the basis of reciprocity, under which large quantities of French silks were imported, to the practical abolition of the East End hand-loom industry. The weavers were absolutely starving for want of work, when Lady Burdett-Coutts came forward as the principal supporter of an association which had been formed for the relief of the sufferers. Some of them were started in small businesses, younger ones were trained for useful employments, and a sewing school was also opened, at which women of all ages were received, the workers being provided with a good meal at the outset of each day's work. At this depôt a large number of persons were employed in plain needlework— their earnings ranging from eight shillings to fifteen shillings per week, a very substantial addition to the scanty income of these families; for many of the men had only the casual work which this bounty provided for them. The lads were specially looked after, many of them going to sea, and there was, in fact, a complete system of carefully devised help for young and old, even to the engagement of professional nurses for the sick, and substantial money aid that the homes of the people might be kept intact. Also a considerable number were sent out to Australia as emigrants, the Baroness not only defraying the costs of their passages, but also advancing sufficient money to keep them in comfort until they had made a good start in the new world. It is good to record that this trust in the people was not abused, the whole of the money advanced being subsequently repaid by instalments.

When the bitter winter of 1861 overtook the tanners of Bermondsey, and they could not follow their occupation, they were also helped in a substantial manner. The magistrates of the police courts of the neighbourhood were inundated with applications for relief, and the Baroness had her own agents at these courts, who enquired into the cases and promptly relieved them.

Many will remember the cholera epidemic which raged amongst the poor of the East End, between thirty and forty years ago. The part the Baroness played in relieving the sufferings of the victims is beyond all compute. In addition to paying the salaries of a qualified medical man, eight trained nurses, two sanitary inspectors and four men to distribute disinfectants, her gifts of food and clothing were on a most lavish scale. Take one week's gifts at random, and this is the wonderful total:—1,850 shilling tickets for meat, 250lb of arrowroot, 500lb each of sago and tapioca, 30lb of black currant jelly, 50 gallons of port wine, 25 gallons of brandy, 20 gallons of beef tea, 560 quarts of milk, 100 blankets, 400 yards of flannel and 400

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Angela Georgina, Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

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assorted garments. At the same time vast quantities of bedding were sold at cost price to the people, and many new appliances and remedies were tested in a practical manner.

There is not a costermonger living in this London of ours who has not the greatest veneration for her who is known to them as "the Baroness." She has been their best friend for many years, has fought their battles when Bumbledom in its newest form threatened their partial extinction, and they

The Entrance Hall, Holly Lodge.

are not likely to forget that as a body they owe their continuance of favoured positions and many other benefits to her ready liberality. One of their Clubs—for costers have clubs as well as lords—presented her ladyship with a silver model of a donkey, and at Holly Lodge this is one of her most cherished possessions. Also, at one of the public meetings of their clan, a live white donkey was triumphantly persuaded in some manner to mount the platform, where he was presented amidst much jubilation to the costers' friend, who gave him the best of homes at her Highgate residence.

But one might go on enumerating the various societies and institutions founded and helped by the Baroness, for the claims of the poor and the suffering have ever been the first demands on her always open purse. Children have had a large share in her ladyship's bountiful kindness. It was indeed due to her initiative that the National Society for their protection came into existence, the first meeting being held in her Stratton Street drawing room. At the present time this society comes to the help of upwards of 10,000 children per annum. Years ago, evening schools were opened by the Baroness and did the work which the Education Act has since taken in hand, and certain Ragged Schools, which she largely supported, were also crowded out literally with the children of the gutters. In continuance of their early training, hundreds of boys have been sent to training ships at the expense of the Baroness—boys who were taken from such districts as could produce young Hooligans as a speciality, the boys being afterwards fitted out for the Royal Navy or the Merchant Service.

The Destitute Children's Dinner Society—an organisation which provides upwards of 300,000 dinners annually to the poorest of school children—has always had a very earnest advocate in her ladyship, as well as a liberal contributor. Each child, for one penny, can procure a substantial meal, payment being enforced as strictly as charitable feeling will permit, in order that pauperism may not be encouraged. Holly Lodge has been a splendid playground for the children of the poor, endless parties having been given to all grades, from the boys and girls of the working and self-respecting classes to those of the homes of the submerged tenth. The same welcome, and the same feasting and amusement has been extended to all, and thousands can remember the happy times spent amidst the beautiful flowers, round the homes of the collection of animals, or with the wonderful games provided for them in the capacious fields.

The complete educational system of the Burdett-Coutts and Townshend Free Schools, the St. Stephen's Schools, and the Westminster Technical Institute, is well-known, as is also the fact that the two latter owe their origin and support entirely to the Baroness, the St. Stephen's Schools being due mainly to a fund of which her ladyship was left trustee. No adequate idea can be given of the success of these establishments, but many thousands of boys and girls have there received

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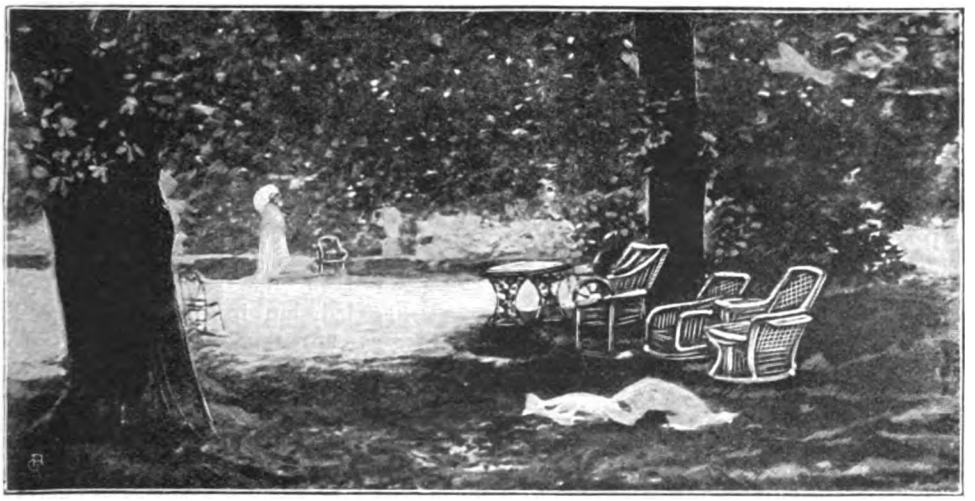
the best of training for their future life. Stepney, Highgate and many other outlying places have also to thank her ladyship for substantial educational assistance. She also established in London the first Art Students' Home, which has since become entirely self-supporting, and the origin and successful continuance of the Whitelands Training College is likewise due to her ladyship.

In addition to the large number of scholarships at each of the above-mentioned institutions, the Baroness founded what is known as the Burdett-Coutts Geographical Scholarship, one of the highest scientific honours which can be gained at the University of Oxford. As a matter of fact, her ladyship has also done very much to help forward the scientific discoveries of many eminent men; and in scholastic researches bearing upon the elucidation and verification of the Scriptures, she has taken the deepest interest, employing agents in the East to secure old Biblical manuscripts, some of which led to important new readings of hitherto obscure and difficult passages when the Scriptures were revised.



The Baroness' favourite nook under the trees at Holly Lodge.

Lady Burdett-Coutts is a staunch Churchwoman, but creed never comes between her purse and the poor. Ireland, in the year 1862, more Catholic than it is now, had been devastated by the famine; and in the south-west portion an additional calamity had overtaken the inhabitants of Skibbereen, in that they had been compelled to part with their fishing craft, from the proceeds of which they had existed for part of the year. At this time, then, the condition of the place was one of chronic want and famine. The Catholic priests in charge of the parish appealed to Miss Burdett-Coutts, who at once appointed a trusty priest to visit the district, and offer means of relief.

£10,000 was placed at the disposal of the priest. A sum of money was lent to each fisherman sufficient to purchase a boat and gear, the loans to be repaid by small yearly instalments. A fishing school was established, in which four hundred boys from all parts of Ireland could be thoroughly initiated into boatbuilding, net making and mending, carpentering, coopering, and fish curing, and stores were opened at which meal, fuel, blankets, and warm clothing for the sick and aged could be obtained. Parties of emigrants were sent out to the Colonies, for the Baroness has always considered this to be one of the most satisfactory methods of helping the unemployed, and of solving the overcrowding question in our great cities. Much more might be said of the help afforded to Ireland, but in closing this paragraph we can just mention what some may remember—for it happened less than twenty years ago—the fact that the Baroness offered the magnificent sum of £250,000 to the Government, for them to use beneficially in aid of the destitute Irish.

The proof of her ladyship's sympathy with the Established Church is a matter of history, for she has founded and endowed three Colonial Bishoprics at enormous cost, as well as built several handsome

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churches and assisted many others to carry on their work in the home country.

Another important fact, which can only have bare mention, is that the good Baroness was the pioneer of reformatories for women—a movement which has resulted in the reclamation of about fifty per cent. of those who have entered the homes.

Warfare has ever called forth the ready sympathetic help of the Baroness, and the soldiers of our country, fighting in the Crimea, Zululand, and other places, have had cause to bless her name. And it is not only her own countrymen whom she has helped, for one of the most notable things to be seen at Holly Lodge is an Oriental structure in the grounds, the name of which—Candilli—recalls a time when the whole of the civilised world was thrilled with the horrors enacted during the Russo-Turkish war. The Baroness, filled with pity for the sufferings of 30,000 families who fled for refuge to the villages of the Danube, took the matter up warmly, and sent a noble and pathetic letter to a prominent daily paper which found a remarkable response throughout the country. The Turkish Compassionate Fund was formed, the Baroness heading it with £1,000—which sum she afterwards doubled—and in a few days £50,000 and vast quantities of food and clothing were ready for despatch. What the Special Commissioner, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, of this fund had to contend with was simply appalling; starvation, pestilence, roads crowded with destitute masses of people, many of whom were literally frozen to death, and women throwing their children into the river rather than witness their sufferings. In recognition of the humane efforts on behalf of his people, the Sultan sent to the Baroness the First Class and Star of the Order of the Medjidiyeh, a decoration conferred on no other woman except Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

The Rosery, Holly Lodge.

England will not forget how the Baroness tried to rescue General Gordon when he was abandoned by his country, her ladyship's public letter of appeal awakening a universal thrill through the land. At Holly Lodge, a dearly-prized article is a letter case which Lady Burdett-Coutts gave to General Gordon within one hour of his departure from England; and which he carried in his breast pocket until the time of his death.

No pen could tell of the more private charities of the Baroness, even if any information of such were forthcoming. Not only in England, however, but in many far-off lands, there are multitudes of people who have been helped in their sorest need and who bless the name of the friend who has practically given her life and fortune to the poor. The Baroness is the only woman upon whom the Freedom of the City of London has been conferred, an example followed by Edinburgh; and the only woman who has ever been raised to the British Peerage for personal merit or achievements, quite independent of hereditary or vicarious claims.

It is generally believed that the Baroness was at the coronation ceremonies of the last two monarchs, but her ladyship has informed us that such was not the case. The Baroness saw the procession of Queen Victoria from her windows in Piccadilly, and when asked for the most notable circumstance of the event which remained in her memory she answered "the stopping of the cream-coloured horses in St. James' Street, so like the incident of the Artillery horses at Windsor at the funeral; and the striking reception given by the public to Marshal Soult, the probable reception having previously been a matter of anxiety in official quarters." A contrast between the two coronations which strikes the Baroness is "that Queen Victoria had but a very small 'family' party to accompany her—Her Majesty being almost alone—while the present Sovereigns will have so large a family group around them."

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THE REMITTANCE MAN.

The Romance of a Prodigal Son.

One of W. A. Frazer's Thrilling Stories of Ranch Life in Canada.

Illustrated by B. MARTIN JUSTICE.

PART I.

DEAN RUTHVEN had a son, George. This would have been a very ordinary state of affairs in the ordinary course of events; but that George Ruthven was the son of a dean, or of any other great church dignitary, was most certainly a rather unbelievable fact. His life was about as uncanonised an affair as one could well imagine.

There was nothing terribly wrong—just a chronic condition of unsatisfactory facts judged from a clerical point of view, horse-racing entering largely into the business.

Well, finally his father, the Dean, consigned him to the ranching country in Western Canada — the Cargelly district. This part of the country, from Fort Macleod to Cargelly, is known as the "Remittance Belt," peopled partly by just such as George Ruthven—young men sent there to be out of the way of Piccadilly civilisation, and maintained by parental remittances.

Of course, George was consigned to someone—he and his ten thousand pounds that was to start him in cattle ranching. But that didn't matter; nothing matters in the West, for things must work out their own salvation there. Besides, what mattered it how the money was spent? It would go anyway. Remittance men weren't expected to make money: they were there to spend it.

So when George Ruthven landed in Cargelly he was cordially welcomed and made free of the Club.

There was no Board of Trade in Cargelly —just a billiard table at the Club. And George's affairs were arranged as the affairs of the other remittance men had been—by the chiefs sitting in solemn conclave about this substitute for a council board.

"A shoemaker should stick to his last," was a patent philosophy. Ruthven herding cattle was a grotesque conception. What good would it do? The cattle would die of anthrax or some other infernal complaint that was always present, and the golden sovereigns that he had brought would somehow be lost out on the dismal plain. It was the stupid calculation of a man sitting in London, this idea of George Ruthven's proper sphere. What he knew all about was horses and racing; there was not the slightest doubt about that. He was jolly well full of the thing.

Of course, he would have to have a ranch and a shanty. But that was easy: so many

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square miles of air, bottomed by a short-grassed plain. It didn't even have to be surveyed. It ran from Smythe's Ranch to Dick's Coulee—ambiguous, but wholly satisfactory for all requirements.

Then a shanty was thrown together; the ark, battering-rammed into a square building, would have been an artistic villa by comparison.

The selection of the racehorses required more care. Several of the chaps had horses to sell; incidentally, every racing man has a horse or two waiting for a buyer more eager than wise. However, in the end George was fairly well stocked with horses.

Sport of Kings! But the gods had been kind to the dwellers in the wilderness when Dean Ruthven had been hypnotised into sending George the Wayward into the tents of Shem.

And while the direct offerings contributed in London went to the heathen in Africa and divers other places, the indirect, that was the Dean's by right of arrangement, helped to clothe the heathen in Cargelly and to educate his tenderfoot son in a knowledge of men's ways.

Of course, ten thousand pounds requires some accounting for if it be expended, and George sent home a fairy tale that would have gained him a prize in any literary competition. The rolling prairie was handled with conventional skill; the invigorating atmosphere was treated artistically; the future of the cattle trade was culled from Government Blue Books. His own ranch, "The Deanery," was touched upon with diplomatic modesty; it would not do for him to boast of his success at this early stage, he stated, but he had most assuredly stumbled upon a real good thing. He wrote this last statement quite inadvertently, for the good thing so prominent in his mind was Whirlwind and Gray Bird, two young thoroughbreds; but he allowed the statement to stand.

The Dean was delighted when he received this epistle.

George Ruthven had his ups and downs—a whole raft of downs.

But there was no doubt about his popularity, for he had just the funniest nature that a man could possibly have. His friends did not despoil him through any sense of meanness, they simply felt that remittance money had been predestined for the good of the greatest number. Socialistic faith condoned all their acts of piracy.

Encouraged by his first literary effort, George drew such Utopian pen-pictures of his ranch life that the Dean began to long for a sight of the paradise which contained his son.

As the ten thousand pounds dwindled into as many pence, George waxed more eloquent; and in the end something akin to a falling of the heavens occurred.

One night he strode into the Cargelly Club with the hoarfrost of an approaching domestic storm thickly upon him.

"What do you suppose is up, you fellows?" he gasped.

"Not Whirlwind, nor Gray Bird! Not gone wrong, have they?" queried one excitedly.

"Bah!" ejaculated George, "do you think I'd make a fuss about that?"

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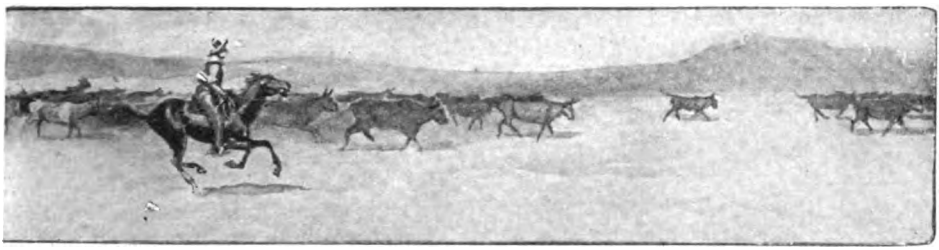


"Let a *man* guess," commanded Major Lance. "Sunflower has gone back on him." Sunflower was a girl also in the story.

"Don't chaff," pleaded Ruthven, petulantly. "This is serious business. The guv'nor is coming out. By jove!"

A silence, an unhealthy quiet, settled over the Council.

"He'll be here on the twenty-first," continued George despondently.

"Thunder! The Race Meet is on the twenty-ninth," exclaimed the Major.

"That's just it," lamented George. "Whirlwind or Gray Bird must start; if one of them don't the Winnipeg horse will clean us out."

George thought ruefully of his glamorous account of the cattle ranch and the large herd of many cattle. Besides, the Dean was deucedly inquisitive; that was his business, to investigate and to lay bare the truth.

"I say, you fellows," cried George, presently, "I haven't got a steer—not one—out at 'The Deanery.' What am I to do?"

The others had been thinking only of Whirlwind and Gray Bird; this was a new problem.

"You surprise me," said the Major. "Will the Dean expect to see cattle on your ranch?" he queried with solicitous sarcasm.

"Don't be inquisitive!" interrupted one. "Of course he will. What do you suppose he is coming here for—to play whist?"

"Who's got any cattle?" queried the Major. "Here, Lancaster, you have."

"Oh, they're all mixed up with everybody else's on the range."

"All the better," retorted the Major. "Some of you fellows must round up a tidy bunch of a couple of hundred, and run them out to 'The Deanery' for Ruthven. His guv'nor is coming out here to see something, and we can't give the country a black eye."

"Gad! I should say not," chipped in the owner of Pot Luck Ranch. "He'd go back and stop all emigration; then what would become of you chaps with no remittance Johnnies to batten off?"

"By jove! You fellows are a good lot," declared George; "that's a weight off my mind. I've been in no end of a blue funk ever since I got the pater's letter. About Whirlwind and Gray Bird——"

"Yes, what about them?" they all cried in simultaneous anxiety.

"Well, the guv'nor's death on gee-gees."

"Strange," muttered the Major sarcastically.

"Don't be a flippant goat," snapped Ruthven. "He hates racehorses worse than—than——"

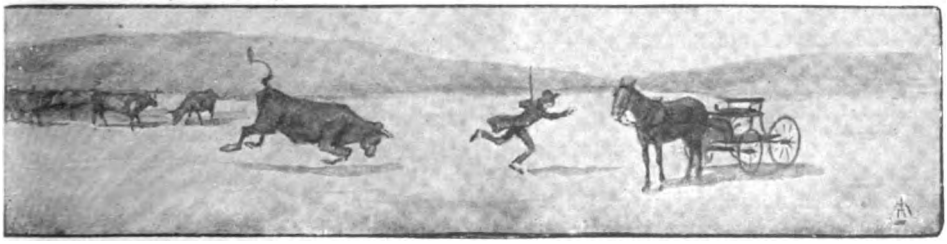
"Than the man in opposition," volunteered Pot Luck.

"Exactly—if possible," concurred George.

"Cable him you're dead," suggested a big giant from whose broad shoulders hung a silk-worked buckskin coat.

"That wouldn't stop him," replied George, "nothing will stop him—you don't know the guv'nor, you fellows. When he gets an idea into his head you've simply got to sit tight and dodge the idea—that's all; I know him."

"Coming on the twenty-first," mused the Major, "and the races are on the twenty-ninth—a whole week; doubt if he'll stay that long."



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"Hope not," ejaculated the son. "It wouldn't be so bad if I didn't have to ride Whirlwind myself; she doesn't gallop well for anyone else. How the deuce am I to work her, with the guv'nor about?"

"By George!" exclaimed Pot Luck; "if the Dean stays we must get Sunflower to help us out; she's clever—there's no doubt about that—just confide the whole business to her, and she'll keep him out of the way."

For days the Council in their spare moments prepared for the advent of Dean Ruthven. George's ranch was stocked with cattle; his shanty knocked into some sort of shape; a permanent staff of two servants put on; three or four cowboys hired to patrol the range; and an evanescent air of prosperity sprayed over the place.

All these details were arranged by the Council. George was told off to the training of Whirlwind, Gray Bird, and the other equine marvels in his racing string.

Sunflower (so named because she was just like one of the slender, bright, happy, delicate-leaved sunflowers of the prairie) would most certainly have done a great deal more than this for George, because—because—well, never mind. Love is a compelling master. She was of good family, and lived with her brother, Colonel Sloan, who was the Government Agent on the Indian Reserve. The Colonel was not one of the Council, and had an idea that his sister might do much better than marry George Ruthven.

As arranged in the calendar, the twenty-first came round in its proper place, and, according to a telegram received, the Dean would arrive by train that night, or, really, next morning at two o'clock.

The Council passed a resolution, unanimously, that they would act as bodyguard to George Ruthven upon the arrival of his father. The late hour was no bar to this, for, as a rule, Cargelly went to bed very early—in the morning.

Divers games of more or less scientific interest helped to while away the time, and the Club Steward had received orders to pass the word in time for them to reach the station before the arrival of Dean Ruthven's train.

George was arrayed in orthodox, more than orthodox, ranch costume. Beginning at the bottom, his feet were tightly cramped in narrow, high-heeled, Mexican-spurred riding boots; brown leather trousers, with long fringes up the sides, spread their wide expanse from boot to hip; a belt acted as a conjunction between his nether garments and a flannel shirt, wide open on his sun-browned throat; buckskin coat, wide-brimmed cowboy hat, and a general air of serious business completed the disguise.

All the fellows approved of his get-up. It was the usual antithesis to Regent Street regalia. All the remittance men went in for it when they were young in their Western novitiate.

"It will be worth a thousand pounds to you, at least," the Major said.

"It will gladden your parent's heart," declared Pot Luck; "——if you don't look as funny as Buffalo Bill."

Ruthven stalked across the hardwood floor of the billiard room proudly; his narrow-heeled boots jingled their old spurs until they clanked a victorious pæan. Everybody looked pleased.

"Touch him for two thousand guineas," hazarded Drake, who was in from his ranch at Stand Off; "hanged if I ever saw a better set up cowboy than you are, Ruthven."

"Wish the Sunflower could see him now," muttered Pot Luck; "she'd give him his congé."

"Train's on time, gentlemen," said the Steward, at the billiard room door; "she'll be here in five minutes."

As the Council trooped out the Steward told the Second Steward that he "reckoned as 'ow the Goov'nor of the Territories was coming up from Regina. There'll be Gimmy to pay, too, if it's 'im, for 'es a corker—an all-night bird." He didn't know it was a Dean coming all the way from London to see his reformed son.

Ruthven walked up and down the station platform with less assurance than he previously had in the Club billiard room. "I'll be in a bally hat," he confided to the Major, "if the guv'nor finds out anything; and he's got eyes like a fluorescent lamp. At home he spoiled one of the best *coups* any man ever had, and said he was glad of it, too, though it broke me."

The blaring eye of the express swayed drunkenly around a curve; giant wheels crunched from steel rails an unofficial announcement of Dean Ruthven's arrival. It startled George—it was like a premonition of evil. A heavy-eyed porter struggled from the sleeping car, dark, bulging objects clinging to him at every angle. Behind came a slim, stoop-shouldered man in a heavy ulster.

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"That's the guv'nor," murmured Ruthven, and, striding forward, he took cheery possession of the Dean. It was an eye-opener to the ecclesiastical traveller, this reception of much multitude; also what a whole-souled grip these Westerners of stalwart frame were so prodigal of. They were introduced *en masse* —for the Western night-wind was bleak—as George's fellow-ranchers.

Of course, most of them really were ranchers of sorts; and almost every one had a brand—also of sorts. However, Dean Ruthven and his son marched at the head of a goodly company to the hotel. There, in the warm light, the Council were introduced individually, and pressed upon the pleased Dean a whole-souled invitation to spend a week or more at each ranch.

My! but the Dean was proud of his son. He attributed the inspiration that had induced him to send George to Cargelly to the very highest authority. He told his son this in a moist voice. He was so sure of it that George said not a word about either of his two racehorses, or any other dispensation of his own arranging.

After his father had retired Ruthven joined the Council at their Club, and the plan of campaign was more definitely traced on the map.

"We've omitted something," said the Major. "You've got three cowboys, Ruthven, but you'll need an overseer; it quite slipped my memory. They're great on the overseer business in the old land; I know them. One of you fellows will have to volunteer—it adds dignity to the profession."

Drake said he'd go, for he wasn't returning to Stand Off till after the Meet, anyway.

Next day the Dean, young Ruthven and Drake, the newly-evolved overseer, drove out to "The Deanery" Ranch, ten miles south. The Western air, made tonic by ozone which it had picked up in the Rockies, plain to view not fifty miles away, tingled the nerves of the London churchman and sweet-breathed his heart until the short-grassed prairie, flower-studded and bright sky-topped, full of its great measure of boundless rest and untortured calm, almost blotted out all other desirable places from the face of the earth. No wonder his son had reformed; in such surroundings a man must become a child of Nature, a simple doer of good deeds—become filled with a desire to benefit his fellow men. He would take care that friends of his at home, two friends in particular, who also had sons of unblest restlessness, should know of this safe haven for the wayward craft.

Sitting beside his stalwart boy—he of the divers racehorses—the Dean thought these beautiful thoughts, and made a mental calculation that, speaking of sordid things, he would spare another five thousand pounds if his son's ranching business seemed to require it. By a remarkable telepathic coincidence, George was at that very moment wondering how much he might induce his father to advance. He was actually in somewhat of a financial hole; unless he managed to win the Ranchers' Cup at the forthcoming Meet, the hole would grow so deep that he would probably come out in China or some other place.

They reached the ranch in less than two hours. The shanty was not like anything the Dean had ever seen in England. Once he had seen a couple of goods trucks that had suffered in a railway collision, and somehow or other this memory came back to him at the sight of his son's residence. He had brought a bag of clothes, meaning to stay several days —but he didn't.

Ruthven and the overseer would ride their horses to where the herd was out on the range, and the Dean would drive the buggy in which they had come. And there were cattle right enough—cattle all over the range, for the Council had done its work with great executive ability and indiscriminate selection. Probably no rancher had ever owned such a variety of brands; if the cattle could have been stood on end, one on top of the other, they would have constituted a fair obelisk, with a charming diversity of hieroglyphics. The Council had either forgotten all about this matter of brands, or trusted to the churchman's ignorance of such mundane affairs.

The Dean was delighted; it was like handling the gold from a mine in which he had shares.

George and the overseer rode out to drive up the steers so that the Dean might sit in his buggy and review them, much as a general does when soldiers file past.

"There goes the Toreador's Delight," cried the man from Stand Off to George, as they galloped, pointing to a big short-horned bull. "Where in the name of the Chinook did he come from?"

"He belongs to the Gridiron Ranch," answered Ruthven; "though personally he

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thinks he owns the whole prairie himself, for he's got a beastly temper. I hope he doesn't take umbrage at the guv'nor's presence, and raid the buggy."

"He won't bother him so long as he's in the buggy; I shouldn't like to meet him afoot though. Any of them are bad enough when a man's set afoot; but this brute is worse than an Indian."

"Gad!" laughed George; "the fellows have rounded up ever hoof within a hundred miles, I believe. I'm afraid they've overdone it. Instead of parting, the guv'nor will want a dividend."

As George and his cowboys hustled up the laggard animals, Toreador's Delight sauntered nonchalantly up to where the Dean sat in his trap. As Drake had said, if Dean Ruthven had stuck to his ship the *al fresco* bull fight that presently matured would not have materialised; but the Dean was as inquisitive as an old hen, and, like the bait of an evil fate, on the bull's side was a diabolical-looking brand. It was the huge Gridiron of the Gridiron Ranch. More than that, it was semi-raw, for this ranch had lately acquired Toreador and thrown its brand on him. "A frightfully cruel thing," mused the Dean. "Poor brute!"

Through his humane mind, also meddlesome, flashed divers schemes for marking cattle, quite superior to this barbarous method. "Poor old chap!" he murmured. The bull was eyeing him with a plaintive, hurt expression that fairly went to the old man's heart. Swarms of fiendish flies tormenting the cattle in a general way, assailed this tender brand-mark on the bull with fierce rivalry.

"It's a shame—poor old chap!" ejaculated the Dean, putting the reins down, picking up his umbrella and descending from his chariot. Toreador's Delight eyed this departure with eager wistfulness; at least, the old man thought so.

"Soh, bossy," called the Dean, in a soothing voice, as he walked over to old Toreador. The bull backed up a little; a man on foot was something new to him—a man on foot in a long, black coat and a high, white collar was something utterly new. A horseman was part of the range—he could understand that; but this new something coming straight for him brought a light in his eye that Dean Ruthven should have been more familiar with than he was.

"Soh, bossy! don't be frightened—I won't hurt you," he assured the bull, edging around to drive the flies from the brute's tender side.

Toreador answered nothing; he was simply waiting for the attack to begin—he was ready.

"There!" with a deft side step and a brush of the umbrella, the Dean had put the wicked torturing flies to flight.

As the brass-ringed end of the umbrella touched the seared bars on Toreador's side, he gave a bellow of outraged surprise. That was where the attack was to be made, eh? With lowered head, in which fairly blazed two lurid, red-streaked eyes, he whisked about, and steadied himself for a charge.

Even as the flies had fled, so fled the Dean; he departed with extreme velocity. Light of frame and nimble of foot, he saved himself from the first rush, and made for the buggy. So did Toreador. It seemed something substantial to get at, this part of the thing that had stung him in the side.

As Dean Ruthven skipped behind the wheels the bull crashed into it; the horse, surmising that there was trouble in the air, diligently pattered over the plain, leaving one of the hind wheels strung on Toreador's horns. The Dean had thrown all his ecclesiastical dignity to the winds—even his coat—and was busily heading for his son's despised shanty.

Toreador gathered up the coat with a frantic jab, and it nestled down over the spokes of the wheel he was carrying.

Fortunately for the humane parson, his son had seen from a distance his attempt on the friendship of the bull. "Heavens!—Drake!" he exclaimed; "the guv'nor's afoot! Old Toreador will pin him, sure as a gun."

"Of all the stupid fools—gallop, man!"

With lariat and spur the two lashed their broncos into a frenzy of speed. The prairie swirled dizzily under the reaching hoofs of their straining steeds. Would they be in time? The crash of the buggy startled a muffled cry from George as he drove cruel, cutting rowels up his bronco's flank. Would he be in time?

On they galloped, neck and neck, throwing loose their lariats as they leaned far forward and coaxed their broncos to give the last ounce of speed that was in their strong limbs. Even the horses knew! How they galloped! The racing seat of young Ruthven helped his mount, and he drew away from the man from Stand Off.

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When Toreador checked for an instant at the black coat, the horsemen were not a hundred yards away. The Dean was fleeing for his life. Now behind him thundered the maddened bull. Fifty yards! thirty! twenty! What an interminable age it took to cut down the brute's lead.

Now George's bronco had his nose on Toreador's quarter, galloping as though he knew a life was at stake. His rider raised his right arm and swung the lasso. Would it go true? Would it hold? The bull's horns were low as he galloped — would the rope miss? If it did, by a hair's breadth, the Dean, who was almost under the huge nose, would surely be killed.

"Good boy!" shrieked Drake, as the lariat sang in its dense strength, and the noose slipped tightly and strongly over Toreador's horns. "*Swish!*" went the other rope; and the two horses, thrown on their haunches, fairly skidded over the smooth grass plain, carried by the impetuous rush of the animal.

But the bull was stopped, and the Dean, with blanched face, tumbled in a heap, twenty feet off.

"You're not hurt, guv'nor?" called the son, as he and Drake, sitting well back in their saddles, held the snorting Toreador tight-lashed in subjection.

"No, thank Providence!—and you also, boy; just shaken up a bit—that's all."

"Well, you'd better walk on to the shanty, if you can manage it, and we'll give this brute a run that'll cure him for a day or two."

It was most decidedly a close shave; it also most effectually cured the Dean of any lurking desire to spend a few days in the seclusion of a quiet ranch.

"Your father will want to leave soon, sure, after this," confided Drake.

"By jove! we were just in time," muttered George.

After Toreador had been galloped, severely thrashed and bronco-hustled until his tongue lolled like a wet rag, the two horsemen cantered to the shanty. The Dean had had enough inspection for one day; also he was too much battered about to sit a saddle to Cargelly; and, as has been said, Toreador had thrown the buggy slightly out of gear.

The noose slipped tightly and strongly over Toreador's horns. The bull was stopped, and the Dean tumbled in a heap.

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The Churchman fairly worshipped his son because of his manly rescue. He dwelt at great length upon the hard life his dear boy must be leading—of course, this was quite true, literally, but the Dean meant a totally different hard life—of exposure, riding the ranges, roping cattle, and all the rest of it.

Next morning they jogged back to Cargeliy. George was wondering whether his father would decide to leave that night, or next day. The Dean set his mind to rest on this point by observing: "George, at first I meant to spend but a couple of days with you, but—but—well, never mind—I have changed my mind——"

"He's going to-night," thought the son.

"I shall stop at least a week—I can manage it," and the Dean laid a hand tenderly on his son's arm.

George groaned inwardly, but made no comment.

A gloom settled down over the Council; billiards, even, were a thing of the past. The cry "Here they come!" rang through the rancher's retreat at least a dozen times a day. Magazines, and papers, and books, that heretofore had only served as ornaments, were constantly lying at everybody's elbow. The Dean thought them the most studious lot of men he had ever met; they were always reading.

Friday afternoon the Dean said he would have a nap at the hotel. George hurried down to the Club, and the Council were soon deep in an intricate puzzle over some red, white and blue ivory chips. Suddenly a Steward opened the door and announced: "A reverend gentleman a-lookin' for Mr. Ruthven!" At his shoulder was the Dean.

George sprang to his feet. Luckily the Major was playing. "I assure you, Mr. Ruthven," he said, addressing George, and seemingly quite oblivious of the Dean's entrance, "I assure you that you need not grab up the cards in that way, and try to stop the gentlemen from playing, for we are not breaking the rules of the Club at all; this is not gambling—it's a new game called 'Stock the Ranch.' It's purely scientific, similar to the German military game. These counters represent steers, and its study is a great help to young ranchers."

"I'm glad to hear that," gasped young Ruthven with a sigh of relief, "because—because—as butler—I mean, as a director of this Club——"

Just then he caught sight of his father, and welcomed him with eager effusion—so glad he had come down, and all the rest of it!

Major Lance had saved the day.

That night the Dean gave his son a cheque for two thousand pounds. He had diplomatically drawn from the young hopeful the information that such a sum would be most acceptable; in fact, that it was sorely needed. All the previous money had gone in ranch and stock. Of course, in reality, a certain amount of it had gone in stock—racing stock. The Dean could see himself that a more commodious house was desirable, also fencing; in fact, the utter absence of fences had rather mystified the churchman.

The next day George had a queer jumble of remarks for the Major.

"Look here, old man," he said, "the guv'nor's too good a sort to humbug—I'm going to chuck it after the Meet."

"If it goes how?" queried Major Lance.

"Whichever way it goes. The guv'nor's given me two thousand sov.'s to buy wire fences and things——"

"And you're going to put it on Whirlwind," interrupted the Major; "I know."

"No I'm not, nor on Gray Bird."

"Why not?" queried the Major; "it's yours. Put it all on and make a killing."

"It isn't mine to bet with. What I have up already I must race for, but I'm not going to humbug the guv'nor any more. If things go wrong over this race I'm going to slip away—chuck the whole business after the guv'nor's gone."

"And if things go right."

"I'm also going to chuck the racing game. I've had enough of it. When a fellow's got to lie out of everything it isn't good enough. When I saw the guv'nor down in front of that bull it set me thinking, and I'm just getting some clear light in on that operation."

"Well, well," exclaimed the Major, impatiently; "perhaps you're right. But you're not going to bungle the race for the Ranch Plate, are you?"

"No, I'm going to win that. I'll ride Gray Bird myself and trust Whirlwind to somebody else; she's got such a beastly temper and might refuse to run with me on her back; while with the other horse, the Ranch Plate's mine."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

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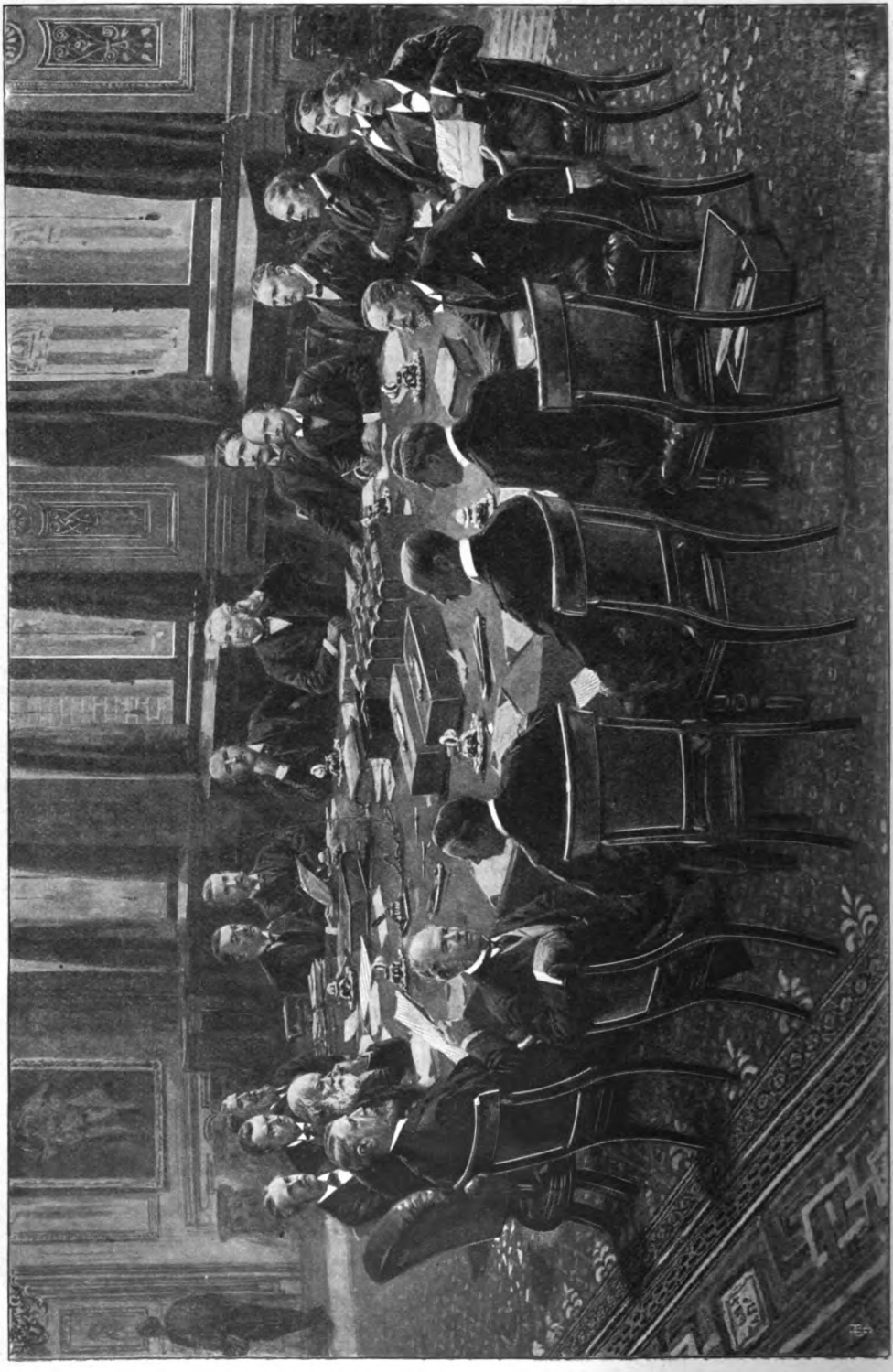

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King Edward's First Cabinet Council.

For key see page 436.

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REMARKABLE ANIMAL SURGERY.

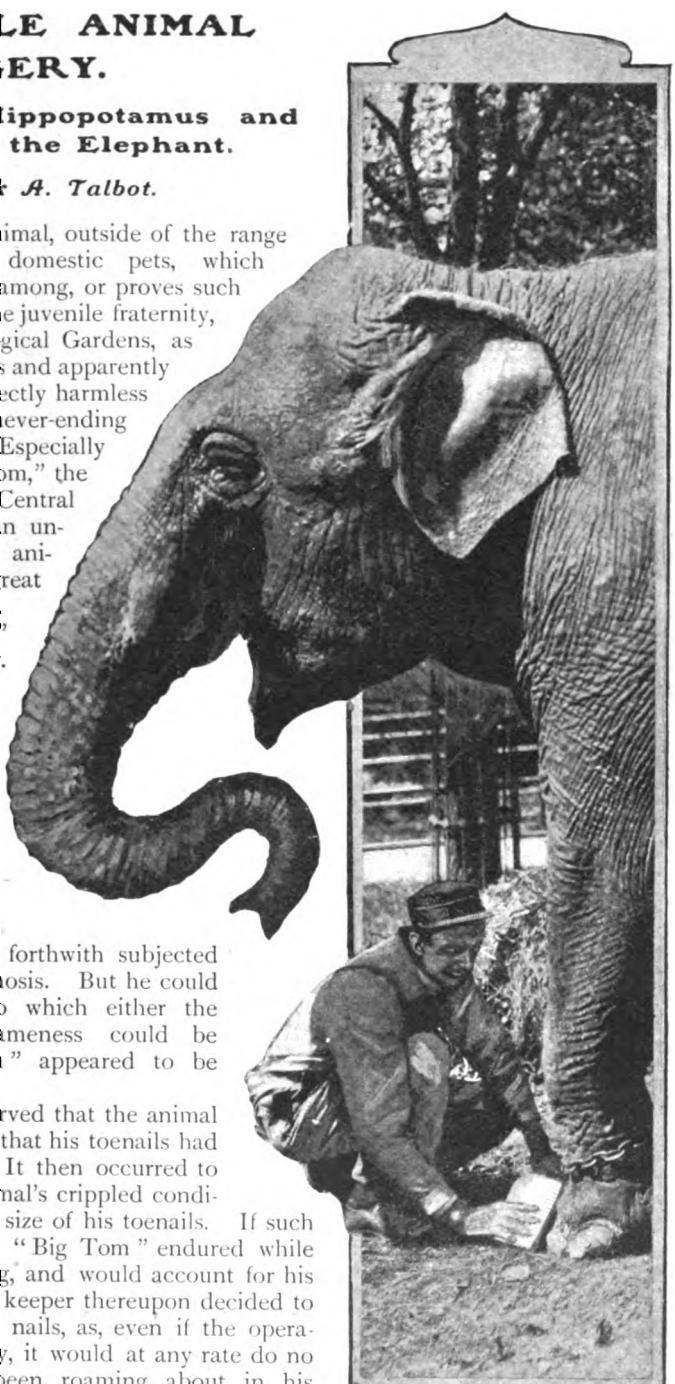
Dentist to the Hippopotamus and Chiropodist to the Elephant.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

THERE is probably no animal, outside of the range of the conventional domestic pets, which provokes so much curiosity among, or proves such a magnet of amusement to, the juvenile fraternity, either at the circus or Zoological Gardens, as the elephant. This ponderous and apparently clumsy, albeit, as a rule, perfectly harmless and docile creature is a never-ending source of delight to children. Especially is this the case with "Big Tom," the noble creature in the public Central Park of New York. He is an unusually tractable and playful animal, and consequently is a great favourite with the youngsters.

But one day "Big Tom" suddenly changed his manner. He became vicious, and the keeper, apprehensive that he might hurt some of his young visitors, fastened him up out of the way. Contemporaneously the elephant displayed a difficulty in walking. At first the keeper could not assign any reason for this unexpected development on the part of his charge, and forthwith subjected the animal to a minute diagnosis. But he could not discover any reason to which either the animal's bad temper or lameness could be attributed, since "Big Tom" appeared to be enjoying the best of health.

The keeper, however, observed that the animal was lame in his legs, and also that his toenails had grown to an unusual extent. It then occurred to the man that possibly the animal's crippled condition was due to the abnormal size of his toenails. If such were the case then the pain "Big Tom" endured while walking would be excrutiating, and would account for his display of bad temper. The keeper thereupon decided to cut and to trim the creature's nails, as, even if the operation did not cure the malady, it would at any rate do no harm. Had "Big Tom" been roaming about in his native jungle, ploughing and plodding in the heavy, rough soil, the nails would have been kept down to their proper size, but as he was deprived of these natural means of chiropody, then the same result would have to be accomplished by artificial means.



The Elephant's Chiropodist—Polishing the nails with sandpaper.

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But the task was not so easy as it appeared from a cursory glance. The keeper realised that the work would have to be carried out with consummate skill, if the result were to be attended with satisfactory success. To ensure this end a special set of tools were prepared. This peculiar chiropody outfit comprised a saw, chisel, sharp knife, coarse rasp, sandpaper and smooth polishers, all specially manufactured for the operation.

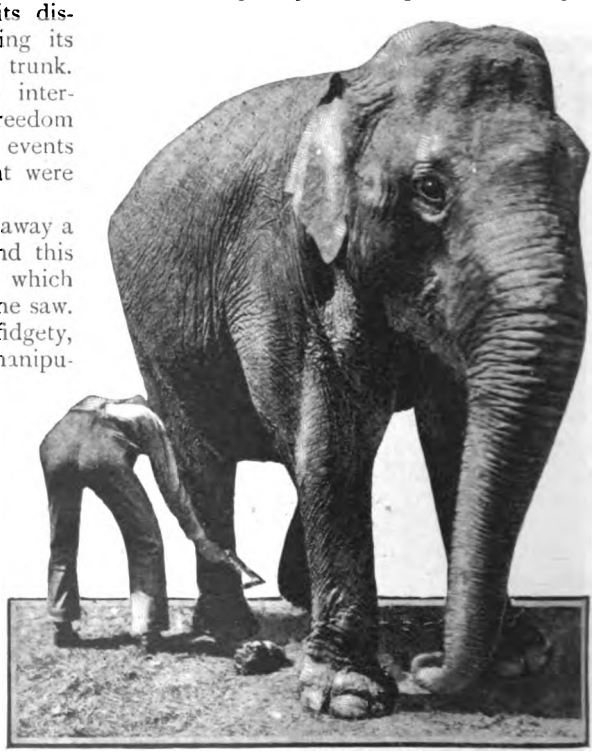
The elephant's legs were secured to the ground by means of chains to prevent movement, but otherwise "Big Tom" was left entirely free, since as the nails are of hard horn, no pain would be experienced in the actual cutting, though, as the flesh around the nails had become inflamed and tender, it was feared that the creature might strongly emphasise its disapproval of the operation by dealing its keeper a powerful blow with its trunk. Despite this possibility, however, no interference was made with regard to the freedom of the animal's trunk. Subsequent events proved that all qualms on this point were groundless.

Smoothing the nails with a rough file.

The saw was first utilised to cut away a large quantity of superfluous nail, and this tool was followed by the chisel, which removed the portions inaccessible to the saw. The animal at first appeared a trifle fidgety, but displayed no resentment to the manipulations of the operator, as if he comprehended that the labour of the keeper was to his own advantage.

Sawing and chiselling completed, the chiropodist proceeded to rub down the nails to their required shape with the coarse rasp. This filing proved no light task, as the texture of the nail was exceedingly hard, and great care had to be exercised that the tool did not slip and injure the leg of "Big Tom," in which event he would doubtless have reminded the operator of his clumsiness in a most forcible manner by means of his trunk. Fortunately no such accident occurred. The filing process accomplished to the surgeon's satisfaction, he proceeded to complete his operation by smoothing and polishing the trimmed nails with the sandpaper.

When the task was completely achieved, the elephant was released from its fetters, and to the unbounded delight of the keeper, "Big Tom's" lameness had completely disappeared, and his quondam good temper had returned. Now, whenever "Big Tom" evinces the slightest trace of bad temper, his toenails are immediately trimmed. The operation always works like a charm. "Cutting the toenails is an infallible cure for an elephant's bad temper" is now the precept of "Big Tom's" keeper.



Cutting the nails with a saw.

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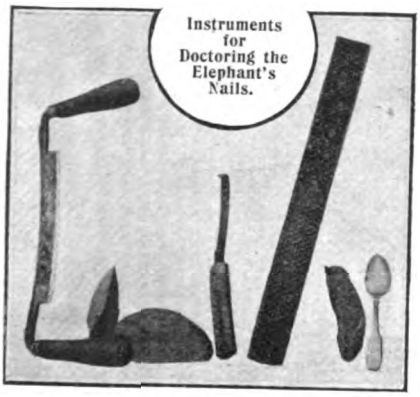
Another interesting and extraordinary animal surgical operation was recently undertaken in the arena of a well-known travelling circus before a few privileged spectators. The



Instruments for Doctoring the Elephant's Nails.

creature on this occasion was a hippopotamus, and the complaint was that some of his teeth had grown to such an abnormal length that it was only with considerable difficulty and pain that the brute could masticate his food. Few creatures are so valuable to the travelling showman as the hippopotamus. These animals are neither so plentiful nor so easily caught as the elephant, and as they seldom thrive in captivity, they are therefore most highly prized by their fortunate proprietors.

The particular hippopotamus upon whom this unique dental operation was performed is an unusually fine specimen of its kind, and its welfare is accordingly zealously attended to by its owner. It is affectionately called "Babe," by no means an appropriate sobriquet, when it is remembered that he turns the scale at just under two tons; but the creature is as docile as a child, which favourable characteristic suggested the name to his owner.

"Babe" has an unusually finely developed set of teeth, numbering twenty-eight in all. Among these are two very prominent teeth, properly called tusks, growing out of the lower jaw. They start in a vertical direction, but bend in a backward, graceful curve. They are two of the most useful teeth to the hippopotamus, being requisitioned by the animal for tearing up the trees and bushes upon which it thrives, since it is purely a herbaceous animal.

Under normal conditions these tusks grow to about six inches in length. The rough work to which they are subjected by the creature when roaming through the forests in quest of food, prevents them from growing to a very great length. But in the luxurious residence of the menagerie cage, and the preparation of dainty dishes of loaves, hay and bran-mash, the tusks have no hard chewing to do. Therefore they grow to such a length that if not cut back they would pierce the upper jaw, prevent "Babe" from eating, and gradually starve him to death. Consequently, "Babe" has to submit to periodical overhaulings of his teeth — the operation takes place on the average about once a year.

The Hippopotamus' Protruding Tusk before the Dental Operation.

Filing down the Front Teeth.

In the front of the mouth, also in the lower jaw, are two other prominent teeth, projecting straight forward. These are not used for biting, but for digging up the earth when the animal fancies a tasty root for dinner. These also,

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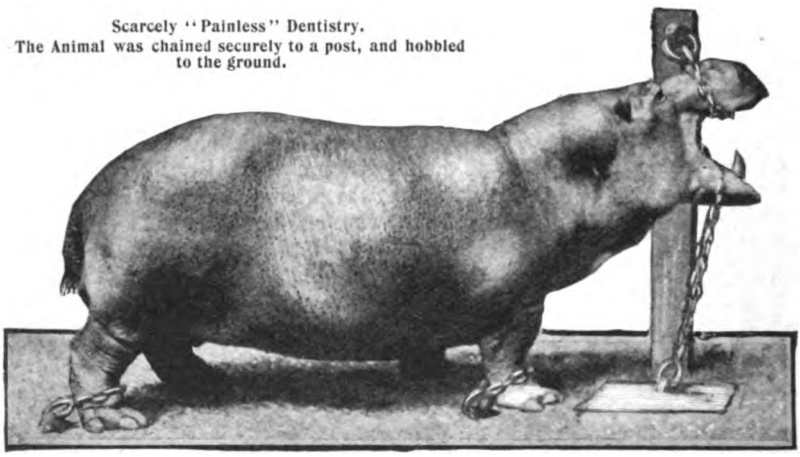
in "Babe's" case, have to be kept cut back, though they do not cause him so much inconvenience, when too long, as the tusks.

To enable the operation to be satisfactorily performed, "Babe" was led out into the arena and placed near a stout iron post which had been deeply and rigidly fixed into the ground. The hippopotamus looked about him quizzically as if endeavouring to divine what move was in contemplation. Chains were passed round his short legs, and fastened firmly to the ground. "Babe," not quite comprehending the meaning of this secure hobbling, gave a sonorous grunt, and looked threateningly at his keeper. But at this juncture a loaf was offered to him, and his momentary anger was instantly appeased.



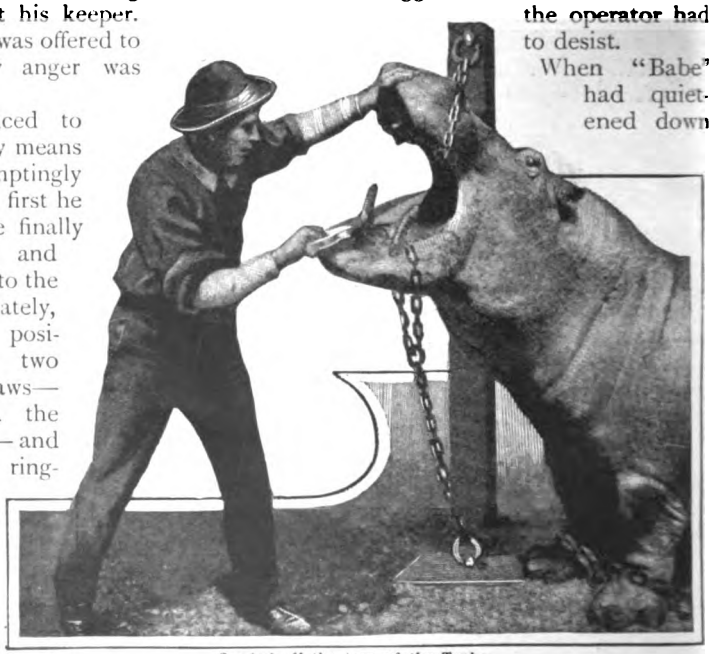
Scarcely "Painless" Dentistry.
The Animal was chained securely to a post, and hobbled to the ground.

"Babe" was then enticed to open his mouth widely by means of further dainties held temptingly high above his nose. At first he refused point blank, but he finally succumbed to the bait, and opened his capacious jaws to the extent of two feet. Immediately, two assistants standing in position dexterously threw two chains over the distended jaws—one over the lower, and the second over the upper—and passed the ends through ring-bolts fixed to the post. "Babe" attempted to close his jaw, but in vain. He was a secure prisoner, bound literally foot and mouth.

The keeper then proceeded to perform the necessary operation with all possible celerity. For this delicate dental work the menagerie proprietor has provided a special outfit consisting of a small, finely-tenoned saw, three files, one of which is about as coarse as a wood rasp, and the other two very fine and more suited for polishing purposes. The files are only cut upon one side, the other faces being covered with thick and soft leather, so that in the event of the file slipping off the tooth, the brute's mouth would not be wounded in any way.

The front digging teeth first claimed attention. The keeper set to work with a will, merrily filing at the teeth as if he were rasping a piece of wood fixed in a vice. The animal gurgled and spluttered, and large tears, like balls of crystal, rolled from his eyes. He grew restless, and in two or three minutes his struggles became so violent that the operator had to desist.

When "Babe" had quietened down



Sawing off the tops of the Tusks.

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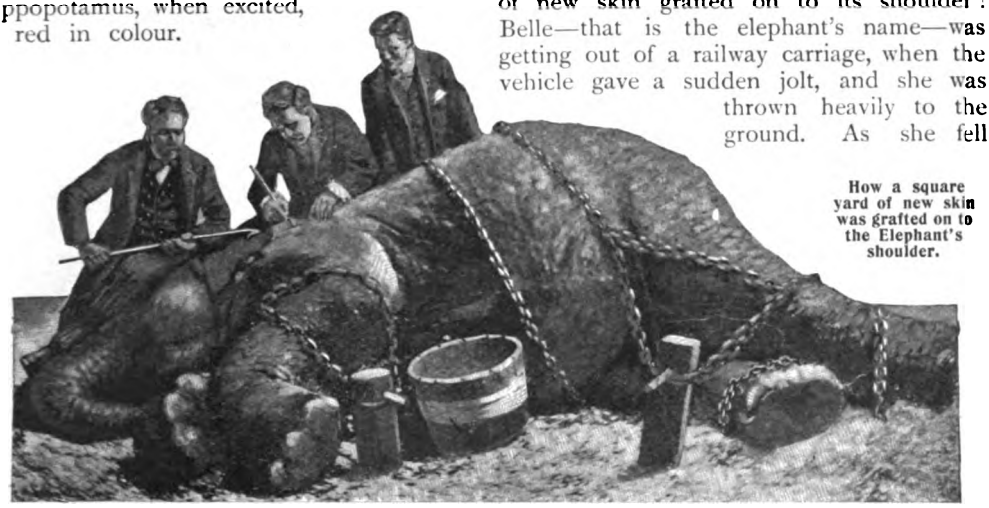
once more, the dentist again set to work vigorously, and ceased for a few moments every time the hippopotamus grew restless. Probably the animal suffered little real pain, but experienced a disagreeable sensation as the strong steel file rasped over the bone, which proved to be extremely hard. At the end of five minutes, one tooth had been filed down an inch and a quarter, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed both the digging teeth had been treated and polished.

A curious feature was observed during the operation. The body of the animal appeared to be bathed in blood, and the ground immediately beneath it was dyed a deep red. This was due to "Babe" violently perspiring, as the perspiration of the hippopotamus, when excited, is red in colour.



How a square yard of new skin was grafted on to the Elephant's shoulder.

The dental surgeon then directed his skill to the tusks. This task was considerably facilitated by sawing off the tusk to the desired length, and then finally grinding the teeth down to the requisite shape by the files. They were then polished, and the unpleasant operation was completed.

Great excitement now followed. Every man, with the exception of the keeper, decamped from the scene of action. The keeper then hurriedly knocked away the chains holding the animal's mouth, and also quickly hied him to a safe distance, in case "Babe" proved obstreperous. The hippopotamus closed his released mouth with a snap, and spluttered viciously with violent anger. He glared at the keeper as if he would have liked to have killed his tormentor. He opened and closed his mouth several times, found his teeth more comfortable, and then signified his appreciation of what had been done to him by sniffing about for something to munch. The keeper warily approached with an appetising pail of bran-mash, which "Babe" devoured with great zest. The shackles were knocked off his legs, at which the brute gave a grunt of satisfaction. All sign of viciousness had vanished and he accompanied the keeper back to the cage with the greatest content, entering which the animal laid down and went to sleep.

Our last illustration depicts what is indubitably an unparalleled operation in the annals of pachydermatous dermatology. The elephant, so securely strapped by heavy chains to the ground, is having a square yard of new skin grafted on to its shoulder! Belle—that is the elephant's name—was getting out of a railway carriage, when the vehicle gave a sudden jolt, and she was thrown heavily to the ground. As she fell she struck an iron cage standing near by, and severely lacerated her shoulder—the abrasion extending over a space of one square yard.

Inflammation set in, and poor Belle's life was despaired of. The wound was syringed with gallons of antiseptic, but the poor brute gained little relief. The gravity of the situation was accentuated by the fact that her baby would probably pine away if Belle succumbed, and the circus owner would thus suffer a double loss.

Specialists were called in, and it was resolved to remove some of the tender growing skin from the young elephant, and to graft it on to Belle's wound. The mother was chained on her side to the ground, and a small section removed from the baby's leg and applied to Belle's wound. The skin adhered to the lacerated flesh, and gradually the abrasion was closed up. A small portion only was operated upon at a time, and the wound was soon completely healed.

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OUR BALLOON HUNT.

One of Frank R. Stockton's Humorous Stories of Adventure.

Illustrated by JOHN CAMERON.

I AM a sportsman, and also a Frenchman. It seems hardly necessary to mention both of these things at once, for in my mind they naturally go together. I am expert in many kinds of sports, and it pleases me much, when engaged in such recreations, to employ my mind as well as my body, and in so doing I frequently devise methods of pursuing my favourite pastimes which are never made use of by ordinary and unimaginative persons.

My Irene—she is my wife—is also addicted to sport. It was partly for this reason that I married her. It is not always by sharing my dangers and my glories that my dear Irene shows her passion for the outdoor pursuits which are so fascinating to me; it is often that she does this merely by sympathy. She can remain at home and think of me in the field or on the stream, and be happy. When I return she welcomes, she appreciates. If I overstay my time I do not give myself worry—I know that she will understand that there are contingencies. When she greets me there are no reproaches. Such is the wife for a sportsman!

But it is not always that I rely simply upon the sympathy of my Irene. It was not so when I went in a balloon to hunt tigers. She was then at my side, for there was no other place where she would have been satisfied, or where I would have her. There are vicissitudes which should be faced together by those who love.

I had long wished to hunt tigers, and it had come into my mind that it would be a grand and novel idea, and also extremely practicable, to shoot at these savage creatures from a balloon. This would be an exhilarating sensation, and it would be safe. In no other way would I take my Irene with me when tiger-hunting; and in no other way, I freely admit, would I be very desirous of going myself.

I have heard that one of my countrymen had himself shut up in a stout cage and conveyed to a region infested by tigers. There, with his rifle, he sat comfortably in a chair, with a lantern on a table near by. When, at night, the tigers crowded around his cage he shot them. But this would not have suited me. Suppose a bar of the cage should have broken!

But in a balloon it would be different. Poised in the air, a moderate distance above the ground, I could shoot at tigers beneath me and laugh at their efforts to reach my height. Therefore it was that I determined to hunt my tigers in a balloon. Irene screamed when I mentioned this plan, but she did not refuse to go with me. She had been in balloons, but she had never seen an unrestricted tiger. Now she could enjoy these two pleasures at once, and be with me.

This happened in French Tonquin. We were in a little outlying town where there were a garrison, and some engineers who made military observations in a balloon. This was a captive balloon, not employed for independent ascensions, and from some of the officers, who were my friends, I procured it for my projected tiger hunt. They were all much interested in my expedition, for if it succeeded there would be a new variety of sport in this monotonous region.

The balloon was supplied with gas sufficient to carry myself and my Irene, with rifles, provisions and various necessities, and its lifting power was so proportioned to the weight it carried as to keep it at the height of an ordinary church steeple above the earth.

About ten miles from the town there was a long stretch of desert and barren land, extending itself for about a quarter of a mile from a jungle and forest to a river; and here, I was told, tigers were often to be found, sometimes crossing the open country in order to slake their thirst at the stream, but more frequently to prevent antelopes and other tender animals from slaking their thirst. There could be no better spot than this for my experiment.

Our journey to the hunting ground was most delightful. Seating ourselves in the commodious car which hung beneath the balloon, we rose to the height of the rope which restrained its ascent. The lower end of the rope was then seized by four natives, active and strong, who ran along, pulling the

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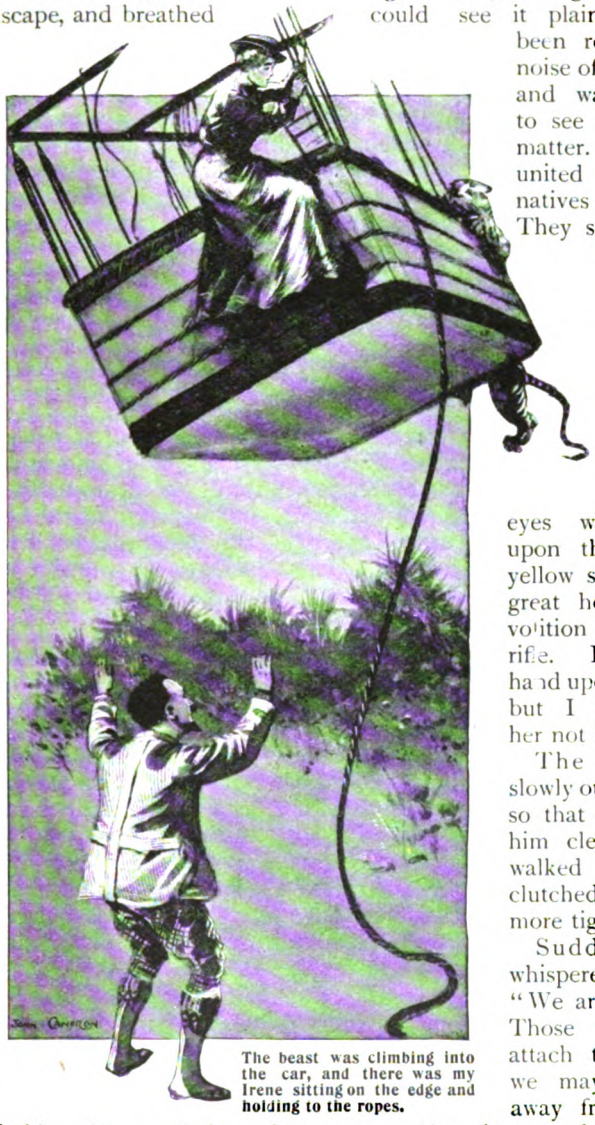
balloon above them. It was the most comfortable method of progression that I had ever known. There were no jars, hardly any sense of motion. The great overhanging balloon sheltered us from the sun; we leaned over the side of the car, surveyed the landscape, and breathed the fresh morning air. Then we breakfasted and smoked our cigarettes. I was happy; my Irene was happy. We could have journeyed thus for days.

But when we came to the appointed place we prepared for business. We had with us a machine for anchoring the balloon, and the natives immediately went to work to drive this deeply into the soil, about halfway between the water and the jungle, so that we might be moored at a proper distance above the ground. There was no wind: the balloon hung almost motionless. It had been arranged that when it should be properly attached the natives should leave us, and return in the evening to pull us back to the town, and to carry away the skins of the tigers we had killed.

It was truly luxurious hunting! The rifle of my Irene was light and suitable for a lady; mine was of the most improved pattern. We had another one, in case of emergencies. We sat and looked down upon the men, urging them to hasten their work and be gone; we were longing for our sport.

Suddenly there was a cry from one of the natives. Gazing toward the jungle, he yelled: "A tiger! a tiger!" Instantly our hearts stopped beating and our eyes were turned toward the jungle. There, against the edge of the matted leaves and stalks, was a mass of yellow and black—half a tiger. In the bright sunlight we could see it plainly. It had been roused by the noise of the pounding and was gazing out to see what was the matter. With one united scream the natives shot away. They scattered; they disappeared utterly and at once. Where they went I know not. We never saw them again. But we did not even think of them. Our eyes were set fast upon the black and yellow stripes and the great head. Without volition I grasped my rifle. Irene put her hand upon her weapon, but I whispered to her not to move.



The beast was climbing into the car, and there was my Irene sitting on the edge and holding to the ropes.

The tiger came slowly out of the jungle so that we could see him clearly; then he walked toward us. I clutched my rifle still more tightly.

Suddenly Irene whispered to me: "We are not fastened. Those men did not attach the rope, and we may drift slowly away from him, perhaps across the river, and so lose him. Is it too far for a shot?"

"Entirely, entirely," I answered; "we must wait, and if we do drift across the river we may find some other game there. Be quiet!"

So we both were quiet, but the balloon did not drift: there was no wind.

The tiger moved gently toward us; it was dreadful to remain thus motionless and see

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him come on. He had paid no attention to the escaping natives; he was giving his mind entirely to our balloon. He looked up at us, and he looked down at the end of the rope, a yard or two of which was moving about like a snake as the balloon veered a little this way and that. This seemed to interest the tiger greatly. He stopped for a few moments and looked at it. He was now near enough for us to observe him closely. We did so with breathless interest. He was a long tiger and very thin; his flabby flanks seemed to indicate that he was hungry. Suddenly he gave a quick bound; he ceased to regard the balloon; his eyes were fixed upon the end of the rope. With great leaps he reached it. He arched his back and looked at it as it moved, then he put one paw upon it. We leaned over the edge of the car and watched him.

The rope was so attached that by putting out her arm Irene could reach it. She seized it and made the lower end of it move more quickly on the ground. The tiger gave a jump, with his eyes on the rope. Then he leaped forward, and over and over again he put his foot upon it, and quickly jerked it away.

"What are you doing?" I whispered. "Are you mad? You may enrage him. Do not touch the rope! Do not touch it again!" Oh, the recklessness, the unthinking playfulness of woman! How can we guard against it? How can we be safe from it?

The rope was now still for a moment. It ceased to interest the tiger and he looked upward. Suddenly an idea came into his head. He seized the rope in his great jaws and gave a powerful jump backward. Oh, what a jerk, what a shock! It was worse than an earthquake. It was like a great throb from the heart of the tiger to the heart of the man. I must have turned pale. Did he intend to haul us down? This fearsome thought vented itself in a smothered ejaculation, and Irene turned to me and spoke in her usual voice—

"He cannot do that, for it is impossible for him to haul us down hand over hand or paw over paw. He is only playing. The rope amuses him. And we need not speak in whispers; even if he hears us he cannot understand us. Is it not time to shoot?"

She was so precipitate, my Irene. I loved her, but she lacked that prudent hesitancy which so often gives a man his power over circumstances.

Still I considered the case; if I were going to shoot at all this was surely a good time. Everything had come so suddenly that I had not time to collect myself, to prepare for action.

I looked steadfastly down at the beast and so did my Irene. I was becoming calmer. He looked up at us with an air of concentration; he paid no more attention to the rope.

I lifted my rifle; I scrutinised its every portion; it was in order. Then I leaned over the edge of the car and pointed it downward. I aimed it between his two great, earnest eyes, into the very middle of his thoughtful and observant countenance. I pulled the trigger; the explosion shook the car.

Up from the ground there came a sudden, startling roar. At first I could not see the tiger, but when the smoke moved away I found myself gazing down into his savage, blazing eyes. Roar after roar came up; he sprang from side to side; his tail stiffened and curled, and when he opened his vast mouth, showing the cavern of his throat, his red tongue, and his long white teeth, a shiver ran through me. Instinctively I grasped my Irene by the arm.

"I do not believe you hit him," said she. "See how he bounds! He cannot be hurt. It must be difficult to aim directly downward, but let me try."

I did not forbid her. Even by chance she might strike that awful beast in some vital part. She took a long, deliberate aim, and as she fired the tiger gave a veritable scream.

"Ah, ha!" I cried, "you hit him. Truly, my Irene, you hit him."

"But it was only in the toe," said she. "See how he has stopped to lick it with his tongue. I think it is his little toe. It is not much."

Large toe or small one, that tiger was now an angry beast. Hopping backward a little way, he now crouched to the ground and then gave a wild spring upward. It was heart-sickening, as his great form with its yellow skin and black stripes, as his blazing eyes, his flashing teeth and his outspread claws rose toward us through the air. Of course, he could not hurt us; we were too high up. Irene's face flushed. "That was a great leap," she said.

I took up my rifle again. It comforted me to see what a small jump the beast had

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made compared with our distance from the ground. Again I fired, and this time also I did not hit him. I had never practised shooting at things almost beneath me; the slightest motion of Irene disturbed my aim. The report appeared to infuriate the tiger until he was on the verge of madness. He jumped from side to side; he roared, he gnashed his teeth, and it seemed to me that I could smell his horrid breath coming up towards us.

Suddenly he ceased all motion; he crouched upon the ground; he made no sound; he shut his mouth; he partly shut his eyes, but they were fixed upon me immovably, and they were as green as emeralds.

"Now," said Irene, "is a good time to take another shot. Shall I try?"

I raised my hand that she might not move. There was a change coming over the sun. At first I thought my sight was affected and I did not see well, but it was not that. Instinctively I gazed upward. A wandering cloud was slowly moving under the sun. Then I looked down. The tiger's yellow was not so bright, his black stripes were not so clear and sharp-cut, and more than that, he was coming nearer. The balloon was slowly descending. The truth flashed upon me. Deprived of the direct rays of the sun, the gas was condensing. We were going down, down, slowly but surely down!

A chill ran through me, an awful premonitory chill. I knew what to do, but there was little I could do. We carried no ballast, for this was a captive balloon. What could I throw out? The extra rifle! Out it went, and fell not far from the tiger, but he did not move; with his green eyes fixed upon the car he watched it slowly descend. The rifle had relieved it of a little of its weight, but the middle of the cloud was thicker than its edge. The gas was still condensing, the balloon was slowly descending. I became almost frantic. If my Irene had been anyone else I believe I would have thrown her out. But I could not throw out my Irene. Besides, she was so vigorous. It was awful, this steady, this merciless descent. It was like entering a tomb, with a red tongue and flashing teeth waiting within. The green eyes gleamed with the malice of a waiting devil, biding his time and knowing it was drawing near.

She looked down upon me, and so did the tiger. . . I seized the end of the rope and ran.

Down, down we went, and the smell of his horrid breath came up like the forerunner of a cruel death. Now a tremor ran through the whole body of the crouching beast; even

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his tail trembled like a feather in the wind. He seemed to press himself nearer and nearer to the earth. His eyes were fixed steadily upon the car.

I knew what this meant. He was about to spring. The moment that we should descend sufficiently low he would hurl himself into the car; he would not wait for it to touch the ground.

My thoughts raced through my brain. If anything could be done it must be done in the next half-minute. I spoke quickly to Irene.

"Do not lose a second," said I; "get on the outside of the car; rest lightly upon its edge; hold by the ropes. I will do the same. At the moment I give the word you must jump. Both together; do not hesitate. It will not be much of a fall. We cannot stay here and have him——"

At this instant the tiger gave a tremendous bound upward, and his fore-paws, bristling with claws, stretched over the edge of the car. In that instant I jumped!

It was a great leap, and as my feet struck the ground and my eyes glanced rapidly about me a feeling of great joy swelled my breast. I was on the earth again, master of myself, and the tiger was not there. I looked upward. The great beast was drawing up his hind legs and was climbing into the car, and there was Irene, my Irene, outside of the car, sitting on the edge and holding to the ropes. I had forgotten to give her the word! How my heart sank! It was terrible!

I now perceived something which almost paralysed my every faculty. That balloon was rising. I was a large man, and I was heavier than the tiger. With its reduced weight the balloon was slowly going upward. I clasped my hands, I gasped for breath. If I should call to Irene to jump now she would be dashed to pieces, the car was already so high. And then the great truth flashed upon me: "What matters it? If she leaps she will be killed; if she does not leap——" I could not think of it.

To be sure, I might seize the rope and pull it low enough so that she might safely drop, but if I did that the tiger might also jump. Oh, what a position to be in, for one who loves!

It was now absolutely impossible for either of them to leap safely from the car unless I pulled it down, and my mind was not capable of even considering such an alternative. To meet him here upon the ground, in this awful solitude! To die together, but not in each other's arms: to perish from this bright earth: to reach out to my Irene; to call to her as she reached out and called to me, when the terrible monster —— It was too much!

But even in my despair I remembered to be humane. I seized the end of the rope. I would not let my Irene float away altogether. I could not. The soul of the husband asserted itself. The cloud had now passed from the face of the sun. The balloon was rising with considerable force, but I could hold it; I was very heavy. I would not desert my Irene.

As I stood thus, looking upward and holding fast to all that was dear to me in life, I saw Irene, who was still sitting on the edge of the car, raise one hand and put it to her head. I could see that she was feeling faint; the strain of her position was beginning to tell upon her; at any moment she might fall. Then my quick glance sought the tiger. He was in the car, his great head and two front paws hanging over its edge; his green eyes were steadily fixed on me. Just then Irene, evidently unable to hold any longer to the ropes, gave herself a dexterous twist, and in an instant she was inside the car, her head sinking down out of sight. Oh, noble, most beloved Irene! Sooner than let herself drop and fall at my feet a mangled corpse, she would do—anything. She well understood my too sensitive soul, this dear Irene!

In spite of my emotion I still held firmly to the rope, and the tiger still glared down upon me. It was too far for him to jump: he knew that if he did he would be dashed to pieces. This gave me strength and courage.

Irene now raised herself and looked over the edge of the car; the tiger by her side did not regard her. I have often read of wild animals of different kinds and degrees of fierceness, who, having fallen into a pit together, did not attack each other, but remained as gentle as sheep, being cowed by their fear. Plainly, this tiger was cowed. He had never been so far above the earth; he knew that he would die if he leaped, but he kept his sinister green eyes steadily fixed on me.

Now Irene called down to me. I could not hear what she said, I was in such terrible agitation. And besides, I think she was

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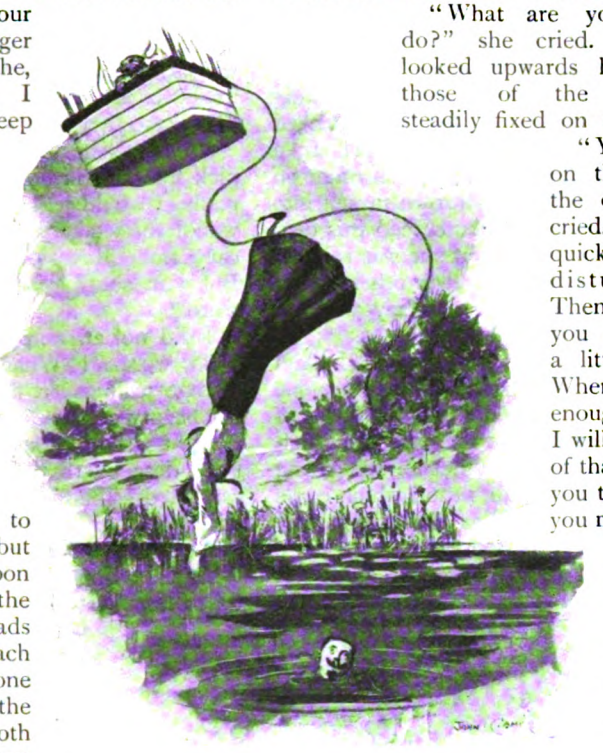
afraid to speak too loudly for fear she might startle the black and yellow beast. How I longed that I might hear her dear words, perhaps her last. Mayhap she was bidding me a fond farewell; perhaps she was trying to encourage me and uphold my heart in this terrible trial. It would be like her; she knows my love for her, my dear Irene!

And then, ah yes! it might be that she was asking my permission to throw herself from the car; that she was beseeching me to turn my head that she might leap to the ground, and thus end her anxieties and her miseries, I might say our miseries, for if the tiger should follow her he, too, would be killed. I should be left to weep over my dearest, the joy of my life and my heart. The tiger would be dead. In her last breath Irene would know that I was safe. That would be like Irene, my dear Irene! But I would not suffer it. I could not speak, but I shook my head.

She did not try to say anything more, but she looked down upon me, and so did the tiger. The two heads were not far from each other. So far, the one did not disturb the other; they were both regarding me. I grew almost crazy. Never before had a man been placed in such terrible straits as this.

Suddenly a thought struck me. I seized more tightly the end of the rope, and I ran. I ran to the river, I plunged, I bounded, I made such great haste that sometimes I stumbled over obstacles, and sometimes the balloon seemed to lift me from the ground; but on, on I went, on to the river!

When I reached the edge of the water I took courage to stop and look up. They were both still gazing over the edge of the car, both with their eyes strained upon me.



She came down beautifully, head foremost. It was a splendid dive.

Then boldly and fearlessly I walked into the river. I walked until the water was up to my knees; until it reached my waist. I walked until the surface of the river lapped my shoulders. I was not afraid; I am a good swimmer. Irene now called down to me. It was plain she was becoming reckless; she would know what I was going to do, no matter what effect her words might have upon the tiger. If she thought I was about to commit suicide, not daring to bear up under her coming fate, she would dissuade me. It would be like her, that dear Irene.

"What are you going to do?" she cried. And as I looked upwards her eyes and those of the tiger were steadily fixed on me.

"You must get on the outside of the car again," I cried. "Do it quickly, without disturbing him. Then I will pull you down, down, a little at a time. When you are far enough down—and I will be the judge of that—I will give you the word; then you must jump. It will not hurt you, the water will break your fall, and I will save you.

"Think of nothing else but your trust in me, and jump. The moment you leave the car I let go the rope; then it will instantly rise too far for him to jump. Quick! Be ready when I give the word." And as I spoke I hauled steadily upon the rope.

Irene looked at me for an instant and then stood up in the car. I saw her put one foot upon the seat which surrounds it. Then quickly appeared the other foot upon the edge of the car. She raised both arms and joined her hands above her head; she pushed herself between the ropes, and leaped. It was all the work of a second.

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She came down beautifully, head foremost. It was a splendid dive. Relieved of her weight, the balloon gave a great jerk and I let go the rope.

Irene went down into the water as cleanly and smoothly as if she had been a diving duck. She scarcely made a splash. She was a magnificent swimmer.

As my dear Irene disappeared beneath the surface of the water I made use of the rapid moments in which I could not expect to see her in glancing upward. The tiger was rising rapidly; his head was stretched out over the edge of the car; I could see his wild and frightened eyes. He was afraid to jump.

Then I turned to the water. The head of Irene had risen above it; she was striking out bravely for the bank. She did not need my help. She was a grand woman! In a few moments we stood beside each other on the bank. I would have thrown myself into her arms; I would have embraced this dear one, now my own again, but she was so wet; I was so wet. We seized each other by the hands. It was impossible to say whether she wept or not, her face was so wet.

Then by a sudden instinct we looked upward. The balloon was high above us, rising steadily. We could see the head of the tiger projecting from the car—now such a little head—but I knew that he was gazing at me. Then we heard a sound which came down from above. It was the tiger's roar, but it was such a little roar! I clasped more tightly the hand of my Irene; we did not speak, but gazed steadily upward at the balloon, which had reached a current of air which was carrying it across the country. The sun was now very hot; the gas was expanding; the balloon was rising higher, and higher, and higher.

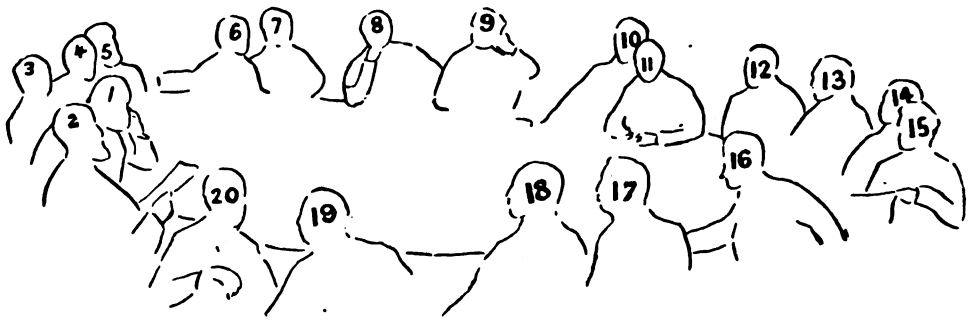
We stood, holding each other's hands, and gazing. At last there was but a little black spot in the sky; then it faded and shivered and it was gone. Side by side we moved away. We were very wet, but the sun was hot.

Suddenly I spoke. I could not restrain my burning desire to look deeply into the soul of Irene. I owed it to my love of her to know the extent of her love for me. Those words which she called down from the car, which might have been her last words on earth, what were they? I asked her.

"I said," she answered, "that if you would pick up that rifle you threw out, and stand ready, I would jerk open the safety-valve. I would then take up my rifle, and when the car came down we would both shoot him. But you shook your head and I said no more."

I did not answer, but in my heart I said: "Oh, woman! What art thou, and of what strange feelings art thou made! Thou hast the beauty of the flower and the intellect of the leaf. To let that awful black and yellow fiend descend to the earth! To call up to a cruel death and ask it to come downstairs and meet you on the lowest step! Skies! How can the mind of man conceive of it?"

And leaving the banks of the river we toiled homeward over the dreary wastes.



Key to Illustration of "King Edward VII.'s First Cabinet."

(SEE PAGE 424).

1. The Marquis of Salisbury.
2. The Duke of Devonshire.
3. Mr. A. J. Balfour.
4. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.
5. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.
6. Mr. C. T. Ritchie.
7. The Earl of Selborne.
8. Lord Balfour of Burleigh.
9. Lord Ashbourne.
10. The Marquis of Londonderry.
11. Mr. Walter Long.
12. Mr. A. Akers-Douglas.
13. Lord James of Hereford.
14. Mr. R. W. Hanbury.
15. Mr. G. W. Balfour.
16. Lord George Hamilton.
17. Mr. W. St. J. F. Brodrick.
18. The Marquis of Lansdowne.
19. Earl Cadogan.
20. The Earl of Halsbury.

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FIRST-CLASS DOUBLES

"Flannelled Fools" who are "Muddied Oafs."

By Robin C. Baily.

Illustrated by "RIP."

PRACTICALLY every English boy who plays cricket is also keen about football. In after years he may deviate from one of these two main roads of Sport into such by-paths as golf, tennis, or hockey, but when a boy he concentrates his attention as thoroughly on cricket and football as such minor details (to him) as the three R's, &c., will allow.

This being the case, it is somewhat to be wondered at that there are not more men who are first-class exponents of both games.

Pastimes are, however, taken so seriously, and nowadays competition for the honours they offer is so keen, that most men find they must specialise and play but one game with all their energies if they wish to achieve success.

Fry, the Ubiquitous.

The majority of first-class cricketers keep themselves fit during the winter months by playing games which are not so strenuous as cricket, but at which plenty of exercise is obtained. Even if they were sufficiently able, they would prefer not to take part in first-class football, which is quite as exacting in the calls which it makes upon a man's energies and nerves as the summer pastime.

There are, however, a few athletes, who, possessed of especial physical gifts, contrive to scintillate on both the cricket and football fields, and among these none is more prominent than Mr. C. B. Fry. Mr. Fry, of course, plays all games well, and we venture to say that there is no pastime, from ping-pong upwards or downwards, according to where your taste places that exhilarating amusement, of which Mr. Fry is not a master. But it is at cricket and football that he has become most famous. At Oxford he was dubbed "the admirable Crichton" of athletics. Among other things, he gained three "Blues." But it has been since he left the University that he has developed his extraordinary gifts for cricket and football. When he first joined Sussex he was considered an average University cricketer. He was a more or less reliable bat, could bowl a useful ball, and was a good field. Nearly all the University players, fortunately for cricket, have the last important qualification. He improved with experience gained in county fixtures, but it was not until the legality of his bowling action was questioned that he came to the front as a batsman with such rapidity.

He has renounced bowling, since the famous fiat of the M.C.C. on doubtful deliveries, and now applies all his powers to his bat. There are innumerable stories current how Mr. C. B. Fry improved his batting. But the general belief is that

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he began practising with his friend Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji very early one season against good bowling, and that he now continues to increase his powers in each game he plays. Last season Mr. Fry was the most reliable batsman in England, and though he has not the fascinating brilliance of his club-fellow, Ranjitsinhji, he has such a variety of strokes that he is one of the most interesting of cricketers to watch. He topped the batting averages with the excellent average of 78·67, and with the huge aggregate of 3,147 runs.

Burnup, a Double Place and International.

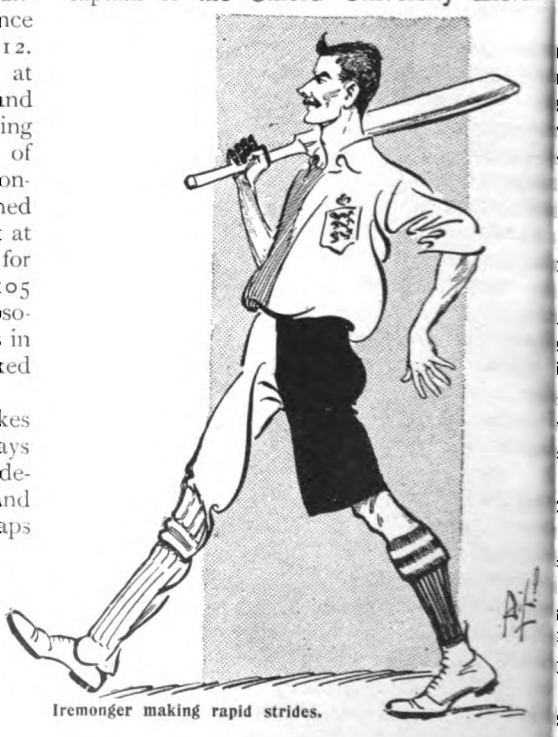
On Friday, August 16th, of last season he began the most wonderful series of consecutive hundreds ever recorded in the game of cricket. In the second innings of this match, in spite of the wicket being most difficult, Mr. Fry rendered much assistance by knocking up 106 out of a total of 212. In the following week he batted twice at Brighton, scoring 209 against Yorkshire and 149 against Middlesex. On the following Monday he made 105 at the expense of Surrey on the Oval, the wicket being considerably damaged by the rain. He finished up the week by scoring 140 against Kent at Brighton. He was absent from cricket for ten days, but upon his return he made 105 at Lords. He thus accomplished the absolutely unique feat of scoring six centuries in consecutive innings. He altogether knocked up thirteen centuries last season.

Mr. Fry affects all the conventional strokes known to cricketers, and no one plays them better, and especially that forward defensive stroke which is so graceful and effective. His driving is, however, perhaps the most fascinating phase of his play.

When fielding he is generally in the long-field, where he contrives to cover an immense amount of ground with a long, swinging run, which forwards who have played against Southampton have learned to respect. He has also that faculty, which footballers have as a rule, of running at top-speed and yet keeping his eye on an object by his side. In cricket it will be the wickets, at football another player. What Mr. Fry does in the winter does not particularly concern us now, but it may be said that there are few better backs in England, and that he is an international.

The universities have, not unnaturally, provided a large proportion of the men who play both cricket and football well. Messrs. R. E. Foster, C. J. Burnup, A. O. Jones, F. Mitchell, L. J. Moon, and G. O. Smith are amongst the best "first-class doubles" who were at Oxford or Cambridge.

Mr. R. E. Foster is familiarly known as "Tip," and he and his brothers have made Worcestershire a first-class cricket county. "R. E.," however, made his name as an eminent cricketer when captain of the Oxford University Eleven.



Iremonger making rapid strides.

He showed tremendous improvement in the season of 1900; although previously to that season a good bat, he all at once became a great one. He made 171 in the University

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atch of this memorable year for him. This is e largest individual score ever obtained in e 'Varsity contest. But he surpassed this feat some days later by scoring two separate centuries for the Gentlemen against the Players, and Mr. Fry, who was at the opposite wicket during most of the second innings, was content to look on and admire. This is the first time any player has made one hundred in each innings in any Gentlemen *v.* Players fixture. Mr. Foster dealt with the best bowling in the most

G. O. S. on the war-path.

asterful fashion, id got his runs by e most charming riety of strokes. He essentially a polished tsman, but his crisp id well-timed cutting nd subtle leg ances are perhaps e hits the old icket expert best es to see him make. While the other de is batting, Mr. oster establishes mself in the slips. is questionable hether there has ver been a better eldsman in this osition. He as a long reach, a ice-like pair of ands, and, being n Association otball player, is, f course, agile. When the ickets are pulled up and packed away, nd the goal-posts are hoisted again, there e few better known or more popular figures than Mr. R. E. Foster. He has played for England, and there is nothing that pleases the football enthusiast more than to see "R. E." thread his way through the ranks of his opponents.

Mr. C. J. Burnup is another old Malvernian, but Cambridge had the advantage of his presence. He now plays cricket for Kent, and is one of the most brilliant members of what, perhaps, may be called the Young Kent Party. He is a reliable bat with a sound defence, and generally goes in first to dishearten the bowlers and to lay the foundation of a big total score. He is very quick at stealing runs, and this, it may be remarked, is a peculiarity of the "first-class doubles." They are nearly always in the habit of indulging in what in cricket parlance is designated a "second."

Needham—the best of half-backs.

"Porthos" Foulkes.

He is a splendid fieldsman, and Burnup's fielding is one of the sights of the Canterbury Cricket Week. Burnup is a bowler whom the last Australian team that visited us will always remember with respect. He once helped to dismiss them for a most depressingly small score.

Burnup is an International Association

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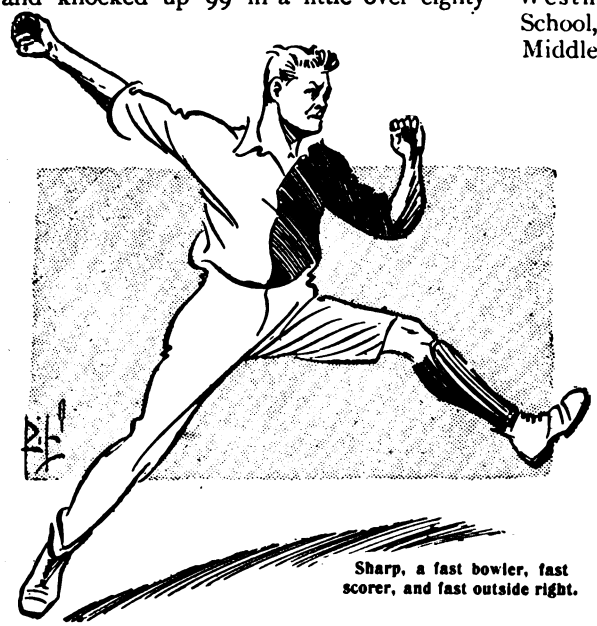
football player. His great speed, which stands him in such good stead on the cricket field, is also of great assistance at football. He played best when in company with Mr. C. L. Alexander, who knew exactly when and how to pass to his speedy partner. These two on the left wing gave the best of backs a bad hour and a half.

Mr. A. O. Jones, who was one of Mr. MacLaren's team in Australia, played both cricket and Rugby for Cambridge. But it was in first-class cricket last year that Mr. Jones made a great name, and not only was he one of the most successful batsmen in England, but he gave a great impetus to Nottinghamshire cricket, and it has been a matter of keen disappointment in England that he should have failed to maintain his reputation with MacLaren's team in Australia. There was a time when one associated Notts players with leisurely batting. But that has changed since Mr. Jones came to Trent Bridge. Notts now score as rapidly as any county in England. His highest scores last season were 249 against Sussex, 149 at Leyton, and 147 off the Gloucestershire bowlers. But he achieved his triumph in the match with Surrey at the Oval. Notts and Surrey matches have always been keenly fought, though of late years the Metropolitan County has had rather the best of matters. But the way in which Mr. Jones won the 1901 match will not be quickly forgotten. He hit at anything and everything, and knocked up 99 in a little over eighty minutes. He scored a 5 and fifteen 4's. Mr. Jones plays for Leicester at Rugby, of which club he has been elected captain.

Mr. Frank Mitchell has also achieved laurels on the cricket and football fields. Last season was his best. He scored seven centuries for Yorkshire, and had by far the biggest average for the champion county. He possesses the powers of being able to "sit tight" or "hit hard"—he usually does both.

Mr. L. J. Moon learnt his cricket and football at Westminster School, Cambridge, and now plays for Middlesex and the Corinthians. He is a graceful bat, gets his runs rapidly, and is a most brilliant field.

R. E. Foster, familiarly known as "Tip."



Sharp, a fast bowler, fast scorer, and fast outside right.

Mr. G. O. Smith is not often seen on the county grounds nowadays, but he is certainly a "first-class double." no one who saw him score his century against Cambridge in the 1900 match will dispute this fact. The Light Blues seemed secure from defeat, and had a good chance of victory in view when Mr. Smith came to the wickets. He proceeded to play the innings of his life, and Oxford eventually won the match. Not the least curious point in connection with this incident is the fact that Mr. Smith was not selected till the last moment, the eleventh place in the team resting between him and another "first-class double," Mr. G. B. Raikes.

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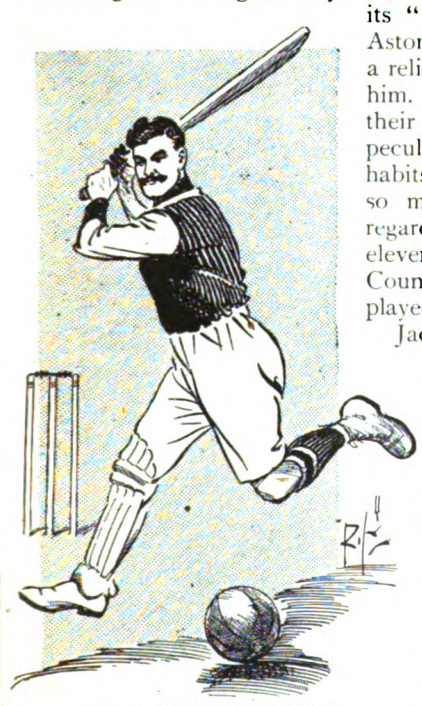
Iremonger is a young Nottinghamshire professional, who made rapid strides in cricket and football last season. He scored four centuries, and his batting and fielding were invaluable to his county. He can keep up his wicket against the most difficult bowling if the fortunes of his side require it. But if runs must be got quickly, Iremonger can be as enterprising as anyone. Notts people think much of him, and he is mentioned in the same breath as their big guns. At football, he plays for Notts Forest. He is one of the best backs in the First Division of the League.

Needham has been a great name in football circles for some years. He only took to first-class cricket last season, when he assisted Derbyshire. He is a pains-taking batsman, and on several occasions did well when there was one of those most mournful of pageants, a Derbyshire procession, taking place. Although from the view our artist has taken of him you might be inclined to suppose he did things by halves, such is not the case. Needham does things at half, but so thoroughly, that he is quite the finest half-back that has ever played. He and some others are Sheffield United. He there plays Aramis to Foulkes' Porthos. Foulkes is perhaps better known as the giant goal-keeper of Sheffield United than as a cricketer, and though his cricket may not be quite first-class, he has proved himself a valuable member of the Derby-shire team on several occasions. For a man of nearly twenty stone he is very nimble between the goal-posts and the wickets, and takes the chaffing of the crowd in good part.

"Aramis" Needham.

Birmingham is a great city and, of course, possesses its "first-class double"; it is Devey. Warwickshire and Aston Villa are the respective elevens Devey assists. He is a reliable bat, and can bowl when Mr. Baimbridge requires him. The Warwickshire Club committee first had their attention attracted to him on account of a peculiarity in his bowling, but he could not give up habits contracted on the football field, and he made so many runs and scored so often that he was quickly regarded as one of the best bats in the Warwickshire eleven. Anything Devey does on the Edgbaston County Cricket Ground is hailed with shouts of "Well played, Villa."



Devey—"Well played, Villa."

Jack Sharp is a man who is very popular in Lancashire. The mere sight of his straw hat is enough to raise a cheer on the Old Trafford Cricket Ground. He does everything quickly. If he is playing for Lanca-shire he bowls at a great pace, and on a wicket which in any way helps him, the best of batsmen are put to much inconvenience to keep up their stumps.

Sharp also bats well, and on several occasions has caused the other side much annoyance by knocking up fifty at an awkward position in the game. Sharp bowled one hundred and twelve county players, and made some nine hundred runs last season in the service of Lancashire. Everton reaps the benefits of his services at football.

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SOME CORONATION COACHES

The Coronation State Carriage.

The Marquis of Londonderry's Dress Carriage.

The Duke of Marlborough's Dress Carriage.

The Duke of Cambridge's Dress Carriage.

King Edward VII.'s New State Landau.

The Prince of Wales' Carriage.

Photographs by permission of
Messrs. Hooper & Co., Ltd., Carriage Builders to His Majesty.

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THE LAST OF HIS RACE

A Complete Story by Robert Barr.

Illustrated by PHILLIPS WARD.

SO this was his home-coming! A roofless ruin so recently accomplished that the thin blue smoke still rolled lazily up in the moonlight from within its strong calcined walls. The Castle of Benuchara had been captured and burnt, and he had arrived too late to aid his Clan or share in the defeat of his house.

The young man sat motionless on his horse, and as he gazed at this silent evidence of disaster, the great grief welling up from his sore heart brought a sob into his throat. More ominous than even the fire-riven walls was the sense of desolation which the extreme stillness of the environs made manifest to the young man. Even the moan of someone wounded would have brought relief, but the silence of complete destruction lay on all the land, and something seemed to whisper to the lone horseman, "You are the last of your race." He glanced up Glen Fruin, at whose entrance the castle stood, well-named the Valley of Sorrow, where his ancestors had been cut to pieces by the MacGregors, then his gaze wandered down to the peaceful mirror of Loch Lomond, and everywhere was the same awesome silence. No shout of victory; no cry of vanquished; not even the crackle of fire among burning logs. The man sat there stunned and inactive. It seemed an eternity since he was a careless youth in Glasgow College, one of numbers in that sombre city, yet the interval was measured by hours rather than by days. There had come to him suddenly an unkempt bare-legged runner from Benuchara, with the cry:—

"The MacFarlanes are out and have surrounded the Castle! The bulk of the Colquhouns are off on a foray to the north-east, but messengers have gone for them. The garrison is scant and your father bids you mount and come to his rescue. If you cannot steal through the cordon, then make round by the lower end of the loch and strike for Callander to meet our forces."

And with this the messenger set his face to the north, without waiting for food or rest, to carry the tidings to the Colquhouns, should the direct envoys from the castle fail to find them.

Malcolm Colquhoun came from no poverty-stricken family; his clan was rich and he had money to spend. He bought the best sword and the best horse he could purchase in Glasgow. He waited not the fitting on of armour, for a good swordsman's defence is his stout blade, and an iron costume is cumbersome. So he spurred along the northern bank of the Clyde, and this was his home-coming.

An older man and a wiser man on seeing

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his desolated castle would have retraced his steps, passed to the other shore of the loch, and there have awaited his friends or gone to meet them. Reason would have shown him that he could do nothing against the victorious MacFarlanes, single-handed. After the first sharp spasm of grief had passed he was filled with a grim determination to kill as many of the enemy as he could before his own life was taken. So he turned his face toward the country of the MacFarlanes, urging his tired steed northward. Less than six leagues away was the island stronghold of that war-like clan, its wide and deep moat the waters of the northern loch. He followed the route by which the invaders had come, and their path was a track of devastation. Only once on his way did he see a roofed dwelling that had somehow escaped their ravages. On turning to this, hoping for news, he found the building tenantless, seemingly abandoned suddenly, everything left as it stood when the alarm came; not even a bolted door confronted him. Here he got forage for his hungry horse and food and drink for himself, and then, after a brief rest, on and on to the north, until at last the sinking western moon shone upon the walls of Castle MacFarlane, reflected tremulously in the clear water surrounding it. Here, being merciful to his beast, he took saddle and bridle from his horse and turned it loose, for there was small chance of his ever seeing it or needing it again. Taking a strap from the bridle, he looped his sword round his neck, so that it hung down sheathless in front of him; then bending backwards on the strand the cool waters of the loch embraced him, and he swam noiselessly as a water fowl, his face upturned to the sky, his naked blade lying along his breast. There was no hurry in his movements and no cessation, the submarine strokes of his hands and stout arms making no ripple on the surface, and at last his head touched the rocky island, and he climbed dripping and alert over the stones. Wiping his weapon dry he slipped it into its scabbard and stood still to reconnoitre. The road along the whole length of the loch had been silent, and now Castle MacFarlane rose before him as mute as the peaks all round the horizon; no point of light was shown from its sinister bulk; no sound of rejoicing or clamour of victory disturbed the intense solemnity of the lonely isle. Malcolm crept cautiously to the foot of its frowning wall, and stole carefully along under its shadow till he came to the closed gate.

There was no definite plan in the young man's mind; his one idea was to get somehow into the fortress of his enemy and kill, kill. It mattered not whether the slain were chief or gillie as long as he was a MacFarlane.

The moon had gone too far to the west for her rays to shine upon the gate, and Malcolm groped in semi-darkness, the silence so profound that he feared even the touch of his hand on the wood might be heard, were there any to listen. He pushed gently and found the portal barred as he had expected. Turning round, his scabbard swung with him, and its iron end struck the sounding panel like a knock, which to the strained ears of the young man seemed loud enough to be heard at the other end of Loch Lomond. The accident he tried so hard to avoid had happened, and now he stood breathless awaiting the result.

"Is that you, Ronald?" came a whisper from the other side of the wall.

The language was Gaelic, and Malcolm quickly answered in the same.

"Yes," he said under his breath; "open."

Falsehood is supposed to be fair in war, and in one other event of which the young man had, as yet, no experience.

There was a sound of bolts being withdrawn, and then one leaf of the gate came ajar with much circumspection. Young Colquhoun placed his stalwart shoulder against the hinged barrier and thrust it violently inward, throwing down the man behind it. Like a leopard he sprang upon the prostrate warder, right hand at throat preventing any outcry. The fallen man was old and made no resistance, so Malcolm, hissing in his ear a threat that compelled silence, lifted and carried him to the ward-room by the side of the gate, and there tied him hand and foot, with his plaid covering his head. Closing the ward-room door behind him he then shut the gate, thrusting the bolts into their places. He marvelled for a moment at the deserted appearance of the courtyard, guessing quite accurately that every available man had gone upon the foray; nevertheless, the castle might be full of warriors, although why they should all keep so quiet when no attack on this island fortress could have been anticipated, he could not imagine. He crossed the courtyard to the castle door, which he found unfastened; the MacFarlanes evidently

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thought themselves secure. However, the young man took no risks, but proceeded on tip-toe along the dark passage until his foot struck the lower step of a stair. Scarcely drawing breath, he desisted a moment, but nothing came of his first stumble. He mounted the stair slowly, being careful where he placed his feet, and at the top found himself in a long hall with a door at the farther end slightly ajar, and through the chink streamed the light of a fire from an inner room. He worked his way like a cat towards the illuminated opening, his left hand touching the wall, his right grasping his good blade, held horizontal in front of him. Reaching the end of the hall without mishap, he tried to peer into the room, but got only a peep of a corner and a portion of a blazing hearth on which a log fire was piled. Pushing the door very quietly inward to get a more extended view, the hinges creaked harshly, and he was startled by a voice within the room asking the same question that had greeted him at the gate:—

"Madame, I proclaim you my prisoner. Throw down the dagger you are grasping." . . . . "Draw your sword, and come and take it," she retorted.

"Is it you, Ronald?"

Taking a firmer grip of his sword, he pushed the door wide open and strode in, but came to a stop, finding himself confronted by a young woman, who sprang to her feet on seeing him, and stood there startled and speechless. Malcolm Colquhoun, nerved to face a score of his foes without flinching, was suddenly abashed at finding the foe reduced to one, and that one a most comely young girl, whose wide eyes regarded him with blank astonishment, not entirely unmixed with fear. The point of his

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extended sword sank to the floor, and he stammered out in English:—"I beg your pardon, madame;" repeating the phrase again in Gaelic.

She replied to him, however, in English—"Who are you, and what do you here?"

The young man sheathed his weapon and removed his bonnet, the girl's eyes following every movement.

"Madame," he said at last, "I fear my name would not recommend me to any residing within these walls."

"You mean you are ashamed of it, for I see by the bonnet you have so tardily removed that you are a Colquhoun. I do not wonder that you hesitate to pronounce a name that came to you because your ancestors were humble vassals, the keepers of hounds."

Young Colquhoun smiled at the vehemence of the girl.

"Madame, you fall into error regarding the origin of my name, an error which I had hoped was shared only by the unlettered."

She answered scornfully:—

"The two hounds on your armorial bearings are proof of what I say."

"Will you pardon me if I dispute your assertion? We take our arms from the noble house of Lennox, from which, indeed, the MacFarlanes themselves claim origin; so you see, madame, in spite of your scorn of me, we are in some sort kinsfolk."

The girl drew herself up proudly and her eyes flashed indignantly at him.

"From the house of Lennox, yes, but my ancestors were their equals, and yours were their menials."

"It grieves me to contradict any assertion made by one so fair, but you know family pride is strong with us of the north, so with much regret I again dispute your statement."

"Sir, you are exceedingly polite."

"Not so, madame, for I cannot return your compliment."

"I say we were noble when the Colquhouns were gillies. My forbears fought side by side with Robert the Bruce at Bannockburn, thus helping to liberate Scotland. You will search the battle list in vain for the name of Colquhoun."

"It is just possible that none of us were there," returned the young man, with a slight laugh.

"No, you were attending the dogs in their kennels."

In spite of himself, an angry flush overspread the brow of the insulted man, and his lips tightened ominously. He put forth his hand and closed the door, setting his back against it.

"Madame," he cried, sternly, "this genealogical discussion is interesting, but it was for another purpose I came to MacFarlane Castle. I proclaim this stronghold mine, and you my prisoner. Throw down the dagger you are grasping underneath your plaid."

The girl withdrew her hand, and the dagger was then in plain sight.

"Draw your sword and come and take it, valorous greyhound-keeper," she retorted.

Colquhoun did not draw his sword, but he strode forward to where she stood, making nothing of her menace, and grasped her swiftly-descending wrist. With gentle force, that the girl found irresistible, he disengaged her hand, flung the weapon into the fire, and walked back to the door without a word. Tears of vexation dimmed the flashing eyes of the girl.

"Courageous dogman!" she cried, "you can outbrave a MacFarlane woman, finding her alone and unprotected in her castle, but you dare not face MacFarlane men, who are now in the field."

"That, madame, is as untruthful as the other statements you have made. I came here alone to this castle expecting to find it full of victorious MacFarlane men."

"Alone!" cried the girl in astonishment, her tears vanishing instantly.

Colquhoun bit his lip with vexation, realising the admission he had made in his anger, but a moment's reflection comforted him when he remembered that she also had confessed herself in the same predicament.

The elation which the girl betrayed upon learning that he had no followers died away again as she saw she was helpless to take advantage of the situation. She spoke more calmly:—

"You have not answered my question; how came you here?"

"I was summoned from Glasgow to my father's aid. I found our castle, Benuchara, destroyed."

"Thank God!" cried the girl, fervently.

"And so," continued the young man, calmly, "finding myself homeless, I have taken another castle."

"Can you hold it?"

"I can try."

The girl laughed.

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"Colquhoun, Captain," she cried, frantically waving the firebrand, "the moment you attack the castle, I fire these faggots."

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"The dauntless man who wrenches a dagger and a castle from a woman," she said. "Your name shall lose all its canine flavour, and hereafter shall go down on the lists of the lion-hearted."

"I assure you, madame," replied the goaded man, with great good nature, "that the fact of the castle being defended by one as brave as she is beautiful, is the fault of circumstances, and will never be placed to my discredit. I hope you will believe me when I say that I have more fear in facing your conquering eyes than I have of the weapons of all your kinsmen. I have no desire to deal harshly with you, unless you so compel me, as you did a moment ago. If you pledge me your word, you are as free of the castle as you were before I came."

"That is very good of you," said the girl, gazing intently at him, then suddenly veiling her eyes in a manner so bewildering that Colquhoun did not know whether she spoke in earnest or in sarcasm.

"Under certain conditions," continued the young man; "first, that you shall not leave this castle without my knowledge or permission; secondly, that you will send no messengers. Do you accept my terms?"

"Readily," answered the girl, "the more so that I could not leave this castle if I would, and for your second condition, I have no messenger to send."

"Very well, madame. Are there then none but you within these walls?"

"None, except two maid-servants, and the guardian of the gate."

"It may seem unchivalrous, madame, but it is a necessity of war, so I must ask you to guide me through this castle that I may satisfy myself there are none others within."

The old look of pride and contempt came once more into the girl's eyes.

"I would have you know, sir, that I am not one to do your bidding."

"You refuse, then, to allow me to search the castle?" returned the young man with some suspicion.

"Not so, but some other must be your servant. The old warder at the gate will guide you through every nook and cranny of the place."

"Yes, and once outside the door, you would bar my readmittance."

"It's very likely," said the girl with a laugh.

"Then call one of your maid-servants; she will untie the warder." Then, seeing the girl had no intention of obeying him, he added, "That is, if he is alive, for I fear I have smothered him in his own plaid."

A look of horror and anxiety came over the girl's face as he spoke. She ran swiftly to the further end of the apartment, threw open a door and called to her servants. They appeared in a moment or two and stood stock still in amazement on seeing an armed man standing with his back against the other door.

"Run quickly to the gate, Margaret," cried Miss MacFarlane, "there you will find old Archie bound. Unloose him and bring him to me here, if he be able to come."

Malcolm opened the door to allow the servant to pass.

"You will find him in the guard-house," he said.

"Oh, Miss Elin, Miss Elin," cried the other servant, "why stands a Colquhoun at our door?"

"Hush," said Miss Elin, "have no fear; he is alone and will not hurt you," saying which she came again to the bench, and sat down by the fire where Colquhoun first saw her. She gazed for a few moments at the burning logs, then looked up at the silent young man with something like rising interest in her glance.

"You have ridden direct from Glasgow here?" she asked.

"Yes, madame."

"You are, then, probably both tired and hungry?"

"And wet as well, madame, for I swam your cold loch to this island."

"Mary," said the girl to the remaining servant, "go and prepare some food."

When the maid had disappeared the girl continued, addressing Colquhoun, "We have but few visitors at MacFarlane Castle, and our guest chambers may not have the comfort to which you are accustomed, but I can give you a choice of room on the eastern or western side, whichever you prefer."

"I thank you, madame, and beg you not to take any trouble on my behalf. I shall do very well wherever I am quartered."

At this moment Margaret and the warder came in together; the old man was rather shaky after his experiences in the ward room.

"Archie," said the girl with concern, "I trust you are not hurt?"

"No, my lady," answered the warder

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"only slightly out of breath," and he cast a malignant glance at his captor.

"This gentleman wishes to settle by search that there are no others in this castle except just us four. Take the keys and a light and conduct him wherever he wishes to go. Margaret will prepare the east room for his reception, when his inspection has been completed to his liking."

The warder bowed low, but made no reply other than a glance of comprehension towards the mistress of the castle.

Young Colquhoun followed his guide, keeping his sword in readiness to meet any unexpected attack—a good military precaution. He searched the castle high and low and only one door was not opened.

"What is in here?" he asked.

"That is the east room, sir," replied the warder, "which Margaret is preparing for you; you can search it when we come down from the roof." Once on the battlements of the castle, he saw that the moon had set, while to the east could be seen the pale reflection of approaching morning. The keen air was very chill and the young man shivered in garments that were not yet dry. Weariness was rapidly overcoming him, and his vigilance palpably relaxed. He descended the narrow stairway from the battlements, and in the hall found Margaret waiting beside the door of the east room.

"Are there bolts on the inside of this door?" inquired Colquhoun.

"There are no bolts, sir," replied the warder, "but you can take the key in with you," and so saying he removed the huge key from the outside of the door, holding it in his hand. Margaret held the light so that it did not shine into the room, while the warder's lamp burned closely against the wall.

"I will take your light, if you please," said the young man, reaching for it, and so, with sword in one hand and the light in the other, he entered. Instantly both man and woman projected themselves against him, and immediately he fell down and down, as if into a well, his sword snapping in two beneath him. Dazed as he was by the fall, he recognised the clear voice of the girl aloft.

"Is he in?"

"Yes, my lady," was the decided answer of the warder. "He'll need no plaid round his head down there."

As Colquhoun lay prone where he had fallen, a torch shone above him, and he saw that he was at the bottom of a bottle-shaped dungeon, whose sides sloped inward as they arose, escape from which without assistance was as hopeless as if he were buried in the centre of the earth. The fair face of the girl appeared over the opening above him.

"I trust, sir," she said, "that you are not injured by your fall?"

"I think not," replied Colquhoun, with a laugh of discomfiture. "Thank you for your kind inquiry."

"You came as an enemy, and have been treated as an enemy. You must not complain; I have not broken my parole."

"No," said the young man, getting unsteadily to his feet, "but you have nearly broken my neck."

They lowered to him the food which had been prepared, and pulled up the cord so that it might not be a temptation to him. He heard the key turn in the door above him, then he ate a very late supper, or a very early breakfast, and afterwards lay down on the hard stone floor and slept as if he were in the downiest of beds. He awoke suddenly, as if someone had called him, and such was indeed the case; Elin MacFarlane was looking down into his prison.

"Are you awake?" she asked.

"Yes, madame."

"Then I have a proposal to make to you. Will you give me your word that you will not attempt to escape, or do anything to the disadvantage of this castle if I allow you out of your cell?"

"No, madame; you mistake the situation entirely. The castle is mine; you are my prisoner under parole."

"Oh, stands the case so. I have need of you aloft here. Ronald, whom we expected last night, has arrived, and as he is as stalwart as yourself, I propose to send him into your cell to bind you. I ask you not to injure him."

"You ask the impossible, madame. If he comes down here he will have to be a better man than I if he ever sees daylight again."

"You are most stubborn," answered the lady petulantly. "I spoke for your own advantage. He is as strong as you are, and will be armed with a sword and a dagger, while your weapon is broken. I wish you up here, but not cut to pieces."

"You are very kind, madame; still, Ronald must take his chances. If he come within my reach I shall slay him if I can."

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"Then, sir, you will make no compact with me?"

"No compact of that kind, madame."

"Then I have news for you. The castle is at this moment surrounded by the Colquhouns; there are at least five hundred of them on the island, and now that Ronald has come there are but five of us in the castle. I thought you might be interested in witnessing the scene from the battlements; but if you would rather remain in this dungeon, I have no objections."

"Ah!" cried the young man eagerly. "Will you allow me to speak with my kinsmen, madame?"

"Malcolm, I confess I love you."

"Oh, certainly."

"I warn you that what I shall say will be little to your benefit."

"Anything you can say will be of no avail. Our protection is our strong walls. You consent to be bound, then, and will not attempt to escape?"

"You cannot bind me by both oath and rope; I consent to be bound by your rope, and will not hinder Ronald knotting it, but once on the battlements I shall escape if I can."

"I agree to that," answered Elin MacFarlane. Then to Ronald, who stood behind her, she cried. "Throw down the cord and descend."

Ronald threw into the dungeon a coil of binding cord, and then descended by a stout rope, which was instantly pulled up again. The warder lighted the interior of the cell with a torch held over the opening.

Young Colquhoun made no resistance, but allowed the stout MacFarlane to bind him securely.

The thick rope was flung down, and Ronald, after tying the end round the waist of his prisoner, swarmed up into the daylight, and hauled Malcolm hand over hand to the surface.

The whole force of the castle followed its lady to the battlements with the prisoner. Ronald conveyed the young man to a gibbet beam, which rose above the parapet, a looped rope hanging from its extended arm. This rope he fastened round the young man's neck, tightening the loop uncomfortably. Young Colquhoun saw a great part of his clan scattered in front of the castle, looking up in wonder at the preparation going forward on its roof. Elin MacFarlane advanced to the edge of the parapet, and pointing to the pinioned man, cried aloud to the besiegers.

"Keepers of hounds," she said, "there, in great jeopardy of his neck, stands a member of your house. If you do not at once withdraw your forces, I shall give the command for him to be hanged forthwith, for

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hanging is a dog's death, and one fitting for a Colquhoun to suffer."

Burly John Luss, the captain of the band, stepped forward a few paces in front of his following.

"Stay your hand, my girl," he cried, "and we will withdraw as we came."

Thus the negotiations seemed about to be speedily concluded when the captive spoke.

"John," he shouted, "attack this castle instantly! You see before you all its defenders. Break down the gate and set the torch to this robber's den, and so that you may be undisturbed by my fate, I herewith hang myself."

Saying which he made a step forward to the parapet, evidently intending to launch himself to destruction. The girl, confounded by this unexpected movement, flung herself upon him.

"No, no," she cried, "for my sake you shall not do it."

An unaccustomed light came into the young man's eyes as he glanced down upon the fair head of the girl. Elin MacFarlane's glance drooped, her face as red as fire, then she raised her head proudly.

"Ronald," she cried, "tie him to the foot of the post so that he cannot move."

Ronald, grumblingly muttering that it was a pity a Colquhoun should not be allowed to hang himself if he wanted to, did what his mistress commanded, and soon Malcolm stood with his back against the post securely bound to it.

"Don't mind me, John," he roared, "to the attack at once. This castle is yours."

The girl gave a short command to her servants and they disappeared down the roof stairs, returning shortly with bundles of faggots, which by her order were placed round the feet of the young man, and piled until the heap reached his waist.

"Fetch me a torch," she said, and the old warder placed a flaming torch in her hand.

"Colquhoun captain," she cried, frantically waving the firebrand above her, "the fate of your young chief is in your hands. The moment you attack the castle I fire these faggots. If you retire, I give you my word that he will be unharmed. Do now as you think best."

"Pay no heed to her!" shouted Malcolm. "She dare not touch her flame to these faggots. To the attack, and at once. What! are you to be frightened by a woman's threats?"

Honest Captain John meditated and scratched his head in his perplexity.

"Master Malcolm," he said, "we have no option. I would not trust that hussy with the lighted torch. The flame from her wicked eyes alone is enough to fire the faggots."

"Let her do as she will, John. At the worst, I but share the fate of my own house."

"Ah, Master Malcolm, it's easy to say that, but a burned house can be rebuilt, while a broken neck or a cindered man is past the mending. I would not dare face your father or your brothers if harm came to you."

"Are my father and brothers then alive?" asked the young man eagerly.

"Oh, surely, surely," replied John. "They stole away from the castle in the gloaming, escaped the MacFarlanes and so came to us. I hear the Mac's have burned the castle, but that'll not help them; it's soon built again. And now, Malcolm, we must away. Madame, we take your word that no harm will come to him, and so we withdraw from your island." Then turning to his followers he said, "Men, into your boats at once and away. Let us have no more talk. We can take the castle another day when there's no Colquhoun in it."

And so, to the vexation of young Malcolm, he saw his clansmen row steadily across the loch and disappear in the forest.

The girl flung her torch over the battlements and watched it scattering sparks of fire as it whirled round and round down into the courtyard. She gave a short command to her servants and they all disappeared into the castle below; then she seated herself on the parapet, looked up into the face of the young man, and laughed a merry, silvery laugh. "You see," she said, "how one MacFarlane chased away a whole battalion of Colquhouns."

"Do not flatter yourself, madame," replied young Malcolm, in some ill humour, "it was one Colquhoun who did it."

"Don't you think," she said, "that we should change positions as capturer and captured?"

"The positions were changed some time ago," returned Malcolm, gazing admiringly at her.

"You admit yourself captured then?"

"I do willingly, in a double sense. These cords are the least confining of my bonds, Elin MacFarlane."

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"What do you mean by that?" she asked; but she looked not at him; her eyes were on the stones at her feet.

"What did you mean when you said that, for your sake, I was not to throw myself over these battlements?"

"Oh that," she cried, "that was said on the spur of the moment. What I meant was that it would be so much better to burn you, such being a slower and more torturous death."

"It would be but right that you should so treat my body, as you have already set my heart on fire."

"Ah, you want me to unbind you."

"On the contrary, Elin, I want to wear your chains for ever. Has there not been feud enough between our clans, and are you willing to sacrifice yourself in union with me to cement the peace between our houses?"

"If you are speaking of marriage," said the girl nonchalantly, "I warn you that I have heard of such a treaty as but the beginning of warfare."

"I'll risk it if you will," said Malcolm eagerly.

"But I could not marry a houseless man, and I could not bring you here, for I think you have found Castle MacFarlane but scantily comfortable."

"Elin," he replied, "it is easy to build a new house; stones are plentiful round Loch Lomond. Elin, my girl, our acquaintance has been short, but I love you; answer now, how is it with you, fair maid of Loch Lomond? Is the hope that was raised a moment since by your glance to be now disclaimed by your sweet lips?"

The girl rose to her feet with her hands behind her back like a child at school, and brought her laughing face within short distance of him. "Malcolm," she said, "you cannot tell how much I admired you when you came storming in last night, and received calmly, with your back against the door, all those harsh words of mine against your people. And so, my castle's capturer, my Glasgow student, have you learned something in these northern wilds not taught in college? Then, Malcolm, I confess to you I love you," and she brought her face still closer to his.

"Oh, Elin," cried the young man, "I have heard of tortures in castle dungeons, but never anything to compare with this on the castle roof. Dear Elin, I beg of you to unbind me."

"I am afraid," she said, drawing back from him.

"Unbind me, lassie, if you love me."

"Your captain called me a hussy; perhaps you had better try that name," she naïvely continued, inclining her head to one side and looking archly up at him. "Men are fickle, so I had best keep secure the one I have captured. What would you do if I let you go?"

"Do? Why I should walk quietly down the stairs and try to escape."

"Then you are a free man," and reaching forward she took the dagger from his sheath and cut his cords one by one very slowly, smiling to see him struggle when he thought he could win clear.

"You will come back," she said, "at the head of an embassy of peace."

"I will do anything you tell me," he said.

And with that she cut quickly the remaining strands; but such is the perjury of mankind, that when she commanded him to let her go he refused to obey.

Photo by Reutlinger.

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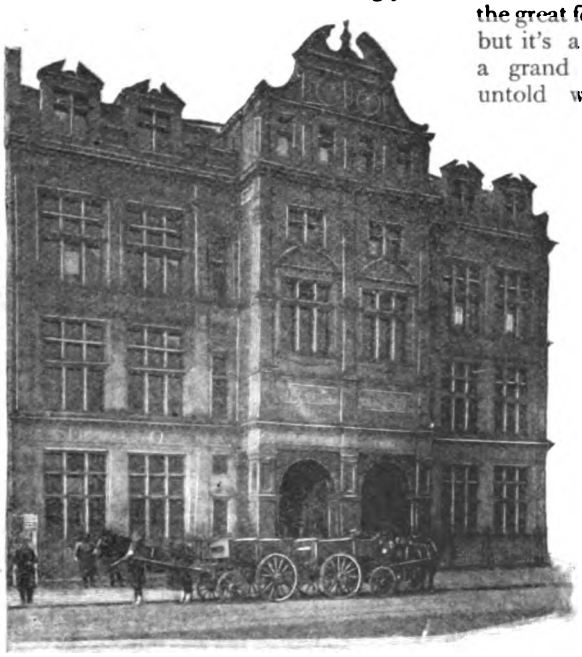
WHAT THE QUEEN HAS DONE FOR BRITAIN

Her Majesty as Pioneer, Reformer, and Worker.

By "Maid Marion."

NO Queen in all the world can claim such homage, such reverence and such love, as can the gracious Consort of King Edward; and of a certainty there is no living Queen who has more deservedly won the universal affection of the people, who has worked harder for their welfare, sympathised more truly with their afflictions, or bound herself more closely with their real interests. What Queen Alexandra *has* done, no pen can record; a thousand and one deeds must needs sink somewhat into oblivion as time goes on; and it is merely the few which can be singled out as fraught with consequences of perpetual benefit, as tending to the welfare of generations yet unborn.

Take for instance Her Majesty's solicitude on behalf of the poor at the time of the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Just previous to the great event, money was simply pouring in from all parts of the country for festivities of every description, millions being subscribed with ready liberality. Queen Alexandra's kind heart went out in pitying sympathy to those who would have no chance of actively participating in the general rejoicing, and she wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, which, when made public, touched the ready compassion of those who were in a position to help. The subscription which Her Majesty herself headed was almost immediately made up, and no less than 310,000 of those for whom she had pleaded as the "poorest of the poor" were made happy with an invitation to a feast the like of which they had never dreamed. Said one ancient dame to Her Majesty, when the latter smilingly walked round the tables at one of the great feasts—"Eh, dearie, but it's a grand day." And a grand day it was, and untold were the blessings which the event called down on the head of the kindly promoter.



The People's Palace in Whitechapel, erected by the Alexandra Trust.

The subject of proper meals for the working classes has been one upon which Her Majesty has thought very deeply, and she was long anxious to establish a scheme whereby the people could obtain food of the best quality, well cooked, and what is also important, well served, for nominal payment. For many years the Queen has been thoroughly familiar with the famous soup kitchens of some of the great Continental cities, places at which large numbers of the most respectable working classes are in the habit of taking their dinners. These meals by the way consist of a great variety of tasty dishes which can be purchased for a very small sum. Feeling convinced that similar institutions would be appreciated here, and

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would be beneficial to the working classes, Her Majesty made known her project to a few friends. Sir Thomas Lipton, thinking that there was every reason to expect that restaurants for the working classes could be carried on upon the sound lines of common trade, generously came forward with the offer of £100,000 to finance the project. This sum has since been materially increased.

The Alexandra Trust was then formed, with a powerful Committee, of which Her Majesty became the President. A large building was erected in the City Road, in the very midst of a dense working community, and close to an important tram and omnibus junction. It comprises three large dining halls, as well as a commodious suite of kitchens, and a full complement of necessary offices. In the centre of each dining hall is a bar and counter, fitted with urns for tea, coffee and cocoa, and milk bowls; pure water, drawn from an artesian well, 300 feet deep, is given gratis. Five hundred persons can dine in each hall simultaneously, and the entire establishment can furnish 12,000 meals per day with ease.

The restaurant has a particularly cheap and varied bill of fare, and a frequenter can procure anything from a halfpenny ticket for tea, coffee, soup, or a slice of bread and butter or cake, up to a full dinner of three courses for 4½d. There is also an excellent toilet accommodation in the basement, which is free to all. It includes an incessant water supply, and a sufficiency of round towels and soap, while boots can be cleaned for one halfpenny.

The building was formally opened in March, 1900, the King and Queen—then the Prince and Princess of Wales—paying a surprise visit a few days later, and each partaking of the ordinary three-course dinner in one of the public halls. This building is regarded as an experiment, and as a great amount of the Trust money remains intact, it is intended to use it in other quarters of London, when the working experience gained here has shown whether the restaurants should be larger or smaller, or whether any change in the present working details is desirable.

Exhibition of various articles made by the pupils of Queen Alexandra's Technical School at Sandringham.

We are all more or less familiar with the active interest which Queen Alexandra has displayed in the hospitals of the country; but there is one hospital particularly, situated in the very poorest part of London, with which Her Majesty has very closely identified herself. She has not only been a frequent visitor, but she has succeeded in establishing a treatment for a disease for which practically nothing effective had been formerly done in England: or as a matter of fact, is now done at any other hospital in the United Kingdom.

Queen Alexandra, during one of her visits to this—the London Hospital—when

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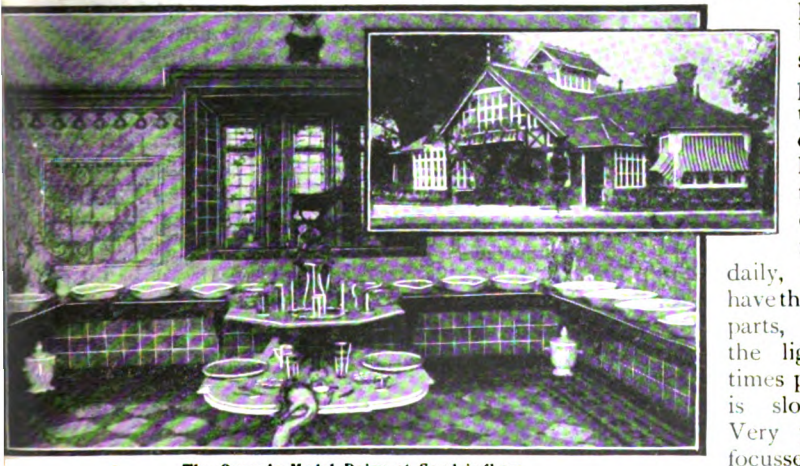
n conversation with some of the heads of ne institution, asked if they knew anything f the "Finsen" Light Cure for Lupus. There already existed an institution in Her Majesty's native city of Copenagen which was fully installed vith this system. This she isited, and being much interested n it, was anxious for its introduction nto England. No one who has een those who are suffering from his dread disease could feel anyning but the greatest sympathy for nem, and the most profound hankfulness that a more complete ure or alleviation, as the case may e, than had previously been found hould be established in our nidst. The London Hospital was ot familiar with the Light Cure, nd the Queen then and there ffered to pay the cost of the first amp and its installation, if the uthorities would adopt the nethod. To make this intelgible to the lay reader, Lupus from Latin, *lupus* = wolf) is deined as an eating away of the issues by germs, and very terrible are he effects of the sure and fearful inroads f the disease when once it has appeared.

Dr. Finsen demonstrated that these germs ould not live under a strong light, and if ither the rays of the sun or electric light were ocussed upon the affected parts, a cure in nost forms of the disease could be effected. The lamp—which is quadruple, thus acting upon four patients at once—was at once put up; similar ones were shortly added, to be further supplemented by a series of single but more powerful lamps, the patent of the hospital, the whole of which are now in daily use. At the present time 180 patients are under treatment, and so many are anxious to become patients that some two odd years must elapse before the authorities can admit those whom they have already placed upon their books. With the small lamps each patient remains under treatment one hour; with the large ones for twelve minutes only. The great majority attend daily, and some, who have the disease in various parts, are placed under the light two or three times per day. The cure is slow and painless. Very powerful rays are focussed upon the affected parts; the burning which would inevitably ensue being counteracted by a lens kept filled with water, duplicate tubes giving ingress and egress.

Her Majesty's Technical School at Sandringham.



The Queen's Model Dairy at Sandringham.

In recording Her Majesty's work in this direction, one cannot pass without note the

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splendid stimulus given to the country at large by her ever-present interest in nurses and nursing associations. Times and again nurses have been cheered with Queen Alexandra's personal presence amongst them, and since the outbreak of the present war, when duties pressed heavily upon Her Majesty, she found time to go down to the London Hospital to bid farewell to twenty-six nurses who were going to the front as "Princess of Wales's" Nurses. Will the famous hospital ship which bore the title by which Her Majesty was then known ever be forgotten? It has been designated "A Palace of Pain," and palace it was, and from a soldier's point of view fully bore out what one poor wounded fellow said, that "it was worth while being shot at to live in such a home." This was another example to the country, and was one of the pioneers of great efforts for the alleviation of our wounded army.

The "Finsen" Lupus Light Cure Apparatus, presented to the London Hospital by the Queen.

The education of the people has been another subject upon which the Queen has laboured indefatigably. The example of the Throne and those who are near it is contagious. Royal persons, especially those who are beloved by the people, are sure to be copied; and when the Princess of Wales—as she then was—showed an active interest in students of all grades of life, she naturally aroused much public interest in the question, and materially benefited the country at large. The schools at Sandringham are of the best, the soundest curriculum prevailing. It has ever been Queen Alexandra's desire that children and young people should receive thorough instruction in the subjects which would be useful to them in after life. Hence the ordinary schools were supplemented by good technical schools, in which arts and crafts were taught to the boys and youths, and cooking, dressmaking, spinning, and a variety of other things to the girls.

All over the country Queen Alexandra has sought to help those who have the world before them. At South Kensington there is a students' home known as Alexandra House, the opening of which, in 1887, was the fruition of a long-cherished wish of Her Majesty. At the different schools of art, music, and science of this neighbourhood were many women students who, coming from homes which were in many cases far distant, had nothing but the doubtful comforts of a second-rate boarding-house, or the loneliness of a single room to look forward to at the end of each day. The natural domestic instincts and a love of home comfort, which are strong traits in the character of Her Majesty, made her anxious for the better lodgment of these students, and it was entirely on her initiative, therefore, that this home was formulated and put upon a sound basis. It is splendidly arranged. There are between fifty and sixty suites of rooms, each suite consisting of a sitting-room and two bedrooms to be shared between two students. There are also practising rooms for music, art studios, a gymnasium, and a large concert hall; and in addition a fine drawing-room, with good library, dining-room of noble proportions, and other necessary offices.

While agricultural affairs are not so good in England as they formerly were, yet there is one branch that Her Majesty has helped very much to keep to the front, namely, that of dairy farming. At Sandringham she has her own model dairy, where the whole of the butter for the royal table is made.

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WOES OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER

By a Camera Fiend.

IT had long been the desire of my heart to possess a hand-camera, and the seductive announcement that its owner had only to "press the button" and an obliging company would "do the rest," seemed to promise albums filled with delightful studies without any great amount of trouble.

Alas! the truth proved very different, as the sequel will show. I discovered that it was one thing to stroll around with a camera, and quite another thing to take photographs.

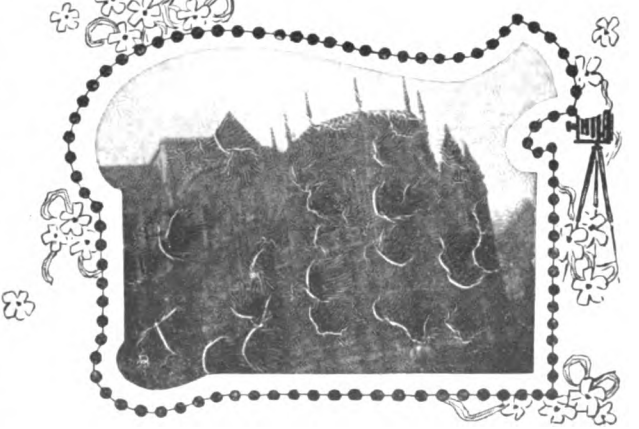
My camera was a fairly good one of the usual type, five-by-four size, and carrying the plates in double backs, of which I secured a sufficient supply to bulge out my side pockets in a somewhat conspicuous fashion.

Elated, I set forth with a dozen plates in the double backs and proceeded to take my first series of photographs. The first snap-shot was an irresistible figure study. In a shady nook, under a dense clump of shrubs, sat a charming little girl dressed in red and nursing a black terrier in the most affectionate manner.

The Open Hand of Friendship, as I Photographed it.

I set the instantaneous shutter of the camera, carefully adjusted the focus, drew the slide, and cautiously approaching my unsuspecting victim I duly pressed the button and retired in triumph. It will be convenient to state the result at once. Late in the evening, when the light had faded sufficiently to enable me to make use of my bedroom as an extemporised dark-room, I proceeded eagerly to the task of developing my first plate.

After getting my fingers in a rare mess, and rocking the



An Early Attempt to Photograph King Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster.

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The Camera exaggerates the size of the objects nearest to it.

dish backwards and forwards for a considerable time, the result seemed to be rather less than nothing! Finally, some vague, mysterious patches appeared, and the faintest possible ghost of a face could be made out. That was all, and the rest was simply a blank. Then I learned that instantaneous snap-shots should only be taken in bright light, and that a combination of black, red, and dense shade result in a general photographic blank!

My next attempt was at portraiture. Placing the sitter in front of the window, I retired to the opposite side of the room and fixed the camera on a table in order to give a time exposure. The lady afterwards vowed that she would never forgive me, for her face came out absolutely black, with a glare of hazy light surrounding it.

When I first attempted to photograph a church a new difficulty presented itself. Try what I could, the top of the steeple would not come into the little picture shown on the finder. The width of the street would not allow one to get any farther away, and of course a picture of a church minus the upper third of the steeple would be a thing to laugh at.

Happy thought! Tilt the camera a little and the steeple will come into the field of view admirably. No sooner said than done, and the next moment the photograph was taken. But when the negative was developed and a print made, the edifying spectacle was presented of a church in an advanced stage of intoxication! The entire front of the building—steeple and all—was apparently reeling and threatening to fall backwards. Evidently, tilting the camera would not do, and as my camera had no

The movement of the Moon, as recorded by the Camera.

Do not place your sitter before the window when you take her portrait!

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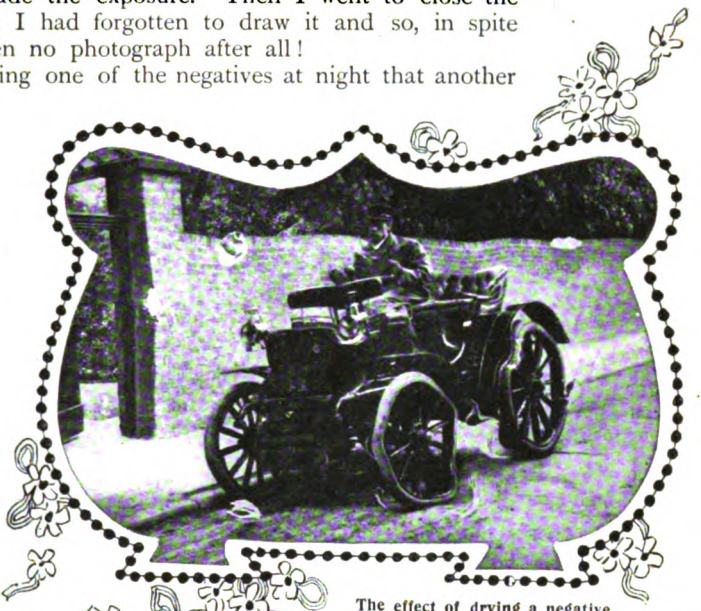
rising front or swing back, the only way of negotiating a tall building was to take the photograph from some elevated position, such as an upper window or a roof.

I had not done much with the camera before meeting with a mishap with which most amateur photographers become familiar. I had set the shutter, patiently stalked the object—it was a rather restless cow grazing in a field—got it well in the centre of the finder and made the exposure. Then I went to close the slide, only to discover that I had forgotten to draw it and so, in spite of all my trouble, had taken no photograph after all!

It was only when developing one of the negatives at night that another vexing mistake rose up to rebuke me. The photograph was supposed to represent the cliffs near Dover Castle, but as the picture made its appearance on the plate it was evident that something else was there as well. Apparently a penny tramcar was ploughing its way through the billows! Then it became clear that I had exposed the same plate twice—once on the cliffs and once on the tramcar, with the weird result described.



The effect of drying a negative before the fire.

A tramcar in the sea.
The result of a double exposure.

My first attempt at the production of a moonlight photograph resulted in a very curious picture. Knowing that a long exposure would be necessary in order to secure any effect at all, I placed the camera in position, opened the shutter and left it for about an hour.

But on development a long white ribbon appeared in the sky instead of the expected image of the moon! The fact was—I had forgotten that the moon travels across the sky!

Very often, in making a hasty snap-shot, I missed the object entirely or only got part of it on the plate. On the other hand I sometimes got too much, especially in trying my 'prentice hand at portraits, when the size of the sitter's hands and feet was apt to cause very unflattering criticisms to be passed both on my apparatus and myself.

The most terrible pictures of all were produced on one occasion when I was pressed for time and tried to hasten the drying process by putting the negatives near the fire. As a consequence the films partly melted and ran over the glass, and the photographs when printed showed buildings and people zig-zagging about in every stage of inebriation!

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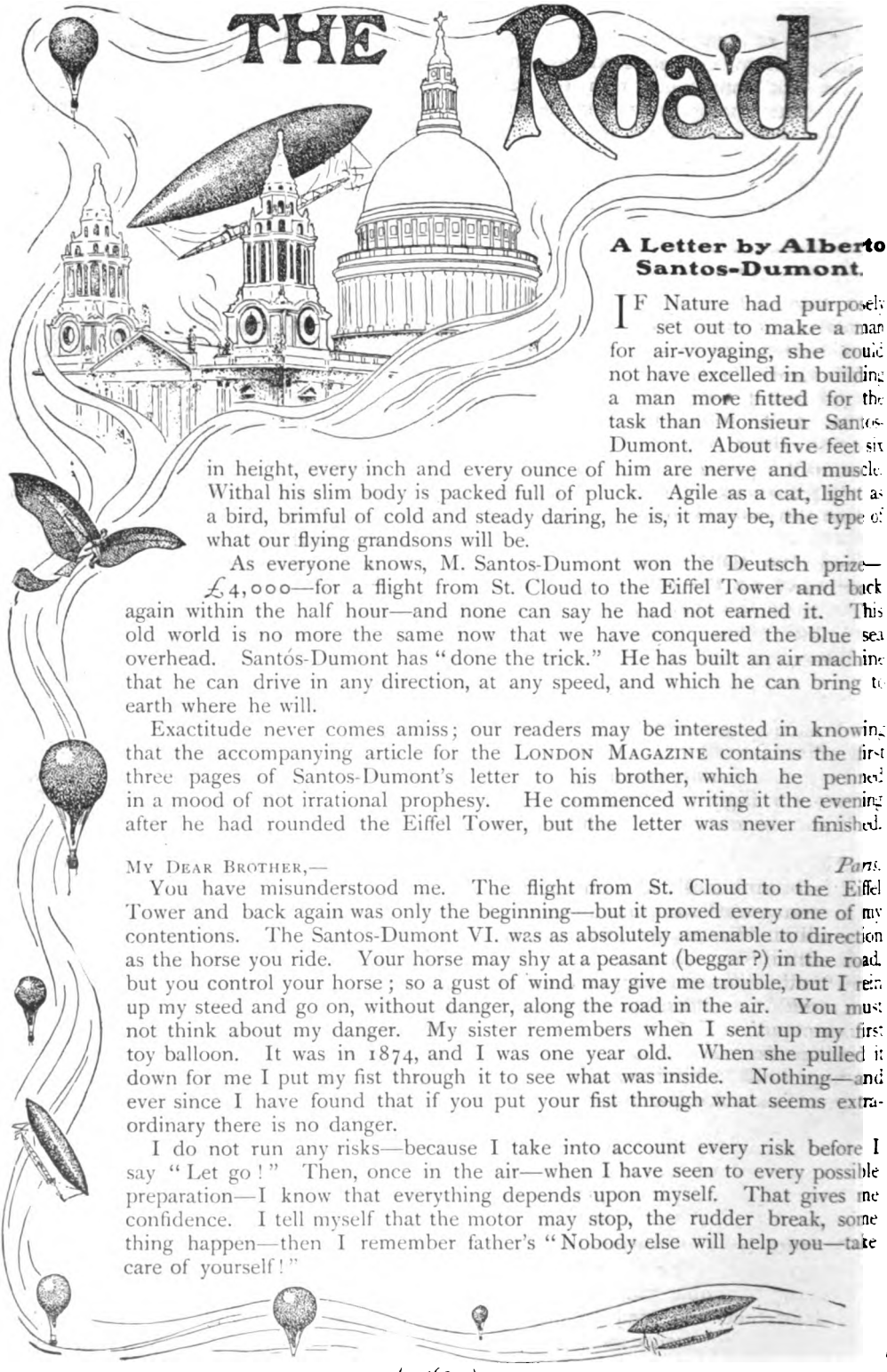

THE Road

A Letter by Alberto Santos-Dumont.

IF Nature had purposely set out to make a man for air-voyaging, she could not have excelled in building a man more fitted for the task than Monsieur Santos-Dumont. About five feet six in height, every inch and every ounce of him are nerve and muscle. Withal his slim body is packed full of pluck. Agile as a cat, light as a bird, brimful of cold and steady daring, he is, it may be, the type of what our flying grandsons will be.

As everyone knows, M. Santos-Dumont won the Deutsch prize—£4,000—for a flight from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back again within the half hour—and none can say he had not earned it. This old world is no more the same now that we have conquered the blue sea overhead. Santós-Dumont has "done the trick." He has built an air machine that he can drive in any direction, at any speed, and which he can bring to earth where he will.

Exactitude never comes amiss; our readers may be interested in knowing that the accompanying article for the LONDON MAGAZINE contains the first three pages of Santos-Dumont's letter to his brother, which he penned in a mood of not irrational prophesy. He commenced writing it the evening after he had rounded the Eiffel Tower, but the letter was never finished.

MY DEAR BROTHER,— *Paris.*

You have misunderstood me. The flight from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back again was only the beginning—but it proved every one of my contentions. The Santos-Dumont VI. was as absolutely amenable to direction as the horse you ride. Your horse may shy at a peasant (beggar?) in the road, but you control your horse; so a gust of wind may give me trouble, but I return up my steed and go on, without danger, along the road in the air. You must not think about my danger. My sister remembers when I sent up my first toy balloon. It was in 1874, and I was one year old. When she pulled it down for me I put my fist through it to see what was inside. Nothing—and ever since I have found that if you put your fist through what seems extraordinary there is no danger.

I do not run any risks—because I take into account every risk before I say "Let go!" Then, once in the air—when I have seen to every possible preparation—I know that everything depends upon myself. That gives me confidence. I tell myself that the motor may stop, the rudder break, something happen—then I remember father's "Nobody else will help you—take care of yourself!"

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IN THE Air

You need not worry, *mon François*, none of you need, because I see o everything myself, and I do not think there can be any defect in the nachines I use. That is the only danger.

As you know, I did at last accomplish the *tournée* of the Eiffel Tower n twenty-nine minutes and forty seconds—and have gained the prize. There has been some delay in paying it. Probably you have seen that n the home newspapers. It is foolish. Anyway, the money goes to he poor of Paris. I will tell you when I have thought it out more definitely, of a plan for establishing a prize—in mechanics or aëronautics, ust as you and sister think—which shall perpetuate our father's name.

I had a letter of congratulation yesterday from the Countess d'Eu, and a cablegram from our President.

Now for my plans.

I leave November 6th for the Riviera. I shall erect my sheds, works, factory, and so forth, at some favourable spot—perhaps on the headland of Monte Carlo, or near Nice or Mentone. My plan is to cross to Corsica. The distance is about one hundred miles. The packet-boat makes the voyage now in between eight and nine hours. I shall do it in less than four hours. Don't worry—I take the road in the air, which never needs to be repaired. Of course, I shall look out for the weather. Possibly in the meantime I shall send the Santos-Dumont No. 6 to Toulon and make the run to the Lériüs Isles.

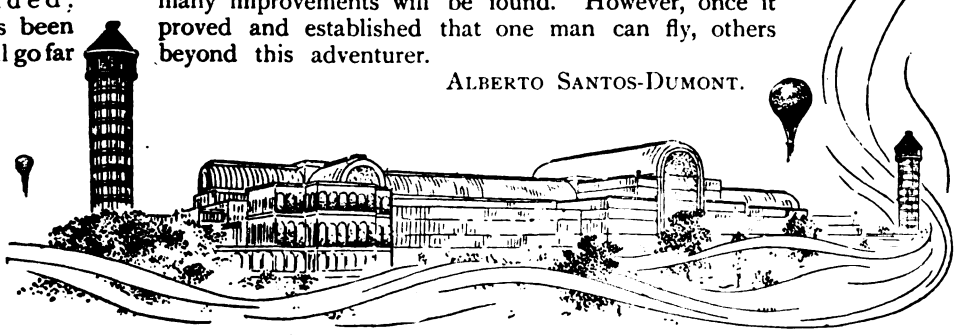
You think it only fair that I should come home and make a trip in America. You must not think I do not love Brazil because I love France —our father's country. But what could I do for Brazil? I may make France so strong that war against her may be impossible. Then I shall have done something. I may make war impossible everywhere; that will be the most patriotic thing I can do for Brazil.

* * * * *

With the new aëromobile, which I am having built, I do not think the air voyage to America impossible. It is a mathematical problem which I have not yet worked out to my own satisfaction. The whole question is this: "How much resistance will the guide-rope, which I shall use as a stabilizator, offer as it trails in the water?" Once this is determined I can calculate my rate of speed and the necessary consumption of force.

I do not believe that the last word is said in air-travel, simply because I have found the way of the bird in the air. Many inventions will be added; many improvements will be found. However, once it has been proved and established that one man can fly, others will go far beyond this adventurer.

ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT.



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MAIDS OF HONOUR— THEIR DAILY LIFE

All About the Four Most Coveted Positions among Englishwomen.

By Lacey Yorke.

MAIDS of Honour were instituted in Tudor times, and have continued without intermission ever since. The position has not always been a much-coveted or sought-after one, and the life of the Maids has been described by an ancient writer as "of all things the most miserable," and a wish expressed that "every woman who envied it should have a specimen of it." Considering that in the time of Queen Elizabeth these ladies were accustomed to have their ears boxed whenever things went awry—which, by the way, happened pretty often—and that those in attendance on other Queens often were supremely miserable and overworked, on duty from dawn till midnight, and subject to every whim and caprice of their royal mistresses, their position does not seem to have been one to be generally envied. In those days the Maids were under the supervision of the Mistress, or "Mother of the Maids," an office somewhat corresponding with that of the present Mistress of the Robes.

The Mistress who now holds this position is not, however, responsible for the conduct of the Maids, nor is such a responsibility necessary, for the courts of Great Britain have for many years been above reproach, and the daily life of those in attendance has much changed in every respect. The late Queen Victoria had eight Maids of Honour. Her present Majesty has, however, only four, the Household of a Queen Consort differing materially from that of a Queen by succession.

Maids of Honour are usually, but not always, daughters or grand-daughters of peers; but when they have no title or precedence by birth, they enjoy the prefix of Honourable immediately on appointment to office, and rank next after the daughters of barons. One is always in attendance upon Her Majesty, and sometimes two. Their duties are multifarious, depending, of course, upon the whereabouts of the Queen, whether Her Majesty is at the London or Windsor residence, or at the country home at Sandringham.

In the early years of Queen Victoria's reign one reads of some curious duties devolving upon these ladies, more particularly in connection with the birth of the eldest children of her late Majesty. On these occasions, we are told, certain visitors of State attended the Palace a few days subsequent to each event and partook of caudle in the royal apartments, this caudle consisting of wine, gruel, and other ingredients, a veritable mixture for the sick. As the State officials present were in good health, doubtless the mixture did not find much favour; but it was a Court custom, and so had to be submitted to with a good grace. The special duty of the Maid of Honour in attendance was to supervise the distribution.

There is one old custom connected with the Maids which still continues, and that is that should one of these ladies marry during her term of office, she has a dowry from the Queen of £1,000. There is a proviso, however, connected with this, and that is, that Her Majesty's consent should be given to the marriage. The majority of the Maids of Honour marry exceedingly well; their position in the Court necessarily bringing them into contact with very eligible *partis*.

The present holders of office have lately of necessity enjoyed a much greater immunity from State duties than they can expect now that the period of mourning for the late Queen has expired. Their part at the Coronation, for instance, will be somewhat arduous; but without saying more in this particular direction, mention must be made of the multiplicity of State functions at which they must of necessity appear in immediate

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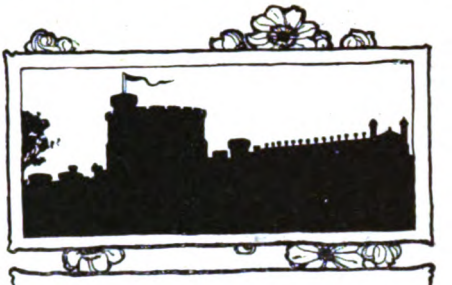
attendance upon their Royal Mistress. It is etiquette that whenever a visiting King or Queen is received at a castle or palace, the monarchs should greet such visitor at the royal entrance, each monarch being attended by his or her equerries. As Ladies, the Maids are therefore present on these occasions. If the visitor is of princely rank, the same formalities are observed in a saloon of the palace.

When Her Majesty holds a Drawing Room, her Maids walk in the royal procession to the Throne Room, and stand immediately near the Queen throughout the ceremony. And this also applies to the State Concerts; these ladies then sitting just behind the Queen and Princesses. At State Balls they occupy the same position, relieving the Queen of flowers or fan, if necessary, or adjusting her cloak or wrap if corridors or staircases have to be traversed. In fact, these Maids have to be present at all State and public ceremonies, and when driving to one of the latter occupy one of the carriages immediately in front of Her Majesty, in the same manner as when journeying to and fro between railway stations and palaces when the Court is changing residence. These ladies are also on duty at semi-official ceremonies, such, for instance, as the bestowal of badges on nurses; and they accompany the Queen when she is present at such functions as the distribution of medals by King Edward to returned warriors.

But to form any accurate idea of the daily life of a Maid of Honour, one must know something of the way in which the Queen herself spends her days, for the duties of the Lady or Ladies-in-Waiting commence immediately after the Queen's breakfast. It is part of a Maid's duty to assist with the correspondence, for although Her Majesty has, of course, a private secretary, yet there are many letters the writing of which is delegated to a Lady in attendance. For the able discharge of this duty she must be an accomplished linguist, but especially proficient in French; the close connection of our Royal Family with so many European Courts bringing voluminous budgets couched in other languages, though French, of course, is principally used.

To be a good musician is an essential qualification, as a Maid may be called upon at any moment to play or sing. As is well known, Queen Alexandra is much gifted in this direction, having devoted herself to the art from her earliest years. A Maid of Honour, then, may occasionally be requested to play in a pianoforte duet with the Queen, and one can easily imagine that their musical powers must be quite above the average for such a post. A well-known executant



Photo, Thomson.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, the Mistress of the Robes.

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who was once suddenly called upon to play something with Her Majesty, afterwards openly confessed to a feeling of intense nervousness, not because of the rank of the lady with whom she played, but because of the brilliant style and absolute accuracy of detail of the royal player. Music being an intense delight to the Queen, some portion of the day is surely devoted to it.

Another duty which devolves upon a Maid is that of reading aloud in various languages any book or paper in which the Queen may be interested, and the lady must be a good reader; elocution *must* have been taken into account in her training for the position. Perhaps it is not generally understood that a very assiduous and special training is quite necessary, as not only are the duties numerous, but each one must be performed very thoroughly. In one or two of the Continental Courts the training is rigorous in the extreme, candidates for the position undergoing a strict course in their own country,

Photo, Alice Hughes.
The Hon. Dorothy Vivian.

Photo, Lafayette.
The Hon. Mary Dyke.

afterwards being sent to other countries for special subjects under well-known professors. The Court of Great Britain is, however, not quite so exacting in this respect, but the ordinary ladies' school curriculum would fall very far short of what is required.

A Maid of Honour must be a first-rate whip and have a good seat on horseback, as the Queen spends very much of her time in the open air when residing at Sandringham. Her Majesty usually prefers to take the reins herself, but the lady in attendance upon her must be fully qualified to undertake the duty if called upon to do so, and although Queen Alexandra does not ride so much as formerly, yet her daughters are still very fond of this healthy exercise, and often ride out accompanied by one or two ladies of the Court. But Maids of Honour are actual companions of the

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Queen, and must be ready to assist her in all her relaxations as well as in her public duties. They accompany her when she visits the poor, this being a frequent occurrence, for Queen Alexandra has ever been the Lady Bountiful of the villages of the Sandringham estate, and continues her interest and her frequent appearances amongst the people now that she has attained queenly rank.

Thus the Maids may have visiting the poor included in their daily duties; and not only the poor, but the sick, either in their cottage homes or in the little village hospital which the Queen established some time ago near to her own home. Her Majesty is very proud of her schools, both elementary and technical, and often goes to see how the scholars are getting on. In the latter institutes, some of the subjects taught are those

Photo, Gabell.

The Hon. Sylvia Edwardes.

The Hon. Violet Vivian. *Photo, Lafayette.*

in which the Queen herself is proficient, such as spinning, poker work, carving and art needlework; these industries are indulged in during odd moments by the ladies of the Royal Family, hence it is almost a necessity that the Ladies of the Household should know something of them.

Maids of Honour take their meals with the other Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household, unless specially requested to join the Royal Family for luncheon or dinner. Just previous to dinner it is the office of a Maid of Honour to place the special bouquet at Her Majesty's right hand, upon the dining table.

After dinner the Ladies are present in the drawing-room ready, if called upon, to sing or play, or join in any amusement or occupation—as the case may be—of the royal circle, or to be in immediate attendance should presentations be made of visitors who have not dined at the royal table. The Maids are not actually free from duty until the Queen retires for the night—at an hour which may vary from eleven to twelve-thirty. But although the days may seem long to outsiders, and the duties very comprehensive, yet they are by no means arduous, for Queen Alexandra is extremely considerate to all around her, never exacting from others services which they cannot easily fulfil.

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"THE FATHER OF A FAMBLY."

A Humorous Yarn of the Sea.

By Owen Oliver.

Illustrated by A. WALLIS MILLS.

IT was the evening of the second mate's birthday, and a wicker-covered jar had mysteriously appeared. A providential breeze had released both engineers from duty, wind being cheaper than coals. The first mate, who was a teetotaler, was on watch. The captain, who wasn't, had "just looked in" and been prevailed upon to stop. When he had finished the speech which he always made upon such occasions, and refilled his glass, he looked round and shook his head.

"Wen I mentioned as we was a 'appy fambly wot I regarded myself as the father of," he said, "it struck me if I was partial mistook." He wagged his pipe-stem solemnly at the third mate, who was studying his feet, with his arms folded. The second engineer roused him with a vigorous slap on the back.

"Now then, sonney, make yer misrible self 'appy."

The gentleman addressed looked up ferociously. "I'm 'appy enough," he growled.

"Then wy don't yer smile?"

"Who says I ain't smilin'?" He contorted his features.

"If yer goin' to look like that agin, young Bill," said the first engineer, "jest turn yer back."

Bill kicked a chair out of the way and made for the ladder; but the second mate intercepted him.

"Don't mind 'im, Bill," he exhorted. "Yer'll smile good enough when yer've wetted yer lips agin." He pushed him back on a locker and refilled his glass.

"Wot's wrong, young Bill," the captain asked, in a fatherly tone.

"Nothink."

The captain eyed him suspiciously. "Wot's the symptoms? Then we'll see wot the book says." The book lived in the medicine chest. As the stock of everything but rhubarb pills was low, it usually prescribed them.

"I ain't got no symptoms," he declared hurriedly.

"Don't tell me!" The captain looked round at the others. "Wot's 'is symptoms?"

"Well," said the first engineer, "yer see 'ow 'e's tryin' to light 'is pipe without no baccy in it."

The captain nodded. "It's a bad sign," he pronounced.

"'E goes about 'angin' 'is 'ead an' groanin'," said the second engineer. "No one can't git a civil word out of 'im, 'ardly."

"'E doesn't take 'is food 'earty," said the second mate. "An' gits out an' walks about in the middle of the night wen sensible folks is asleep."

"Then 'ow do they know," enquired the third mate.

"They gits waked up."

"Wot ain't good for no one."

The captain chopped some hard tobacco in his horny palm, and considered the matter.

"Seems to me," he announced, "as it's one of two painful complaints—toothache, or love."

"Ah!" cried the second mate, "now I come to think of it, there was a girl as come along wen me an' Bill was walkin' down the 'Igh Street, an'——"

"Look 'ere," interrupted Bill, "I'll own up to it. It's toothache."

"That's bad," said a sympathetic chorus.

"Try a drop of whisky on waddin' in yer ear," counselled the second mate, "an' 'alf a tumblerful neat."

"Better rub it round yer jore," said the second engineer; "plenty of it."

"The best thing is two or three tumblers taken 'ot," insisted the first engineer; "as 'ot as yer can bear, but not too strong—say three parts whisky an' one water."

"I don't mind tryin'," volunteered the sufferer.

"They ain't no lastin' benefit," said the captain. "*I'll* fetch the thing as'll cure yer. Jest wait a minute."

When he returned he held one hand behind his back.

"Now then," he said briskly, "jest sit down in this 'ere chair an' catch on to the seat. One of yer 'old 'is 'ead."

"No fear," cried Bill making for the door; but the burly second mate blocked the way.

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"Come along," he persuaded. "The cap'n won't 'urt yer."

"Not a bit," promised the captain, cheerfully. "It ain't nothink to mind."

"But I do mind," stated the third mate emphatically.

"It's a neat little hinstrument," the captain assured him, "wot belonged to a doctor as took a trip with us. 'It ull pull out anythink,' he tole me, 'if yer pull 'ard enough.'"

"But I don't want anythink pulled out."

"You'll be glad arterwards. Come along."

"Come along, Bill," counselled his messmates.

"You don't understan' the business," the patient objected.

"*Don't I!*" cried the captain. "Wy las' spring I took one out for a cabin boy, as was always complainin' of toothache; an' 'e never mentioned a word to me arterwards."

"Like as not you'd take out the wrong un."

"It ud ease yer, anyway. Fac' is I thought I'd took out the wrong un for that 'ere boy; but it cured 'im."

"It's better now. There ain't no need." The captain turned up his sleeves.

"Bring 'im along, boys," he commanded.

The first engineer caught him by the right arm, and his assistant by the left, while the second mate impelled him from behind. They rushed him a couple of steps. Then he skilfully stuck out a foot, and tripped the senior engineer. The whole four pitched headlong into the first mate's berth, whence, after a brief struggle, they emerged entangled in the bedding.

"Yer don't know what's good for yer," stated the second mate savagely. "Come along, yer young ijiot."

"It ain't nothink to mind," the second engineer reassured him.

"Lemme go!" shouted the patient.

The first engineer made three attempts before he could utter a word. He was a stout man, and had fallen underneath.

"For 'eaven's sake, captain," he gasped, "move the sperrits 'fore they're knocked over."

The captain shoved the jar back, and the others shoved the ungracious patient forward. Presently he suddenly kicked the chair upwards. The captain's nose knocked it down again.

"I'll 'ave yer put in irons," he thundered. "Yer ungrateful young wiper!"

The ungracious patient kicked the chair upwards. The Captain's nose knocked it down again.

They rushed Bill into the chair with a bang, and as he opened his mouth to protest, the captain darted at it with the yawning instrument. Bill swayed wildly to one side, and as the pliers closed the chair gave way. An agonising yell came from the heap of sailormen.

"Cap'n, cap'n! Yer've got my ear!" It was the voice of the first engineer!

In the confusion the third mate escaped to the doorway.

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"It ain't toothache," he shouted. "It's—the other thing!"

"Then," said the second mate, as he picked up the captain, "them pincers ain't no use."

"'Cept as a preventive," said the first engineer viciously.

"For earache," suggested the third mate. The sufferer made a rush, but the others held him back.

"This'll be settled in a horderly manner," commanded the captain sternly. "Young Bill ull consider 'isself in arrest."

"Wot for?" asked Bill defiantly.

"That remains to be proved. Set down all of yer. The fus' thing is to swear the court in."

When they had done sufficient swearing, the captain proceeded at once to deliver judgment.

"There ain't no need of trial," he explained, "seein' as 'e's guilty."

"Guilty of wot?" demanded the prisoner.

"Defyin' 'is superior officer in the hexecution of 'is duty, an' obtainin' medical assistance under false pretences. The only question is, if there's hextennyatin' circumstances."

"No," said the first engineer. "There ain't!" The captain frowned him into silence.

"In hother words, 'e's got to prove 'e's in love—wot is hextennyatin' circumstances for any foolishness on the face of the hearth—or sea, either."

"Suppose," enquired the prisoner, "for the sake of argymint, as I don't make no attempt to prove it?"

"Then," said the captain firmly, "yer proved to 'ave the toothache to that extent as can't be endured. An' out it comes!" There was a general murmur of approval.

"Well," said the culprit slowly, "I s'pose I'd better own up to it. It's Mary Martin, the pilot's gal. That's wot's the matter."

The captain nodded at the court, and the court nodded at the captain.

"I don't see yer need be so pertickler down-'earted about it. She ain't no wus'n other gals."

"Wus!" cried the third mate pugnaciously. "There ain't no other gal fit to be mentioned in the same breath along with 'er!"

The court shook their heads.

"'E's got it bad," a voice declared.

"Yer better marry the gal, an' git done with it," the captain advised. "If that don't cure yer nothink won't."

"It's a discipline for a man," remarked the second mate feelingly.

"I don't know as she'd 'ave me. That's where it is."

"'Ave yer arst 'er?" The third mate shook his head. "Then 'ow the doose d'yer expeck to know, yer young fool? It's my belief as yer 'umbuggin'." The captain fingered the pliers lovingly.

"If 'e don't trot 'er out, arm-in-arm, the day arter we're in port," proposed the first engineer, "we'll know it's toothache, an'—" He paused impressively. The court concurred, and the captain gave sentence accordingly.

"So," he concluded, "yer know wot yer got to stand to."

Then the third mate was summoned to his watch, and the first mate appeared.

The first mate, as already indicated, was a teetotaler. But, as usual upon birthdays, he had an internal complaint. In accordance with custom, the skipper referred to the book, and, as on the previous occasion, found that a stimulant was prescribed.

"I should say," he added, "it's meant to be took 'ot, with sugar, though it ain't set down in so many words."

Accordingly, the host compounded a steaming glassful of stimulating fluid, having some resemblance in colour and odour to Scotch whisky.

After the second dose, the first mate became hilarious, and sang a song with fourteen short verses and fourteen long choruses. After the third dose he grew sentimental, and wept. The hapless love affair of his junior had got upon his mind, he explained.

"I've been through it myself," he told them. "In the words of Shakespeare——"

"Who's 'e?" enquired the captain. "I don't seem to remember 'im."

"A poet wot rote werses."

"Ah!" said the skipper. "I used to do a bit in the same line, wen I was a lad. I remember a birthday werse I made up, wen I was courtin' Marier 'Arris; or it might 'ave been Bessy Tomlin—if it weren't Maggie Davis or 'Melia Buntin'. Werses it were like your fren'—wot's 'is name?"

"Shakespeare." The first mate wiped his eyes. "'E's dead now. I can't bear to think of it."

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"Take another glass," suggested the second mate. "It stops yer thinking too much."

"As I was sayin'," the captain continued, "I made some werses."

"Let's 'ear 'em, cap'n," they requested with one accord.

"I dunno as I can remember 'em; but I'll try." He coughed.

They agreed that it was the feeling which appealed to them, and persuaded the captain to recite them again. When he had done so, the second engineer had an idea.

"I tell yer wot, the day arter to-morrow, wen we're doo in, is Mary Martin's birthday. Wot say we make up some werses for young Bill, an' send 'em to 'er? We could post 'em off by a boat at Flash Point."

The skipper got out a large sheet of paper and a quill pen. "Now then, some of yer give us a start."

"'Ho Sairer'—I mean 'Maggie.' Blowed if I don't think it was 'Polly' though—No, I've got it—

'Ho, Milly!
Hime goin' silly!
For love of you
I dunno wot to do;
I never won't be right,
'Less you meet me on the pier to-night
Eight sharp!'"

"That las' bit don't rhyme," said one.

"No," the captain agreed. "I know it don't. That's wy I put it in a pos'crip'."

"It don't come up to Shakespeare," the first mate objected. "'E said—'e said—I'm blowed if I knows wot 'e did say."

"The cap'n's werses is good enough for me," protested the second mate. The captain shook his head deprecatingly.

"They ain't nothink, not as poetry. It's the feelin' of 'em wot I like."

It was agreed unanimously that Miss Martin should have some verses, and that the skipper should make them, assisted by anything that the first mate could remember of his friend Shakespeare's, or the rest of them of anyone else's. The skipper got out a large sheet of paper and a quill pen, and headed it in big round-hand—

"SAUCY KATE (at sea)."

"Now then, some on yer give us a start."

They looked at the skylight for five minutes. Then they noticed that the first mate had gone to sleep, and shook him.

"Let's 'ave a bit from your fren' the poet," they demanded.

"There ain't only one bit as I remember," he said, "an' I've forgot that." But when they had shaken him more, he recalled it.

"'Fren's, Romans,' an'—an'—somethink. 'Len' me yer ears.'"

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"She ain't no Roman," said the second engineer. "A werry decent little gal, I call 'er."

"An' Bill don't want 'er ears," objected the first engineer. "Now if yer fren' 'ad said 'mouth,' or even 'cheek.'" The first mate laughed contemptuously.

"If yer ain't satisfied, make it up yerselves." Having given this advice, he went to sleep again.

The buxom lady stepped upon the deck. "I've come to 'ave a few words with yer, William Salt."

"Suppose we touch it up a bit," the skipper suggested. "Somethink like this :—

Ho Mary Martin ! Len' us yer cheek,
I'll go on kissing it all the week."

"Umph !" said the second mate, "if 'e 'adn't got down to 'er mouth by then !"

"Yer must allow somethink for poetic license," stated the captain, "we'll pervide for further developments later :—

But if yer'll len' yer lips. my dear,
I'll go on kissin' all the year !"

"That's poetry," declared the second mate emphatically. The first engineer shook his head.

"Soun's too much like a temp'ry arrangement. She's sure to shy at it."

"Wot yer say to addin' *et cetrer* ?"

"I ain't no pote," stated the second engineer modestly, "else I'd be inclined to say :—

If you'd keep on, jest marry me
An' continyer reg'lar (wen I ain't at sea)."

"Yer may say yer ain't no pote, Murrell," remarked the captain, "but yer 'ave the gift."

"It ain't got the finish of yourn, cap'n," Mr. Murrell insisted, "see wot yer can do for a finish."

But the captain requested all to help ; and at last they produced the following :—

I think of you by night an' day,
Though on the sea I'm far away.
Ho Mary ! write an' say "I will" ;
I now remain,
Your lovin' Bill !

"If that don't fetch 'er," the second mate declared, "she ain't worth fetchin' !"

"It do read poetical now it's rote out fair," owned the captain.

"I don't believe that 'ere Shakespeare couldn't 'ave done it no better," said the first engineer.

"No, no 'ow," added his assistant.

The first mate said nothing ; and as their united efforts failed to rouse him they put him to bed.

"It's a warnin' to a man," remarked the captain, "to take 'is drink reg'lar, so as 'e don't make a beast of 'isself like them teetotalers does wenever they 'as a drop."

The next morning they hailed a boat at Flash Point, and sent the letter ashore. The afternoon of the following day they entered port. As soon as they had cast anchor the captain sent the third mate ashore.

"For treatment," he said, grimly.

"I'd give somethink," observed the first engineer, "to see 'is face wen she tackles 'im about the werses."

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"There's the guvnor's missus waitin' for 'im upon the quay," said the first mate. The captain looked and saw his better half waving a big umbrella to the boy who had rowed the third mate ashore.

"Well I'm blowed," he muttered, "wot's brought the missus 'ere. I 'ope Clementina Alexandra or Albert Edward Kitchener ain't got the measles or nothink."

"If it ain't measles wot's brought 'er," said the first engineer, "it's love! Yer'd better see wot the book says."

"By the looks of 'er," confessed the skipper, "I doubt as it ain't neither."

His doubts were confirmed when the buxom lady waved aside his proffered hand and stepped upon the deck.

"I've come to 'ave a few words with yer, William Salt," she said in sepulchral tones. The captain led her hastily to his cabin, wondering which of his misdeeds had come to light.

"Well, my dear," he began when she had seated herself.

"Don't 'dear' me! I wonder yer can look me in the face!" The captain mopped his brow nervously.

"I don't know of nothink wot does me more good to look at," he stated diplomatically. She sniffed scornfully.

"Always exceptin' Mary."

"Who?" cried the captain.

"To len' yer 'er cheek, or 'er lips—the 'ussy!"

"My dear——"

"An' you the father of a fambly; an' married seven year nex' August bank 'ollerday. An' the wife I've been to yer. Yer may well look ashamed. Yer——" She paused for a word. "Yer ole—rake!"

"Wot yer mean."

She laughed ironically. "Yer can't guess, of course? Yer never knowed no one named Mary?"

"Lots of 'em."

"More shame to yer! Perhaps yer sent 'em all letters and po'try, wot egsplains were the money goes to, wot puzzled me. An' signed yer name 'Bill,' as plain as print; an'——"

"Ho!" said the captain, with sudden understanding. "Ha! Yus, that was jest a little joke, my dear!"

"Joke! *Joke!* An' you the father of a fambly!"

Mrs. Captain dropped her umbrella with a bang and showed signs of hysterics.

The captain pulled his beard in perplexity. "As for these 'ere werses——"

"'E 'asn't the shame to deny it!" she shrieked. "Oh!"

"Yer said yer know'd all about it; so wot's the use?"

"We've—that is, 'er and me—we've come to an understandin'."

"I'll 'ave yer up in court."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll take the children away."

He frowned.

"I'll—I'll send for mother."

At this extremity the skipper groaned.

"Yer might listen to a chap," he pleaded, "'fore yer take sich a step as *that*."

"Listen!" She pulled out her handkerchief. "'Aven't I 'eard enough?"

"Too much," he growled. "Some mischief-makin' ole gossip."

"I'll not hear a word aginst Mrs. Martin," she said firmly, "wot 'as acted like a mother. Wen she brought the letter to me this mornin'——"

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"Wot's it to do with 'er?"

"Mrs. Martin 'as 'er nat'ral feelin's, like the rest of us—wot ain't monsters, like some men—an bein' curious wot 'er gal was so taken up with, she slips it out of her pocket—Mary's—whose lips yer'd like to kiss! Yer brute!"

The captain took his cap off to think of a suitable expression. Finding none, he put it carefully on again.

"Nat'ral like, she brings it to me. 'Ere, Mrs. Salt,' she says, 'you know everybody's writin' aboard the *Saucy Kate*, if nobody doesn't. Who's this 'ere Bill?' An' there I seed yer 'and clear as yer ever wrote sich rubbish. An' I ups an' says——"

"Wot!" roared the captain. "You tole 'er it was me?"

Mrs. Salt rose with dignity. "If I 'aven't got no respeck for you—wot no one couldn't 'ave—I've got some feelin' for myself an' the childern. 'The 'and is unfamiliar to me, Mrs. Martin,' I says. 'But if yer arsks for my opinion, it's most like to 'ave come from young Bill Franklin, wot anyone can see is sweet on yer gal. An' if yer'll take my advice, yer'll let er 'ave 'im an' git out of 'arm's way.'"

The captain danced a few steps of a hornpipe. "Yer never said a truer thing, ole gal," he asserted. "I wrote it for 'im!"

Mrs. Salt moved majestically towards the door. "I won't give yer no occasion for tellin' no more lies, "she stated, "wot's all put down against yer an' yer'll 'ave ter answer for some day. I'm goin'—'ome." Her voice quivered a little, and the captain tried to catch hold of her; but she pushed him away.

"It's all right, Kate," he asserted. "I'll be 'ome in arf a hour, an' tell yer all about it."

"If yer dare to cross the doorstep," she declared furiously, "I'll not be answerable for the consequences. Were's young Bill?"

"Gorn ashore."

"Were to."

"To the gal's, I suppose," he said slowly. "If yer'll believe me——"

"I won't." She bounced upon the deck, with the captain following in her wake. When she had obtained confirmation of "Young Bill's" destination, she clutched the captain by the arm. "Come along of me," she ordered.

"But I got to——"

"Come along of me!"

"There's the arrival to report, an'——"

"Come along of me!" He went.

Mrs. Salt led him in the direction of Pilot Martin's establishment. On the way he made several attempts at explanation, but was cut short every time with the statement that he was "the father of a fambly" and ought to be ashamed of himself. So he yielded to fate and went sullenly on.

"Wen Bill recognises the writin'," he reflected, "most like 'e'll want to fight." He felt, upon the whole, that a couple of rounds would be a relief to his feelings.

At the corner of Pier Street they met the third mate, looking very sheepish, with Mary upon his arm. They blushed and smiled at one another, when they saw the captain and his wife.

"I s'pose," said the third mate, "yer can see 'ow it is? We've—that is—'er an' me—we've come to an understandin'." The captain smiled benevolently.

"I knowed 'ow it would be," he told them, "all along. You look arter 'im, my dear. 'E's a lucky dog, 'e is." He patted Mary on the shoulder.

"I never was so surprised," she confessed to the captain's wife, "as when I got the verses. An' couldn't think who it was from till mother arst yer."

"But yer guessed, my dear!" enquired the captain. "In course yer guessed?"

"Well cap'n," Mary owned, with a becoming blush, "I won't say as I 'adn't my suspicions; but the writin' was so good, an' I 'adn't no idea 'e could make up such *lovely* poetry. So feelin'!"

"I don't doubt it," said the captain, "I used to do a bit in that line myself wen I was courtin' a gal—Mrs. Salt, o' course, I mean. Didn't I, my dear?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Salt, quietly, "yer did."

"Yer didn't 'elp him with these, did yer cap'n?" Mary asked doubtfully. "'E said as it was all 'is own, an' 'e 'adn't showed nobody." The third mate glanced appealingly at the captain.

"In course not, my dear. In course not I shouldn't think of sich a thing. Well, so long, an' good luck to yer both."

Mrs. Salt nodded her benediction silently. She held her husband's arm harder—and softer—as they walked on.

"I 'adn't the heart to give 'im away," he remarked, "bein' the father of a fambly."

"'E'll never be the 'father' that you are," Mrs. Salt laughed tearfully.

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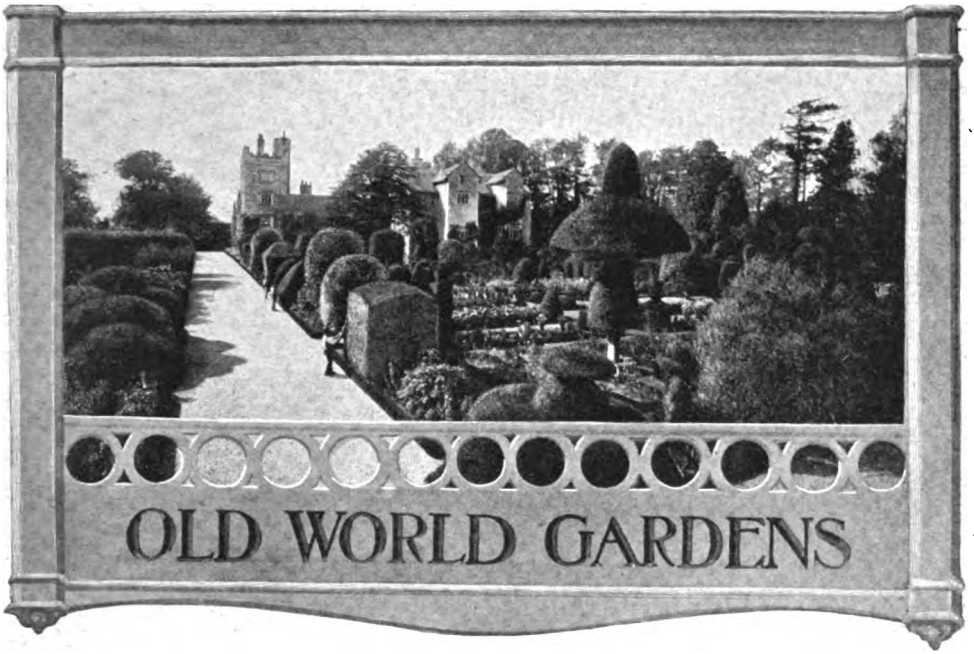
General View of a Garden of Clipped Trees.



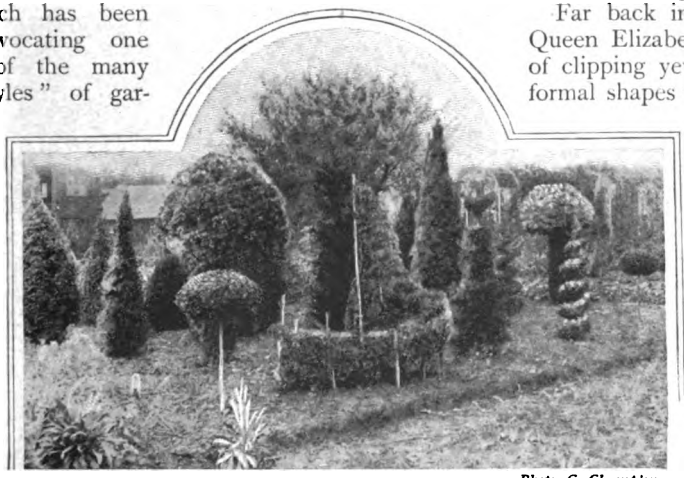
OLD WORLD GARDENS

About the Tree Sculptor and his Work.

By Harry H. Havart.

THE pastime, or recreation, of gardening has, during recent years, become vastly popular with all classes of the community. The rapid return to favour of this art, together with the mass of horticultural literature which has been published advocating one or another of the many so-called "styles" of gardening, has led to many ambitious innovations and revivals in the pleasure grounds of country and suburban houses.

Among all these different fashions in horticulture, none has caused more controversy than the return to favour of the old-time "topiary work." This particular style of gardening has not, as a visitor to the Royal Horticultural Society's last Temple Show thought, anything to do with temperance reform, but consists of the establishment and maintenance of trees of yew, box, and other varieties, trained and clipped into different curious and unique shapes.



A Garden of Trees in Course of Training. *Photo, G. Champion.*

Far back in the days of Queen Elizabeth the custom of clipping yew hedges into formal shapes was prevalent, but the coming of William and Mary was the cause of the introduction of Dutch peculiarities of a more pronounced form. Not only were whole hedges cut and trimmed into all sorts of fantastic designs, but individual trees were planted, and their branches carefully trained, so that by the time they had been established for some years they were ready to be

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clipped into all sorts of uncommon shapes. Dragons, peacocks, horses, men, dogs, ships, as well as simple geometrical forms, all figured in these formal gardens, and Pope speaks of a scene depicting the Garden of Eden in yew, "Adam a little shattered . . . . . Eve and the serpent very flourishing."

As, however, different fashions in gardening came into vogue, topiary work was relegated more and more to the background, and there are at present but few of the real old-fashioned clipped gardens in existence in England, the two best being in Westmoreland and Derbyshire.

Thirty years ago a temporary revival came about, but it was vigorously condemned by the lovers of natural gardening, one of the greatest living authorities on the subject going so far as to say that "a gardener with shears in his hand is generally doing fool's work." Lovers of the curious, however, were not to be denied, and at the present time the demand for "sculptured" trees, and gardeners capable of fashioning topiary gardens, is brisk. At the last three great annual exhibitions of the Royal Horticultural Society, excellent specimens of these clipped trees have served greatly to increase the interest taken in the fashion.

A topiary garden is by no means an inexpensive hobby to indulge in. A single small tree, five or six feet in height, fashioned to represent a peacock or some other bird, has to be several years old, and must receive constant attention during that period, before it is sufficiently bushy and distinct in outline to be recognised. Therefore, five pounds is a very moderate sum for a medium specimen. Larger and more intricate examples realise anything from ten to thirty pounds. It is not merely sufficient to buy clipped trees, however, in order to establish a topiary garden. If left alone for a few weeks they soon develop a ragged appearance, so that constant and careful clipping is necessary to keep them in trim order. This, too, must be done by a man who understands the work, as a careless or incompetent gardener can convert a smart peacock into a hopelessly shapeless mass of green in a very few minutes. In most of the places in which topiary work is carried out to any extent, men are kept specially to do the clipping, and nothing else.

II. *Photos: G. Champion.*

III. *Photo: Hogg, Kendal.* "The Three Stages of the Pheasant."

I.

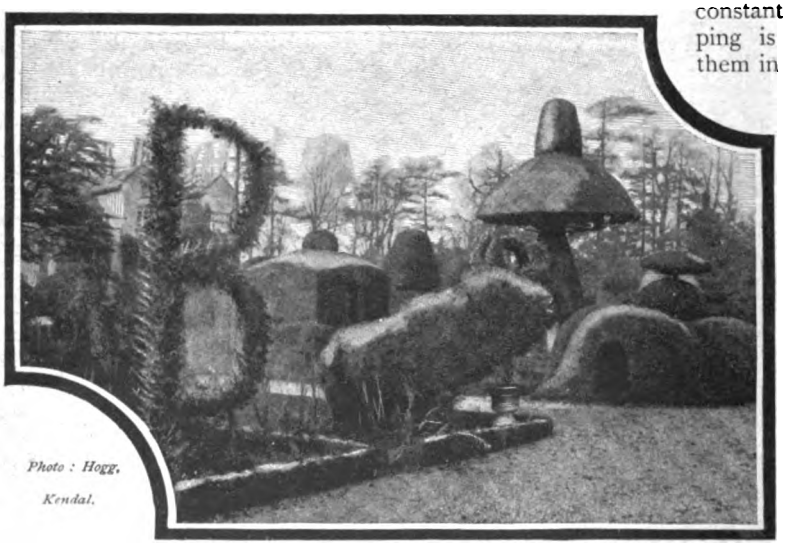

Photo: Hogg, Kendal.

Bear, Mushroom and letter "B" executed in Yew and Box.

Up to the present, of course, the recent efforts of nurserymen in this direction do not give such fine results as are to be seen

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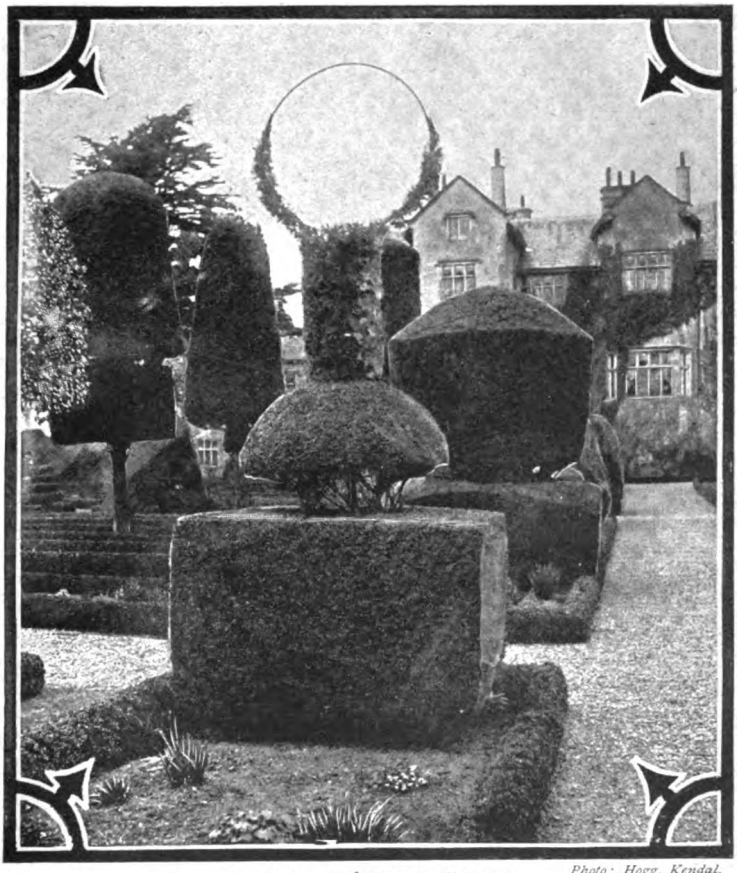
in those private establishments where clipped gardens have been in vogue for years and years. Here are to be found avenue after avenue of these curiously-sculptured trees, as smooth and shapely as if carved out of stone, many of them from twenty to thirty feet in height. Where the growth of the tree has so lent itself, arbours have in some cases been formed, making as complete a shelter from inclement weather as can be found in any summer-house. For these, as well as for the more intricate shapes, such as animals, birds, bottles, and cups and saucers, yew and box are the two sorts of trees invariably employed, but for pyramids, cones, and other simple designs, holly and white thorn are often brought into use.

In these large gardens the work of clipping goes on throughout the greater part of the year, as when once a tree or hedge is allowed to get out of hand it is often a matter of considerable difficulty to bring it back to symmetrical proportions. Occasionally there are instances in which the shape of the tree permits of its being changed from one figure into another, as, for example, in a West of England garden, where a "boy with a rake" was cunningly altered into a "gentleman in khaki" in the course of eighteen months. Old trees sometimes naturally lend themselves to being clipped into interesting designs, but these are not often met with, and a somewhat lengthy period of training is usually necessary.

Although it is a comparatively easy matter to procure individual trees fashioned in various ways which are capable of being readily transplanted, the establishment of a complete topiary garden, such as is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, is a feat that nobody of the present generation will see accomplished. The most "multi" of multi-millionaires might spend thousands of pounds in the purchase of yew, box, and other necessary trees to form the hedge, but it would be left for his heirs and successors to enjoy the benefit of his outlay. A whole hedge is by no means so susceptible to topiary treatment as a single tree, and, as yew is of very slow growth, at least forty to fifty years must elapse before the garden is fit to take a place in the front rank.



An Avenue of "Sculptured" Trees. *Photo: Hogg, Kendal.*

Where there are already existing yew or box hedges, the case, of course, is different, as these can be clipped into shape and kept within bounds in a much shorter time; but the man who takes an ordinary garden or piece of land, and attempts to turn it into a topiary garden is, like he who plants a forest, working for posterity.

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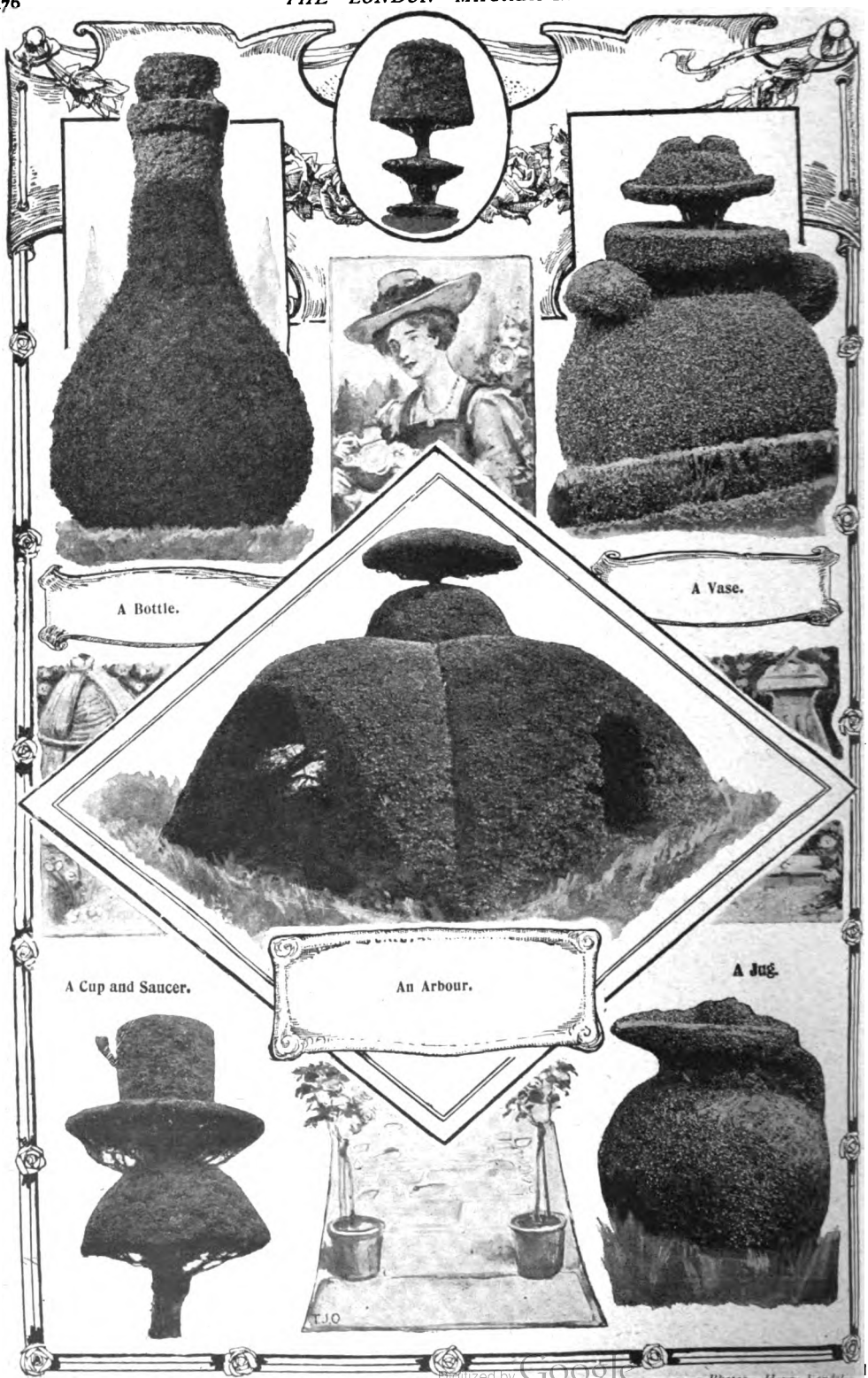

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The formation of these gardens is much derided by a portion of the horticultural world. Disciples of the "natural" school of gardening are bitter in their scathing condemnation of the methods employed by the topiarist. Any system of culture that tampers with the ordinary habit of a tree or plant is to them little short of sacrilege, and much bloodless, though by no means inkless, warfare has been waged on the subject. With the ethics of topiary work, from an horticultural point of view, this article has, of course, nothing to do, but there seems to be no good reason why, if a man choose to carve his trees into all sorts of curious shapes, he should not do so.

Photo: G. Champion.

A Dog and Kennel in the Rough.

Among several other well-known people who have good examples of topiary work in their gardens may be mentioned the Earl of Rosebery, who has a small poultry yard of clipped hens and geese growing upon the lawn at the Durdans, his lordship's seat at Epsom; the Countess of Warwick, who has a quaint sun-dial of box and yew at Easton Lodge; and the Earl of Harrington, who, in the Alhambra Garden at Elvaston Castle, in Derbyshire, possesses one of the largest collections in the country. Levens Hall, in Westmoreland, is, however, probably the most remarkable of the whole lot, while other noteworthy examples are to be found at Blickling, Rous Lench, Packwood, Haddon Hall, and Risley.

Many of these famous collections have been in existence for two or three hundred years, and are exceedingly curious and interesting. Here and there, in the gardens of old-fashioned wayside cottages, individual specimens of topiary work may occasionally be met with, but to appreciate fully the quaintness of the art one of the old-established full collections must be seen.

Photo: Hess, Kendal.

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Robes for the Coronation

What may and may not be worn.

THE ceremonies at Coronations are generally governed by precedent, and this fact applies to the robes which will be worn by the Peers and Peeresses at Westminster Abbey, at the Coronation ceremony of King Edward. But great difficulty has been experienced in ascertaining exactly what the nobility wore at previous Coronations, since although there are numerous minute descriptions in old historical records of the robes worn by Kings and Queens at the crowning functions as far back as Queen Elizabeth, details of the dresses in which the lords and ladies attended the ceremonies are entirely lacking.

Even the records of the Coronation of Queen Victoria only vaguely refer to this point. Under these circumstances it was resolved that the Coronation of King Edward VII. should establish the precedent for future functions of this description.

The Duke of Norfolk did not find his task very difficult so far as the Peers were concerned. Their robes are more or less alike, and the official

The Duke's Cape.

The Peer's Robe full length.

The Viscount's Cape.

The Marquess's Cape.

The Earl's Cape.

The Baron's Cape.

Photographs by permission of Messrs. Wilkinson & Sons.

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order, which is terse and to the point, practically describes the difference in detail. It runs as follows:—"This is to give notice to all the Peers who attend the Coronation of their Majesties, that the robe or mantle of the Peers be of crimson velvet, edged with miniver, the cape furred with miniver pure, and powdered with rows or bars of ermine—*i.e.*, narrow pieces of black fur—according to their degrees, viz.: Barons, two rows; Viscounts, two rows and a half; Earls, three rows; Marquesses, three rows and a half; Dukes, four rows."

With regard to the Peeresses, the official order is thus: "That the robe or mantle of a Baroness be of crimson velvet, the cape whereof to be furred with miniver pure, and powdered with two bars or rows of ermine—*i.e.*, narrow pieces of black fur—the said mantle to be edged round with miniver pure two inches in breadth and the train to be three feet on the ground."

The Peeress's Coronation Robe.—The rank is distinguished by the length of the train and the rows of ermine on the cape.

The Baroness is the lowest in the titular rank, and those of higher degrees have their status distinguished by the embellishment of their robes as follows: The cape of a Viscountess to possess two rows and a half of ermine, and the train to be one and a quarter yards long; the robe of a Countess to have three rows of ermine, the edging being three inches wide, and the train one and a half yards long; that of the Marchioness to have three and a half rows of ermine, with the edging four inches in breadth, and the train one and three quarter yards long; and the robe of the Duchess to have four rows of ermine, with edging five inches wide, and a train two yards long.

It will thus be observed that as far as the robes are concerned official etiquette will prevent rivalry being displayed amongst the Peeresses. But with their dresses worn under the robes the case is different. The one rule which the Peeresses will have to bear in mind is that the dress worn must be white, or of a cream colour.

As to material there is no fixed regulation. The Peeresses may have their dresses made of silk muslin, chiffon, satin, plain or figured gauze, and if a Peeress wishes to obtain a cheap dress, there will not be the slightest objection on the part of the Court authorities for the garment to be made of fine white cloth. The embroideries and laces to be worn will represent in cash many thousands of pounds. Of late the craze for collecting old lace has been developed, and the Peeresses who possess a good stock will be able to turn their hobby for once to a very practical use. Many beautiful pieces of lace will be worn which are hundreds of years old, and which in days gone by were owned by queens of the various Courts of Europe, and by the famous beauties of the past. The monetary value of the dresses will be considerably more than that of the robes, which in the case of a Peeress will in the majority of instances be about £100, while it is no exaggeration to state that the value of some of the materials used to make the dresses will often cause the Peeresses to be "worth their weight in gold" in a literal sense.

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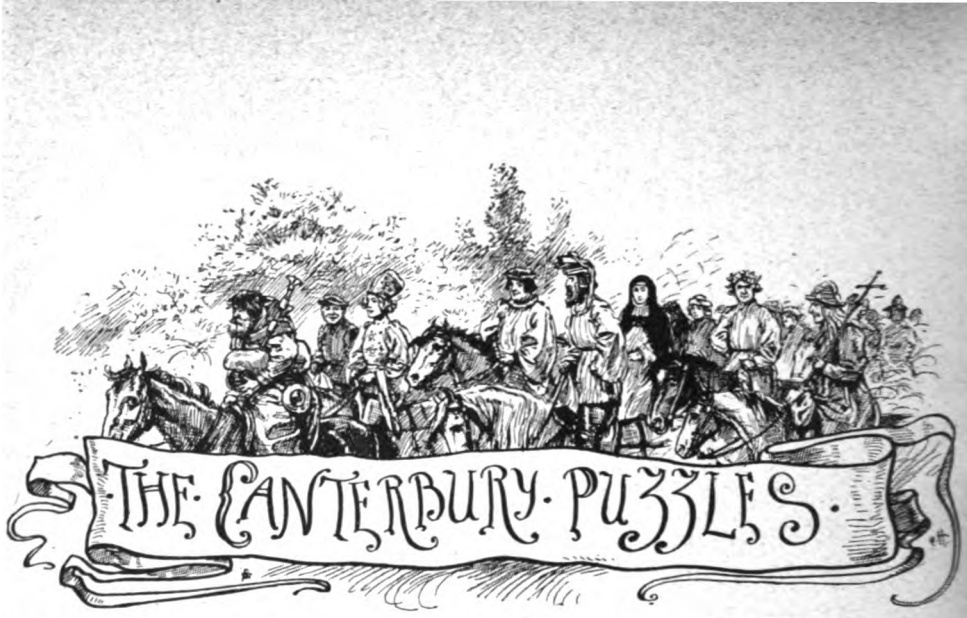


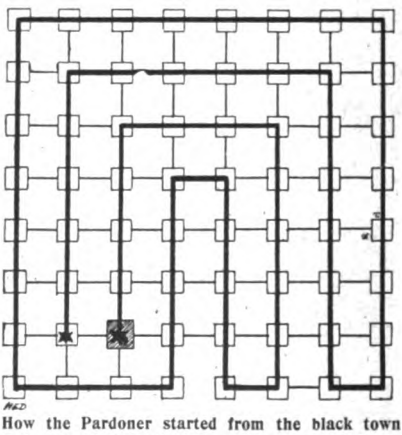
Sequels to the Adventures (recorded in our last number) that befell the Famous Pilgrims.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

THE company of pilgrims, the next morning, before they set out once more on their way to the shrine of Saint Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, gathered together round the chimney-corner of the "Tabard" Inn at Southwark, to listen to the unravelling of the many posers that had been propounded to them the night previous. They had sadly racked their brains during the night, but all their efforts to solve the clever and perplexing problems had been in vain. Therefore it was with ill-concealed interest and anxiety that they awaited to hear the sequels of the quaint and curious tales that had been related to them.

THE REVE'S PUZZLE.

The reve rubbed his hands with gleeful satisfaction at the perplexity the propounding of his scholarly problem had caused among his fellow pilgrims. Quoth the wily man, "I see that ye hath been greatly confused by the puzzle that I set before you. Yet, as I said, it is withal full easy. The least number of moves in which the cheeses can be so removed is thirty and three." The reve then proceeded to show how the feat can be accomplished in this number of moves.



How the Pardoner started from the black town and passed through every town once only in fifteen straight pilgrimages.

Number the cheeses 1 to 8 from the smallest downwards, and proceed as follows:—Make a pile of 4 (Nos. 1 to 4) on the second stool (this will take 9 moves); make a pile of 3 (Nos. 5 to 7) on the third stool (1 move); remove No. 8 to the fourth stool (7 moves); remove Nos. 5 to 7 from third to fourth stool (7 moves); remove Nos. 1 to 4 from second to fourth stool (9 moves); making 33 moves in all. Or you can make a pile of 5 on second stool and a pile of 2 on third stool, and so get a second answer.

The reve also explained that it is possible to transfer 10 cheeses in 49 moves and 21 cheeses in 321 moves, though in each of these two cases, to get the shortest possible solution, there is only one way of making the piles—6 and 3 with 10 cheeses, and 15 and 5 with 21 cheeses.

THE PARDONER'S PUZZLE.

The Pardoner, when requested to explain his poser, remarked, "It pleaseth me greatly, though my riddle be such a poor one, to find that it hath proved to be too much for this goodly company. I have now devised a plan showing how, starting from the black

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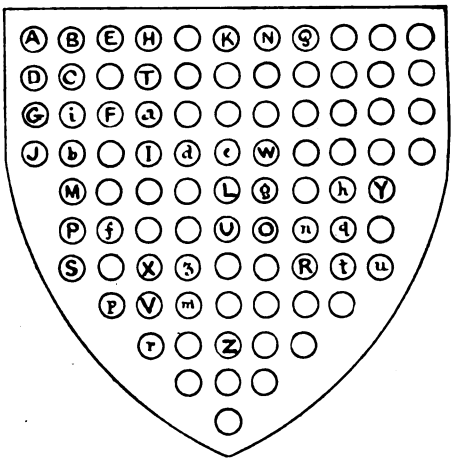
town, I passed through each and every one of the sixty-four towns once, and once only, in fifteen straight pilgrimages." How the journeys were completed our illustration comprehensively explains. Follow the thick black lines from the large town and you will find that the Pardoner visits every town once, and once only, in his fifteen straight pilgrimages.



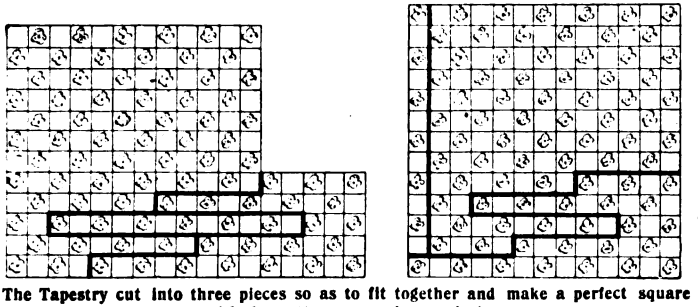
575 Squares can be marked off on the Knight's Shield with a Rose at each corner.

THE MILLER'S PUZZLE.

The way to arrange the sacks of flour is as follows :—2, 78, 156, 39, 4. Here each pair when multiplied by its single neighbour makes the number in the middle, and only five of the sacks need be moved. There are just three other ways in which they might have been arranged (counting the reversals as different, of course), but they all require the moving of more sacks.

THE KNIGHT'S PUZZLE.

The Knight declared that as many as 575 squares could be marked off on his shield, with a rose at every corner. How this result is achieved may be realised by reference to the accompanying diagrams :—Join A, B, C, and D, and there are 66 squares of this size to be formed; the size A, E, F, G, gives 48; A, H, I, J, 32; B, K, L, M, 19; B, N, O, P, 10; B, Q, R, S, 4; E, T, F, C, 57; I, U, V, P, 33; H, W, X, J, 15; K, Y, Z, M, 3; E, a, b, D, 82; H, d, M, D, 56; H, e, f, G, 42; K, g, f, C, 32; N, h, z, F, 24; K, h, m, b, 14; K, O, S, D, 16; K, n, p, G, 10; K, q, r, J, 6; Q, p, C, 4; Q, u, r, i, 2. The total number is thus 575. These groups have been treated as if each of them represented a different sized square. This is correct with the one exception that the squares of the form B, N, O, P, are exactly the same size as those of the form K, h, m, b.



The Tapestry cut into three pieces so as to fit together and make a perfect square with the pattern properly matched.

THE WIFE OF BATH'S RIDDLES.

The good lady explained that there is "a" difference between live fish and fish alive, and that a bung that is made fast in a barrel is like another bung that is falling out of a barrel because one is *in secure* and the other is also *insecure*. The little relationship poser is readily understood when we are told that the parental command came from the father (who was also in the room) and not from the mother.

THE HOST'S PUZZLE.

The puzzle propounded by the jovial host of the "Tabard" Inn of Southwark had proved more popular than any other of the whole collection. "I see, my merry masters," he cried, "that I have sorely twisted thy brains by my little piece of craft. Yet it is but a simple matter for me to put a true pint of fine old ale in each of these two measures, albeit one is of five pints and the other of three pints, without using any other measure whatsoever."

The host of the "Tabard" Inn thereupon proceeded to explain to the pilgrims how this apparently impossible task could be done. He first filled the 5-pint and 3-pint measures, and then, turning the tap, allowed the barrel to run to waste, a proceeding against which the company protested, but the wily man showed that he was aware that the cask did not contain much more than eight pints of ale. The contents, however, do not affect the solution of the puzzle. He then closed the tap and emptied

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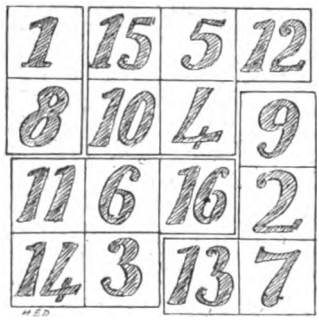
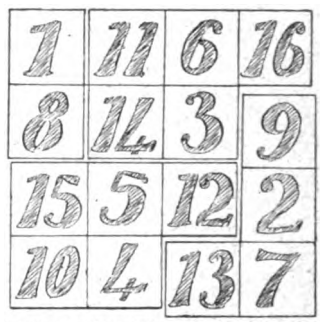
the 3-pint into the barrel; filled the 3-pint from the 5-pint; emptied the 3-pint into barrel; transferred the two pints from the 5-pint to the 3-pint; filled the 5-pint from the barrel, leaving one pint now in the barrel; filled 3-pint from 5-pint; allowed the company to drink the contents of the 3-pint; filled the 3-pint from the 5-pint, leaving one pint now in the 5-pint; drank the contents of the 3-pint; and finally drew off one pint from the barrel into the 3-pint. He had thus obtained the required one pint of ale in each measure, to the great astonishment of the admiring crowd of pilgrims.





The Square cut into four pieces and rearranged in another Square so that the four columns, four rows and two long diagonals add up to 34.

CLERK OF OXENFORD'S PUZZLE.

The illustration shows how the square is to be cut into four pieces and how these pieces are to be put together again to make a magic square. It will be found that the four columns, four rows and two long diagonals now add up to 34 in every case.

THE TAPISER'S PUZZLE.

The piece of tapestry had to be cut along the lines into three pieces so as to fit together and form a perfect square, with the pattern properly matched. It was also stipulated in effect that one of the three pieces must be as small as possible. The illustration shows how to make the cuts and how to put the pieces together, while one of the pieces contains only twelve of the little squares.

THE CARPENTER'S PUZZLE.

The carpenter said that he made a box whose internal dimensions were exactly the same as the original block of wood, that is, 3ft. by 1ft. by 1ft. He then placed the carved pillar in this box and filled up all the vacant space with a fine, dry sand, which he carefully shook down until he could get no more into the box. Then he removed the pillar, taking great care not to lose any of the sand, which, on being shaken down alone in the box, filled a space equal to one cubic foot. This was, therefore, the quantity of wood that had been cut away.

(*The further adventures of the Pilgrims will be duly recorded in the* LONDON MAGAZINE.)

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THE BANK NOTE PUNCHER.

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

A SHORT STORY. Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER.

WE were running down to Aintree for the Grand National day, and were taking it easy in a saloon. O'Malley is a great man for making train journeys comfortable. We kept two rubbers of whist going for a couple of hours, and then, wearying of cards, we lounged on the seats of the carriage and talked. Naturally, we got on matters of sport, and discussed the varying size of Valentine's Brook, and the way Emperor had broken his neck on an in-and-out of fencing when dropped from the race, and kindred matters of parochial interest. And then we fell to chatting over heroes and idiots of the past, and with a reminiscent laugh Cope's name was chucked upon the carpet.

"There is no doubt," said Grayson, "that Master Willie Cope had been an average young fool in the way of frittering away his money. He had been run with a very loose rein all his infancy, and at the age of twenty-two came into a property which yielded him at least nineteen thousand a year in hard cash. He started fair: he cleared away a prosperous crop of *post-obits*, and then he, so to speak, stripped off his coat to see how much money a man could spend.

"His methods were large-minded and various. He took over a big racing stable, and ran at least one horse for every notable event on the turf. He had villas at Nice, Homburg, and Aix-les-Bains. He went in hot for yacht-racing, and on the strength of pulling off a few events for 10-raters, had a fling at the America Cup. He didn't bring that away with him, as you may recollect; but the attempt cost him something like fifty-four thousand. And, of course, in addition to these trifling expenses, he had to keep up the shooting lodge in Argyleshire, which was tacked on to the deer forest, and a big house near Hyde Park, as well as Castle Cope in Fermanagh, and Bordell Priory in Yorkshire.

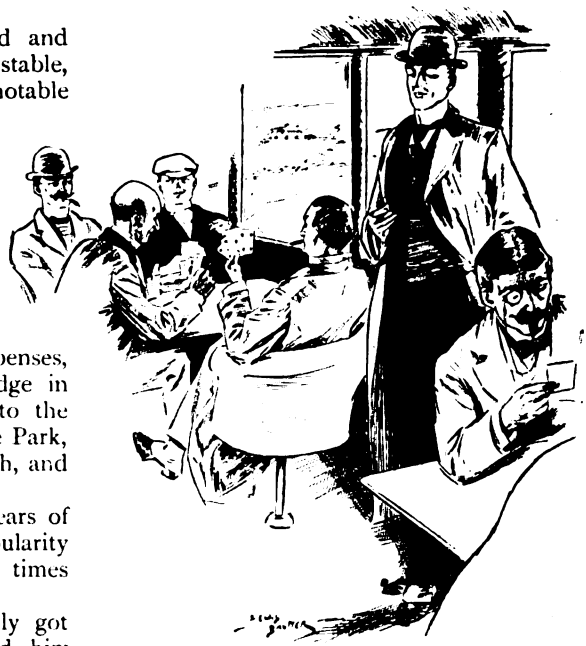
"In fact, during the first four years of his reign, he purchased supreme popularity at the mild charge of nine-and-a-half times his income.

"The scandal papers very naturally got a nickname for him. They dubbed him 'The Flutterer.' He really had a jumpy, nervous manner about him; and so, as the sobriquet seemed happy, it stuck.

"He had got an agent fellow, by name Presse, to dry-nurse him; and I have reason to know that Presse was continually crying aloud against outrunning the constable. But Cope's domestic motto was 'Whilst we live, don't let's have any doubt about it'; and as he thoroughly enjoyed the pace, he didn't feel in the least inclined to clap the brake on.

"Now when a poor man commences ruining himself on a small scale, nobody out of his own parish pays any particular heed. But when a millionaire starts going a mucker, then proceedings get interesting to the mob at large. In Cope's case the aforesaid scandal papers made four long interesting paragraphs out of him every week. All the British Islanders watched with prim curiosity the pace at which he was going it. That's an amiable way they have. It makes them feel they aren't so bad as they might be; which is a pleasing sensation to anyone.

"It was when, in his own particular line,



We kept two rubbers of whist going for a couple of hours.

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Cope had created himself the biggest celebrity in the country, that his earthquake arrived. He was accused of systematically uttering forged Bank of England thousand-pound notes. It seems that he had negotiated at least fifty-four of them, and there might be others which had not yet come in.

"Now, as this is a crime which, in the British decalogue, comes very little short of brutal murder, Cope stood a very good chance of remaining in gaol from the first moment of his arrest; because at the magistrate's inquiry, the case was proved against him up to the hilt. However, after they committed him for trial, great pressure was brought to bear, and he was released on bail that was simply enormous.

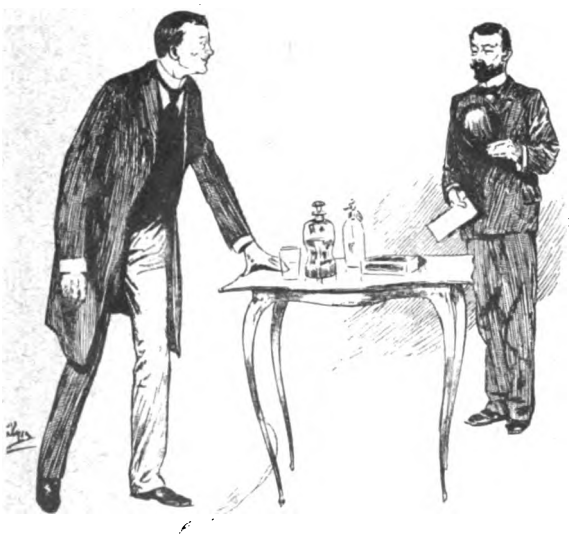
"Barnes was given the case, and retained me for the defence; a pretty sick sort of defence it was. The principal argument I was bidden to use was that Master Willie Cope felt quite convinced of his innocence. It was his habit to make all his bets in thousand-pound notes. This avoided arithmetical calculations, which he was not good at, and also brought him fame. It is very easy to purchase notoriety of that brand in Great Britain—if only your purse is long enough to pay the price.

"The prosecution, on the other hand, could prove beyond argument that the last fifty of these trifling pieces of paper which Cope had drawn from various banks had been carefully and cunningly duplicated; that Cope, with his own fingers, had paid away the reproductions; and that the originals, after being saved up till their number amounted to some fifty odd, had been simultaneously cashed in Constantinople, Moscow, Berlin, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Marseilles, Lyons and Paris. This pointed to an extensive organisation: but none of the confederates could be traced. Bank of England notes are good all the world over; and these which were passed on the Continent were genuine.

"The counterfeits, too, were, paper and all, so artfully made that they passed unchallenged through all the country banks, and for awhile even at the bank of banks in the City; and it was not until the other pieces of crisp water-marked paper, bearing the signature of Mr. May, and the promise to pay bearer £1,000, began to dribble in from Europe, that the trouble commenced. Then it was observed that $\frac{E}{65}$ 16626 had been negotiated before, as had also $\frac{R}{16}$ 23360, and likewise $\frac{P}{84}$ 86162. The documents bore the blue impress of rubber stamps, and the scratchings of pens, which in part traced their circular tours; and the authorities easily collected other records of the hands passed through, because the majestic movements of thousand-pound notes are spied on with far more interest than the rambles of the commoner and more garden fiver.

"When they found that the last comers were undoubtedly orthodox, and the previous series superb forgeries, then there was one of the solidest rows inside that building ever known since Threadneedle Street was paved. The men at the top thundered at the carelessness of those immediately beneath them; the men at the bottom looked preternaturally grave, and hoped for their step; and the wretched tellers who passed the first batch of notes had to bear the brunt of all these bombardments. Most of the notes had been burnt; but enough were left to show—with the more glaring light of after-knowledge—that they were most accurate forgeries.

"Now, savaging your own underlings may, as sheer dissipation and amusement, be very pleasant in its way; but it isn't solid satisfactory vengeance, and it has no connection with the *lex talionis*, both of which are far more businesslike and to



"He was accused of uttering forged Bank of England Notes."

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the point. So after the preliminary scratching and swearing match was over, the directors looked round them and demanded blood. Obviously the supply would have to come from Master Willie Cope; and as no one else appeared to share the brunt, from him alone. He was a very fit and proper person to be made into an awful example, and so they set the mill of the law in motion, and it looked as though he would be mangled up very small indeed before he was done with. The *Times* mentioned this in a most stately leader.

"Now, those are the outlines of the case, and Barnes quite agreed with me that matters for the defence looked very sick indeed. The prosecution would show that Cope was excessively hard up, that he had been losing very heavily on the turf, that he had drawn some good £1,000 notes from various banks, and then with his own fingers passed bogus notes on to the bookies. All this was absolutely true: we admitted it.

"'Look here,' said I to Barnes, 'we shall have to find out how and by whom these spurious notes were manufactured.'

"'Precisely,' said Barnes, 'that's obvious. The only trifle waiting to be discovered is the method of doing this. I confess that beats me, and what's more, it's too big an order for Cope. His inventive faculties are stimulated just now; he's got as good and solid a scare in him as a man can well carry amongst his ribs without tumbling down; but even that hasn't screwed him to the necessary pitch. He no more knows how those notes got into his pocket than Elk, your clerk, does.

"'You see, the young fool was, in a way, most awfully slipshod about his money matters, though there was method in his madness. A thousand-pound Bank of England note isn't a thing an ordinary pickpocket can get rid of like a tenner. In consequence of this, Cope used to leave his money lying about anywhere, confident that it would not be stolen, and forty people might have had complete access to it. He says Presse was constantly blowing him up for his carelessness, and that he was always chaffing Presse for being a nervous old woman. Presse took a big interest in the fellow, there's no doubt about that.'

"'Then, do you hint that this officious agent fellow forged the notes?'

"The men at the top thundered at the carelessness of those beneath them."

"'I hint nothing, Grayson; but I suspect everybody. I might remark, though, that Presse messes about with a hand camera, and photography certainly appears to have had something to do with the production of these forged notes.'

"'Why didn't you tell me this before?'

"'Because I can add nothing to it. Because, between making bad amateur photographs with a half-plate camera and turning out perfect thousand-pound bills there are many lengthy gaps which I can't fill in anyhow. I'm not exactly a fool, Grayson. You can bet your boots I've tried to father the job on Presse.'

"'Yet it strikes me it's *aut Presse aut nullus*. Look here; from what you tell me, nearly all these forged notes were passed at Doncaster during the Leger week. Cope was then staying at Bordell Priory. Do you mind my sending Elk down there to see if he can hunt out anything?'

"'You can send a whole menagerie if you like,' said Barnes. I could see he didn't like my trying further where he himself had failed; and if I had seen any other chance of bringing Cope off clear I shouldn't have suggested the thing. But it seemed to me then that our only hope was to shift the blame

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on to Presse's shoulders, and if anyone could do that, I believed my queer head clerk to be the man.

"I told Elk what I wanted of him, and the fellow's eye brightened up at once.

"'Think you can tear yourself away from the domestic hearth for a day or two?' I asked.

"Elk grinned like a fiend. He's a little man, and he has married into a nest of gaunt sisters. His home life is one continuous harlequinade, with himself as the bobby. When I send him off on any bit of business, he puts all his wits into it, and does it as well as possible, in the hopes of soon being packed off again on some other job. Of course, it isn't often that he comes into use; but I'll give him credit for working up some cases into a win which would otherwise have turned out an absolute fizzle.

"This matter of Cope's is a very good instance of Elk's nosing powers. He went down to Bordell Priory fully determined to shift the trouble on to Presse's shoulders, and he left no stone unturned to do it. Presse was away at Castle Cope in Fermanagh, and the coast was entirely clear.

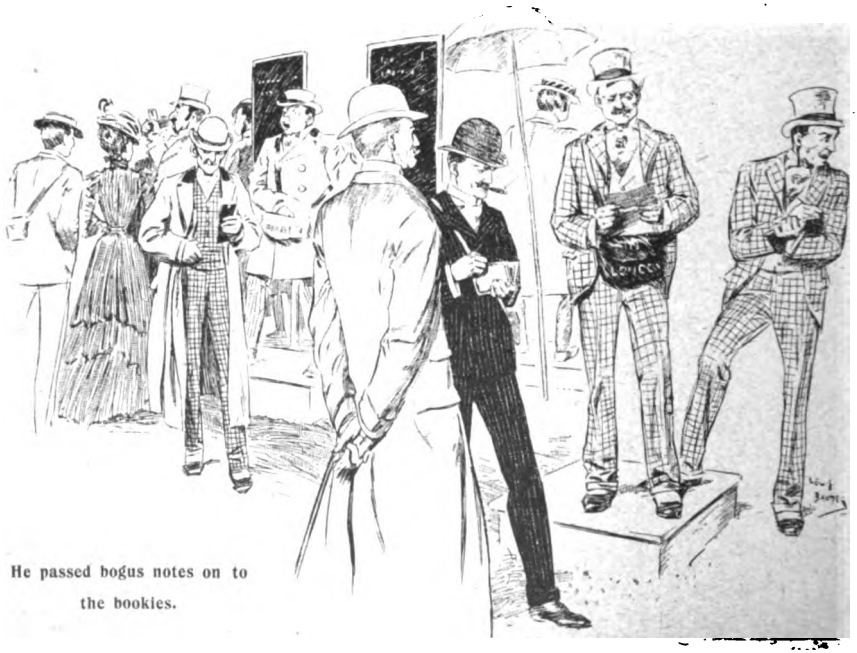
"Cope was vastly civil to the little man. 'He treated me quite as a gentleman, sir,' said Elk, 'and gave me a most magnificent dinner. He had had a very bad scare given him that very morning. Some anonymous Fleet Street scoundrel had written an article about the bank-note scrape, giving the whole thing, chapter and verse. He gallantly disregarded the Court of Queen's Bench, and pronounced sentence on his own brazen hook. He pointed out that without the least doubt the whole bar could not argue Mr. Cope clear, and was kind enough to assure the young gentleman of fourteen years' toil on public works. He said that when a person of his record gets before a jury of upright tradesmen, they weren't in the habit of taking lenient views of his failings; nor is a judge, when passing sentence, able to restrain himself from making an example.

"'Indeed, I think, sir,' said Elk, rubbing his hands, 'that it was owing to this scare that I banqueted with Mr. Cope in the dining-room. Otherwise I might have found myself taking high tea with the upper servants.'

"'Yes, yes,' said I, 'but get to the point. Have you pinned the onus of this affair on Presse?'

"Elk grinned. 'I worked to do that, sir, from the very first moment I set foot in the house. Mr. Cope didn't like it, but I told him it was the only chance we saw of saving his own skin, and so he went away to his own room and let me do as I pleased, without interfering. I started by overhauling Mr. Presse's photographic tackle.

"'You know, sir, I'm a bit of an amateur in that line myself; I've got a quarter-plate.



He passed bogus notes on to the bookies.

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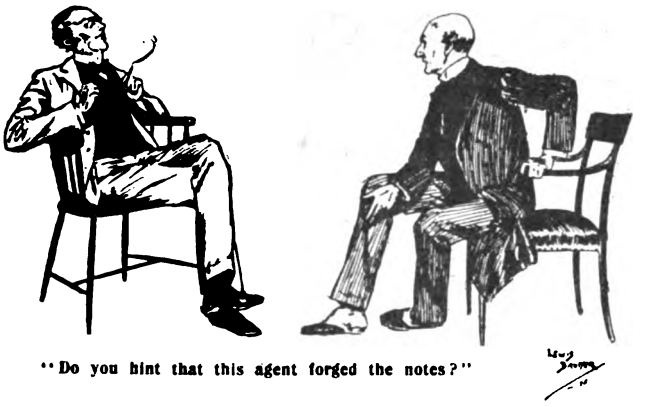

"Do you hint that this agent forged the notes?"

and do a touch of portrait work amongst friends against the rustic seat in my back garden; and so I could bring expert knowledge to bear on Mr. Presse's outfit.

"'It was stowed in a hump-roofed attic, which he used as a dark-room, and didn't seem to have been cared for recently. I took up the camera—an early Meagher—and examined it carefully. At first I thought the thing was sound enough, but on looking still more closely I found the bore-hole of a wood-worm barely an inch away from the lens. Now that, sir, would have formed a second superimposed picture of its own; and probably fogged everything as well. The worm-hole was comparatively old, and I took it for certain that the camera had not been used since it was drilled.

"'This, of course, didn't prove that Mr. Presse had no second camera somewhere stowed away. But I fancied he hadn't, for this reason: The developing bottles had not been used for a long time. Their shoulders were heavy with dust. The pyro. solution was black. The hypo. bottle had a cauliflower crust round its cork. Of course he might have had a second set of bottles, but that seemed rather far-fetched.

"'The floor was swept, but on the shelves and in the sink there was evidence that the place hadn't been used as a dark-room for many a month. There was thick dust everywhere, except on one thing.

"'Tilted by the side of the sink was an ebonite half-plate developing tray. The upper half was clean and shining; in the lower angle lay a drop or so of dark-brown liquid covered with a faintly opalescent scum. Now, that was pyrogallic developer, recently used; and I took the tray to the window to have a closer look.

"'On one flange was a thumb-mark, faint indeed, but absolutely distinct in all its lines. Now, Mr. Presse has large hands, as I have seen from his photograph, he being an enormous gentleman; and Mr. Cope has also "eights," as I noticed from himself. This thumb-mark could have been made by neither of them. It was small, and long, and delicately shaped. I fancied it was the mark of a woman's thumb, and a lady's at that.

"'It puzzled me much. Mr. Cope is not a lady's man; he does not get on with the other sex. He told me himself that he has none but his men friends to see him, and that the only women under the roof are the kitchen staff. And my thumb-mark seemed too delicate for anyone who could come from these last. But as I could think of no other way out of it, I went down to consult with Mrs. Jarrett, the housekeeper.

"'I found Mrs. Jarrett a very nice lady, sir; much above her present station in life. She mentioned that before she had had her misfortune, she drove her own pair——'

"'Bother Mrs. Jarrett, Elk,' said I, 'get along with your tale.'

"'Certainly, sir. As I was saying, Mrs. Jarrett was very kind, and rendered all information which lay in her power. I wanted to know if she had noticed one of her staff who constantly had stained finger-ends. Mrs. Jarrett was on the point at once. There had been an under kitchen-maid whom she was always chiding at for this very fault; a nice, pleasant-spoken young woman she was, Mrs. Jarrett said, and—yes—her hands *were* small and nicely shaped, when she came to think about it. But I was rather knocked, sir, when Mrs. Jarrett told me she was gone away from the Priory. It seems that for no special cause, except a sudden spasm of temper, the young

"I took the tray to the window to have a closer look."

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woman gave her sauce just two days before Mr. Cope's misfortune, and was bundled out of the house with a month's wages and no character, there and then. Her place had not been filled, and Mrs. Jarrett had no objection to my examining her bedroom, which had been undisturbed since she left.

"'It was a plain enough attic room, sir, bed, chest of drawers, two cane-seated chairs, and the usual utensils; and for a good half-hour I stared about it without seeing anything suspicious. Then I trod on a drawing pin, which was lying point uppermost on the floor, and on picking it out of my shoe, I noticed the white of plaster on the shank.'

"Elk paused, grinned, and then proceeded. 'There was nothing very remarkable in that, sir, you'll say. Perhaps not; but it made me stare over the walls more closely, and on one of them I saw three other pins driven into the plaster, and the hole where the fourth had been. Now, I didn't know the size of a thousand-pound Bank of England note, but I had with me the fiver you gave me for expenses, and guessing it would be the same shape, I flattened that out over the drawing pins on the wall. It fitted exactly. Each of the brass heads clamped a corner without the pins perforating the paper.

"The young woman gave her sauce."

"'So, thought I, that's all right. Now, where could it be photographed from? I looked round. The chest of drawers against the opposite wall would make a perfect camera stand; the gas bracket over them would give light in the right direction. I was prepared to stake a good deal that this was the first step in the process by which those fifty thousand-pound notes had been duplicated. But a lot more detailed proof was wanted before I could fill up a brief which you could handle. So I began to reason it out further.'

"'I wish you would cut short your beautiful reasonings, and give me the bare result. To begin with, how are these things forged at all?'

"'Photographed, sir, as I have shown you, from the original note on to a zinc plate covered with sensitised film. That is developed like an ordinary negative, and then placed in a bath of dilute nitric acid. The acid eats away what corresponds to the bare part of the note, leaving the lettering in bold relief. This is inked, placed in a press, and printed on specially water-marked paper in the usual way.'

"'I see. Well, did you find the camera, and the press, and the negatives which these notes had been printed from?'

"The little man looked at me with a comical air of reproach. 'No, sir. Why, you'd hardly expect a woman who was clever enough to go through all these processes would be sufficiently green to leave the tackle behind. No, sir, when she had done her job she sauced Mrs. Jarrett, and packed the outfit in her boxes, and went. But she did leave a memento or two behind her. She used another attic at the end of the passage as her dark-room, a windowless, littered place which was never disturbed. Everything was well hidden even there; but, knowing what to look for, I found a good deal. She had developed on the top of a packing-case, which is all stained with her chemicals, and she poured her used solutions down into a hollow of the walls. She had also dropped into that niche another thing, a spoiled plate—under exposed—of the note marked $\frac{P}{84}$ 86162. On the corner, over the drawing-pin head and a flower of the wall-paper, was a thumb-mark, identically similar, line for line, with the thumb-mark on the vulcanite developing tray.

"'You have probably heard, sir, that the markings on the thumbs of no two individuals are the same; and on this matter——'

"'Oh, confound you, do get on.'

"'Yes, sir. Well, being able to do no more there just then, I ran up to town and

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gave at Scotland Yard an accurate description of the young person I wanted. They knew her at once; they've a remarkably wide acquaintance with a certain artistic set at the Yard, sir; and within half a dozen hours they'd got her. She was living in comfort in my own neighbourhood, Brixton; and they found in her house a light lithographic press, an excellent half-plate camera, with a rapid rectilinear lens, and several unexposed zinc plates coated with bromo-iodine emulsion. This property in itself was doubtless innocent, but in the light of what I could bring forward it was very compromising. And, moreover, an impression of her right thumb taken in wax coincided, line for line, with the impressions in my possession. These facts were put before the young lady, Mr. Grayson, and I am pleased to inform you that she has owned up to making all those notes which Mr. Cope so unluckily fingered.'

"I trod on a drawing pin and noticed white plaster on the shank."

"Elk rambled on a good deal more, because he wanted to go down to Bordell Priory again to get further holiday from the gaunt sisters. His excuse was that he wished to complete the evidence. I knew that was rot, but I let him go out of gratitude. I'm afraid that's all he got out of the case, as I naturally gathered in the public *kudos* myself."

"Naturally. Then you got your man off all right?" queried O'Malley.

Grayson rubbed his hands. "Yes, and we had a clinking trial of it, a regular *cause célèbre*. There were two counts, Forging and Uttering. There was no question about the Uttering, and we pleaded 'guilty as an unconscious instrument.' However, expert evidence from the Bank of England showed how marvellous had been the imitation, so I had little fear of sentence on that score. Still, we had a grand fight of it over the Forging, and some of the most head-aching inductive evidence ever heard in court. But we got a 'Not Guilty' on it most triumphantly.

"Old Hawkins was on the Bench though, and you know his way. He couldn't resist reading Cope an improving lecture. It was, perhaps, unfair under the circumstances; but it certainly did that enterprising ass no violent harm. Master Willie Cope ripped out the old leaves and ranged himself most wonderfully afterwards; and thanks to Presse, the estates are pretty nearly on their feet again by now."

"But what about the girl?"

"Oh, you see, she was a sinner much in request. She'd done time before for the same game, and came of a fine old criminal stock. Consequently, she got it hot."

"Accomplices?"

"Were many, naturally. The whole thing was worked most scientifically by a large gang. But the girl was staunch, she wouldn't tell. The rest of the crowd are at large today, and we shall probably meet some of them on the racecourse. If any of you chaps can spot one of them out, the Bank would give you more money than you're likely to make in the afternoon over backing gee-gees. Because you see——"

The grinding of brakes made the K.C. look out of the window.

"Hullo! My faith, here we are at Aintree. How you fellows have kept me babbling. Here, tell me, someone, ought I still to get 25 to 1 about Canoptic for the National? I want him for a long shot."

"We had a grand fight of it over the forging."

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MY FIRST PICTURE.

By Miss Maude Goodman.

BY my first picture you must mean my first successful picture. That painting was "Un Chant d'Amour," which was exhibited in the Academy in 1889. You would like to know how I came to conceive the idea? Well, it is always rather difficult for me to trace back a picture when it is completed to the original theme out of which it developed. However, I will try in this case it in a picture. But how to use it pictorially was the next question to which I gave my attention. Naturally I determined it must be put into the hands of a woman, for it seemed so distinctly a woman's instrument, that the idea of letting a man play it never once crossed my mind. The upshot, therefore, was that I should have a girl singing as she played, and what so obvious as that she

By permission of Messrs. Leggatt Bros., Cheapside, E.C.

"Un Chant d'Amour."—Miss Maude Goodman's First Academy Success, Exhibited 1889.

to do so. My husband and I were bicycling one day in the neighbourhood of Barnes. On the road we saw an old curiosity shop. To stop, dismount, and to go in was the obvious thing to do, as it is always a temptation with us. There we came across a splendid specimen of a harp-lute. It seemed so essentially a theme for a canvas that we bought it, with a view to my using should sing to the man who was in love with her? The other two figures were "accessories after the fact," as the lawyers say, but were quite necessary in order to fill up the scheme of the composition. The people who own prints of that picture, or who are interested in its reproduction, will perhaps find an added interest in the fact that my husband sat to me for the lover, in such time

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as he could spare to me in his moments of leisure. Thus my task became literally a labour of love, since he was willing to sacrifice hour after hour to me in order to help me in my work. The position was a difficult one to keep, but he would sit for me until his back actually ached. Nowadays, when I need a male model, I refrain from encroaching on his good nature and engage a professional. It must sound horribly prosaic—but the truth must be faced—that my model was formerly a tailor by trade,

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"You Darling!"—Miss Maude Goodman's First Picture Exhibited at the Academy.

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but he no doubt finds posing a more congenial, if not a more remunerative, vocation in life.

Another member of my own family also figures in the composition for the youngest child. This is my little boy. Times have changed, however, for now it is only sometimes, in the interval of his scholastic studies, that he sits for me, but I hope, later on, he may even pose for my lovers. The out of a picture, such a frock as he is represented in. It would, I think, be a most unhealthy costume, though the graceful lines of a long robe lend an element of beauty to a picture.

When I had finished the picture I called it "Sympathy." The publisher who owned the rights of reproduction, however, objected to the title on the ground that it suggested something sad, and he thought that would

"Many Happy Returns of the Day."

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., New Bond Street, W.

sentimental little person who sits enraptured at the thought of the "love song" which will come into her own life, was a model who realised very completely the idea I wished to convey.

In these days, when artists are supposed to exercise so much influence on the dress of people, I should like to say I do not advocate such clothes as I have represented the baby wearing. My little son never wore, militate, to a certain extent, against its appeal to the popular imagination.

I, therefore, left the choosing of a new name to him, and he set about finding it in a novel way. He spent hour after hour one day, so he tells me, reading Shakespeare in the hope that he would find a quotation which would just apply to the picture. He was not altogether successful in this, but at last he discovered the phrase which was, he

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thought, exactly suited to the canvas. People will say, "a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still," when I tell you that I still prefer the original title, "Sympathy," myself.

When the picture was exhibited, it, fortunately for me, attracted many admirers, and one correspondent said that such faces could never, he thought, be seen out of Heaven. Personally I do not know if the angels look like that; if they do they must have a good deal of earthly sentiment about them.

No, I do not think that the girl who is singing is a little bit in love with the man. She is not even thinking of him while she sits singing her song of love. You may believe if you like that the picture was really the outcome of the romantic idea of the artist in the days when it was conceived, which caused its evolution in that particular form.

"Un Chant d'Amour" has often been reproduced in tableaux vivants. The Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) for instance performed it at Windsor a few years ago. I happen to know this, for the publisher was applied to for a copy of the picture. On other occasions people have written to me either to ask me to lend them the instrument or to describe the colours of the dresses and the materials of which they are made in order that they may get everything quite right. Once, at an entertainment got up for some charity in Chelsea, two girls were selected, who were so extraordinarily like those in the picture, that when the curtains were drawn and the tableau was revealed, my husband and I were astounded. The faces in my picture were not portraits at all, and it was astonishing, therefore, to find two people who so exactly reproduced my fancy.

"A Labour of Love."

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., New Bond Street, W.

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No, the characters never were grouped together at any one time. I never group my models, but compose the picture in my head, making the very roughest sketches in charcoal to suggest the relative positions they will occupy. A line, with a scribble to suggest drapery, is invariably all that I do in the first instance, and then little by little I add bits of detail until the picture assumes something of its final form, I, of course, painting from models the whole time.

Occasionally, however, the whole picture is revealed to me in a flash, as it were, and I see the canvas full of the figures, each in its proper place, and the colouring of the whole absolutely correct at once. Very often it is in the dead of the night that these pictures form themselves, making a brilliant contrast of colour against the background of darkness on which they make their unexpected and vivid appearance.

It was a year before "Un Chant d'Amour" was painted that "I want to see the wheels go Wound" was exhibited at the Royal Academy. It was not, however, reproduced until after the success of the other picture made the publishers desirous of reproducing more of my work. Like several of my other pictures, this one, which still appears to be a favourite, had its origin in a real event in my own household. The grandfather's clock was a present to me from a dear old admirer in Scotland, who has always been kind enough to think pleasant things about my work. It stood in the hall in the house in which we were living at the time. One morning, as I came downstairs, I saw my little son—he was about four at the time—standing in front of the clock case, which he had managed somehow or other to get open. As soon as he heard my footsteps approaching he turned round to me and said, "Me wants to see wheels go wound," no doubt unconsciously reproducing the words he had shortly before heard read to him in that charming little history of infant life, "Helen's Babies."

The words, the pose, the sentiment of the whole thing struck me at once as a picture, and I decided there and then to paint it. It will possibly seem to be something like dramatic injustice that, fearful lest the child should attempt to open the case again, meddle with the weights, and have them fall on his head, I punished him with most salutary effect! If anyone should think he didn't deserve the punishment on that occasion, I can only say he often did later on, for he was a delightfully boyey boy.

It was he, too, who furnished the subject for the companion pictures, "In Disgrace," and "I will be good now, mother." For one of those innocent misdemeanours which bring a thrill of joy to every mother's heart that all women will understand, I put him into the corner one day. As he stood there, with his fluffy golden head contrasting against the dark wainscotting of the room, he suggested the first idea. The next moment, as he turned round, with "I will be good now, mother," falling from his baby lips, I could not resist another mental note. What else could I do but paint him? It is his face which is seen in the latter picture, though in the former, as the face is not visible, I got a professional model to stand, so as not to tire my own little one. It was a real incident of child life, too, which suggested my little painting, "Me loves oo." The baby was the little son of Lady Maitland, and his mother found him one day kissing the reflection of himself in the mirror, just as I have painted it.

Perhaps of my pictures, the one which has had the most popular success is "When the heart is young." It made a fortune for the publishers, yet, strange to say, this was the only one, out of the many published by them, with which they did not seem quite satisfied when they saw it in my studio completed. The central figure of the child dancing first struck me as a paintable idea, and gradually the other figures grouped themselves about it until I saw the picture just as it was painted. It is something of a sarcasm, in view of that circumstance, that year after year I am asked by publishers, "Can't you give us another 'When the heart is young?'" The original painting was bought by Mr. Arthur Tooth, but I have not the least idea who is the present owner, though I should very much like to know.

Everybody thinks that the little girl in the picture is my own daughter, for she is so like her. This is quite incorrect, however. She might have been my model but for the simple fact that she was not born at the time I painted the picture. Now she sits to me for all the children. She regards it as her prerogative and insists on doing so. If by any chance I suggest getting another model she raises her voice in protestation and cries as if her little heart would break.

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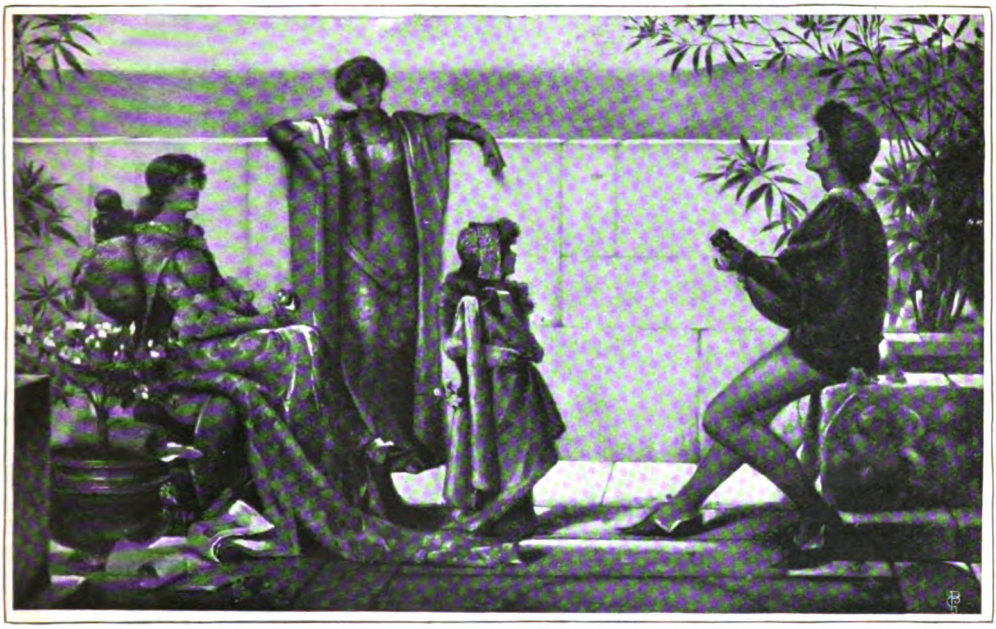
It was she who suggested my picture of "The labour of love." She was learning the zither, and her father was giving her a lesson. One day she begged me to paint her like that, and the outcome of her request was the picture. It was a good deal of trouble for, somehow, it would not come right at first. I painted it in and then I painted it out; then I painted it in again, and painted it out once more. At last I gave it up in despair, declaring that I could not finish it.

"But, mother, you will finish my picture, won't you," she said, and it was impossible to resist the appeal. I set to work once more, but it was a long time before I could finish it.



By permission of Messrs. Leggatt Bros., Cheapside, E.C.

"When the Heart is Young."

As a matter of fact, my pictures never do come as I really want them. They are always different from what they look like when I see them with the eye of imagination. The only thing that ever makes me leave off working at them is the necessity of sending in to the Academy at a certain time. Were it not for that I do not believe I should ever regard a picture finished any more than I did in my student days at South Kensington, when Sir Edward Poynter, though he may have forgotten the circumstance, helped me so much with his kindly criticism.

It was while I was still a student at South Kensington that my first picture, with which it seems I must be pursued in this article, was really painted. It had quite a history for me, apart from the fact that it was the all-important first picture which I painted and ventured to send for exhibition. I sent it to the French Gallery, where it was hung on exhibition. One day a gentleman saw it, took a fancy to it, and wanted to buy it. I had put the price of £20 on it, but he would only give £15. To sell the picture was, of course, too great an experience in those days to be foregone, and I gladly accepted the cheque for £15 which was offered. When the season was over and the picture was removed to the purchaser's house, however, he found he liked it so well that he sent a cheque for the other five pounds to Mr. Wallis, who, with his usual kindly feeling towards young artists, forwarded it to me with a charmingly encouraging letter.

In the early part of the exhibition I had occasion to go to the gallery on some business or other. My mother was with me, and in the course of conversation Mr. Wallis referred to the picture. He thought my mother was the artist, and complimented her on her work, adding, "If you go on working I am sure you will succeed, for you have shown great promise in that little picture."

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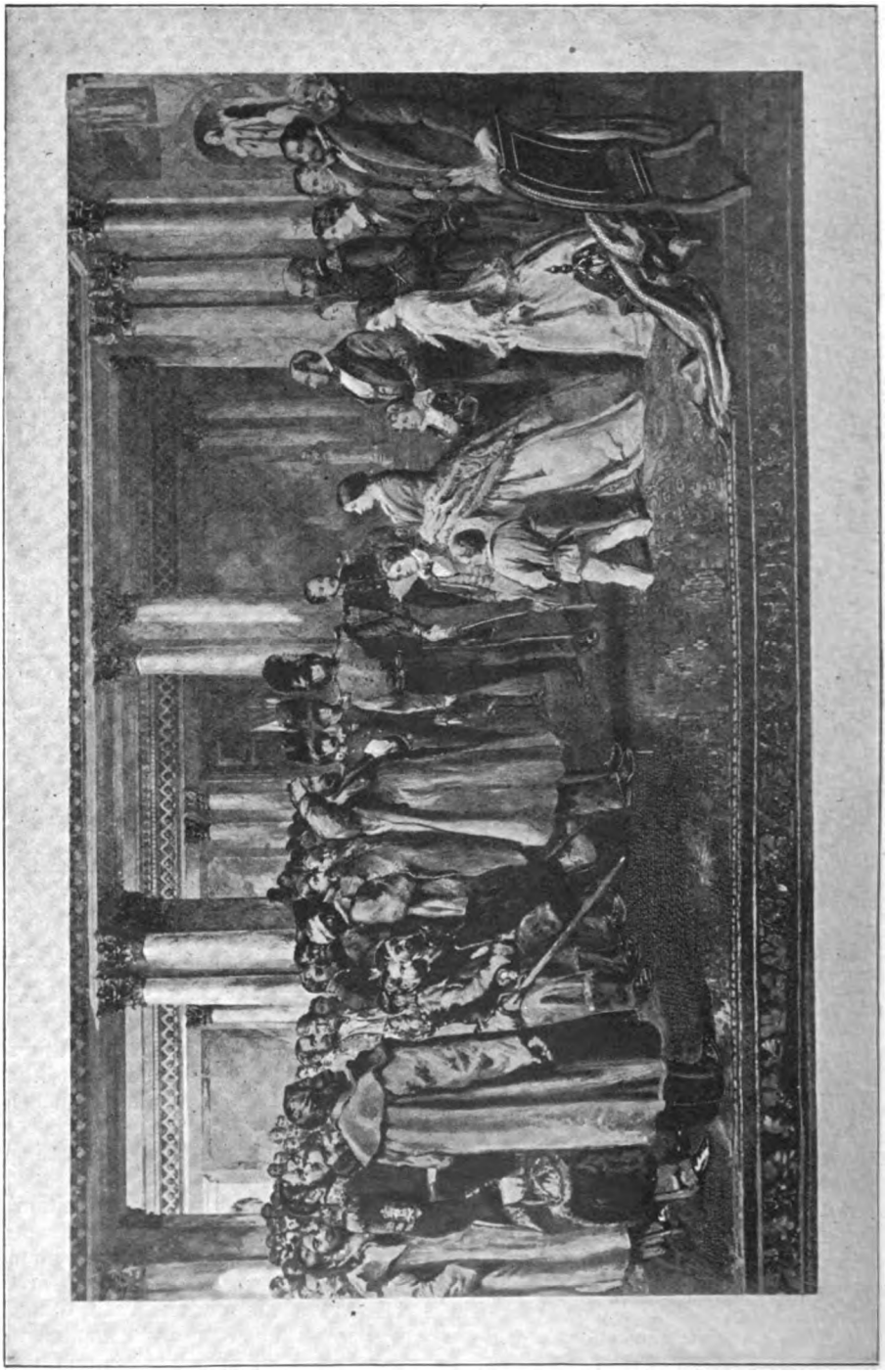

The King's First Public Appearance. Reception of the Crimean Heroes at Buckingham Palace, February 28th, 1855.
From the Painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

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MY QUEEN AND FRIEND.

A Romance from the Diary of a Maid of Honour.

By M. E. Freeborn.

Illustrated by W. H. MARGETSON.

My Aunt, Lady Charlotte, had placed in my hands, not long before she died, the following "Recollections of the Early Forties," which relate, in the diction of the day, the story of her obligation to the illustrious lady, whom she outlived but a few short weeks.

Beaulieu, May, 184—.

TO-MORROW I become one of her Majesty's Maids of Honour, and leave the old home for the first time.

Hitherto I have been completely under the wing of mamma—to-morrow I shall have to act for myself. I think she feels like the mother bird when the fledgeling leaves the nest, although she seldom, if ever, allows herself to manifest any emotion. To-day has been an eventful one for me, for I have had a declaration of love, and from one to whom I am not indifferent.

It happened thus:—

The evening was lovely, and my old home looked very beautiful as I wandered along the terrace and down the flower garden to my own especial plot. Under a west wall was my bed of lilies of the valley, just now in full bloom, and filling the soft evening air with their delicate perfume. They were my royal mistress's favourite flower, so I had heard, and I was treasuring them to take to her on the morrow. As I bent over them, the fringe of my blue sash caught in a sweet-briar bush, and I was so busy disentangling it that I did not hear a light, quick footstep upon the gravel path. I looked up, and saw Sir William Meredith standing beside me.

"You here, Sir William," I cried, and my cheeks flushed, as his eyes sought mine with a passion in them that could not be misunderstood. He bent over my hand with the grace which had been taught by the "First Gentleman of Europe."

"You must forgive me, Lady Charlotte," he said, "I ought not to be here without the Duchess's knowledge, but I knew your favourite resort and could not let you go to Windsor without one word of farewell."

"It will be some time before we meet again," I said, somewhat flippantly. A shadow clouded his dark, clear-cut face, and he fell back a pace or two, stamping unwittingly upon the finest bells of my lilies (what hasty, ill-balanced creatures men are!).

"And you can speak so lightly of what is to me the crushing of all my hopes, Charlotte?" he said. "Once at Court, you will forget all your old friends."

"Who says I shall forget them?" I murmured, my head bent, and my curls veiling my cheeks.

"Charlotte!" he said, seizing my hand again, and going down upon his knees, "I adore you, I worship you; but I cannot ask you to share my fortunes till they are more hopeful. The Duke does not countenance my addresses."

I burst into tears, and, in a moment, he had sprang to his feet and his arm was round me.

"My angel," he said, "you have given me (may I say it?) more hope than you intended to, and I shall cherish it until you forbid me to do so. Her Majesty has a tender heart; some day you may be able to tell her of our love. I am the son of her late father's friend, but so far I have been overlooked."

He paused, and an expression of deep dejection settled on his handsome face.

He took from his breast a packet, and unwrapped it before my eyes.

"This is all I have to console me," he said.

It was a miniature, set in diamonds, and of myself. There I was, with my blue eyes and dark ringlets, and the wild rose bloom which was such a trial to me, because it would come and go when I did not wish my feelings to be betrayed. He pressed it passionately to his lips, and then replaced it with a significant smile.

"Would I could wear the original on my

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heart for ever," he said. "Farewell, Charlotte," and the tears shone between his curling lashes. "You will not write to me—I dare not ask it—still, you may see me sooner than you anticipate; till then, remember me."

Drawing me to him, he parted the hair upon my forehead and kissed me gently and reverently. Then he leapt the low gate and vanished down the road.

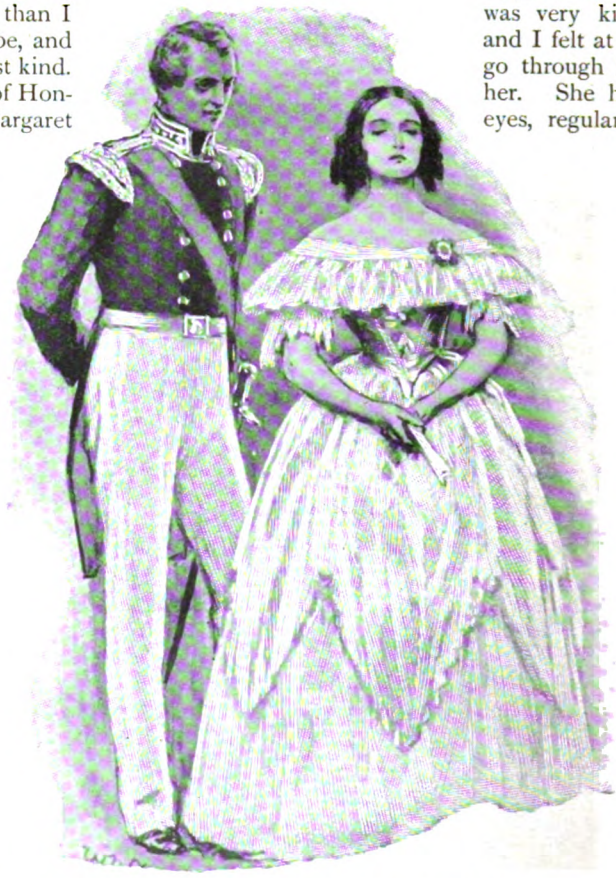
* * *

Windsor Castle, May, 184—.

I have arrived at Windsor, and my first evening has passed off much more pleasantly than I expected. I was far less nervous than I feared I should be, and everyone was most kind. The other Maid of Honour, the Hon. Margaret Kershaw, met me on arrival and took me to my rooms, which are very comfortable. I have a bedroom and sitting-room, and Elizabeth, my maid, has a little room opening out of mine. Margaret is very elegant and genteel, though possessed of no great beauty, and I think we shall get on well together. She took me to Lady Leytonstone, who gave me the badge, her Majesty's picture framed in brilliants and mounted on a knot of red ribbon. I was to be presented to her Majesty before dinner in the corridor. I begged Lady Leytonstone to correct me in anything she might find wanting in me.

"The Duchess's daughter will need no tuition," she said smiling. "Be assured my dear, you need have no fear of her Majesty. She is graciousness itself."

I wore my white satin dress that evening, with a wreath of pink roses. I dressed in great trepidation, and awaited the Queen in the corridor outside her apartments. Lady Leytonstone smiled to see me practising my curtsey before the cheval glass. My heart went pit-a-pat under the lace of my bodice, and I longed for the door to open and my royal mistress to appear. Presently, just when I was not prepared, and had momentarily turned my back, she came, and I bent before her as Lady Leytonstone presented me, and kissed her hand. She was very kind and gracious, and I felt at once that I could go through fire and water for her. She has beautiful blue eyes, regular features, and a fair skin, and smooth, soft hair looped over her ears and drawn to a knot at the back of her head. Her bearing, though gracious, is inexpressibly queenly. She asked kindly after mamma and my brothers, and then we all went in to dinner. I was thankful that none but the Household were present. As we entered I heard her Majesty say to Lady Leytonstone: "I do like to have good-looking people about me."



"Not with my permission," I said, my eyes sparkling with anger.

To-night I had to place the bouquet at the Queen's right hand, and I was careful to lay the bunch of lilies beside it.

I sat next to the Marquis of E., who was on the Queen's right. He is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, stationed at Windsor.

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and is not one of the Household, for which I am thankful, but is an invited guest.

I did not like his manner, much freer than Sir William Meredith's, and it was fortunate that he could say very little to me, his attention being concentrated on my royal mistress whenever she might chance to drop a word or two to him.

Afterwards, he sought my side in the drawing-room, and his attentions were decidedly marked.

"Lady Charlotte, I feel certain I have seen your face before," he said. "Ah, I have it. It was at a miniature painter's—Harvey's, in London. Who, I wonder, is the fortunate possessor of that incomparable picture? I'll warrant he wears it next his heart."

I strove to hide the embarrassment his words produced in me.

"You start," he cried. "I thought so. Then you know who has it. I must see if I can persuade the artist to produce another—a copy."

"Not with my permission, my lord," I said, my eyes sparkling with anger. "Such favours are only for my friends."

"You do not reckon me as one. Then, perhaps, you may presently have to reckon me as a lover."

He gazed at me with increased admiration, and a mocking air of patronage.

"So beautiful and yet so obdurate," he murmured. "Is it possible?"

"Do not suppose I am pleased with such flattery," I said coldly.

"No flattery, but the truth," he answered. "I always knew her Majesty had a knack of gathering beauty about her royal person, but——" At this moment my royal mistress signed to me. Her quick eye had noticed my embarrassment, and her ready tact saved her little Maid of Honour from the Marquis's unwelcome attentions. As I swept from him, my head in the air, he said mockingly—

"So much beauty can be permitted to have its pride, its caprices, even its tempers."

I should have given a hasty retort, but Margaret pulled my dress and whispered—

"Do not anger Lord E., Charlotte. He is reputed to be an inveterate duellist and the most fatal shot in the army. If he has made you the object of his attentions, it may be a serious matter."

* * *

I fear I have not seen the last of the Marquis. Her Majesty questioned me to-day about his attentions, and I said they were very unwelcome.

"Poor Charlotte," she said, caressingly, "I must watch over my pretty Maid of Honour. Be in no hurry to find a husband, little one, and when the right man comes may you be as happy as I am." Her eyes filled with tears, and she spoke so simply and unaffectedly that I almost forgot she was my Queen, and only remembered that she was a girl like myself.

I fell on my knees and kissed her hand, my love and loyalty overflowing.

"I can never be happier than I am with you, madam," I said. "There is one whom I——" and then I paused.

"So there is someone," she said. "You must tell me all about it, *liebchen*, some day, and I will see what I can do for you. Now we must both hurry away, for I have an audience."

That night I excused myself on the plea of a headache, and retired to bed early. I had fallen into a doze, when I awoke with a light flashing in my eyes.

It was her Majesty in evening dress, with diamonds flashing on her fair neck and arms, and a merry twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Don't be frightened," she said, "I just wanted to see whether you were as pretty asleep as you are awake."

And she made me lie down again, when I would have sprung to my feet.

"Sleep soundly, little one," she said, "and may your dreams be happy ones."

Who could help loving so kind and gracious a mistress? I would have given my life for her, which, indeed, I might have to do in real earnest some day, for that precious life had already been attempted several times.

Buckingham Palace, June 14, 184—

The King of P—— arrives to-morrow, and there are to be festivities in his honour, of which a fancy ball forms an important item.

* * *

The ball was a brilliant success.

Exactly as the clock struck ten, the royal procession entered the Ball Room, the King of P—— leading the Queen, and the other Royalties following. The fine Ball Room—hung with pictures and silver sconces, and lighted by huge chandeliers, the light sparkling upon each hanging lustre—was filled with all that was most noble, beautiful, and brave in English society.

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I had had little time to look around me, and to become accustomed to the fascinating scene, when I heard a voice in my ears, and looking up beheld the Marquis bowing before me, and dazzling me with the orders which flashed upon his breast. He looked very well, his handsome person showing off the full dress uniform of the Guards to perfection.

"May I have the honour of the first quadrille, Lady Charlotte?" he said in honeyed tones, and I was so confused that I allowed him to lead me to the head of the figure. Presently the music struck up, and I was so engrossed in doing my steps correctly that I hardly heard the extravagant compliments he paid me; but I noticed that his attentions were drawing remark upon myself, and a masked figure, with a voice which seemed to me to be familiar, whispered as we passed each other, "Beware!" I started and turned pale, and the Marquis would have supported me, thinking I was ill, but I laughed lightly, and said it was but a passing faintness. But I was so perturbed that I had promised the Marquis a round dance, the mazurka, later in the evening, before I knew what I was doing. This was foolish of me, and thus I allowed myself to be led into the unfortunate train of circumstances which were to cause me so much anxiety. I was surrounded by gentlemen anxious for the privilege of standing up with me, and my head was almost turned by all the attention I received; yet my thoughts were singularly fixed upon William that night. Could he be present? Surely not, and yet that masked figure flitting by me in the crowd.

The time passed merrily, however, and I quite forgot the Marquis and his attentions, and was annoyed when he presented himself for the mazurka. I tried to pretend that he was mistaken in my promise, but he was firm, and I had to stand up with him; and a very fine figure of a man he was, too, if only his manner, always overbearing, had not become more familiar, so that I feared he had been taking wine. He danced well, but not so lightly and evenly as William,

I bent before the Queen and kissed her hand.

and I was glad when he suggested a promenade on the terrace in the moonlight. We strolled outside.

"You have not yet told me who is the favoured possessor of your miniature, Lady Charlotte," said the Marquis, as we walked side by side along the terrace, my hand resting upon the gay sleeve of his uniform. "Some day I shall require to be told,

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when I have persuaded you to say the words which will make me a happy man."

I looked at him in surprise and indignation. "There is no question of anything between you and me," I said, with spirit.

"Is there not?" he said, with a reckless laugh. "I have the Duke's permission to pay you my addresses, and half the world believes that we are betrothed. I am not the man to be easily thwarted, and I should like to meet the owner of the miniature, and see if he is bold enough to stand in my way."

"I just wanted to see whether you were as pretty asleep as you are awake," said the Queen.

By this time we had left the steps of the terrace and had reached a corner of the lawn, across which the shadow of a large tree fell, and hid us from the windows of the palace.

"But my consent has yet to be gained, my lord," I said, drawing my arm from his, and confronting him as bravely as I could.

A mad passion leapt into his blue eyes, and he grasped my hand.

"By heaven! Charlotte," he cried, "I swear you shall be mine, at any cost; by force, if no other way will do."

And before I knew what he was doing, his arm was around me, and he was crushing me in his embrace, showering hot kisses upon my unwilling lips. I screamed faintly, and felt about to swoon, but help was near at hand.

A hand fell like iron upon his shoulder, and a voice which I recognised with thankfulness to be William's said:

"Sir, this lady is under my protection."

The Marquis released me, and turned furiously with an oath, laying his hand upon his sword.

"Oh, William!" I cried, flying to him, "don't say anything to him; go away, do."

William's face, which had expressed rapture at my welcome, fell again at my extraordinary reception of him.

"Is it possible, Charlotte, that this man's addresses are acceptable to you?"

"Oh no, William, but I fear him," I said, beside myself with apprehension for his safety. "Don't anger him; go, if you love me, dearest William." This in a whisper.

"Go, and leave you with this man, Charlotte? Never." Meanwhile the Marquis stood furiously regarding us, and William took no notice of my pleading, but glowered at him in return.

"What right have you to interfere between this lady and me?" demanded the Marquis.

"None but that she gives me," said William, very coolly and quietly. "Which is it to be, Charlotte? Say a word and I will leave you."

For answer I clung to him and whispered that I bid him stay.

Then he drew himself up to his full height and faced the Marquis, looking very noble and determined.

"Sir, your attentions are distasteful to this lady," he said, and he laid his arm protectingly around me.

The Marquis replied by a savage blow, and I gasped as I realised what a terrible thing this meant.

For a moment William did not answer.

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He wiped the blood from his mouth, and said, looking very white and stern—

"I suppose we shall settle this matter in the usual way, my lord."

"Certainly," said the Marquis, with a dark glance at me, as though he said "This is your doing." "I am at your service; my second will wait upon you to-morrow, or rather to-day, if you will furnish me with your town address." William scribbled something on a card and gave it to him, and then with a mocking bow to me the Marquis strode away, and I was left trembling and clinging to William.

The attendant had told me that I should find her with the Prince in her own sitting-room. My hopes rose, for I knew how strongly the Prince felt about the prevalence of the duelling system in the army. I walked tremblingly up the grand staircase, and knocked at the door of the room.

A silvery voice that I knew well, said "Come in," and I entered. It was a lofty room, looking out upon the gardens of the palace. The Queen was seated in a high chair, busy with some needlework, for her fingers were never idle, and the Prince was

His arm was around me when a hand fell like iron upon his shoulder.

I suffered him to take me back to the ballroom, where he left me, promising to let me know the time and place of the duel. I refused to dance again, and sat with my heart devoured with anxious thoughts, until my royal mistress commanded me to retire, perceiving my uneasiness; and before retiring she was so kind as to promise me an audience the following morning.

* * *

My interview is over, and my whole soul is filled with thankfulness to my gracious Sovereign and her amiable Consort.

writing at a table in one of the low windows. He nodded to me as I curtseyed, and then resumed his writing. The Queen looked up with the ready smile she had for me.

"How now, Charlotte," she said, "what is the trouble? I could see last night that something was wrong. Always my humble little woman," she said, as I knelt before her, and she raised me to stand at her side.

"Madam," I said, tremblingly, "a great misfortune has befallen me. My lover, of whom I told your Majesty, was at the ball last night and the Marquis picked a quarrel with him."

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"Over my Maid of Honour, I suppose," aid the Queen.

"Yes, your Majesty, and they are to fight duel, and oh! William will be killed."

Her Majesty's brow darkened, and her emeanour took an increased dignity.

"What, to pick a quarrel in our own alace?" she said. "Tell me, child, who as to blame?"

"The Marquis, madam; he took the berty of embracing me, and William nterfered."

"Ah! *ces beaux yeux.* They have much account for," she said, a smile crossing

My royal mistress pressed my hand with that mixture of dignity and sweetness which made her so lovable.

"Oh, save him, your Majesty," I ventured to say; "if he dies it will be my fault."

"It is a very serious offence, particularly as the Marquis is my guest, and knows how you feel about duelling—how we both feel," said the Queen to the Prince, and then she withdrew with him, and they spoke in German, which was a language I had studied but little.

"Leave us now, Charlotte," said her Majesty at length. "We must act at once

The Queen sat in her chair, busy with needlework, while the Prince sat writing.

e displeased expression on her face. Meanwhile, I shall ask you to tell the story the Prince. He feels very strongly on the ubject of duelling."

She moved to where the Prince sat writing, nd spoke to him for a few moments. He oined us, and at my royal mistress's equest I repeated my story.

"Meredith," said the Queen, "the son of ny father's great friend?"

"The same, madam," I answered.

"And are you sure you truly love him, Charlotte?"

I answered with a blush and a tear.

if this is to be prevented. Have every confidence that we will use our authority on your behalf."

I went to my room, and am not ashamed to say that I spent much time upon my knees. I was overpowered by a sense of William's danger, and I commended him to the protection of God.

I did not appear at luncheon, as her Majesty had given me permission to withdraw for the remainder of the day. Margaret told me that the Prince looked anxious, and had driven out in the morning, and was going out again in the afternoon. I was leaning

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out of my window, cooling my cheeks with the soft air of the June evening, when Elizabeth came to say that a gentleman was below, who begged me to see him.

I thought of the Marquis, and was about to deny myself, when she handed me the card.

It was William's, and I flew downstairs, my feet hardly touching the heavily-carpeted floor. It was indeed William, with joy written upon his countenance. I ran to meet him, and then a sudden fit of shyness overtook me, and I paused. He looked pale, but happy, and very noble and distinguished-looking.

"Have you no better welcome for me than this, Charlotte?" he said, "for you are mine, are you not? I have much to tell you, but first assure me with your own sweet lips what I long to know—that you love me," and I yielded to his embrace and took courage to look into his ardent eyes.

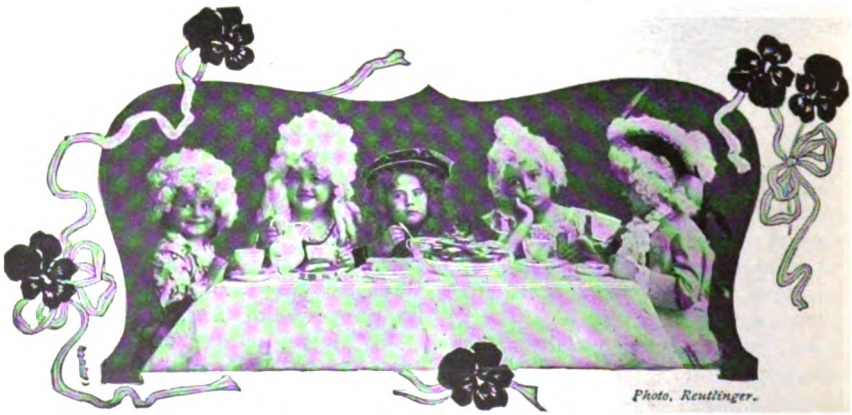
"Ah, how happy I am," he sighed, as he held me close, and then he drew me to sit beside him. "Now for my story. Her Majesty and the Prince have been goodness itself. It seems the Prince has been urging the Duke of W. to take measures for putting a stop to duelling for some time, and this little affair of ours has given him an opportunity. I received a message to say that the Prince and the Duke would call upon me this afternoon. I was prepared to receive them, as you can imagine.

"They arrived, bearing with them an apology from the Marquis. How they extorted it from him I cannot say. He was the last man to be willing to be baulked of his revenge. There must have been something of which we are not aware. The Prince required me to accept the apology. I demurred, protesting that the slur upon my honour would be insurmountable. They both insisted, declaring that it was suitable to the character of honourable men to apologise and offer redress for wrong and insult, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept frankly and cordially the explanation and apologies for the same.

"These words the Duke read to me, and they were to take the form of an army order to be put forth. The Prince also added that he had induced the Marquis to resign his suit to you, and, after questioning me, told me that her Majesty had a real affection for you, and was disposed to advance our fortunes. She had, therefore, decided, should the Duke, your father, be willing to allow the marriage to take place, to offer me the post of Ambassador at Lisbon, and, when the period of your waiting was over, to give you to me."

"Oh, William!" I cried, nestling closer to him, "how can we ever repay her? It is too good to be true."

A certain solemnity grew in William's face, and with a sudden impulse he rose to his feet, and, holding my hand with one of his, he raised the other to heaven, and said, "God bless our noble Queen."



Photo, Reutlinger.

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MILESTONES IN THE LIFE OF KING EDWARD VII.

TOLD IN PICTURES.

From the painting by Sir George Hayter.

The Christening of King Edward VII. at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, January 25th, 1842.

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The King in his Colonel's uniform, 1860.

Aged eleven.

Aged fourteen.

Aged seven.

Queen Victoria with King Edward VII. as a baby.

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The King in the early sixties.

Aged twenty-two.

The King as a college student.

The King on his coming of age.

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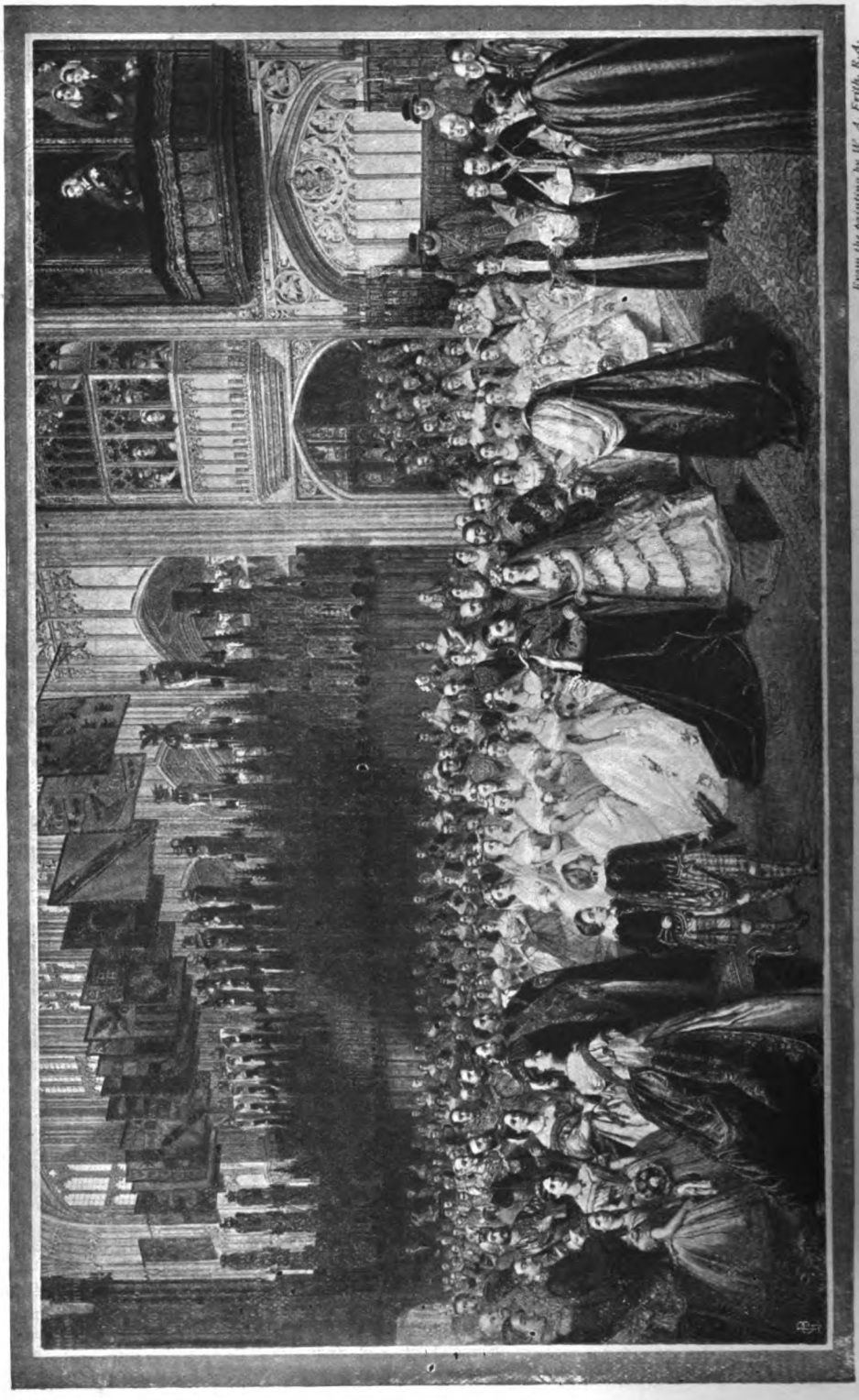

From the painting by W. A. Frith, R.A.

The Marriage of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, March 10th, 1863.

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The King at the National Thanksgiving Service, held in St. Paul's Cathedral, February 27th, 1872, for his recovery from typhoid fever.

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The King in the Cavalcade of Royal Princes in the Procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, June 21st, 1887.

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The King driving in the last rivet—Opening of the Forth Bridge, March 4th, 1890.

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The King at the Marriage of the Prince of Wales and Princess May of Teck, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, July 6th, 1893.

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The Installation of the King as Chancellor of the Welsh University, and the Presentation of the Degree of Doctor of Music to the Queen by His Majesty, at Aberystwith, June 26th, 1896.

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The King leading his horse, "Persimmon," to the Paddock after winning the Derby, 1896.

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The King at the Diamond Jubilee Reception at Buckingham Palace, June 21st, 1897.

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The King presenting the Omdurman Medals to the 1st Grenadier Guards at Windsor, Dec. 15th, 1899.

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The King inspecting the First Detachment of Imperial Yeomanry for Service in South Africa, January 26th, 1900.

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The Attempted Assassination of the King by Sipido, at the Great Northern Railway Station, Brussels, April 4th, 1900.

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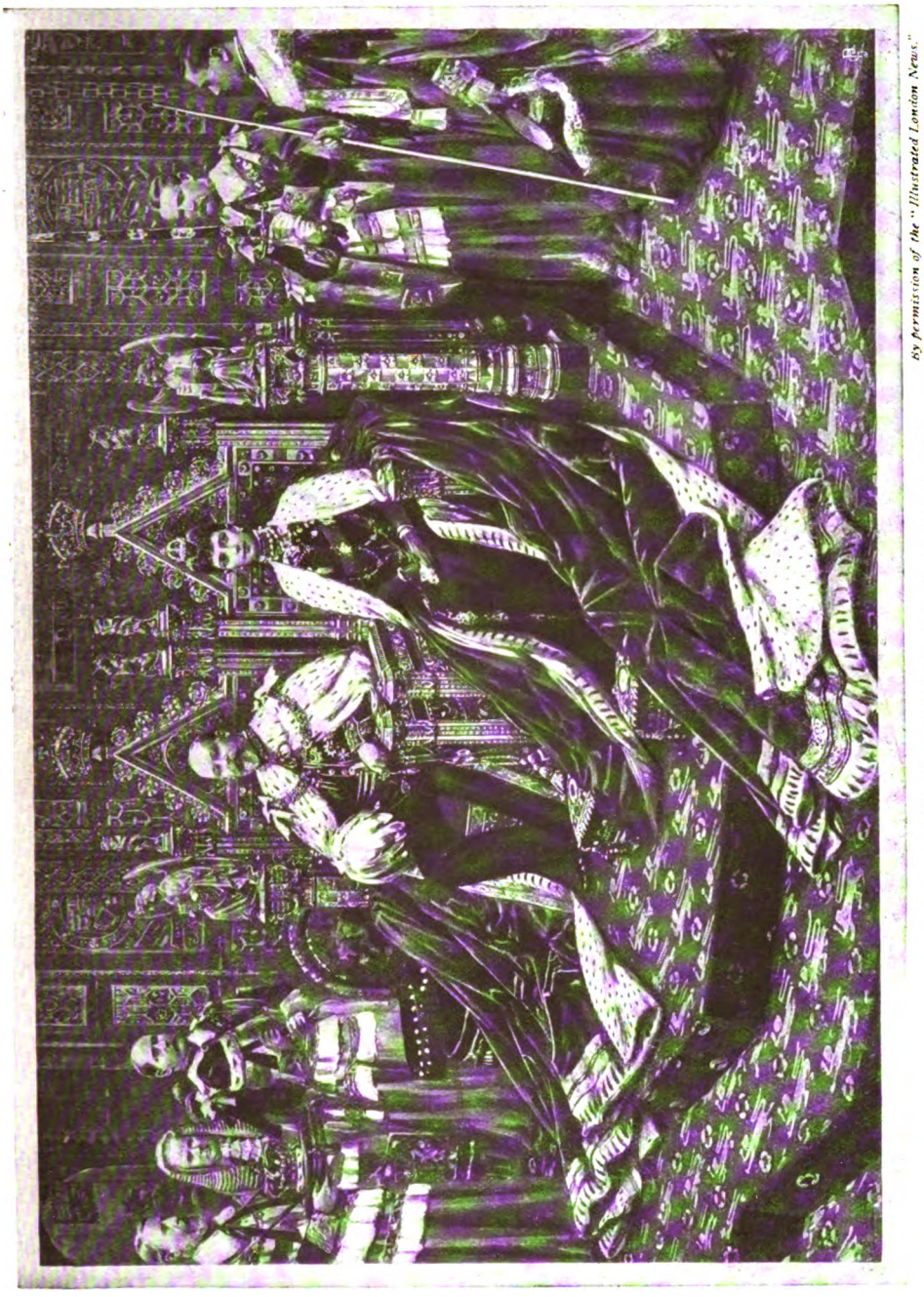

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The King opening his First Parliament—1901.

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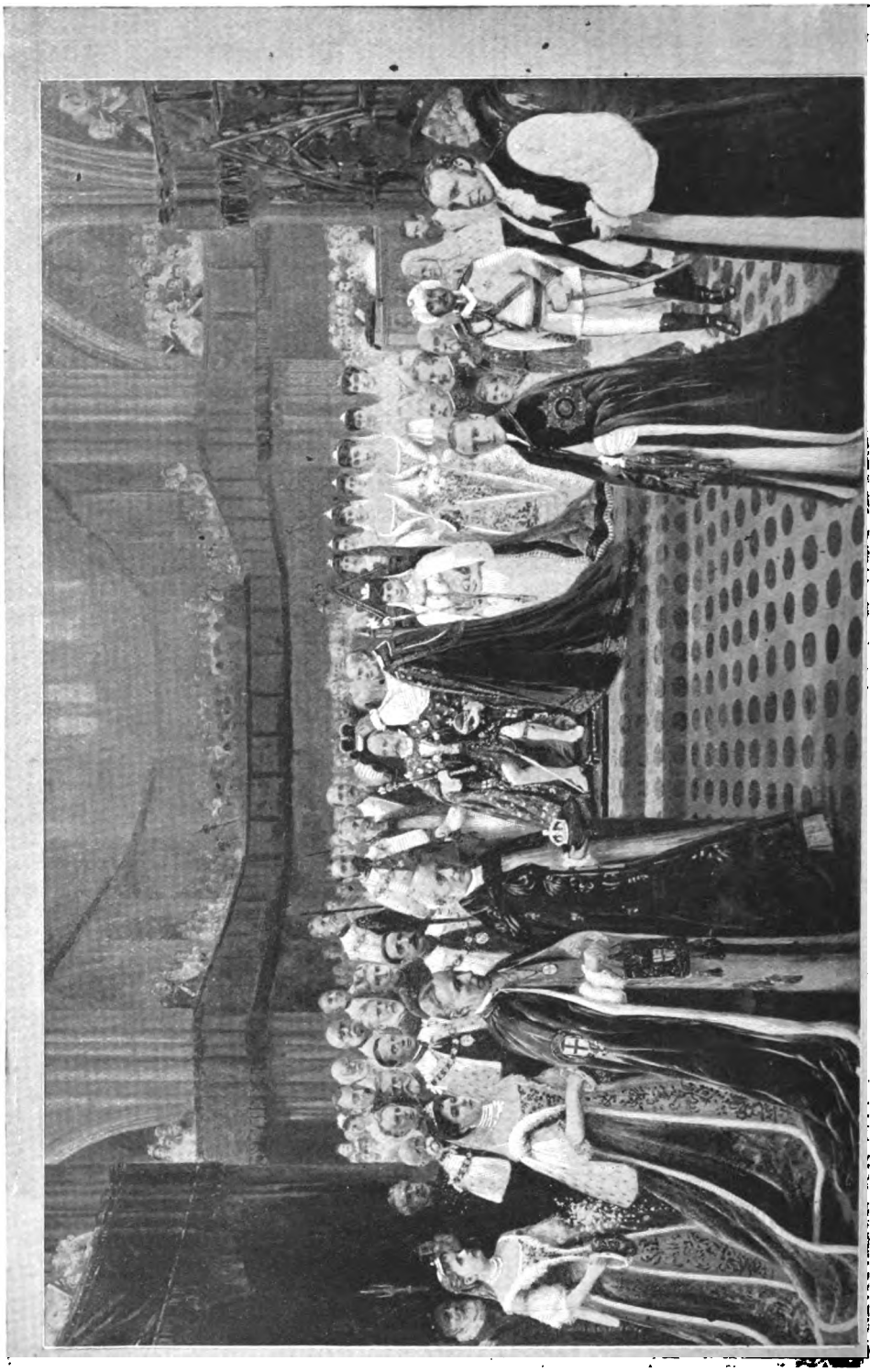

The Coronation of King Edward VII., June 26th, 1902.

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IN DREAMLAND.

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WITH MR. RHODES' LIEUTENANTS.

How the Great Work of the Colossus is being carried on without the Guiding Hand.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

The unique photographs which illustrate this article were taken in the heart of Africa.

"ALL British, that's my dream!" Such was the momentous exclamation uttered by the late Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, when referring to Rhodesia and the development of the dark continent several years ago. Although the wish of the African Empire builder has not yet been fulfilled, the thin red line of British territory extends almost continuously from Cairo to Cape Town. Only a small interception of about 300 miles, from the north end of Lake Tanganyika—mutually settled between the Powers concerned as neutral water—to the southern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza, prevents one travelling from end to end of this vast continent entirely through British possessions.

A large portion of this section of Greater Britain, however, has not yet been explored. But the unravelling of it is proceeding apace. That herald of civilisation, the telegraph, is forcing its way forward relentlessly through jungles, across swamps, trackless veldt, and over towering mountains. When completed it will be an attenuated wire backbone, over 5,600 miles in length, stretching from Cairo to Cape Town.

The route followed by the line is from Cape Town, through the Colony and Bechuanaland to Bulawayo and Salisbury, thence to Umtali. This section of the line has been in use for some time past. From Umtali, which is the actual starting-point of the African Trans-Continental Telegraph, as it is called, it extends to Tete, and eastwards to Blantyre. It then runs due north to Fort Johnston, at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, skirts its western shore to Karonga, and diverges inland to Kituta, at the south extremity of Lake Tanganyika.

Kituta marks the northernmost limit of British South Africa. For approximately

A clearing through the jungle with the wire passing down the centre, thus avoiding danger from falling trees.

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the next 850 miles the wire has to proceed through German East Africa. At first it was considered that this interruption of the line of British territory would preclude the realisation of the enterprise. But Mr. Cecil Rhodes did not recognise any obstacles such as this, and it will be remembered that he personally interviewed the German Emperor, and obtained from His Majesty, by means of a sufficient *quid pro quo*, permission to carry the wire through the German territory to Mombasa in British East Africa. The wire, in its passage through German East Africa, extends along the shore of Lake Tanganyika to Ujiji, thence eastwards across country to Mombasa, the terminus of the Uganda Railway. This is the northern terminal of the line as at present contemplated. The Egyptian Government is rapidly extending its telegraph system southwards, and when it has reached the southern frontier the connection between that point and Mombasa will be completed.

But it is a moot point whether even the perspicacious Colossus of Africa, when he decided the line, ever realised the innumerable difficulties that would have to be surmounted in completing this momentous undertaking. The telegraph, for the greater part of the journey, extends through practically unknown country. The trials and privations that were suffered by Livingstone, Stanley, and other eminent explorers in traversing this very country are well known to all. Therefore, it would have been no great surprise had the men shrunk from attempting what was at the time of the contemplation of the telegraph considered such a foolhardy feat. But the spice of adventure always appeals to Englishmen, and no difficulty was experienced by the Imperialist in finding a sufficiency of men to carry out his scheme, notwithstanding the tremendous risks to which they would be exposed. When completed, this line will not only rank as one of the greatest engineering achievements of the age, but will also stand as a perpetual monument to the indomitable pluck, energy, and perseverance of the English race.

Mr. Otto Beringer, the surveyor of the route, prospecting for his dinner.

How the materials for the line have to be carried through the forests.

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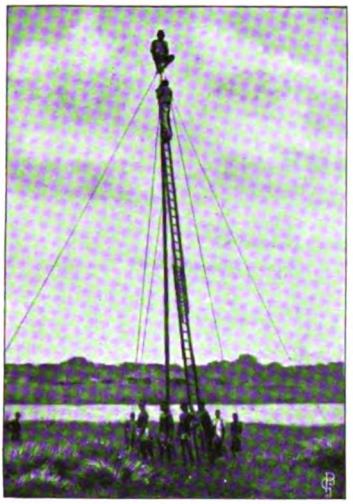
Throughout its entire length it is marked at intervals with the graves of the men who have sacrificed their lives in the accomplishment of this pioneer work.

Far ahead of the engineers carrying out the constructional work, is a brave little band, under the leadership of Mr. Otto Beringer, surveying the route the telegraph is to follow. The devotion of several years to African exploration has rendered this indefatigable engineer immune to the numerous maladies characteristic of Central Africa. Mr. Beringer, together with his two assistants and native porters, are buried in the African wilds sometimes as far as 200 miles in advance of the building party. The dangers to which they are exposed are innumerable. But malarial fever, the fear of encountering hostile natives, and the wild animals infesting this region do not deter them from pursuing the even tenor of their way. The arduousness of the work may be comprehensively realised from some of our illustrations to this article, for permission to reproduce which we are indebted to the British South Africa Company, which is carrying out the work. They have to force their way over mountainous country, through thick, impenetrable jungle, reeking malarial swamps, dense forests and arid deserts. They are completely cut off from civilisation. Like Robinson Crusoe, they have to hunt for their meals among the game, since it is imperative, in order to facilitate the progress, that the transport should be reduced to the minimum.



Natives erecting a pole and straining the wire.

Owing to several peculiarities indigenous to the country, the material employed in the work has to be of special design and construction. For instance, steel posts have to be utilised in lieu of those of wood common to this country, owing to the existence of a species of ants which devour the wood. Then again, owing to the difficulty of transportation, the posts

The advance party forcing their way through the jungle.

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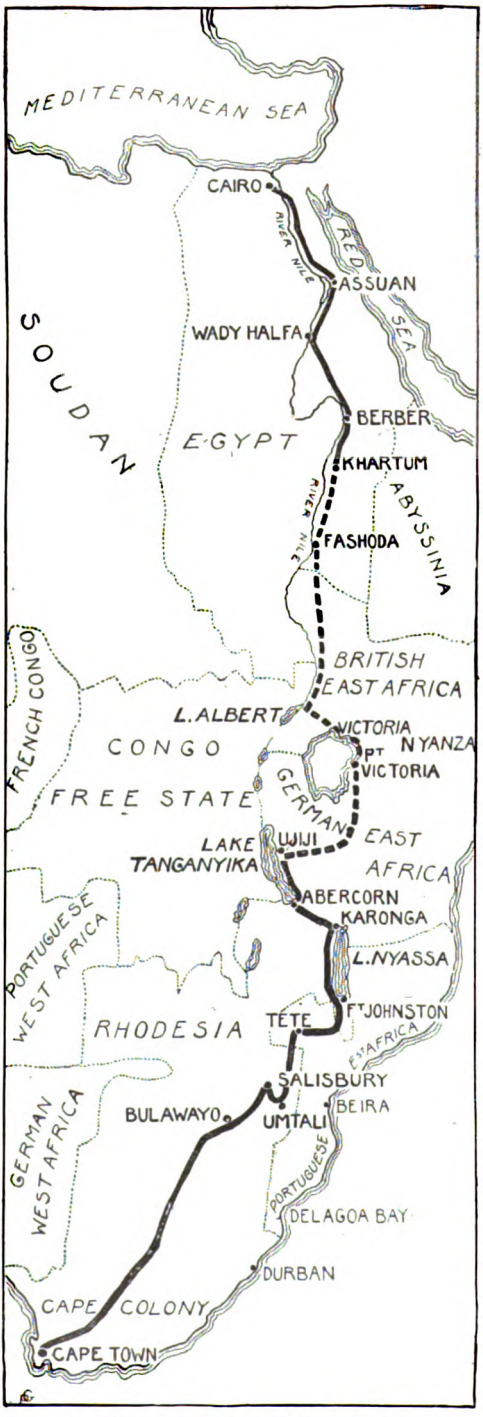

The route of the Cape to Cairo telegraph. The dotted line shows the section yet to be constructed.

are constructed in sections to render them as compact as possible. The posts, for the most part, weigh 160lbs., but where they have to support an abnormal span of wire they are much heavier. The question of conveying the material to the head of the line has been one of the most abstruse problems to solve. It is transhipped upon its arrival at the sea-coast to shallow draught boats, which carry it as far inland as the navigation of the rivers will permit. Animal traction or native porters are then requisitioned to carry it to the scene of action. In connection with the Tanganyika section of the line, vessels have been built in this country in sections, conveyed across Africa to the lake side, and the parts there re-assembled. There are at present several English and German steamers plying upon this huge inland sea, which is 5,000 feet above the level of the Indian Ocean.

Over a hundred engineers, and a large army of several thousand blacks, are engaged in building the telegraph. The natives have proved to be very apt labourers, soon grasp the nature of their duties, and, owing to their being acclimatised to the country, the work is not so fatiguing to them as it is to Englishmen. At some portions of the route, notably where the country is sparsely inhabited, natives have been difficult to obtain, owing to the scarcity of food. In a few instances, trouble has been encountered because of the thieving propensities of some of the blacks, who have not hesitated to appropriate the material for their own personal utility.

Great ingenuity has been displayed by the engineers in the surmounting of the difficulties that have arisen from time to time. Huge swamps, which it was absolutely impossible to cross, have been circumvented. Wide roads have been cut through the jungle, so as to prevent the rank, tall overgrowth engulfing the wires, and also to facilitate the effecting of any repairs that may be necessary. When the wire traverses through forests a wide clearing is made, and the telegraph posts are planted in the centre of this track. The object of this is to prevent trees or branches, in falling, from colliding with the posts or breaking the wire. When the line was commenced, this precaution was not observed, with the result that the service was repeatedly interrupted from this cause. The elephants have occasioned considerable trouble. These heavy

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cumbersome animals evince a peculiar partiality for chafing their bodies against the steel posts, with dire results to the latter. The line, however, is now so well patrolled that any failure of the service can be expeditiously remedied.

One important characteristic of the undertaking is the smooth manner in which the work has been continued. Although several strange tribes of natives have been met, peace has always been maintained with them. True, at first, some of the natives were disposed to destroy the wire as rapidly as it was constructed, but a few powerful electric shocks soon taught them to respect it, and now it is regarded as a fetish.

Work has to be periodically suspended owing to the advent of rainy seasons. The section of the line from Chiromo to Chikwawa runs through a tract of land known as Elephants' Marsh. The Lower Shiré River runs through the centre of this swamp, and during the rainy season it overflows its banks, and inundates the whole area to a considerable depth. The vegetation on this marsh thrives so luxuriantly that the line is over-topped to a great extent, and a considerable leakage of the electric current results. It is impossible to persuade the natives to cut down the grass, as the area is infested with crocodiles.

A tree, weighing hundreds of tons, cut down and hauled aside to make room for a telegraph pole.

One of the most arduous sections of the line to erect was along the shore of Lake Nyassa from Fort Johnston to Bandawe and thence to Florence Bay. The whole distance of 223 miles between the first two stations is a succession of marshes and dense forests. The undergrowth was very thick and difficult to penetrate, the trees attaining tremendous dimensions. One baobab tree, which had to be felled and hauled on one side, to make room for a post—estimated to be some 3,000 years old—was 100 feet in circumference.

The survey party planning the path of the wire.

In the rainy season the country is extremely unhealthy, and is flooded to a depth varying from six to eight feet. The section spanning the 94 miles between Bandawe and Florence Bay is exceptionally mountainous. The hills drop sheer into the lake, and in many instances the ravines are so wide and the sides so precipitous that abnormally long spans of wire are necessary. This, so far, has proved the worst portion of the route, and the liability of breakdowns is so great that several repair stations have had to be established at various points.

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Shortly after the constructional expedition left the shores of Lake Nyassa, and prepared to wend their way to the southern end of

When the day's work is done.—The encampment of the surveyor and his assistants, 200 miles ahead of the constructing party.

Lake Tanganyika, small-pox appeared. The ravages of this terrible scourge wrought such widespread consternation among the unsophisticated black labourers that they deserted in hundreds. The road side for miles was strewn with the loads they had hurriedly abandoned in their precipitous flight from the district, and it was some time before they could be induced to resume work.

But the advent of the telegraph has already bestowed far-reaching benefits upon the country. The most isolated portions of our Central African dominions are brought into close touch with the Colonial and Foreign offices in London. Now that Ujiji, the great port on Lake Tanganyika, is linked up, the death blow has been struck at the slave trade, for Ujiji is the inland terminus of the great slave route between Tanganyika and the sea coast.

The improvised conveyance for carrying the Surveying Engineer.

At frequent points along the route, repair stations and depôts for materials are established, to facilitate the repair of any breakdowns that may arise, and for the conveyance of wire, poles, etc., to the constructive head of the line. As far as possible, contracts have been made with local carriers for the transport of the material, owing to the special facilities they possess in the form of donkeys, oxen, and waggons, to carry this work out expeditiously. A very comprehensive idea of the cost of conveyance of the materials from one point to another is afforded by the tariff between Nyassa and Tanganyika, which is £30 per ton.

As may be supposed, the pace of construction varies with the nature of the country to be traversed, but in one or two cases it has been carried out at the rate of about twenty miles per week. In certain districts this speed could be considerably increased, but the difficulty in obtaining the material from the nearest depôt, owing to the crude methods of transport available, militates against such an accomplishment.

When the whole line and its connections are in working order, a tariff war will result between the sea-cable and the African Trans-Continental companies. Mr. Rhodes was anxious that the cost of telegraphing from Cape Town to England should be at the low rate of one shilling per word, as compared with 4s. 5d. at present charged by the Cable companies. The route from the Cape to Cairo, and thence to England, will be considerably shorter, and therefore the despatch of a telegram will be appreciably accelerated.

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A Glimpse at the Dwellers in the Slums of the Sea.

By Frank T. Bullen,

Author of "The Cruise of the 'Cachalot,'" &c.

Illustrated by W. C. SYMONS.

WHAT is a "Tramp" steamer? There are so many fine gradations in ships' characters that it often happens that an undoubted "Tramp" steamer is better built, has more comfortable quarters for her crew, and the latter are better fed than on board many steamers to which the term "Tramp" ought not in strict justice to be applied. By whom the epithet was first used I do not know, but whoever it was, he doubtless had in his mind the dictionary definition of the noun, *i.e.*, one who wanders about; a workman in search of employment; a strolling beggar.

If this definition be borne in mind (it undoubtedly is not generally) it becomes easy to pick out the "Tramp" steamer. She does not fly the house flag of any regular line; she goes wherever there is cargo to be picked up; and thus there is a fine uncertainty as to when she will return home once she leaves it. She is generally owned by what is known as a single-ship company: that is, a small company promoted by some astute shipbroker in connection with some speculative shipbuilder. She has been built usually in a slack time, in order that too many hands shall not be discharged from the yard, and difficulty be experienced in getting them together again when orders flow in. The builders are willing to take a considerable amount of the purchase money in shares and to allow a liberal commission to the founder of the company. The latter usually holds very few shares himself, but his profits out of the venture, once the ship is afloat, are assured, since he rakes in commissions in every direction on stores, on freight, on insurance, besides his liberal salary as manager. There are few more payable businesses than to be manager of half-a-dozen single-ship companies, especially as the shareholders are mostly people full of the prevalent British ignorance of the realities of seafaring and shipowning.

The great breeding-place of the "Tramp" is the north-east coast of England, and it is popularly supposed that the great ports of Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Middlesbro' and the Hartlepools not only produce most of them, but own most of them also.

These steamers, however, do not belong to the single-ship company class, but are for the most part owned by companies of high reputation. They are manned, engineered, and officered chiefly by natives of the ports whence they hail, and this at once lifts them high above the category of the "Tramp" steamer properly so called.

Then there are the small coasting cargo steamers, colliers and the like, also generally owned by companies of repute in considerable numbers, but, for the men who are condemned to handle them, wretched in the extreme. And as I judge them to be at about the bottom of the various classes of steamers owned in Britain, they offer the most interesting opportunities for considering the life lived on board "Tramp" steamers. For do what one will, it is impossible to class these drudges of the sea as anything else but "Tramps" of the lowest and meanest class, although their ports of shipping and discharging are constant all the year round. Londoners generally have perhaps a better chance of seeing these vessels in large numbers than the inhabitants of any of our other great ports, since our noble river is infested with them, some even coming up as far as Vauxhall, and as they seldom go into dock, but lie in tiers in the river, or alongside the wharves or coal cranes, they are always on view to the passengers who flock down the river in such crowds during the summer. But such cursory glances at them as are thus obtainable give no hint of how they are worked, what happens on board of them, or how dour are the lives of the indispensable

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men forming their crews. Indeed, imaginative souls often invest them with quite a halo of spurious romance evolved from ignorance of all the conditions.

Come on board with me in Newcastle, supposing that we have just been engaged at, say, thirty shillings a week and find ourselves in food. Although hard up, of course, we have managed to save up enough ready money, or have pledged our credit in the unusual case of our having any, for a sufficient supply of grub to last us a couple of days. We'll trust to luck not to have enough head wind or sea to drive us in for shelter anywhere, and we'll also chance our picking up a broken-down sister and being long delayed by towing her. We wouldn't mind a few days' starvation in such a case. We each carry a little painted canvas bag containing some rough clothes, and with a pair of sea-boots slung to its lanyard, also under the other arm a half-crown "donkey's breakfast," or straw bed with a similarly stuffed pillow, a rough blanket, and a tin plate and pot rolled up in it. (Bear in mind that we are of the élite.) We haven't spent our last penny in beer and rolled on board at the last moment blasphemously asserting that we are trusting in Providence and good neighbours to see us through, since all we possess of stores or clothing is on our backs.

"She" is lying at the "staithes," or coal-shoots, and is hardly visible for a thick haze of coal-dust, for the precious dirty black stuff is being shot down into her at the rate of twelve tons every few minutes (would be much faster but for the need of trimming it away), and everything everywhere has a fine thick layer of coal dust coating it. That does not affect us in the least. We don't like it any more than the owner would on his drawing-room table, but we've grown used to it and make no remark about our expectorated tobacco juice being jet-black instead of light brown.

"Come on board with me at Newcastle. . . Thirty shillings a week, and find ourselves in food."

She sails at tide-time, and it only wants an hour to that. All right, we'll get below and see our dunnage bestowed, and turn a deaf ear to any calls until the last possible moment. Full well we know that the need for manual labour in getting away has been reduced to the minimum, and if it hadn't, we shouldn't worry; the "old man" and the two mates are paid for that. So we grope our way down into the dark den "forrard," where a smoky wick is flaring and adding to the choice assortment of unpleasantnesses in the atmosphere, and lighting our pipes enjoy burning tobacco and coal-dust until a tremendously distinct voice bellows down the scuttle: "Below there, haul in the warps!" "All right," we reply sulkily, and lumberingly climb the ladder again. The trimmers have put the hatches on and are good-naturedly helping to batten them down.

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A white feather of steam escapes hoarsely from the pipe abaft the funnel, and is swept away by the wind. Ah, a dirty night; and there is a sudden eagerness to get to the wheel, for there shelter is to be found, and for a couple of hours, at any rate, whoever gets there will be out of the hurly-burly on deck. "Leggo forrard." "All gone, sir." Rattle, rattle, bang, bang, goes the winch (we don't even haul in a slack rope if we can help it; quite enough to have to coil it away). "Starburd, hard astarburd," and with a jingle in the engine-room the *Westminster* swings off from the wharf, held fast still by the "starn." Now she is athwart the Tyne, and swinging like a top. "Leggo aft." "All gone, sir." Rattle, rattle again. "Half-speed ahead" clangs the gong, now she is pointed for the sea. Skipper shoves the telegraph over to full speed, clang comes

"Great hungry seas sweep the decks fore and aft."

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the answer from below, and the "git him up an' heave him over" of the engines singing full speed ahead begins.

The man at the wheel, having nothing else to think about, looks wistfully at the low-flying scud and thinks with a shiver of the kind of welcome the *Westminster* will get as soon as she pokes her nose outside the bar. Wishes, too, that he didn't need sleep and could stop where he is all night. The storm cone is flying warningly—and utterly unheeded as usual. Suddenly, with a lurch and a roll and a curtsey, the long low hull meets the North Sea and takes as a matter of course fifty or sixty tons on board, which leaves her much cleaner than it found her. There are voices heard fragmentarily unblessing the sea and all that on it is, but certain makings fast must be performed before we can "get below." Fancy anyone wanting to get to such a "below." The watch is set, the look-out man hoists himself into a haven of refuge on the foremast out of reach of the waves that take the *Westminster* in their stride as if she were a half-tide rock, and the rest of the watch, one man, (vessels like this, carrying say 1,800 tons of coals, only carry six men before the mast) boldly mounts the bridge and shelters himself on the lee side of the by-courtesy-styled "chart-room."

The "old man" sets the course and gets into his chart-room for a stretch on the cushion-covered locker, the three miserables of the port watch in the foc'sle have dreams of hot coffee, but, recognising them *as* dreams, have a drink of cold water instead and a mouthful of bread and cheese, or bread and raw red herring, or some such luxury, and then, having achieved the necessary preliminary, light the blessed, the indispensable, pipe, and turn in, utterly heedless of the awful sea noises surrounding them, and dimly grateful that it's their first watch below.

"Roasted on one side and frozen on the other."

So the *Westminster*, with a capable man upon the bridge who knows the rugged east coast and the rule of the road, as an omnibus driver knows the way from Kilburn to London Bridge, plunges steadily southward. Great hungry seas sweep the decks fore and aft, lopping over the low bulwarks as if there were nothing in the way, and finding nothing to smash or dislodge, depart by way of the taffrail, not so clean as when they enter. The steady song of the engines never falters, the intermittent smoke-bursts from the stumpy funnels are pendulum-like in the regularity of their appearance, and, like will-o'-the-wisps, white, red, and green lights go flitting by. In the foc'sle the light burns bluely, indeed, there is hardly oxygen enough to keep it burning at all, but the three fortunate ones snore through it stertorously, and at the clang of eight bells awake with bursting heads, and a taste in their mouths

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as if they had been sucking brass-headed nails, which they lay to the account of the exceedingly bad quality of the liquor sold at the "Sailor's Joy," the last house they visited before leaving.

But what is this shivering couple doing here, with a clanging and a rattling as of fetters? Ah, as there is in every deep a lower deep, so in the tramp steamer below the sailor (?) comes the fireman and trimmer. For four hours he has been maintaining a precarious footing on the stokehold plates, roasted on one side and frozen on the other, where the chill blast comes howling down the ventilator upon his almost bare back, grateful to the senses, but deadly. And, now, having just "cleaned fires," in other words stood before the open furnace peering closely into the fierce glare within and raking out, with a long-handled "devil," masses of clinkers which have been clogging the bars, he must come up on deck into the bitter midnight blast, lashed by the icy sea, and heave up from below through one of the ventilators the accumulation of unburnable stuff of the last four hours. And when that is done, many of these hardly used men are so wedded to cleanly ideas that they will prolong their misery until they have washed from their much-abused bodies the grime with which they are encrusted, before going below into their mephitic half of the foc'sle.

"The cook grants the requests, and chalks up the account."

The long night passes, and towards dawn the weather moderates, the sea falls. Up comes the sweet day, and with the sun beauty indescribable. The cook has lighted the galley-fire, and there comes from his tiny domain a sound of grinding and a maddening smell—he is preparing the afterguard's coffee.

We two of the watch on deck (no more look-out) plunge below and rummage for our little packages of tea and sugar, or parcel of thickening cocoa, then, with as much haste as may be, make for the galley and procure hot water. A great peace falls upon us as we munch and drink. The uncouthness of the night watch is gone with the blackness settling down upon the horizon astern. Then one of us relieves our shipmate from the wheel for his little reviver.

At six a.m., instead of the time-honoured cry of "wash decks," there are only a few half-surly requests, you can hardly call them orders, to do various trifling jobs that must be done. There is no suggestion of cleansing the ship; the sea has been busy about that all night, and still, although the weather has fined down so much, a lop of a sea comes on board over the low bow and washes murmurously aft.

At seven bells (7.30 a.m.) our mates below are aroused, and come up looking as they really are, half-suffocated and frowsy beyond telling. Two of them having come on board "flying light," slouch aft and proffer shame-faced requests for a mouthful of coffee and a bite of something to eat. The cook, being a keen man of business who has come provided for such a possibility, grants the requests readily, for a consideration, and chalks up the account, which he will present to the skipper before his debtors get any money out of that officer.

During the next night, we thread the mazes of the river and at daybreak find ourselves tying the "Tramp" up to the Beckton Gas Works wharf, whence she will depart seaward again in the evening, empty, but for her water ballast.

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PETER THE PIRATE.

A Short Story. By Gilbert Dayle.

Illustrated by JOHN CAMERON.

I.

IT was after lunch, and Mr. Peter Pinkerton was reclining gracefully in an armchair in the elegant suite of rooms he owned in Mayfair. He was a little man, not bad-looking, fair-haired and decidedly gentle in appearance; in age, some twenty-eight years.

At the present moment, with a paper pad resting on his knee, he was engaged in recording a few beautiful thoughts in verse—incidentally it may be mentioned that these occasional attempts at poetry constituted the only vice in him worth recording. He had written about half-a-dozen lines, when there was a tap at his door, and his man-servant entered.

"Lord Archibald Seldon!" he announced, as a good-looking, tall young man brushed past him and came flying into the room.

"How are you, Peter, old chap?" he began breathlessly.

The little man gazed steadfastly at his friend.

"Seldon, you're in love again!" he said in a tone of mild annoyance, as the door closed.

"Now, how on earth did you guess that, Peter?" exclaimed Lord Archie, flinging himself into a chair and pulling out a cigarette.

"On four occasions during the past two years you've burst in upon me like this, and each time——"

"Oh, hang it all, Peter, it's genuine enough now!" cried Sir Archie. "Why, man alive, I can do nothing but think of her!"

"Oh, yes you can—you can come and bore me about her; it always happens when I've just got an idea!" finished Peter with a pathetic glance towards his paper pad.

"Oh, don't be stuffy about it! You can write your jolly old poetry any time," said his lordship, pulling his chair up closer. "I'm very worried, too, about Charlie Keswick—he's behaving abominably. And you know what pals we've always been!"

"Inseparables!" murmured Peter, puffing at his cigarette. "There, get on, I know I have to hear the whole dreary lot of it! The girl, of course, is Miss Amber Gort."

Lord Archie opened his eyes.

"Ah, I suppose Charlie has been telling you his side of the case. Well, as you know her, you'll admit she is simply——"

"As charming as you said Violet Hayes was last winter?"

"Don't be a silly ass, Peter! Of course, Violet was delightful, but still, not a patch on——"

"Dolly Cameron?" suggested Mr. Pinkerton.

"Look here, Peter, you'll annoy me in a moment," said Lord Archie. "Of course, I must admit I was much impressed at the time by both of 'em, but still, when one considers Amber Gort—well, words simply fail me!" he finished helplessly.

"I must try to get on without 'em," observed Peter, resignedly.

"You know her father, General Sir Gendon Gort—didn't you have a place near them down at Esley?" said Lord Archie suddenly. "And wasn't there some unpleasantness between you?"

"Unpleasantness is a mild term—he was infernally rude! I believe he usually refers to me as either the blithering idiot who thinks he can write poetry, a vulgar upstart, or the pork-pie fellow!"

It must be explained that, although Peter had been to Harrow and Oxford and was in taste merely a leisured English gentleman, the considerable fortune he had inherited on attaining his majority had been amassed by his father in honest trading; in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, the late Mr. Pinkerton was none other than the original manufacturer of the world-famous "Pinkerton's Pork Pies," the wholesale consumption of which by a large-hearted public with strong digestive organs had enabled their creator to give his son all the advantages that fate had denied him.

"And," continued the little man, "as we were such near neighbours at Esley and I didn't fancy being cut by him and the people

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round about who toady to him, I sold my house and returned to town."

"I suppose he is a bit of a tartar!" said Lord Archie meditatively.

"He's a beast!" said Peter, with quiet conviction. "And I should not be sorry if he, with his family pride and the wonderful service of gold plate which he babbles about incessantly, were all at the bottom of the sea along with the Spanish treasure-ship it was taken from."

Lord Archie broke out laughing.

"I won't have the gold plate abused," he said. "It has been the means of my getting an invitation to Esley."

"The deuce it has!" said Peter, surprised. "Did you write that article about it in 'Curios' this week, then?"

"No, but I've managed to get hold of an old worm-eaten book giving the whole history of the redoubtable Admiral Gort's expedition, and an account of the presentation of the plate to him by the King as his share of the Spanish plunder, and in the front was a steel engraving of the old bounder. I found out that the General came up once a week from Esley for the day, and took it this morning to him at his club. He was delighted, insisted I should stay to lunch and invited me down to-morrow for the week end. There's luck for you!"

"Yes, you've won your way to his heart!" said Peter with a sigh. "I hope you'll enjoy your visit. He insists on every light in his house being out by ten, and breakfast is at eight sharp!"

"I don't care!" exclaimed Lord Archie recklessly. "After dinner to-morrow night, I am going to ask him to allow me to pay my addresses to his daughter."

Peter rose and gazed at his friend.

"You've got it as bad as that?"

Lord Archie nodded.

"Yes, I'm going to make hay while the sun shines. Besides, there's Charlie—if I don't do something, he will. He's desperately in love with her, too, and he calls it incredible meanness on my part; says he will fight me with my own weapons!"

"I am going to ask him to allow me to pay my addresses to his daughter."

"It's hardly possible for him to pick up another old book about the Spanish treasure-ship," murmured Peter.

Lord Archie rose from his seat.

"Anyway, nothing shall stop me!" he said heroically. "Come what may, I mean to go on and win Amber Gort for my wife!"

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"Corroborative cheers from the gallery!" said Peter unsympathetically. "I forget, for the moment, how many girls you have previously told me you were going to win for a wife. Their number is considerable."

The whirr of the electric bell outside was heard and the servant entered again.

"Mr. Charles Keswick!"

Lord Archie caught up his hat hastily and turned to go; as he did so, the Hon. Charles Keswick entered the room. He was about the same age as Lord Archie and quite as good looking.

For a moment the two young men glared at one another. Then Lord Archie with a curt nod passed through the doorway and vanished. Peter watched them, and as the door closed, broke into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, you silly chaps!" he cried.

"It may seem silly to you!" said the Hon. Charles sadly. "But it hurts me to think of what our friendship has been in the past and what it is likely to be in the future! His behaviour has been simply atrocious!" he finished, dropping into a seat.

"Great Scott," groaned Peter. "I believe I'm to have it all through again."

So he did with a few variations. The Hon. Charles Keswick's circumstances were slightly different to those of Lord Archie, who had plenty of money with which to support his title. The Hon. Charles had but a somewhat meagre allowance, and it was therefore highly necessary that he should marry a lady of fortune.

"And to think," he cried, "that when, at last, I do fall in love—with a young heiress into the bargain—and the match suitable from every point of view, that my best friend should step in and attempt to cut the ground from under my feet!"

"Suppose — I only said suppose, mind you," began Peter mildly, "that Miss Gort had not a penny, would you still be so anxious to marry her?"

The Hon. Charles twirled his moustache.

"Well, you see, Peter, old chap, much as I should desire it, the thing would be simply impossible. But," he continued quickly, "that question need never arise—she has money and I am quite justified in pressing my suit."

"Oh, you're quite at liberty to do that," assented Peter readily.

The Hon. Charles got up and paced the room restlessly.

"It was a horribly low-down trick for Archie to get hold of that book and play upon the General's passion for his gold plate," he cried. "I suppose he thinks that having secured an invitation, he is right ahead of me. But let him beware; I will find some way of meeting him on his own ground."

"Murmur of approval from packed pit," said Peter. He glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece, then rose hastily.

"You'll excuse me, Charlie—but I've promised to take round some grapes to a poor old lady who has been ill, and the time's due!"

Charlie Keswick laughed.

"All right, I'll be on the move. What a dear, thoughtful man it is—grapes for a sick old lady!" he exclaimed. "Good-bye, Peter—I'm off to plan some brilliant coup! May you never be in love, old chap, and quarrel with your best friend."

With which wise advice he took his departure. For some moments afterwards, Peter Pinkerton sat on the edge of the table in deep thought.

"Seldon loves her as he has loved dozens of girls before, and would marry her as he would have married the others, if Fate had not stepped in. He would soon forget and fall in love again," he said at length, in a reflective tone. "And Charlie Keswick—with him it's merely a question of money."

He dismissed the subject, and a few minutes later was seated in a hansom. He was driven to Piccadilly Circus, where he alighted, and walking swiftly along a little street running at the back of Regent Street, he reached a small stationer's shop. He entered it quickly and nodded to the man behind the counter.

"Good day, Mr. Binny; how's your wife?" he said pleasantly.

There was a suspicion of a grin on the worthy stationer's face as he walked to a small door at the end of the shop.

"Oh, she's getting on as well as can be expected, Mr. Pinkerton!" he said respectfully. "Perhaps you would honour us by stepping in?"

Peter accepted the invitation with alacrity. As he entered the comfortable little room, a stout, good-natured looking woman rose from an armchair.

"This is mighty good of you, Mr. Pinkerton," she began. "As I was saying to Miss Amber a minute ago, it's worth while being ill to feel yourself made such a fuss about."

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Peter had hardly listened to this speech. His glance had drifted to where in the corner Miss Amber Gort sat with her eyes fixed smilingly on him.

He went across to her and shook hands, then returned and presented the box of grapes he had brought with him to Mrs. Binny.

"It's really too kind of you, Mr. Pinkerton!" she said, "I'm quite convalescent now, and don't need such things."

"Oh, yes you do, Binny, dear," cried Miss Amber. "The doctor said you were to be fed up, you know."

"Yes, you'll have to be fed up for a long time yet!" chimed in Peter.

Mrs. Binny turned round and surveyed them both with an affectionate smile, then, moving to the door, the good feature finished.

Now, to close to whom the hidden appearance of the only daughter of Sir General John Gort, C.B., in the back parlour of a small stationer's shop may seem astonishing, must be explained at the birthy Mrs. Binny had been Amy's nurse, and that the two had always remained on the most affectionate terms. The General, although he lived some miles out of town, was in the habit of running up for the day, and occasionally brought his daughter with him, leaving her at her aunt's house whilst he spent the day at his club. Mrs. Binny had lately been ill—what more natural, therefore, than that Miss Amber should devote some part of her periodical days in town to the visiting of her old nurse. How exactly Mr. Pinkerton came to be also a kind enquirer after Mrs. Binny's health and to be so unremitting in his attentions to her, is perhaps best left to the young people themselves.

As soon as the door had closed on Mrs. Binny, Peter faced the girl gravely.

"Oh, Peter, everything seems so hopeless. Father simply detests the very mention of your name."

"It is my custom to enquire about the health of your respected parent?" he began.

She gave a little sigh.

"Oh, he is almost unbearable! He said to-day that he thinks it was high time I was married," she added wearily.

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"I've thought that for a good many months!" observed Peter, with his eyes on her face.

A slight blush came over Amber's cheeks. She put out her little white hand and Peter caught it between his.

"Oh, Peter, everything seems so hopeless," she cried. "Father simply detests the very mention of your name. He only thinks of you in connection with——"

"'Pinkerton's Pork Pies,'" finished Peter solemnly.

A gleam came into the girl's eyes.

"Whatever does it matter how your father made his money?" she cried. "I only think of the man his son is."

The individual in question had the unspeakable audacity to bend down and kiss her. Then dropping into a seat by her side, with her hand still linked in his, he began to speak rapidly and unfold the mighty plan he had conceived. As she listened the flush deepened on her face and her lips parted in wonder.

"Peter!" she exclaimed in a gasp. "I never thought you had such daring."

"I see no other way with the pork-pie record behind me—and it does seem such a pity that the friendship of these two strong, noble-hearted fellows should be broken."

"But to think of your planning all the details out like this."

"To-morrow, Lord Archie will ask your father for your hand—and who knows what the autocrat may decide—especially in the case of a man who has brought him a picture of that gold-plate stealing ruffian, Admiral Gort. What do you say, dearest?"

There was a moment's pause, then she raised her eyes to him. He saw the smile in them, and bent down and kissed her on the lips.

"Hurrah!" he cried deliriously as he jumped up and ran to the door. "Now for old Binny!"

II.

The Towers, the country residence of General Sir Gendon Gort, was situated some thirty miles out of town, in a secluded part of the country. The nearest station was Esley, which was reached by a three-mile drive along a lonely country road. The house was a charming old place, built in the seventeenth century, and standing in its own extensive grounds.

Here, therefore, on the following evening, Lord Archie Seldon found himself, secretly rejoicing over the good fortune that had secured him an invitation.

An unfortunate incident had occurred, however, in the fact that Miss Amber had after tea retired to her room, and sent a message to her father praying him to excuse her presence at dinner on the plea of a severe headache. For the moment Lord Archie was disappointed; but reflecting that he would still have two days in her company, he bore the loss with philosophic patience.

Thus it happened that he was sitting alone with the General in the long, oak-panelled dining-room. During dinner he laid himself out to be as agreeable as possible. At first he found the General somewhat bearish, and fully agreed with Peter's description of him, but when presently he skilfully introduced the subject of the gold plate, the General waxed enthusiastic over his pet topic.

"Yes, I had a man call on me two days ago," he observed. "He said he was a collector and had heard so much about the plate that he came to me to know if I would let him see it. Jove, he was astounded when he saw the engraving! He said there wasn't such another example of Spanish gold-work in the whole kingdom! An interesting fellow."

"It must be rather a responsibility having such extremely valuable property in the house," put in Lord Archie.

"Oh, the chest is kept in an iron cupboard I have had built into the wall of my study in the further wing. I keep the keys myself so there is no danger," replied Sir Gendon.

Dinner finished, they lighted their cigars and sat over their wine. To Lord Archie accustomed to the bustle of a town house the absolute quietness of the place seemed strange. The two aged servants who waited seemed to move noiselessly, and not a sound from the outside penetrated the shuttered windows.

Over the wine, the old General seemed to unbend to the young visitor who took such a keen interest in the history of his famous ancestors, and Lord Archie wondered to himself as to the precise moment at which he should unburden himself, and approach the General on the subject of his daughter's hand. He knew the General retired at ten to the moment, and as the clock slowly crept towards nine, and the fourth glass of port had been reached, he began to brace himself for the effort.

"At any rate, I have completely outmanœuvred Charlie," he thought to himself

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with no small degree of satisfaction. "I can see him now cursing me to poor old inoffensive Peter in his rooms."

The mental picture he conjured up was, however, somewhat inaccurate, for, as a matter of fact, it happened that an hour or two previously "poor old inoffensive Peter," having seen the suddenly-recovered Mrs. Binny comfortably installed in the waiting room at Esley station, was actually being driven in a carriage along the road that led to the Towers, and his driver was none other than Mrs. Binny's son, Tom, who was employed at a local livery stable.

The high road ran past the entrance to the Towers, but branching off from this was an unfrequented lane, which skirted the rear of the grounds and met the high road again further up.

The carriage reached the fork and proceeded slowly along the lane. They had not gone ten yards when Peter, who was sitting on the box beside young Tom Binny, gave a sharp exclamation. A man had suddenly started from the hedge in front of them, and ran ahead at lightning speed. A few seconds later they heard the sound of wheels, and as they advanced saw another carriage vanishing along the lane.

"Jove, it must have been standing opposite the gate!" cried Peter. "What on earth for—and why should the man bolt with it directly we appear? It looks awfully fishy."

They proceeded cautiously, and reached the little side gate in the fence. Peter jumped down, and saw the ruts where the other carriage had stood. He glanced at his watch, and found it was exactly half-past seven.

"Jump down and put the lamps out, Tom," he whispered to young Binny. "It's quite dark, but still there's just the chance that someone may spot us."

Young Tom Binny obeyed, and they were left in utter darkness. Peter opened the gate and waited anxiously, his ears straining for any sound. A minute afterwards there was the pit-a-pat of light footsteps on the path, and a slight figure came out from the dense blackness of the trees. It was Amber, and she was dressed in a long travelling cloak.

"I've slipped away whilst they're at dinner," she whispered breathlessly.

"I've slipped away whilst they're at dinner," she whispered breathlessly. "Is Mrs. Binny at the station?"

Peter nodded, and led the way round to the other side of the carriage. He opened the door, and she got in.

"Light the lamps, Tom," he said in a low voice. Young Binny searched in his pockets, but could find no matches. Peter felt in his, and discovered that he was in a similar plight.

As they stood fumbling in their pockets,

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Amber suddenly put her hand out of the window and touched Peter on the arm.

"Listen, what's that?" she said fearfully.

There was the sound of heavy footsteps in the grounds of the house, then a hoarse whispering caught their ears. Apparently some men were coming along the path to the gate. Peter touched young Binny warningly, and they stood stock still. The next moment two forms suddenly appeared at the gate; they were carrying a heavy box between them.

"Where's that fool, Bill?" growled one. "Keeping watch, I suppose, at the end of the lane. Now, both together, shove 'er on the seat."

With an effort they lifted the heavy box, and dumped it on the driver's seat. Peter and young Binny were crouched down on the other side of the carriage. They almost held their breath.

"As there ain't no one about, we may as well go back for the sack and tools. Come along—'urry your stumps!"

Peter heard their retreating footsteps, then peered cautiously round. The men had already vanished into the darkness. He clutched young Binny.

"Jump up and drive for your life," he whispered.

He opened the door and slipped in beside Amber, and the next moment they were moving. They breathed more freely when the carriage gained the broad high road.

"Whatever does it all mean?" cried Amber.

Peter looked thoughtful for a moment, then as the truth dawned upon him, he leant back in his seat and went into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he gasped, the tears running down his cheeks. "This is too quaint for words!"

Now, having recorded Mr. Pinkerton's doings earlier in the evening, we will return to Lord Archie, who, as the clock struck nine, had determined to break the ice and take the plunge whilst the General was in a good temper—such occasions, as he well knew, being few and far between. Accordingly, as Sir Gendon rose from his seat to light another cigar, Lord Archie squared his shoulders and cleared his throat. The next moment he would have spoken had not the stillness of the house been suddenly broken by the loud clanging of the hall bell. The General swung round on his heels.

"Who can want to call here at this time of night?" he said irritably.

There was a tap on the door and the old servant entered. He held a salver, on which was a visiting card. The General took it up and read out:—

"The Hon. Charles Keswick."

"He says his business is of the utmost importance, else he would not think of disturbing you, sir."

"Oh, tell him to come in, then," growled the General.

A look of bewilderment crossed Lord Archie's face as he heard the name. What on earth could Charlie Keswick want with the General? He had not long to wait, for the next moment the Hon. Charles stepped into the room.

"Sir Gendon," he began, directly the door was closed, "you very probably are thinking this intrusion unwarrantable, but when you hear the nature of my mission, I think you will forgive me."

"Pray proceed!" said the General with a slightly bewildered air.

In the background Lord Archie sat with a somewhat supercilious smile on his face. For a second the Hon. Charles allowed the tail of his eye to rest upon him, then took a step forward.

"By chance it has come to my knowledge, Sir Gendon," he said impressively, "that at eleven to-night an attempt will be made to rob you of your famous service of gold plate."

"What?" shouted the General.

The Hon. Charles smiled quietly, and continued his explanation.

"I overheard the plot in a little restaurant in Soho where I went out of curiosity last night—a chance word let fall by a man at the next table excited my suspicions and I listened eagerly. I gathered that he was the leading spirit, and had been down here and had been actually shown the plate by you—he was a well-dressed man with a slight scar on his forehead."

"Gad!" cried the General, "the chap who came and said he was a collector! Go on."

"He said that he had everything cut and dried," continued the Hon. Charles. "An exact plan of the house, how the study would be entered from the terrace — he mentioned that the room was at the far end of a wing and was rarely ever lighted in the evening."

"The scoundrel!" cried the General. "At eleven to-night, you say?"

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The General swung round, white with fury.
"You blithering idiot! They've been here already—the gold plate has gone!"

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"They evidently know your plan of going to bed at ten," commented Lord Archie.

"But you heard this last night," said the General brusquely. "Why did you leave it till past nine this evening—there is no time to fetch the police."

The Hon. Charles smiled reassuringly, and his hand went to his pocket.

"Country police are such bunglers!" he remarked lightly, as he approached the table and brought out a pocket pistol. "I heard there were but two to be employed in the business. I propose, therefore, that you kindly allow me to secrete myself in the study and await their coming. On their appearance I can easily hold them at bay with my revolver."

"But why should you run such a risk on my behalf?" cried the General.

The Hon. Charles fingered the revolver carelessly.

"It is really nothing, my dear General! I am only too delighted to be of any service!" he added with a sidelong glance at Lord Archie. The latter felt a strong desire to kick him.

"No, really I can't allow it," said the General. "I propose that we all three hide there—then we shall be more than a match for them."

The General led the way into the hall and through to the wing in which was the study. "Steal the Gort gold plate—the blackguards!" he cried as he opened the door. "My dear sir, I shall be grateful all my life for the service you have rendered me."

The Hon. Charles turned round to Lord Archie and deliberately grinned. He got a scowl in return.

As the General lighted the gas in the room he observed that the window was wide open, and turning quickly saw the door of the iron cupboard in the wall also open. He peered in—it was empty.

The General swung round on the Hon. Charles, white with fury.

"You blithering idiot!" he cried. "They've been here already—the gold plate has gone!"

The Hon. Charles was gaping at the cupboard in a stupefied way.

"It must have been seven, then," he murmured. "I certainly thought he said eleven."

"Thought, you blunderhead!" the General screamed. "You conceited jackanapes to come here with your talk about taking them single-handed and all the time they've stolen it under my very nose, three hours ago! I would sooner have lost my right hand than that plate-chest."

Lord Archie's face was a study. The corners of his mouth were twitching convulsively.

"Oh, he meant well," he blurted out.

"Silence, sir!" roared the General.

The door was pushed open and the aged retainer entered with a somewhat frightened air. He held out a letter to his master.

"A mounted messenger from Esley brought this—said it was most important, sir."

"Ah, perhaps a clue!" cried the General, snatching at the letter and tearing it open feverishly.

DEAR SIR GENDON (he read out),

By a curious coincidence some robbers who had succeeded in stealing your famous chest of plate whilst you were at dinner this evening, mistook my carriage for their own, and being in a hurry to catch a train I was forced to drive off with it. Under these circumstances I have deposited it in the cloak-room at Esley station, giving special instructions for it to be looked after. I have the pleasure to enclose the ticket herewith.

Yours sincerely,

PETER PINKERTON.

The General turned the letter over, and stamped his foot at something written on the back.

P.S.—As you may think the circumstances strange, I may add that at the time I was engaged in eloping with your daughter, Amber, who has done me the honour of consenting to be my wife. She stays with a lady friend to-night, and marries me by special license early to-morrow. Trust you will see things in a comfortable light.—P.P.

The three men turned and stared at one another in mute amazement, their minds slowly taking in the thing that had happened. The Hon. Charles was the first to speak.

"Both of us done by old Peter!" he cried.

"The unscrupulous little pirate!" exclaimed Lord Archie.

Suddenly the General broke out into a short laugh.

"Pirate, or no pirate," he grunted, "he had the sense to save the Gort gold plate."

"You don't mean to say you're going to forgive him?" the young men cried.

"'Pon my word, I think I shall," said the General. "A man who can run away with my daughter and save my gold plate from burglars on the same night is worth having as a son-in-law! Yes; I shall have to forgive him."

And he did.

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The Romance of Poisoning

Beautiful Women and accomplished Men who regarded Murder as an Art.

By Edgar Saltus.

POISONS may be toxicoloquially catalogued as triply fascinating. Firstly, because of the mystery of them; secondly, because behind the mystery loom the great figures of the Borgias and the Brinvilliers; and, finally, because they involve the whole subject of murder considered as an art.

The term "art" is used for the reason that De Quincey so labelled it. He had a pretext. Had he wished he could have had a text.

Once upon a time people who got in the way were dosed with hemlock. Death came very agreeably. It neither convulsed nor distorted. It left the beauty of the victim unmarred, the features uncontracted, the mouth half closed. It left no trace either. There is art. Whoso says art says Greece. In Greece poisoners were artists. That is, a number of centuries ago.

In the days that succeeded them, art persisted but methods changed. Occasionally people who were in the way did not wait to be killed, but disposed of themselves. That simplified matters. Occasionally, too, they were urged to die. It was the young Emperors of old Rome who did the urging. Yet sometimes they did not bother. A lady named Locusta discovered a way of cooking mushrooms which was found to be very serviceable. Nero served it to his brother Britannicus. Domitian administered it first to his father, Vespasian; and next, to his brother, Titus. They were all in the way. The mushroom stew dispersed them. What the ingredients were, we have never known. It was an imperial dish, and as such reserved for the purple.

Lady Frances, Countess of Somerset, who poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury, because he opposed her marriage to Robert Carr.

[*From an old print.*

It is recorded that Phrysa killed Queen Satira by cutting an apple with a knife poisoned on one side and giving Satira the poisoned half. If aconite were known to Phrysa, this was quite a practicable achievement. Agrippina refused to eat apples offered by her father-in-law, Titerius, at table, remembering, perhaps, the little trick of Phrysa. Agrippina herself subsequently got rid of Claudius with some deadly dose.

More recently John, King of Castile, died through wearing a pair of boots poisoned by a Turk. So Tissot says, but, unless the king had chilblains, or something of the sort, it is unlikely that he met his death in this way, for the unbroken skin will not let poison pass into the system. Similarly, it is

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recorded that Henry VI. died through wearing poisoned gloves, while Louis XIV. and Pope Clement VII. were killed by the fumes of poisoned tapers.

Another popular form of getting rid of an enemy in a quiet, unostentatious way in vogue among the Romans was by means of the poisoned needle and a ring.

Lampridus, or Spartian, or whoever the brute may have been that abridged a chronicle in the "Scriptores Historæ Augustæ," describes the needle. This fiendish instrument and samples of the rings recovered from the ruins of Pompeii, anyone may examine at Naples. They suggest nothing so much as vipers of gold. A receptacle, moved by a spring, contained poison, which exuded at a touch. Those who liked gave a little prick to those they did not like, and the latter fell dead. Or at table, in the animation of small talk, the assassin made but a gesture. On the food of his neighbour a drop would fall. The deed was done.

Cæsar Borgia, the greatest artistic poisoner, who cleared his way almost to the Pontificate by assassination.

[From an old print.

Possibilities not similar, but cognate, were thoroughly appreciated during the Renaissance. That was the age when murder really flourished. There were sixty recognised modes of eliminating, without fuss or scandal, such people as got in the way. It would be fastidious to describe them all. The most fashionable was "Aqua Tofania," which remained in vogue up to the beginning of the last century, and of which to-day we know only that, presumably a preparation of arsenic, it was without colour, taste, or odour. But it was very effective. Adepts smeared it on one side of the blade of a golden knife with which they then cut a peach, and after giving the poisoned half to the lady who had incurred their jealousy, ate the other half in her presence. It is difficult to regard that as otherwise than artistic, too. But there was another preparation still more so. It acted not at once, but years later. The victim became toothless, bald, and desiccated, expiring after an agony, relentless and prolonged.

Madame Tofania confessed to having removed over six hundred people, including many cardinals and two popes. Tofania settled in Naples in the year 1650, being then quite a young woman. Her ostensible occupation was the sale of lotions for the complexion, but she took means to make known the fact that they could be used equally well for getting rid of a rival or an enemy. Tofania sold her compounds for very large sums in small flat vials, under several attractive names. There was the "Manna of St. Nicholas of Bari," the bottle bearing an image of the saint, and the contents being warranted to kill without any manner of doubt. This deadly fluid was represented to be miraculous oil that oozed from the tomb of St. Nicholas. There was the "Acquetta di Napoli" and the "Aqua Tofania." Some of the solutions

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were strong enough to kill in a few hours; others had to be administered for weeks or months, gradually destroying the health without exciting suspicion.

This monster, Tofania, commenced the trade in poisons when quite a girl, and carried it on up to the age of seventy. By changing her name and residence frequently, she managed to escape the police, and, when at length discovered, she took refuge in a convent, where she was allowed to continue her profitable business. Finally, a body of soldiers broke into the building and carried off the merciless old hag. She was tortured until she revealed the names of many of her customers, and was then strangled.

Lucretia Borgia, the faithful assistant of her brother, Cæsar Borgia.

[From an old print.

Artistic and ingenious also were the poisoned candles, poisoned gloves and poisoned flowers with which under the Borgias death was distributed in Italy and which the Medici introduced into France. These things left no traces. Not that it would have mattered much if they had. The Medici cared nothing for the existence which they led in the minds of other people. The Borgias cared less. For that matter, the Borgian mode of life is to-day untellable except in Latin—the one language, parenthetically, which is suited to love, to religion and to crime. But the callousness of the clan, a callousness legendary in Lucretia and accentuated in Alexander, culminated in Cæsar.

In history's caverns there are monsters more masterful than he, but none more cold-blooded. A galley-slave in Mars is as familiar with the sonnets of Petrarch as he was with shame. The term had no meaning for him. Without heart, without nerves, without sensibilities of any kind, he turned sin into a system, crime into a code, and thus equipped, trusting no one and assassinating those who trusted him, cleared his way almost to the Pontificate.

Alexander, his father, exhaled death. He had cups, perfumes and even eucharists which produced it. And this pontiff, from whose presence poison emanated, trembled before his son. It was as well, perhaps. But probably, too, he trembled insufficiently. For presently, together they planned the elimination of five Cardinals. Then, through what jugglery is less uncertain than clear, the wine intended for the prelates and which had been studiously blended with cantarella — the household drug —father and son drank instead. Alexander tumbled over. He was dead. But Cæsar, who knew what he was about, had himself placed in the carcass of a bull, from which, either by virtue of an old superstition or else because of antitoxic properties which the carcasses of bulls do not possess to-day, he emerged subtle as a serpent that has discarded its skin.

Among poisoners anterior and subsequent Cæsar Borgia is easily first. The champion of the lot, he was a pestilence in flesh and blood. His sister's life, too, was not above reproach. From her first husband she was divorced, and her second husband was murdered by order of her brother.

Of the Medici, Catherine is the lady who has been accused. She is said to have poisoned the eldest son of the King of

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France to secure the crown for her husband, then Duke of Orleans. Artful, perfidious and cruel, is the description given of her character. Yet she was a generous patron of the arts. But if Tofania, the Borgias and Catherine de Medici were bad, what is to be said of Madame Brinvilliers? This woman was a born criminal. Tofania dealt in death in order to earn her own living: Brinvilliers murdered through pure villainy.

The Marchioness of Brinvilliers, *née* D'Aubray—not Retroussé, as someone somewhere amusingly noted—was the daughter of a Frenchman of note. According to an account which she was conscientious enough to provide, her childhood was remarkable only for its perversity, and her conduct while yet a girl left more to be desired than even she found it convenient to express. By way of off-set, she charmed on sight. Extremely pretty, fetchingly slight, she had the face of an angel, the smile of a seraph, the attitude of a saint, and a voice which was silken in its sweetness. Fancy a demon masquerading as Psyche and her portrait is done. At the age of twenty she became the wife of De Brinvilliers, a young nobleman of wealth. The wealth came to him through his mother from Gobelin, founder of the tapestry looms. In the halls to which he took his bride, the number of these tapestries which must have been needed surpasses belief. In any event, a few of them are required to drape this story. For the marchioness promptly interested herself elsewhere, and the marquis followed suit. The immediate object of this lady's fancy was a captain named Sainte-Croix. Though her husband did not mind, her father did. He had Sainte-Croix thrown into the Bastille, from which ultimately the captain issued. But meanwhile two things had occurred. The marchioness had accumulated an intense hatred of her father, and the officer had acquired a thorough familiarity with arsenic by association in the prison with an Italian professional poisoner named Reli or Exili. When finally he was released, the dance began.

In the guise of a sister of charity, the marchioness proceeded to promenade through hospital wards. To the ill and ailing she brought words of comfort and delicate food. But those to whom she ministered died, in the most awful agony. The marchioness, however, was merely experimenting with poison which she had got from Sainte-Croix. In this way she acquired such knowledge that she could supply customers with compounds to kill out of hand, or at the end of a week, a month, or a year. Brinvilliers is supposed to have been the inventor of the suggestively-named "Poudre de Succession," said by some authorities to consist of powdered glass, but more probably sugar of lead. When she was assured that its effects were not suspected, the experiments were complete. At this juncture her father invited her to visit him. As a result she ministered to him also. For eight months she caressed him with one hand and dosed him with the other. After poisoning him twenty-eight times vainly, she doubled the dose and he died.

Catherine de Medici, said to have poisoned the eldest son of the King of France to secure the crown for her husband, then Duke of Orleans. [*From an old print.*

That death slaked her hate. It enriched her also. But she had brothers and sisters whom, unfortunately for them, it enriched besides. During all this time the marchioness and her husband were leading the

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life which befits people of rank. Such a life requires money. To obtain more, she poisoned her two brothers, and planned to eliminate her sisters as well. Meanwhile, to keep her hand in, she distributed arsenic right and left. She fed it to her servants, because they were awkward; to her daughter, because she was stupid; to her husband, because he was in the way. The marquis was highly accommodating, but he continued to live, and that prevented her from marrying Sainte-Croix. But Sainte-Croix, who had no desire whatever of becoming the mate of such a reptile, fed De Brinvilliers with antidotes, and the poor chap, poisoned one day, was counter-poisoned the next. How he enjoyed what was going on within him is a detail. The point is that enterprises so amusing ended as all things must. In the thick of them all, it occurred to Sainte-Croix to die, and in dying to leave behind him various documents and confessions so compromising that the marchioness was arrested after ten years of deliberately-planned and cold-blooded crime, and suffered torture by water. She was strapped recumbent upon a bench, and a funnel-shaped mask was placed over her face, into which water flowed from a large barrel. As the water rose over the mouth of the victim nothing remained but to swallow it or be suffocated. In this way an incredible quantity of water was forced into the body, with what agony may be imagined. Having confessed her own crimes and implicated her accomplices the marquise was beheaded, her body burned in public near Nôtre Dame, and the ashes dispersed to the four winds in July, 1667.

It is said that her end was highly edifying. We have no doubt of it. But so, too, was the fashion which she set. Paris, and more particularly Versailles, became powdered with poison. Even the King got a pinch or two. That he merited it is clear. The fourteenth Louis of France was not a good man; he was not even a good-looking man; but as kings go he was very imposing, quite august, and not unreasonably royal.

Among his caprices was Louise de la Vallière, a human flower that exhaled everything which is sweet—and sad. The charm of her was too delicate to last, too delicate at least for the peppered palate of the monarch, too delicate in any event to withstand the splendour of the sunburst projected by the Montespan. In the glare of it the girl withered. Her rival then became Queen of the Court of France. Royally beautiful, regally robed, sovereign in manner, and sumptuous in magnificence, Mme. de Montespan, in lieu of charming, coerced. To use a localism of the land, she made the rain and the fine weather. She did more, she made her children "princes of the blood."

The Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's Prime Minister, England's most celebrated poisoner. [*From an old print.*

A lady so resourceful does not abdicate readily. At the first suspicion of a possible successor she bethought herself of the powders which Sainte-Croix had dispensed. The effort to obtain them led her into strange company and stranger halls—into cellars where life was an article of commerce; into dens where hags compounded philtres; into chapels where the Black Mass was held; into orgies sacrilegious and necromantic. From one such excursion she returned with a mixture of bat's blood and honey, a remedy which was regarded as highly efficacious for the restoration of alienated affection.

In a recent work concerning this lady, Monsieur Fünck-Brentano says that this brew made the King deadly ill. The point to note is that when he recovered, the new

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star waned; only, however, to be succeeded by another. The latter, Angélique de Fontanges, a very pretty maid of honour, so entranced the volatile heart of Louis that the prestige of the favourite was menaced as never before. In her rage she determined to kill them both, and at once she was back in those cellars, haunting those dens, consulting with artists in death, making her plans and expending in the preliminaries nearly a million of money.

From these attentions Louis, of course, escaped, but Angélique died. Then the details of the plot, obtained by the secret service, were, together with the confessions of various artists and assistants, submitted to the King. What happened to the accomplices is unimportant. Some of them were promptly broken on the wheel; others lived for years—one of them for forty—chained by the foot in subterranean cells. With Mme. de Montespan, mother of the children of the House of France, nothing very serious could be done. She was thanked for her good offices, and invited to retire into a convent, where ultimately she died, quite like a saint.

Other noted poisoners flourished in France at this period, the women La Voigin and La Vigoureux being next in fame to Brinvilliers, and the priest Le Sage rivalling them; while, in Italy, no household was free from the terror of death. Husband-poisoning seems to have been the most popular form of murder. In 1659 a secret society of young married women was formed in Rome with the object of getting rid of unloved husbands. At its head figured Hieronyma Spara, a disciple of Tofania and a reputed witch. She was the custodian and distributor of the drugs. She seems to have loved murder for its own sake, and to have induced many women of wealth and position to get rid of their husbands. Whether the "Aqua Tofania" or the "Aqua Perugia" were used is not accurately known. Probably the latter and more potent fluid.

"Aqua Perugia" was made by killing a hog, salting it with arsenic, and then collecting the fluid. This was believed to be much more powerful than a simple solution of arsenic in water.

The husband-poisoners, however, were soon found out, and handed over to justice. Their leader, Hieronyma Spara, and twelve others were beheaded. Many more, among them being women of high rank, were tortured or whipped through the streets.

Italy, among European countries, always held the lead in poisoning. It is a crime whose degree is apparently determined by the heat of the sun, for Egypt in the old days, and India up to the present time, are lands celebrated for poisoners. Englishmen and northerners generally, have never taken kindly to this mode of murder. We have had, it is true, a few celebrated poisoners, but the habit never took enduring root.

Prior to Tofania, a merciless school of poisoners flourished in Venice. During the 15th century, even the Government of that State used poison, without any disguise, as a weapon. A body, called "The Council of Ten," was appointed to determine who should be despatched, and they dealt with the lives of princes, kings and popes as one would deal with superfluous trees in a wood. A curious document is still extant in which the proceedings of this council are recorded. We find, for instance, John of Raguba, a Franciscan monk, who prepared a selection of poisons and a scale of fees. The fee varied with the importance of the victim and the length of the journey to be made for his despatch. For poisoning the Duke of Milan he charged 60 ducats; for the Pope, 100 ducats; for the King of Spain, 150 ducats; for the "Great Sultan," 500 ducats.

Among the historical poisoners of England we have King John, who made love to the fair Maud Fitzwalter, daughter of one of his most powerful barons. The King's addresses were rejected, and he shut the girl up in the chilliest dungeon of the Tower. Hunger and cold did not move her, and, in a fit of disappointed rage, the King sent her a poisoned egg, of which she ate and died.

In the reign of James I., the Countess of Somerset poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury for a very slight cause. The story of it runs that Frances Howard married the Earl of Essex when the bride was only thirteen, and the bridegroom fourteen, years old. The Earl was immediately sent on a foreign tour for three or four years.

When the Earl returned, the bride had grown into a beautiful, but capricious, woman. He wanted to live a quiet life in the country, but she refused to leave the splendour and excitement of the Court. Falling in love with Robert Carr, one of the King's handsome companions,

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she tried to get divorced from her husband in order to marry her lover. Sir Thomas Overbury, a friend of Carr's, was foolish enough to oppose the marriage, and was imprisoned in the Tower by order of the King, where he was plied, first with cantharides, next with nitrate of silver, then with spiders, after that with arsenic, and was finally despatched by means of corrosive sublimate. This horrible murder did not become publicly known for two years. Meanwhile the Countess had got her divorce and married Robert Carr, who was made Earl of Somerset. When the murder of Overbury came to light, the Earl, the Countess, and several accomplices, were tried and convicted, but, while the accomplices got hanged, the Earl and his wife received the King's pardon.

An Earl of Leicester, Prime Minister to Queen Elizabeth, is said to have been a wholesale poisoner. Not only did he get his wife, Amy Robsach, killed, but he was suspected of poisoning the Earl of Essex, Lord Sheffield, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, his friend and accomplice, and Cardinal Chatillian.

Poisoning devoloped during the middle ages into such a fashion that there was barely a woman of rank who was not suspected of trying to get her husband out of the way. Many *grandes dames* were tried; some were convicted; others, including the Duchesse de Bouillon, were requested to amuse themselves elsewhere. But while the taste increased, the mode improved. Powders ceased to be fashionable. It was no longer considered elegant to put arsenic in food. A drinking-cup was devised which turned wine into venom. Modern science has denied that such a cup could be. Another invention was a looking-glass. Its properties were such that anybody who looked in one fell dead. Modern science has denied the possibility of such magic. Modern science is very sceptical. It has routed many a beautiful legend. By way of compensation, it has produced toxics which would have thrown the dilettanti of the Renaissance into stupors of admiration.

Consider, for instance, the micro-organisms which cause disease. Speaking relatively, it is but the day before yesterday that science made their acquaintance. We all know now that the cause of many complaints is an insidious yet infinitesimal germ, which, removed from the patient, can lead a separate and potentially virulent existence until, introduced into other circles, it infects anew. Given any of these terrific little things and a modern Medici could distribute viaticums as indetectably as Fate.

Within the bit of lignum vitæ which served Caracalla for a heart there were concentrated the cruelty and the guile of a wilderness of tiger-cats. When the pretorians eliminated him, they found in his luggage poisons supersufficient for the destruction of all the legions that he led. What fresh turpitudes he was devising, history has omitted to relate. But this is clear. Had Caracalla been able to have foreseen the terrible possibilities in microbes which we have suggested, mountains of poisons would have seemed to him paltry.

Apart from these possibilities, any physician to-day who happened to be artistically inclined could adapt penalties to persons. In a lady, for instance, who had become superfluous, he could induce consumption. Consumption is a very ladylike disease. No gentlewoman, however sensitive, would be ashamed to die of it. Then there is gout. Gout is a highly aristocratic complaint. Any self-respecting person into whom it was introduced would succumb to it with thanksgiving.

Of possibilities and powers such as these, the past knew nothing. By way of compensation it possessed poisons that were perfumes. Their odour perverted the imagination and stained the thoughts. They turned conceptions of right into wrong, and made the unholy adorable. They drove matrons mad and senators to suicide.

Long since, these perfumes have evaporated. In their stead are corrosives just as coercive. Catalogued as libel and slander, they are quite as convenient as the cantarella of the Borgias, and even more maleficent than microbes. These are the poisons which are fashionable to-day. Such is modern progress.

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How I thought of

Marconi sending a message from the cabin of an Atlantic liner, and—

By Guglielmo Marconi.

THE idea of transmitting messages through space by means of etheric waves, otherwise wireless telegraphy, came to me in the spring of 1894, while reading an account in an Italian electrical journal of the work of Professor Hertz, who had died in January of that year. I had followed Hertz's experiments for several years previous to that, but they had never before awakened in me more than a passing interest. For detecting the waves radiated from the transmitting oscillator Hertz had used a metal hoop having a small gap at one side. Upon bringing this hoop within the influence of the electrical disturbance set up by his oscillator, he discovered that minute sparks passed across the gap. In other words, he showed that electric waves when radiated into space, could be detected at a distance by means of the metal hoop. It occurred to me that if I could interrupt the wave transmission from the oscillator breaking it up into long and short periods, similar interruptions would be detected in the spark gap of the metal hoop. Here, in short, was the possibility of signalling across space by means of the Hertzian waves. A short emission of the transmitted waves would signify the dot of the Morse alphabet, a long emission the dash, and thus words might be spelled out in the distant receiver.

The idea seemed so simple and evident to me that at first I had no thought of attempting practical experiments to demonstrate its possibility, because I knew there were many clever men in the world experimenting with etheric waves, and I thought someone would quickly work out the problem. After waiting almost a year without seeing any account of attempted applications of the discoveries of Hertz to the transmission of signals, I began my first experiments in December, 1894, and obtained results which surprised me, and which I at once realised were new.

I may say that for several years previous to the beginning of this work I had been deeply interested in electricity, though purely as an amateur. I had fitted up a rude laboratory or workshop in my father's house near Boulogne, where I had began to work with primary batteries and thermopiles, grappling with the problem which has puzzled so many inventors—a method of transforming heat directly into electricity. I had also experimented with the utilisation of steam in engines, and had likewise been deeply interested in chemistry.

I have seen it stated that Professor Righi, of the University of Boulogne, first suggested to me the idea of communicating messages through space. This, however, is not the truth. I never even attended any of Professor Righi's lectures—I wish now I had—though I did have discussions with him, as beginner with master, on the subjects of chemistry and mechanism. He had repeated very successfully the experiments of Hertz, detecting transmitted waves a short distance across a room—but he evidently had not thought of using the waves for the communication of intelligence, for when I first mentioned the idea to him he said he thought it would not be practicable. I think I am

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Wireless Telegraphy

right in saying that previous to my experiments no one had attempted the practical use of the Hertzian waves for telegraphy.

I do not think it occurred to other experimenters that these rays could be so utilised, although Professor Oliver Lodge, who had long been experimenting along the lines suggested by Hertz, gave, in a book which he published in 1894, a number of suggestions as to the uses to which these rays might be put, but never mentioned their application to telegraphy. He suggested that if one should put iron filings in his eye he might see the Hertzian waves; but he did not suggest that these rays could be used for signalling.

—An operator receiving the message 1,500 miles away.

One English electrical journal in its issue of September 17th, 1897, said that Dr. Lodge's apparatus for thus utilising the Hertzian waves was shown in Oxford in 1894, but I fear that this statement is not quite correct. Either public interest was very low at that time, or the exhibition was very little noticed, because no written report of such an exhibition was made, and I have the word of Professor Fleming, of University College, London, who was present at the meeting in question, that to his knowledge no suggestion was made to the effect that the Hertzian waves could be used for the purpose of signalling over long distances.

Indeed, when I began to utilise Hertzian waves for telegraphy I did not know that anyone else had ever thought of such a thing. I learned later, however, that many experimenters had been close to the idea, and had even suggested it. One writer in an English electrical journal in April, 1891, said:—

"If we could reduce the frequency about 2,000 times, and produce vibrations of about 200,000 millions per second, we should get waves of about one millimetre long. These radiations would probably pierce not only a fog but a brick wall. *When* we get such vibrations there will be many interesting uses for them. One, at all events, will be the possibility of communicating between lightships and the shore."

The Hertzian wave was experimented with and its identity with light waves was often demonstrated, but no one used it for telegraphic purposes before I began my experiments. I believe I am right also in saying that I sent the first recorded message through space by electro-magnetic waves in 1894, and was the first to telegraph from a ship in motion (Italian Navy, 1897).

In my apparatus I have made use of known ideas. My instruments are improvements of my predecessors', with the introduction of a few developments which from my observation seemed necessary. It is only fair to say that the introduction of these new elements was the basis of my long-distance success. It is the business of science to acquire results with the least possible outlay of work and time, and results are regarded as the standards by which a man's work is judged.

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The celebrated Venus de Milo statue in the Louvre.

HAD THE VENUS DE MILO ARMS?

An attempt to solve the problem that has baffled all nationalities for nearly a century.

By John N. Raphael.

IN a quiet courtyard of the Louvre, in Paris, where the only sound heard is the splashing of the fountain in its marble basin, and whither sightseers but rarely penetrate, are the former stables of the Imperial Court. The aroma of fresh straw and of new leather left them years ago, and as the doors grate slowly on their rusty hinges, an immense mass of dirty plaster of Paris, which occupies the whole front of the stable and jars oddly with the horses' names inscribed on the walls in faded gilt and blue, looms up. It is the reconstructed Venus de Milo which, some years ago, made M. Ravaisson-Mollien, of the French Institute, the talk and then the laughing-stock of Paris.

Venus has both her arms, and one of them rests lovingly upon the shoulder of a warrior, while the other hand restrains the hero, who has just drawn his short broad-bladed sword from out of its sheath.

M. Ravaisson-Mollien, whose work as a savant had made him famous long before the Venus de Milo controversy brought him notoriety, has done much fine artistic work under the pseudonym of Larché, and this reconstruction of the famous statue was, he hoped, to bring him undying fame. It did just the contrary. He and his statue were jeered at on the stage, laughed at in the newspapers, ridiculed everywhere, and, finally, after the old man's death, the statue was relegated to the tomb of many of the forgotten works of art in Paris—the stables of the Louvre.

Since the discovery of the Venus de Milo, in February, 1820, no

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piece of statuary, no single work of art, has ever given rise to so much controversy. Did he Venus stand alone upon her pedestal, was she a Venus at all, had she ever her two rms, and what were those arms doing? Men of all nationalities, scientists, archæologists, painters, sculptors, men of letters, and journalists have written their opinions in articles, in pamphlets, and in heavy tomes, and the literature on the subject would fill a good sized library.

Mr. Tarral's conception of the complete figure of the Venus.

As far as can be gathered, the following is the story of the finding of the famous statue :—

On a morning in February, 1820, the ground caved in under the feet of two peasants of the island of Milo, Georgos Botoni and his son Antonio. The two men fell headlong into a sort of cavern, which upon inspection proved to be a small shrine or temple, the interior walls of which were decorated in colours. In this temple, which is in the district of the island known as Castro, Georgos and his son found statuary and fragments, and after covering up the evidences of their find with branches and loose earth, they went to the village priest, a monk of St. Basil, named Oikonomos, and told him of the wonderful discovery which they had made.

Whether Oikonomos made terms with the two peasants, and bought the statue from the men or not, has never been clearly proved. The priest declared he did, but no money was ever paid to Georgos and Antonio by him. News of the rich find was brought to M. Louis Brest, the French Consul at Milo, during the month of March, and that gentleman immediately went to Castro, where he saw the shrine and the statue (six feet high), which has since been known to the world as the Venus de Milo. Besides the Venus, according to M. Brest, there were in the shrine two smaller statues, and a number of broken marble arms, and legs, and parts of statues, together with several inscriptions. In the course of the month of March, the Venus and other contents of the shrine were purchased by Count Marcellus for the Marquis de Rivière, the French Ambassador at Constantinople.

The discoverers of the statue stated that the Venus was holding an apple in her left hand.

M. Brest communicated with the captain of a French frigate, the *Chevrette*, which was lying off the island of Milo, and soon afterwards a number of sailors landed, and carried the statue down to the coast.

There was a skirmish between the sailors and the people of the island, whom the priest Oikonomos, furious at seeing the statue leave the island, had roused against the Frenchmen, and it seems certain that the Venus was a good deal damaged in the transit, but whether her arms and other parts of her were broken off and left behind has never yet been proved conclusively. According to a letter written by M. Brest, which a Paris journalist recently unearthed from a heap of dusty and forgotten manuscripts, the French Consul declares that he "knows where the arms of the statue are, but will never tell his knowledge to a living soul." The reason of this angry statement is believed to be annoyance at the fact that M. Brest's

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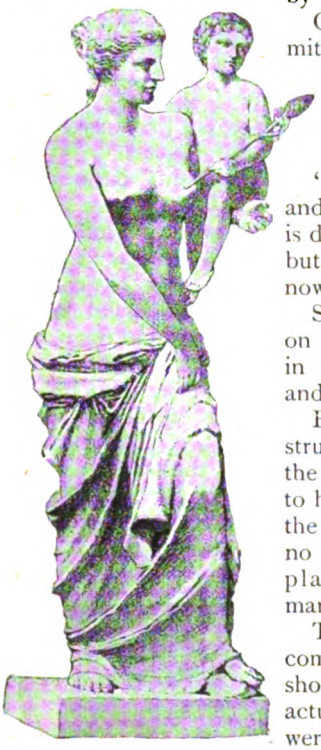
name was never inscribed upon the pedestal of the Venus, in the discovery of which he played an undoubted and important part, although it was actually purchased from Georgos by Count Marcellus, who paid the peasant £240 for it.



Mr. Frank Paloma's suggested reconstruction as a Mother of the Gods.

One of the first men to have seen the statue, and to have committed his impressions to paper, seems to have been Lieutenant, afterwards Admiral, Dumont d'Urville, an officer on board the French frigate *La Chevrette*. In an official report which Lieutenant Dumont d'Urville drafted for his commanding officer at the end of March, 1820, he says:

"The statue represents a woman. Her left hand is uplifted and holds an apple. The right hand grasps a mantle, which is draped in graceful folds about the hips, and falls to the feet, but unfortunately both the arms have been mutilated, and are now detached from the body."

Several other descriptions of the statue as seen in the shrine on the island are extant, and all, or nearly all of them agree in the main with the description given by Dumont d'Urville, and quoted above.

For years, however, archæologists have been busy with reconstruction notions, and the excitement reached such a pitch after the arrival of the Venus in France, that Louis XVIII. gave orders to have the statue placed in its present position in the museum of the Louvre, in order that no tampering should take place with the actual marble.

Then came a call for competitive designs to show how the Venus had actually looked, and these were as different from one another as they were numerous.

Of all these reconstructions, the most important was that of M. Ravaisson-Mollien, for which his inspiration was gathered from a group executed in the time of Alexander, which group was itself a reproduction of a sculpture executed by Pericles, showing the Urania Venus welcoming Theseus, the founder of Athens, into Elysian bliss.

The restoration of M. Ravaisson-Mollien—now in the old stables at the Louvre.

A young American artist, Mr. Frank Paloma, has, with American ingenuity, and, if one may be permitted to say so, with American temerity, put forward an entirely new idea of the original characteristics of the famous statue. Basing his work upon the remarks made by nearly all the men who actually saw the statue in its shrine on the island, Mr. Paloma has designed a reconstruction of—not a Venus—but a Mater Deorum, or Mother of Gods. As our illustration shows, this novel reconstruction scheme presents us to a goddess, holding in her arms the youthful Bacchus. Although an inscription upon the pedestal, when found, is said to have clearly stated its subject to be Venus, Mr. Paloma remarks in a pamphlet which he has published on the subject, that "it was a common custom of the Greeks and Romans to alter the inscriptions on their statues, and even to change the statues themselves in

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ccordance with the mutation of their national religions. What more natural," continues Mr. Paloma, "than for the pious islanders of Melos, terrified by the harsh edicts of Theodosius, to simply bury the pedestal and the inscription belonging to their goddess, and to continue to worship under another name that embodiment of the holy sentiment of love and maternity which they had hitherto been accustomed to adore."

Besides the reproductions of Mr. Paloma and M. Ravaisson-Mollien, there were many others. Messrs. Millingen, John, Welken, and Puller represented Venus as holding the shield of Mars, the war god.

Mr. Braun and Mr. Willig put the shield on Venus, and Mr. Bydberg considered that she held a shield on which was commemorated a victory of the Greeks over the Persians.

Mr. Bell's suggestion, with the laurel wreaths.

Mr. Stillman believed the figure to represent Victory, and reconstructed a statue showing Victory writing upon a tablet.

Mr. Bell suggested that the Venus held a crown of laurel in each hand, while a Viennese sculptor, whose name was not disclosed, cleverly suggested that Venus was at her toilet.

"It will not be long," wrote Count Marcellus in 1854, "before there is nobody living who can give an authoritative version of the real appearance of the statue," and in spite of the immense and constant interest shown in the subject, in spite of the bitter conflicts which have taken place upon the question, a reconstruction of the Venus de Milo which shall satisfy everybody, or even a majority of critics, seems as far off as ever. Men of such authority as Bell and Ravaisson-Mollien have treated one another's suggestions as charlatanism, and perhaps the simplest and wisest plan would be to follow in the footsteps of King Louis XVIII. of France, and content ourselves with the magnificent, if mutilated, figure in the Louvre, without attempting to improve upon it.

The restoration approved by the best authorities as the most probable.

The general trend of artistic opinion at the present day seems to be rather in favour of the view that the statue does not really represent Venus at all. It is often too hastily assumed that any female figure of this description of classical origin is intended for the goddess of love, but this is very far from being correct.

As a rule, ancient statues of Venus aimed at presenting the softer and more luxurious type of female beauty, and rarely introduced any suggestion of vigour or of action. But the so-called Venus de Milo is not merely well developed. She is decidedly vigorous and muscular, and it is clear from the raising of the left shoulder and the poise of the entire body, that the sculptor intended her to be doing something requiring more or less physical effort.

Another idea showing the Venus with an apple and a bird.

On asking the opinion of one of the greatest of living archæologists — whose name, however, we are not at liberty to mention — we received the following reply :—

"It would be rash to form any decided opinion (i) whether the Venus of Milo

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should be restored as a single statue, or grouped with a god, *e.g.*, Mars or Neptune; or (ii) whether, if a single statue, she should be imagined decorating a Term of Bacchus at her left side, or holding a shield with both hands or otherwise.

"Only last year there was found in the Louvre a Term of Bacchus, which had been found in Milo with the Venus; and who knows but her own base—missing for many years—may soon be recovered in the Louvre? Till that happens it is useless for an archæologist to speculate. Artists are more at liberty to do that."

Venus at her toilet—an ingenious suggestion from Vienna.

But if the statue is not a Venus—the consensus of artistic opinion is that it is not—then what is it? Now we find the opponents to the Venus theory in pretty general agreement that the figure is that of the Nike Apteros, or Wingless Victory of Athens, of which it was said that "the Athenians made her without wings that she might never leave Athens."

This theory was first advanced in 1826 by Millingen, who expressed the opinion that the figure was that of Victory holding a shield in both hands. In support of this view we have not merely artistic theories, but the positive evidence of certain ancient statues.

The so-called Venus of Capua, a Roman statue, is almost a replica—though of very inferior quality—of the figure found at Melos; and in this case the arms are in a position quite consistent with the theory with which we are dealing.

But still stronger evidence is found in the Victory of Brescia, a winged and draped bronze figure bearing a striking resemblance both in the poise of the torso and head, and in the treatment of drapery, to the Melian statue. This Victory holds in her left hand a shield, which rests on her left thigh, while with her right hand she is inscribing the names of the heroes upon it. Both these figures are considered, with considerable show of reason, to be copied from the more ancient and apparently well-known figure that we call the Venus de Milo, and thus possess considerable evidential value as indicating what the complete statue was like.

A restoration based on the idea that the Venus was part of a group.

Mr. W. J. Stillman, who devoted much time and research to the subject, found in the balustrade surrounding the corbel of the ruined temple of the Wingless Victory at the Acropolis of Athens, some small figures of Victory which bore a startlingly close resemblance to the type of the Venus de Milo. They had the same heroic proportions, the same ample development of the nude parts, and the same treatment of the flowing drapery.

Mr. Stillman made some interesting experiments by posing a model in the attitude of the Venus de Milo holding a shield in the way we have described. By this means he proved that the poise of the torso of the statue was exactly that which a woman assumed when supporting a shield on her left thigh with her left hand, and writing on it with her right.

While, therefore, it would be a very rash person who should say that he had solved the mystery of the statue, yet the probability is, that it is not a Venus at all, but a figure of the Wingless Victory.

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BORROWING A PARROT!

The story of a momentary madness.

By Percy E. Reinganum.

Illustrated by T. H. ROBINSON.

I WAS going to meet Miss Melissa Mandeville, to whom I am engaged. She lives with her aunt and uncle—she is an orphan—in Kensington. I live in "diggings" near Kilburn. We had agreed to meet at the Marble Arch, lunch at Frascatti's, and visit the Wallace Collection afterwards. We had heard that it was well worth seeing; besides which it cost nothing, and we were economising.

It was a fine afternoon, but the morning had been wet. I remember this because it annoyed me to have to run through the mud, soiling my best patents and splashing my frock coat, just because the conductor of the 'bus I was trying to catch was inside collecting fares. He didn't see me hail him, and he didn't notice me jump on and climb to the top.

I was rather late, and I hoped we shouldn't stop too often on the way. I was, therefore, very much annoyed, when we had proceeded for about ten minutes, to see that the road was up, and that the 'bus would have to turn off. I muttered uncomplimentary allusions to the water, gas, or telephone company that might be responsible for the delay, but as I was the only passenger on the roof, and sat on the last seat, no one heard me, not even the driver.

We turned off into a dingy side street, turned again, and then again, this time into a very narrow long street with very little roadway and no pavement at all to speak of. Occasionally, when the 'bus drew to one side to pass some other vehicle, I could have touched the grimy house-fronts with my hand.

We jolted along over the uneven road, the 'bus creaking and clattering, and swaying so violently that every now and then I put out my hand, feeling sure we should bump into the first floor windows, which were just on a level with the rail. It was at one of these windows some way down the street that I first caught sight of the grey parrot.

It was in a large gilt cage, on the window sill on the first floor. I first saw it when it was about fifty yards ahead of us. We rapidly neared it, and were just about to pass it when I gave way to a mad impulse.

Quite thoughtlessly, I attempted to rattle my finger along the wires of the cage in passing to startle the bird inside. As I did so, the 'bus gave a sudden lurch, my finger jammed tightly between the wires, and the startled bird lunged at it with his beak. Involuntarily I jerked my hand back. The cage followed, and to save it from falling I clutched it with my other hand. Before I had realised what had happened, we were clattering along twenty yards further on, and I was nursing on my immaculate knees a large gilt cage, containing an extremely evil-looking and terrified grey parrot.

The whole thing had been so sudden, had taken place so instantaneously, my finger was so firmly twisted between the cage bars and smarted so badly from the peck of the bird's beak, that we had turned out of that street into the next, and from that again into another, before I had extricated my hand, bound up my finger with my handkerchief, and realised that I was in wrongful possession of somebody else's cherished pet. My first

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impulse was to instantly get off the 'bus and go back to return the bird to its owner, and I had already risen to my feet with that intention, when it occurred to me that, not only was I entirely ignorant of the number of the house whence I had involuntarily stolen the bird, but I remembered nothing distinctive about it to enable me to identify it. I recollected that it was a very long street, and that all the houses were exact reproductions of one another under one long strip of slate roof. I hate to appear ridiculous, and the idea of wandering from door to door, carrying a grey parrot in a cage and inquiring for its owner, did not appeal to me. Besides, what explanation could I give? I sat down again, and wiped my forehead with my bandaged hand.

Just then the conductor appeared on the roof. Not having seen me jump on, he had not known that there was a fare to collect on top. He had probably come up for a word with the driver when he saw me. He looked very hard at me, and then at the parrot. A happy thought struck me. I would confide in him. He was a big, burly fellow, with a good-natured face. Perhaps he would undertake to look after the bird and find the owner—for a consideration.

I paid him my fare, and by the way of breaking the ice, remarked jocosely that I supposed "this" (my burden) might ride free.

"I didn't notice you git on," he remarked, still staring at the cage, and wondering, I daresay, how I could have got such a thing aboard unobserved.

"No," I said, "you were inside when I jumped on."

"Oh!" he returned, still looking hard at the parrot. "Fine bird that," he added slowly.

"D'you think so?" I asked, mustering up courage for my ridiculous confession.

"Yes," he went on, "I've got one the very image o' that myself."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," he said again, "it's very like yours, mine is. The missus gen'rally puts it out on the sill of an afternoon for a breath of air, but I didn't notice it just now when we passed."

"Fine bird. I've got one the very image o' that myself."

An awful suspicion flashed into my mind.

"Did we pass your house, then?"

"Yes," he rejoined, "in Upton Street — that long, narrow one we went through. Bill," he indicated the driver with a jerk of his head, "drives round there when the road's up so's I can get a glimpse of the old 'ooman an' kids sometimes — an' the parrot."

It was *his* parrot I had stolen! My heart went up into my mouth and back into my boots. I could not speak. The wretched bird sidled along its perch away from me with its feathers all rumpled up the wrong way. The 'bus turned into the Edgware Road again.

"It's a good bird," said the conductor, with a final glance at the ornithological specimen in question, "looks like as though 'e was moultin' a bit." Then he clattered down the steps again. It was too late for confession now. Besides, he was a great, strapping fellow. Oh, why had I not spoken at once.

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The Marble Arch was in sight now. Desperately I made up my mind that as soon as the 'bus stopped I would rush into some convenient public-house, beg the proprietor to take care of the cage for half-an-hour, and leave it there while I kept my appointment with Melissa. How could I meet her with that confounded bird on my hands?

I clambered down at the corner of Edgware Road before the 'bus stopped. The cage

They seemed surprised to see us; more so when they noticed my shirtsleeves.

encumbered me somewhat, and my final spring from the step to the kerb across a puddle was not graceful. My hat slipped, and in saving it I nearly knocked it off altogether with my umbrella. I noticed that I was already five minutes late. I turned confusedly to find a convenient place to leave the conductor's pet, when I collided violently with a man coming round the corner.

"What the deuce——?" he began, and then "Why, Moberly," he cried, "how are you, and what on earth are you doing with *that?*" and he pointed to the cage.

It was Gibson—a fellow I cordially dislike—always full of what he considers jokes—the very last person I would have chosen to meet in my present predicament.

"At present I'm carrying it—can't you see!" I retorted irritably.

"But what for? This isn't the way to the Zoo!"

I frowned. "I've only just—er—got it," I remarked. That at all events was the truth.

"Looks as though you got it second-hand," he said, grinning at the disreputable-looking bird. "Pretty Polly! Does it talk?"

I tried to be dignified. "It's a good bird," I said, with recollections of the conductor, "but it's moulting a bit."

"But what have you got it for? To keep you company till you're married?"

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Gibson knew I was engaged: he knows everything about everybody.

I was feverishly impatient to get away.

"It's—it's for a present," I explained hurriedly. "Good-bye."

"A present, eh! I hope she will like it. Good-bye—why here *is* Miss Mandeville! Good afternoon, Miss Mandeville. Here's Moberly with such a beautiful present for you."

"Why, Teddy," said Melissa, "what have you got there?"

What could I do? That idiot Gibson was standing there grinning and Melissa looked more charming than usual. How could I explain?

"It's—a little present—for you," I blurted out, wishing Gibson had been struck by lightning before he ran into me that afternoon.

"Oh, Teddy! how jolly! I've always been fond of birds. But we can't take it to Frascatti's, can we?"

"Oh," I said, "no—I suppose not. We must take it home."

"Well, good-bye," said Gibson, "I've got a train to catch. Take care of Polly." And he left us.

The sight of a young gentleman in a silk hat and frock coat carrying a grey parrot in a large gilt cage down Oxford Street is sufficiently uncommon to create a stir. A small crowd began to gather.

"We'd better take a cab," I said desperately. (Farewell economy!)

"Git on 'is back and fly there!" suggested a butcher boy.

"'Ave you tried 'Tatcho' for 'is 'ead, guv'nor?" asked another.

"Come along, Teddy," said Melissa.

"Hansom!" I shouted.

A "crawler" trotted up: we climbed in amid ironical cheers. I gave the address and we bowled away.

To allow the cage to stand against the splash board the apron was left open. The bird retired along its perch to the end farthest from us and eyed me—so it seemed to my guilty conscience—with a reproachful and distrustful eye.

"I'm *so* pleased with my present," said Melissa. "I know I shall love him. What made you think of such a thing?"

"I knew you liked birds," I said feebly.

Melissa leaned forward, and inserted a daintily-gloved finger between the bars.

"Pretty Polly!" she said sweetly.

Hitherto the parrot had maintained a gloomy silence that accorded well with its sparse and dissipated looking plumage. At sight of another finger intruding upon its privacy, expectations of another sudden and bumpy change of scene flashed into its mind, and it opened its hooked beak and shrieked—hoarsely and despairingly.

The cab-horse—a large grey animal—shied violently at the unaccustomed sound behind it. The parrot shrieked again. The horse rose on his hind legs, dropped forward on to his fore legs, and kicked at the splash-board. The driver pulled him to a standstill, and opened the little trap in the roof.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "can't you keep that bird quiet?"

The creature in question was now emitting shriek after shriek of ever-increasing intensity.

"Poor Polly!" said Melissa. We both bent forward and addressed it with the usual remarks generally considered soothing to parrots.

"Scratch a Poll, poor Polly!" I observed.

"Diddums then!" remarked Melissa. "'Oo shall have a lump o' sugar when 'oo gets home."

The bird screeched louder than ever.

"Cover his cage over," suggested the cab-man. "I can't 'old the 'orse much longer. 'E's got 'is ears back now!"

"I didn't know he'd lost them!" I said irritably. "What the deuce can I cover it with? My handkerchief?"

"Well, I can't drive the 'orse with that squeakin' bundle o' rags on the keb," retorted the man. "You'll 'av to get out and carry it."

"Oh, Teddy!" said Melissa, "we can't do that! Take off your coat and throw it over the cage."

I got angry.

"I'd rather wring its neck," I said.

"Oh, Teddy, don't be so cruel. We've only another twenty minutes to go."

"It's one thing or the other," said the voice from above, barely audible through the shrieks of the parrot. "We shall be moved on if we stop 'ere much longer."

With a fervent inward blessing on the unfortunate parrot's head, I divested myself of my frock coat, to the approving applause of a small knot of loafers on the pavement, and flung it over the cage. Instantly all was silence and we once more proceeded on our way.

When we arrived at Melissa's home her aunt and uncle were just starting for a walk.

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They seemed surprised to see us; more so when they noticed my shirtsleeves.

"Why, Melissa—Edward! What's the meaning of this?" said Mr. Mandeville.

He is a spruce little old gentleman, very scrupulous in his habits and regular in his churchgoing. His wife is a feminine replica of himself.

"Does it talk?" asked Melissa's aunt.

"I don't know," I replied.

"I hope it does," said Melissa. "Didn't you ask the man you got it from?"

"No," I said, "I—I didn't have time."

Mr. Mandeville approached the cage, and clucked with his tongue. The parrot looked at him with his head on one side.

"Take it away. It's not fit to be in a decent house."

"Teddy's given me a lovely parrot and we've brought it home," explained Melissa.

I picked up my coat, put it on, lifted out the cage, and paid the cabman. The bird, evidently mistaking my coat for the shades of night, had gone to sleep. I was careful not to wake him.

"That's a good bird," said the cabman.

"Very," I answered, shortly.

"I'd give 'im a voice lozenge if I was you," he went on with a grin. "At present he ain't what you'd call a lullaby."

We formed a small procession and bore the parrot in triumph to its new home. Once inside it opened its round eyes again, took in the comfortable room and the admiring group in one comprehensive glance and seemed to my heated imagination to wink at me.

"Pretty Poll!" said Mr. Mandeville.

"'Igher up!" suddenly ejaculated the parrot. "Marblarch — Cherring Cross — 'Igher up—'igher up—'igher up." And ended with a shrill whistle.

"Why, it's just like a 'bus-conductor," said Melissa. "How funny!"

"Very!" I mopped my face.

"Most interesting!" said her uncle, and tapped the cage with his knuckles.

"Drunk agen!" observed the parrot, eyeing him shrewdly.

"What!" said old Mandeville, recoiling a pace.

"Drunk agen! Drunk agen!" chuckled the bird, stamping its feet with enjoyment.

Mr. Mandeville looked cross. "What a vulgar animal," he said.

"It's only a bird, sir," I interposed.

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"H'm!" he grunted and put on his spectacles. They appeared to excite the parrot. It spoke very volubly for some seconds. Before it had well begun, Melissa and her aunt were at the other end of the room with their hands to their ears. Mr. Mandeville grew scarlet, and I felt hot all over.

"Of all the disgraceful ——" he began.

"I assure you, sir, I had no idea——"

"Blank — blank — blankety — blank — blank!" continued the parrot, thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Take it away, sir!" spluttered Melissa's uncle, "it's not fit to be in a decent house!"

"I didn't know it could swear!" I said. "What am I to do with it?"

"I don't care what you do with it!" retorted Mr. Mandeville, "I won't allow such language in *my* house, that's all!"

"Perhaps," said his wife, timidly, "if we taught it better—perhaps it might get rid of the habit."

"Maria," ejaculated her husband, "if you think that at my time of life I'm going to begin converting parrots——"

"Couldn't you change it, Teddy?" asked Melissa.

I jumped at the suggestion. I said "Good idea; I'll call a hansom." I was hot and hungry, for I had had no lunch, and my finger hurt exceedingly, but I was determined to get rid of that bird.

I went to the front door and looked for a cab. From the room I could hear that infernal parrot swearing softly and fluently. A hansom appeared and I hailed it.

"I'll come with you to the shop," said Melissa, "and choose something else."

"Great Scott—not for worlds!" I said hastily. "I mean—I'd rather you didn't, dear; it's a dirty shop—er—nasty neighbourhood—I—I'll be back soon."

"Oh, Teddy, I should like to choose something for myself."

"What would you like? I'll get it. A canary!—or a tortoise?"

"Anything you like," growled her uncle, "as long as it doesn't talk."

"Do let me come," pleaded Melissa.

"I tell you it's impossible!" I said desperately, and climbed into the cab. Melissa handed in the cage. She looked tearful.

"What address?" said the cabman through the trap.

I hesitated, then I said, "Go up the Edgware Road; I'll tell you where to turn. Good-bye."

"I think you're just horrid," said Melissa. "And you can keep your stupid old bird." Then the cab drove off.

Before we had gone far I said to the cabman, "Do you know a bird shop near here?"

He pondered for a moment, then he answered, "I think I do, sir; just off Edgware Road, on the left."

"That'll do," I said, with a sigh of relief. Once at the bird shop, I would exchange the parrot for something less highly educated. Then I would ascertain the 'bus conductor's address, inform him of the whereabouts of his pet, and send him the wherewithal to re-purchase it. The bird in question was quiet in its cage in front of me, a cloth having been thrown over it before we started. I was roused from my reverie by the sudden stopping of the cab.

"This is the turnin', sir," said the voice through the roof trap; "the shop's about fifty yards down. I can't get down with the cab 'cos the road's up."

"What street are we in now?" I asked, noticing that we were no longer in the high road.

"Upton Street, sir."

I jumped. I had come blindly into the lion's jaws. I alighted from the cab, leaving the parrot where it was. I would ascertain first whether the bird fancier would consent to exchange one of his stock (or flock) for a totally strange parrot; if he did, I could come back and fetch it. Or, better still——

"Cabby," I said, "if I beckon you from the door of the shop you might bring this cage down to me."

"Right you are," replied the Jehu, and I walked away.

I looked round once more. Cabby had climbed down from his seat, had removed the covering and was contemplating the bird.

It was a very narrow, dirty street, and dozens of dirty children were playing on the pavement, while their mothers gossiped from doors and windows.

I soon found the shop. It was very low and very dark, and smelt like a concentrated Zoo. There was a step from the street to the floor level, which I promptly fell down. The noise of my entrance brought the proprietor on the scene—a bull-necked man with a squint. All the live stock in the place immediately woke up and chirped, screeched, crowed, barked, or mewed according to their species.

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"Good afternoon," I said, "I have a parrot—er—which I—I have had given to me, and I wish to know if you could change it for some other kind of bird."

"'Mph!" said the bull-necked man, "where's the parrot?" He stared at my hat as he spoke as though he thought the bird was concealed therein.

"In a cab at the corner," I said, "the man will bring it if I call him."

"You'd better," said the man. "I must see the bird afore I ses yuss."

skirt. They met my cabman a few yards further along the street.

"Muvver—muvver," shouted the boy, "'ere's a man with our Polly!"

"Don't be silly," said his parent. "Our Polly's on the sill, where I left 'im when we went out."

"It's our Polly," yelled the wretched youth, dancing in front of the cabman.

"Git out of the road," said the latter.

"It does look like ours," observed the woman, also getting in front of the cabman.

"Why, it *is* ours! I'd know 'is voice anywheres."

I stepped out on to the pavement. The cabman's back was towards me, and he was still contemplating the cage, the covering in his hand. A little group of children had gathered round him.

"Hi!" I shouted.

He turned, nodded comprehensively, picked up the cage, and came towards me. The children followed.

A portly, respectably-dressed woman passed with a small boy clinging to her

I stood helpless, wondering what would happen next.

Then the parrot himself intervened.

"'Igher up, 'igher up, B'ysworter," he screeched.

"Why, it *is* ours!" said the woman indignantly, "I'd know 'is voice anywheres. Wot d'yer mean by it?"

I determined to put a bold face upon it, and sauntered briskly towards them.

"Wodder yer talkin' about," said the

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exasperated cabman. "This 'ere bird belongs to that gen'l'man."

"It's my Bill's parrot!" said the lady.

"Wot gen'l'man?"

I was just walking past, looking straight ahead at nothing in particular.

"Why, this one," said the cabby. "Isn't this yourn?"

"Eh, what?" I said, stopping abruptly with a blank look. "Are you addressing me?"

"Addressin' you? Course I'm addressin' you!" he shouted. "Ain't this bird yourn?"

"Mine?" I retorted. "Certainly not! I don't know what you mean."

"Give me that parrot, or I'll scratch your eyes out!" said the 'bus conductor's wife.

The cabman gasped.

"Well, why don't you give the woman her bird?" I remarked severely.

He rubbed his head. "Well I'm blest!" he said. "Oh, orl right—I'll give it 'er! *I* don't want the thing if *you* don't!"

"I'd like to know 'ow you come by it, that's all," said the lady, preparing to carry off her pet in triumph. "I'm a good mind to give you in charge."

"Never mind," I said, intervening. "You've got your parrot back. Leave him to me, *I'll* talk to him."

"Look 'ere," said the cabman, "what's your little game?"

"Come on 'ome, muvver," said the small boy. "Take Polly 'ome."

The parrot in great spirits swore loudly and cheerfully.

"Take the bird home, madam," I said politely. "That is my advice."

"I'd like to know ——" she began again.

I took the cabman by the arm, and walked briskly away—he was limp with astonishment. The conductor's wife said a few more words after us, and proceeded homeward. I stopped in front of the bird shop.

"I am going to buy a canary. When I come out you will drive me back to where I engaged you. I shall give you ten shillings. You will ask me no more questions."

"But——" he began indignantly.

"Yes or no!"

He scratched his head.

"It's a bloomin' mystery," he said, "that's what it is. . . . Orl right."

I had some difficulty in making the bull-necked man understand that I had renounced all intention of parting with my parrot, but that I wished to buy a canary instead. However, I succeeded in convincing him that such a change of plan was more than natural, and I purchased a canary, a long-legged, thin-necked, mustard-coloured creature, for five shillings.

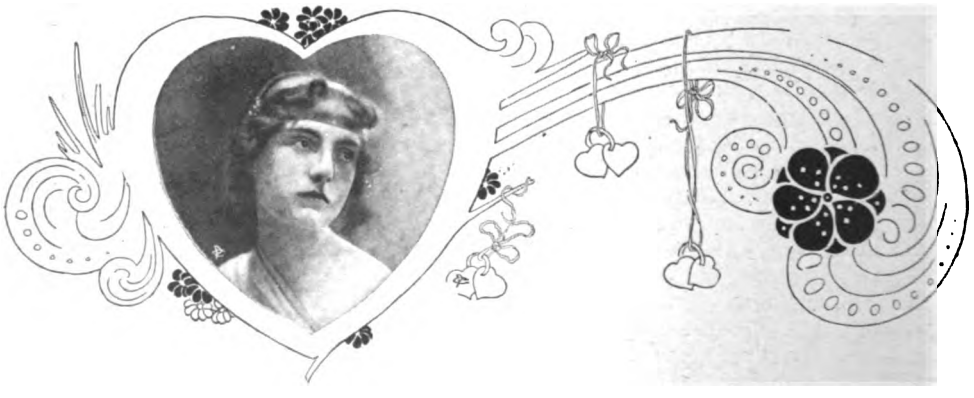
"That bird 'll sing fit to give you an 'eadache," he observed as I picked up my purchase.

"It doesn't talk, does it?" said I anxiously.

"Garn!" he retorted. "Course not."

And it never has to this day. But Melissa still thinks it's poor value in comparison with the grey parrot in its gilded cage.

I consider it an expensive purchase.



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INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMALS—SOME EXPERIMENTS.

An Interesting Article by the Right Hon. Lord Avebury,

Vice-President of the Royal Society.

CONSIDERING the long ages during which man and the other animals have shared this beautiful world, it is surely remarkable how little we know about them. We have recently had various interesting works on the intelligence and senses of animals, and yet I think the principal impression which they leave on the mind is that we know very little indeed on the subject. A great many people indeed seem to me to entertain two entirely opposite and contrary opinions.

I often hear it said, for instance, that the dog is so very wise and clever. But when I ask whether a dog can realise that two and two make four, which is a very simple arithmetical calculation, I generally find much doubt expressed.

Considering, indeed, that man and the dog have lived together in more or less intimate association for many thousands of years, it must be confessed that they know comparatively little of one another. That the dog is a loyal, true and affectionate friend must be gratefully admitted, but when we come to consider the psychical nature of the animal, the limits of our knowledge are almost immediately reached. I have elsewhere suggested that this arises very much from the fact that hitherto we have tried to teach animals, rather than to learn from them—to convey our ideas to them, rather than to devise any language or code of signals by means of which they might communicate their ideas to us. The former may be more important from a utilitarian point of view, though even this is questionable, but psychologically it is far less interesting. Under these circumstances, it occurred to me whether some such system as that followed with deaf mutes, and especially by Dr. Howe with Laura Bridgman, might not prove very instructive if adapted to the case of dogs.

I have tried this in a small way with a black poodle named "Van." I took two pieces of cardboard about ten inches by three, and on one of them printed in large letters the word "food," leaving the other blank. I then placed the two cards over two saucers, and in the one under the "food" card I put a little bread and milk, which "Van," after having his attention called to the card, was allowed to eat. This was repeated over and over again until he had had enough. In about ten days he began to distinguish between the two cards. I then put them on the floor and bade him bring them to me, which he did readily enough. When he brought the plain card I simply threw it back, while when he brought the "food" card I gave him a piece of bread, and in about a month he had pretty well learned to realise the difference. I then had some cards printed with the words "out," "tea," "bone," "water," spelled phonetically so as not to trouble him by our intricate spelling, and a certain number also with words to which I did not intend him to attach any significance, such as "nought," "plain," "ball," etc. "Van" soon learned that bringing a card was a request, and soon learned to distinguish between the plain and the printed cards. It took him longer to realise the difference between words, but he gradually got to recognise several, such as "food," "out," "bone," "tea," etc. If he were asked whether he would like to go for a walk he would joyfully fish up the "out" card, choosing it from several others, and bring it to me or run with it in evident triumph to the door. I need hardly say that the cards were not always put in the same places. They were changed quite indiscriminately and placed in a great variety of positions. Nor could the dog recognise them by scent. They were all alike, and all

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continually handled by us. Still, I did not trust to that alone, but had a number printed for each word. When, for instance, he brought a card with "food" on it, I did not put down the same identical card, but another bearing the same word; when he had brought that, a third, then a fourth, and so on. For a single meal, therefore, eighteen or twenty cards would be used, so that he evidently was not guided by scent. No one who has seen him look down a row of cards and pick out the one he wanted, could, I think, doubt that in bringing a card he felt he was making a request, and that he could not only distinguish one card from another, but could also associate the word and the object.

I used to leave a card marked "water" in my dressing room, the door of which I had to pass in going to or from my sitting room. "Van" was my constant companion, and passed the door when I was at home several times in the day. Generally he took no heed of the card. Hundreds, or I may say thousands, of times he passed it unnoticed. Sometimes, however, he would run in, pick it up and bring it to me, when of course I gave him some water, and on such occasions I invariably found that he wanted to drink.

A definite numerical statement always seems to me clearer and more satisfactory than a mere general assertion. I will, therefore, give the actual particulars. Twelve cards were put on the floor, one marked "food" and one "tea." The others had more or less similar words. I may again add that every time a card was brought another one similarly marked was put in its place. "Van" was not pressed to bring cards, but simply left to do as he pleased.

Out of one hundred and thirteen times he brought "food" eighty times, "tea" thirty-one times, and the other ten cards only twice. Moreover, the last time he was wrong he brought a card—namely, "door"—in which three letters out of the four were the same as in "food."

I might also mention in corroboration that one morning he seemed unwell; a friend of mine being at breakfast with me was anxious to see "Van" bring his cards, and I therefore pressed him to do so. To my surprise he brought three dummy cards successively, one marked "house," one "bag," and one "brush." I said reproachfully, "Oh! 'Van,' bring 'food,' or 'tea,'" on which he looked at me, went very slowly and brought the "tea" card; but when I put some tea down as usual he would not touch it. Generally he greatly enjoyed a cup of tea, and indeed this was the only time I ever knew him refuse it.

This was, of course, only a beginning, but it was, I venture to think, suggestive, and might be carried further, though the limited wants and aspirations of the animal constitute a great difficulty. My wife has a very beautiful and charming collie, "Patience," to which we are much attached. This dog was often in the room when "Van" brought the "food" card, and was rewarded with a piece of bread. She must have seen this thousands of times, and she begged in the usual manner, but never once did it occur to her to bring a card. She did not touch or even take the slightest notice of them.

I then tried the following experiment: — I prepared six cards, about ten inches by three, and coloured in pairs — two yellow, two blue,

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and two orange. I put three of them on the floor, and then, holding up one of the others, endeavoured to teach "Van" to bring me the duplicate. That is to say, that if the blue were held up, he should fetch the corresponding colour from the floor; if yellow, he should fetch the yellow, and so on. When he brought the wrong card he was made to drop it, and return for another till he brought the right one, when he was rewarded with a little food.

I continued the lessons for nearly three months, but as a few days were missed, we may say for ten weeks, and yet at the end of the time I cannot say that "Van" appeared to have the least idea what was expected of him. It seemed a matter of pure accident which card he brought. There is, I believe, no reason to doubt that dogs can distinguish colours; but as it was just possible that "Van" might be colour-blind, we then repeated the same experiment, only substituting for the coloured cards others marked respectively with I., II., and III., in dark bands. This I continued for another three months, or say, allowing for intermissions, ten weeks, but to my surprise, quite without success, for my efforts to make "Van" understand what I wanted resulted in absolute failure. I was rather disappointed at this, as, if it had succeeded, the plan would have opened out many interesting lines of inquiry. Still in such case one ought not to wish for one result more than another, as of course the object of all such experiments is merely to elicit the truth, and my result in the present case, though negative, is very interesting. I do not, however, regard it as by any means conclusive, and should be glad to see it repeated. If the result proved to be the same, it would certainly imply very little power of combining even extremely simple ideas. I then endeavoured to get some insight into the arithmetical condition of the dog's mind. On this subject I have been able to find but little in any of the standard works on the intelligence of animals. Considering, however, the very limited powers of savage men in this respect—that no Australian language, for instance, contains numerals even up to four, no Australian being able to count his own fingers, even on one hand—we cannot be surprised if other animals have made but little progress. Still, it is surprising that so little attention should have been directed to this subject. Leroy, who, though he expresses the opinion that "the nature of the soul of animals is unimportant," was an excellent observer, mentions a case in which a man was anxious to shoot a crow. "To deceive this suspicious bird, the plan was hit upon of sending two men to the watch-house, one of whom passed on, while the other remained; but the crow counted and kept her distance. The next day three went, and again she perceived that only two retired. In fine, it was found necessary to send five or six men to the watch-house to put her out in her calculation. The crow, thinking that this number of men had passed by, lost no time in returning."

From this he inferred that crows could count up to four. Lichtenburg mentions a nightingale which was said to count up to three. Every day he gave it three meal-worms, one at a time; when it had finished one it immediately returned for another, but after the third it knew that the feast was over. I do not find that any of the recent writers on the intelligence of animals—either Buchner, or Peitz, or Romanes, in either of their books—give any additional evidence on this part of the subject. There are, however, various scattered notices in them.

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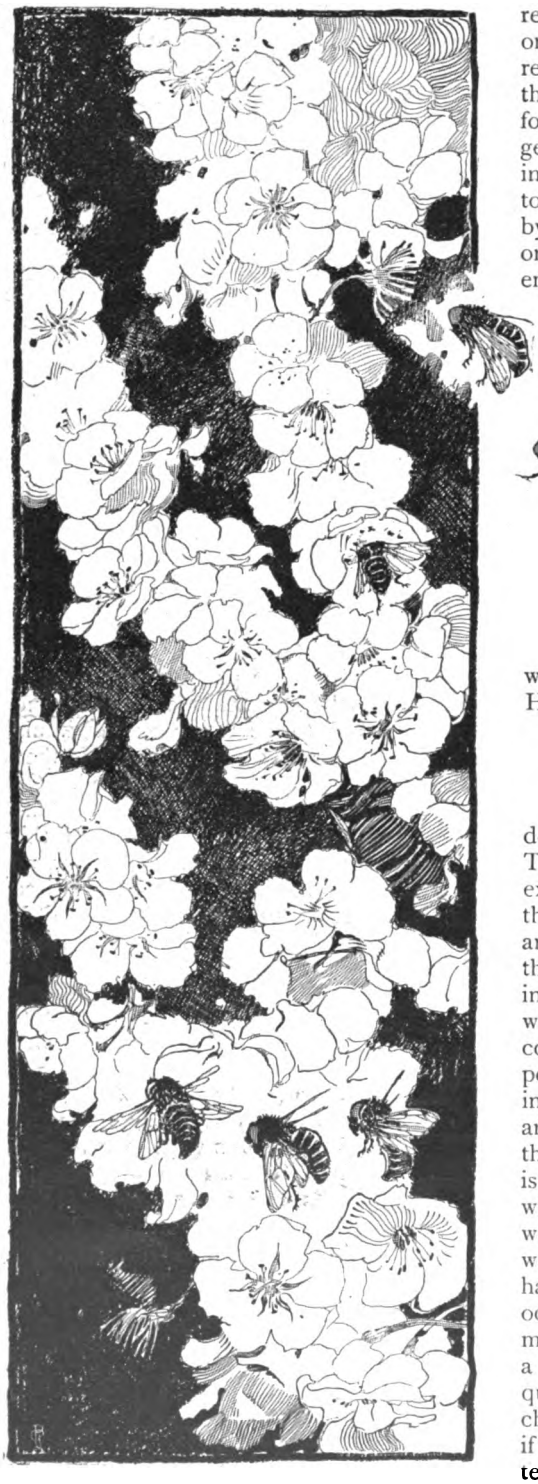
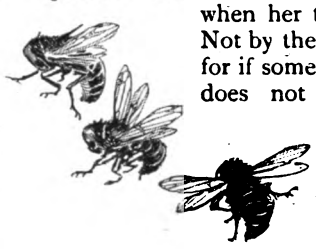


According to my early bird-nesting recollections, if a nest contains four eggs, one may safely be taken; but if two are removed, the bird generally deserts. Here then, it would seem as if we had some reason for supposing that there is sufficient intelligence to distinguish three from four. An interesting consideration arises with reference to the number of victims alloted to each cell by the solitary wasps. *Ammophila* considers one large caterpillar of *Noctua Segetum* enough; one species of *Eumenes* supplies its young with five victims; another ten, fifteen, and even up to twenty-four. The number appears to be constant in each species. How does the insect know when her task is fulfilled? Not by the cell being filled, for if some be removed she does not replace them. When she has brought her complement she considers her task is accomplished.



whether the victims are still there or not. How, then, does she know when she has made up the number twenty-four? Perhaps it will be said that each species feels some mysterious and innate tendency to provide a certain number of victims. This would under no circumstances be any explanation, but it is not in accordance with the facts. In the genus (*Eumenes*) the males are much smaller than the females. Now, in the hive bees, humble bees, wasps, and other insects where such a difference occurs, but where the young are directly fed, it is, of course, obvious that the quantity can be proportioned to the appetite of the grub. But in insects with the habits of the *Eumenes* and *Ammophila* the case is different, because the food is stored up once for all. Now, it is evident that if a female grub were supplied with only food enough for a male, she would starve to death, while if a male grub were given enough for a female he would have too much. No such waste, however, occurs. In some mysterious manner the mother knows whether the egg will produce a male or a female grub, and apportions the quantity of food accordingly. She does not change the species or size of her prey; but if the egg is male she supplies five, if female, ten victims. Does she count? Certainly

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this seems very like a commencement of arithmetic. At the same time it would be very desirable to have additional evidence how far the number is really constant. Considering how much has been written on instinct, it seems surprising that so little attention has been directed to this part of the subject. One would fancy that there ought to be no great difficulty in determining how far an animal could count; and whether, for instance, it could realise some very simple sum, such as two and two make four. But when we come to consider how this is to be done, the problem ceases to appear so simple. We tried our dogs by putting a piece of bread before them and preventing them from touching it until we had counted seven. To prevent ourselves from unintentionally giving any indication, we used a metronome (the instrument used for giving time when practising the pianoforte), and to make the beats more evident we attached a slender rod to the pendulum. It certainly seemed to us as if our dogs were aware when the exact moment of permission had arrived; but their movement of taking the bread was scarcely so definite as to place the matter beyond a doubt. Moreover, dogs are always so exceedingly quick in seizing any indication given them, even unintentionally, that, on the whole, the attempt was not satisfactory to my mind. I was the more discouraged from continuing the experiment in this manner by an account Sir W. Huggins gave me of a very intelligent dog belonging to him. A number of cards were placed on the ground numbered respectively, one, two, three, and so on up to ten. A question was then asked: the square root of nine or sixteen or some such sum? Sir William Huggins pointed consecutively to the cards, and the dog barked when he came to the right one. Now Sir W. Huggins did not consciously give the dog any sign, yet so quick was the dog in seizing the slightest indication, that he was able to give the correct answer. This observation seems to me of great interest in connection with the so-called "thought reading." No one, I suppose, will imagine that there was in this case any "thought reading" in the sense in

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which this word was used by Mr. Bishop and others. Evidently the dog seized upon the right indication unintentionally given by Sir W. Huggins. The observation, however, shows the great difficulty of the subject. I have ventured to bring this question forward partly because I shall be so much obliged if any lady or gentleman will favour me with any suggestions; and partly in the hope of inducing others with more leisure and opportunity to carry on similar observations, which I cannot but think must lead to interesting results.

I now pass on to some experiments on the senses of the lower animals.

I have always felt a great longing to know how the world appears to other beings. On this question our knowledge is still extremely defective. Have insects, for instance, the same senses as ours, or less, or even more? For some years past, I have been studying the habits of ants. It is still a doubtful point whether they can hear. Can they converse among themselves?

Voltaire, in one of his most amusing books, makes Miccomegas, the gigantic inhabitant of Sirius, visit our world, and having done so, conclude that, as his ears did not enable him to hear the voices of men, and consequently no sounds reached him, men did not speak. Moreover, Voltaire makes him say, "How is it possible that such infinitesimal atoms of men should have organs of voice? And what could they have to say? To speak," he continues, "it is necessary to think, or nearly so. Now to think requires a mind, and to attribute a mind to these little creatures would be absurd." Very similar opinions, even in almost the same words, have been expressed by men with reference to insects, and it has been my principal object in studying ants and bees to throw, if possible, some little light on this interesting question.

Previous observers have entertained very opposite views on this point. I tried my ants with various sounds, when they were moving quietly along, or while they were feeding. I tried them with a great variety of sounds—a violin, tuning forks, a penny pipe, a dog whistle, and all the most excruciating sounds of my voice, but they never gave the slightest indication of hearing them.

I then tried to ascertain whether they have the power of summoning their friends by sound. Close to the door of one of my ants' nests I placed six small pillars of wood, about an inch-and-a-half high. On three of them I put some honey, and to the honey I brought some ants, which at once began to feed. If they had been allowed to return to the nest, of course, they would have brought friends to the honey. As soon as they had filled themselves, and were about to return to the nest, I took them up, put them in temporary imprisonment, and placed other ants to the honey. In this way, for four hours, I kept nine ants at the honey—three on each pillar. Now, if they could call friends to help them in securing the treasure, they would certainly have done so, but during the four hours only seven ants found their way to the honey, and about as many went up the three similar pillars on which there was no honey. It is clear, therefore, that none were called. I then allowed the ants to return home, and, within an hour, they brought no less than forty-three other ants to the honey. This shows, I think, that they *would* have called their friends if they could have done so.

This experiment I repeated several times, and always with the same result.

I might mention other observations which point in the same direction. Thus, if I take one of my nests of *Formica fusca*, an ant which is common in our woods, and uncover it, the ants immediately begin running about to find a dark part, where they fancy they are secure. Now, if I cover over a bit of the nest what happens? The first ant which finds it reconnoitres and satisfies herself that it is a nice dark place suitable for herself and her friends. She by no means, however, stops in it. She is far too public-spirited. She comes out, runs up to one of the others, seizes it by the jaws, throws it over her shoulders, and carries it off to the place of safety. This I have seen done over and over again. It speaks very well for the ants, but it is, I think, strong evidence that they are not gifted with the power of oratory; for it is difficult

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to suppose that so slow a process would be adopted if they possessed any power of communicating by sound.

It has, however, generally been considered that bees were able to hear. In order, if possible, to determine this question, I have made a number of experiments. It has been previously shown that when a bee has been accustomed, even for a few hours, to come to honey placed on blue paper, she associated the blue with honey, and flew off to the paper, fully expecting to find honey on it.

Accordingly, I thought I might in the same way test their power of hearing by seeing whether they would associate honey with sounds. I took a musical box at the end of September, put some honey on it, placed it on my lawn just outside the windows, brought some bees to it, and set it playing. We kept it continually going, and with honey on it, till the 8th of October.

It happened to play the tune, "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls." It is not, I think, a very delightful tune, and I can assure you that by the end of ten days we had become very tired of it. We often wished that we had chosen something else. When I thought that the bees had had ample time to associate the sound of the tune and the presence of the honey (that is, after ten days) I carried the musical box and the honey up to an open window on the first floor looking over the lawn, and set the box playing, but not a bee came. I need hardly say that the music was quite audible on the lawn. I then again put the musical box and the honey on the lawn, and the bees very soon began work. After the lapse of an hour, I brought the honey and musical box into the house, and placed them at an open drawing-room window on the ground floor, and less than fifteen yards from where they had stood on the lawn. The music was kept going for an hour.

The following day was again extremely fine. The bees came as usual to the honey. I let them feed till 10 a.m., when I removed the honey as before to the drawing-room. After the lapse of half-an-hour I set the box playing, and waited half-an-hour, but not a bee came.

I then put the honey and musical box again out on a chair on the lawn five yards in front of the drawing-room window. The first bee found the honey in 5¼ minutes. I left it so for three-quarters of an hour, and then brought the honey and the musical box into the house, and put them just inside the window but out of sight. The box was kept playing for three-quarters of an hour, during the whole of which time a few bees kept hovering round the chair; but not a single bee found the honey, or was even attracted by the music into the room. I then took the honey and put it again on the chair outside. In less than five minutes nine bees had settled on it. I then brought it back into the room, and put it, with the bees on it, where it had stood previously. The bees fed, returned to the hive, and came back again to the honey as usual, showing that they had not the slightest objection to enter the house.

I then took the honey and the musical box down to the hives. Immediately (*i.e.* about a yard) in front of my hives is a low wall; and I put the box and the honey on the far side of the wall, so that they were something less than four yards distant from the hive, but of course not directly visible. I then kept the music going for two hours, from 1.30 to 3.30 p.m., but not a bee came to the honey.

From these experiments we are, I think, justified in concluding either that the bees did not hear the music, or that, though they had been feeding close to the music, eight days was not a long enough period to suggest to them that there could possibly be any connection between the honey and the musical box.

To decide between these two alternatives, I moved the musical box (without setting it to play) and honey to another part of the lawn, fifteen yards from the first, and put an equal quantity of honey on a similar piece of glass, at about the same distance both

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from the musical box and from the spot where the box had previously stood. In half-an-hour there were several bees at the honey on the musical box, and none at the other. After this we had a week of rain. The next fine morning I again put out the musical box with some honey, and at a distance of about fifteen yards, a similar quantity of honey on a bit of glass on the grass. In half-an-hour there were several bees at the honey on the musical box, and none on the other.

I had intended to repeat this several times for greater security, but was, unfortunately, prevented by bad weather. The observations, however, indicate, as far as they go, that the bees did connect the musical box with the presence of the honey, and were guided by it, even if it were not playing, so long as they could see it; but even though it were playing, it did not assist them.

At first sight it might seem that these experiments are in direct opposition to the general idea that a clanging noise is useful in causing bees when swarming to settle soon. This notion is as old as Aristotle, who says: "Bees also appear to have pleasure in noises, so that they say they collect them into their hives by striking earthen vessels and making noises." He adds, however: "But it is very doubtful whether they hear or not."

The general opinion among writers on bees now seems to be that "tanging" is quite unnecessary. Bevan says: "A tinkling noise is generally, though erroneously, considered to be useful in inducing bees to settle; it is usually made by drumming smartly upon a frying pan with a large key; and the cottagers call it 'tanging' or 'ringing'; it was probably practised 'at first,' as Butler says, 'to proclaim to the neighbours that a swarm was up, serving as a public notification of the hive whence it proceeded. This view of the matter is confirmed by the opinion prevalent in some districts, that unless the apiarian can prove the tanging, he cannot justly lay claim to the swarm if it happened to cluster on the premises of a neighbour. The original object of this proceeding, however, seems to be forgotten; and the practice is regarded by most of the cottagers as quite necessary to effect a speedy and satisfactory settling of the bees. Most scientific apiarians discountenance it; and I am convinced that it is wholly useless.' Mr. Dunbar, during a period of nearly forty years, has only lost one swarm; and that, contrary to his own judgment, was most sonorously tanged."

I cannot from my own experience decide the point. Admitting, however, that the custom so ancient and so widely spread is unlikely to be entirely without foundation, I would suggest as possible that what the bees hear under these circumstances are not the sounds which affect us, but the higher upper tones near and beyond our range of hearing. Mr. G. Darwin and Lord Rayleigh, whom I have consulted on the subject, inform me that the presence of these inaudible overtones is unquestionable. Mr. Darwin says: "The high overtones (generally non-harmonic overtones) are very strong within the limits of audibility; and it is almost certain, though not experimentally verified, that the overtones beyond the limits of audibility are strong also." In the case of ants also I am disposed to believe that though they seem deaf to the deep sounds which we hear, they hear the higher tones which are beyond our range.

(Another interesting article by Lord Avebury will appear in a subsequent number.)

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CURIOUS FOLK IN STAGELAND.

Their eccentricities in the limelight as noted and described by W. Pett Ridge.

Illustrations specially posed by Miss Evie Greene and Mr. Ackerman May.

WHEN, on the stage, trouble is about, accusations are being bandied to and fro, the orchestra is quivering with excitement, and down in the left-hand corner near the footlights, calmly lighting a cigarette and leaning back on the handle of a walking stick, you see a man with his hat well over his eyes, then you know you are face to face with villainy. Sometimes the programme gives a hint. Villains, incongruous as it may sound, have christian names, and these are Joseph, Stephen, Peter, or Trevor; their surnames are Craftwich, Snakeleigh, Blood and Sneere. A villain wears a sealskin overcoat, and generally sets out on a journey to the Cape in a shining silk hat (the nap of which he smooths furtively whilst overhearing something to the hero's disadvantage) and evening dress. He seldom belongs to one of the professions, but if he has any business at all he is generally a solicitor: this enables him to forge wills and say the hero did it. It also gives him a certain authority over the police; boy inspectors on his instructions bear their man straight away to Portland, thus avoiding the law's delay.

The adventuress is very fond of furs, and has a fancy for sitting on the edge of a table, the arm of a chair, and in other uncomfortable positions.

The villain has peculiar methods in regard to affairs of the heart. In ordinary life, if a lady says she loathes the sight of you and that your mere presence fills her with unspeakable horror, you take the hint and go. Not so the villain of melodrama! The more he is insulted, the more determined is he to have the plain-spoken girl for his wife.

"Once for all," says the young woman, clutching at her bodice and speaking to the gallery, "understand this, sir! I am pledged to another, and I can never be yours."

"Woman!" retorts the villain, through his teeth, also addressing the gallery, "you shall learn to love me." And gets deservedly hissed for the preposterous threat.

Sometimes the villain has for his assistant a lady of equally nefarious designs, gowned in red and with a similar affection for evening dress. She is generally foreign, and she carries a sunshade that betrays her character. The villain calls her his dupe-and-tool (giving the three words as one), and in Act Four it is a race between them to see which shall repent first; the winner gets cheers from the house that put the blameless hero into a secondary position. For the purpose of conspiracy they often choose a front scene, and whilst the ballroom is being fixed up behind for the hero's coming of age they settle their nefarious plans.

The way to get rid of a detrimental in melodrama is easy. He aims a pistol at the heroine; the low-comedy man hits his arm, the pistol is discharged up at the flies, and the villain falls, fatally wounded through the heel; the old vicar steps forward and says warningly to the leader of the orchestra:

"Thus perish all who attempt to set Heaven's plans at naught!"

The hero is a right-minded youth, but clumsy. If a murder is committed within a twenty-mile radius of his presence, be sure that he is the man accused: if his wife has a brother he never knows it, and when he finds them together he puts the worst interpretation on the circumstance: if he enlists, it is in the regiment of which his unworthy cousin is colonel. True, he always obtains the Victoria Cross, but knowing him as one does, one feels this must have been

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When the heroine faints, it is the hero's duty to drag off his love into the shelter of the wings, despite any disparity in their sizes.

This, however, would be a more practical method of treatment in the event of a swoon. Sad to relate, however, it lacks the one essential feature of drama—effect.

A fierce storm may rage, and the wind howl in the wings, but the hero never has any difficulty in lighting a cigarette. The first match is invariably successful.

One never sees a villain like this on the stage, yet he would be much more likely to succeed in nefarious designs than—

This type of villain, who invariably wears a black moustache and a fierce scowl, because in real life he would not deceive a child.

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the result of a blunder on his part. All the same, he has such a straightforward manner with him that the simplest statement appears to redound to his credit.

"I am the son of an English gentleman," Mr. Terriss used to say in one of the Adelphi dramas, "and an officer in Her Majesty's Navy, and I *never* open a letter which is not addressed to me!"

The hero is for ever undertaking duties which ordinary men shirk or ignore.

"But tell me, sir," the hero asks rather doubtfully, "how am I to identify the lady of whom you bid me go in search?"

"Young man," replies the other, "her eyes are like the stars of heaven and her neck is whiter than the snows of Russia. Waste no more time, but go!"

And armed with these important clues, the intrepid youth starts off.

There is nothing the hero will not do if there is but a lady in the case. Ordinary men show resentment if called upon to cross a room to button a lady's glove: the hero of melodrama thinks nothing of going to the other end of the earth to do her bidding; a lightly-made promise has ere this taken many a good hero to Newgate. Fealty is a good thing, but the hero allows it to degenerate into a hobby.

A promise extorted by *force majeure* counts for little in a court of law; with the hero it counts as everything. He could not devote himself so entirely to this pursuit but for the circumstance that he has no other occupation; he sometimes pretends he has, but he gives this up after the First Act, because he is so busily occupied in getting himself falsely accused. He might, were he ambitiously minded, do something in literature, for he pens a letter on the stage with a rapidity that has never been equalled by the wildest stenographer; he always uses a quill, and his writing has the one drawback that it makes no mark on the paper.

In real life people sometimes talk in their sleep. The hero of melodrama goes one better and talks when he is alone and awake. Because he insists on doing this in a loud, declamatory voice, he is not infrequently overheard, and this leads to trouble. Fortunately for him, the heavy man has a like habit, and many an elusive case has been cleared up by the low comedy groom hiding behind a tree, and listening at a moment when the villain was communing loudly with his own thoughts. The hero has many weaknesses; he is particularly fond of metaphors. The metaphor of the melodrama takes flights denied to the metaphor of every-day life.

"Rascality," says the heroine, "rascality may triumph for a while, but sooner or later it vanishes into thin air, leaving only Dead Sea fruit behind."

I have heard love on more than one occasion compared with a gas jet, a pair of gloves, Regent's Park Canal, a piece of blotting paper, and the uncultivated part of Kew Gardens. I have heard marriage spoken of as a bird's nest, Dover harbour, the Bay of Biscay, an armchair, the region beyond the skies, and another region in the opposite direction. I have seen a room in Piccadilly with a movable floor to permit innocent people to drop into the Thames, which (so they said in the drama) ran beneath. I have seen a respectable cashier killed and the Bank of England robbed; the body happened to be the precise weight of the stolen bullion, and was, therefore, substituted for the gold in the carefully weighed boxes. I have seen Russian serfs on their way to Siberia, with a back cloth representing St. John's Church, Hoxton.

The heroine is usually a bright-eyed, light-hearted girl at eight o'clock in the evening, carrying baskets of roses which she has unwired from the fruit trees, and ever singing a merry song—

"*Oh, the happy, happy spring-time, here amongst the flowers,*
You and I together, love, counting not the hours."

It is at about eight-twenty that the heroine's troubles begin. Then she puts her finger nails to her lips and looks over either shoulder in a frightened, hunted way; the orchestra whimpers the few lugubrious bars that are henceforth to herald her approach. Not to be outdone by the hero, she accuses herself of the crime; but, being a mere girl, nobody believes her, and all she can do, as the curtain prepares to fall on Act One, is to totter slightly and fall prone upon the stage. The heroine is good at fainting, and left to her own devices, she would be always at it. Whatever her size, she expects to be carried easily by one man. When she comes to, she asks whether she is dead; reassured on this point, she passes her hand wearily across her forehead, clutches at her bodice, and says: "Tell me! Where am I?"

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In writing a letter a quill pen must be used, but no ink! The missive is written about four times as fast as it is spoken.
The villain and adventuress love to plot. He always seizes her wrist. They choose for preference the most crowded places to arrange their plans, and the bystanders seem to be afflicted with a sudden, but convenient, deafness.
In making love the hero always breathes his devotions down the heroine's back, his reason being that the heroine *must* face the audience.
After a fifteen years' separation the hero and heroine meet in this fashion, mainly because it enables the latter to get all the limelight.
The heroine only becomes aware of the identity of the villain about the third act. Then she always points downward, and says "Go!"

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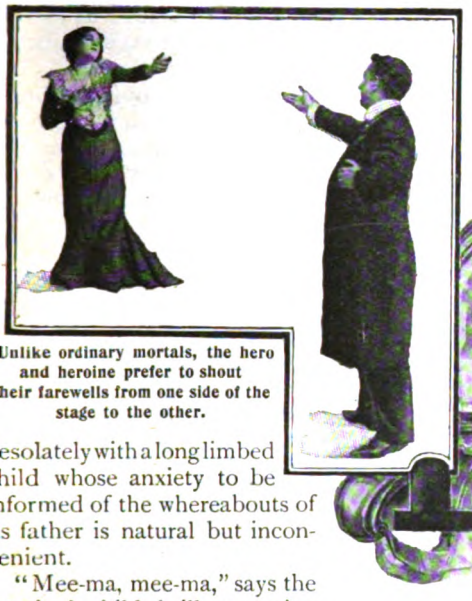
This information being also furnished, she collects her thoughts gradually, reproving herself with a "Tut, tut!" for her show of weakness.

When, later, dire misfortune claims her for its own, she dresses in black, combs out her hair, and gives up the wearing of hats. Her entrance on the stage is ever preluded by the dismal whining from the orchestra, ill calculated in itself to cheer, and she comes on



Unlike ordinary mortals, the hero and heroine prefer to shout their farewells from one side of the stage to the other.

desolately with a long limbed child whose anxiety to be informed of the whereabouts of its father is natural but inconvenient.

"Mee-ma, mee-ma," says the heroine's child shrilly, counting the house with a mathematical eye. "Where is pee-pa?"

"Why, why," asks the heroine aside, "why does the child torture me with these questions?" To the child, with an attempt at composure, "Your papa will soon be home, dear one."

"Will he be home te-night?"

"Not to-night, my sweet bairnie. But soon, soon. Come, let us pursue our journey."

"Oh mee-ma," cries the child. "I am so tired. Let us remain here for a while."

"I, too," admits the heroine, "am weary. I can walk no further to-night."

It is at this moment that the villain comes on in evening dress, and an Inverness caped coat of a style that went out fifteen years ago, and makes the ingenious proposal that she should fly with him.

The heroine is never quite free from the horrible danger of being drugged. The adventuress invites her to take a glass of wine and wish good luck to the hero; it is only the action of the pert waiting maid in turning the table that saves her. Hungry, she calls at a wayside cottage for a cup of cold water, and into this something is slyly poured from a phial; at the very last moment when the house is a-fire with anxiety she recognises an enemy, and crying, "I will never be indebted to *you*," throws away the contents; the house cheers itself husky and is almost persuaded to believe in a wise, acute, kind and far-seeing Providence. At times she exhibits unexpected resourcefulness. In a melodrama that is coining money in provincial towns, a heroine is high up in an attic. She is alone; the tramp of the heavy man's boots is heard on the stairs. He enters and bars the doorway. There seems no way of escape. She throws open the window; to jump from this to the ground would be dangerous even for a plump lady. At this

"You leave for the Cape to-night?"
The foreign adventurer and adventuress always wear furs, summer and winter alike.

moment she catches sight of something that permits telephonic communication from one roof to another, and crying, "Thank Heaven! I was brought up a wire-walker!" goes across neatly without a balancing pole, well out of the way of harm.

Five minutes to eleven at night is the heroine's lucky hour. Then, and not till then, is villainy foiled and goodness correctly rewarded; then is she restored to her lover or husband; then it is that she takes him by the hand.

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"The clouds that overshadowed our happiness," says the heroine, in accents of tearful rapture, "have passed away. The sun, dearest, is shining upon us brightly, Never—Again—To—Set." And—*rideau.*

If you want the concentrated essence of melodrama, if you desire to see the hero and the heroine get themselves tied up with trouble and escaping from it, all in the space of fourteen minutes by the clock, then you must see the music-hall sketch. What a crowded, busy life this would be if it were proportionate to the movement of the music-hall sketch! In it, no knot is too difficult to unravel, no corner so tight that a virtuous person may not get loose from it.

"And whom," cries the much-tried but happily-rescued lady, "whom have I to thank for this unexpected rescue?"

"Me," cries the short-skirted soubrette from the top of a wooden cliff, "me and" (pointing upwards) "'Eavin!"

Because, in the music-hall sketch, time is short and moments are precious, the effects have to be made broadly; no opportunity here for the nicer refinements of style. People blaze away at each other with revolvers on the smallest excuse; a man goes to South America and back in five minutes, returning tanned and bearded; a moderate competency is fixed at £500,000 a year, and bank-notes are given to servants as though they had no real value; gold with an unconvincing chink is scattered broadcast.

Melodrama has the defects of its qualities, and its extravagances sometimes get to the very edge of the ludicrous. But the people who like melodrama never grow old, for theirs is the priceless gift of preserving illusions.

"At last, Stephen Craftwich, I have found you out." Thus the heroine in the fourth act, although any woman in the audience would have unmasked him during the first ten minutes. And the villain, strange to say, though he has committed every crime from perjury to murder, is crushed to earth by the words in the fourth act.

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THE REMITTANCE MAN.

One of W. A. Fraser's Thrilling Stories of Ranch Life in Canada.

Illustrated by B. MARTIN JUSTICE.

PART II.

The exciting race by which George Ruthven won the Ranch Plate.

TWO nights before the race for the Ranch Plate, Dean Ruthven was passing through the office of the Cargelly Hotel, when a young clerk called the reverend gentleman, and handed him two missives. One was a letter, the other a carelessly-folded note decorated with the terse superscription: "'Padre' Ruthven."

The Dean carried them to his room. The letter was of no moment—an invitation from a brother ecclesiast; the note was of a more complex nature, involving much deliberation and three distinct perusals. This is what it contained:

> DEAR GEORGE: Have just come back from the Indian Reserve. If you can slip away from the Guv'nor you'd better go out; Sunflower wants her Hiawatha. Go out to buy hay for all those cattle on your ranch.
>
> DICK.

As Dean Ruthven thought it over carefully it appeared quite as bad an affair as the rush of old Toreador. He was clever enough to see through it at once. Sunflower was an Indian girl, and she wanted to see her Hiawatha, his son George. Also George was to slip away on the clumsy excuse of buying hay. Dick was a man of fruitful resource, without doubt, but his grim joke of addressing the note "Padre" Ruthven had been a most providential piece of humour, for it had discovered to the father this most terrible state of affairs.

His son, the pride of his heart, and just when he was doing so well, too, to take up with a squaw! This was one of the very things he had feared slightly; he had read much of men who had married Indian women. It meant their utter ruin.

He folded up the note slowly, deliberately, and threw it on the table with a sigh. For an hour he sat with his head on his arm, crouched in a broken heap, trying to shut out this terrible vision of a squaw siren. He was roused by the energetic tramp of his son's footstep at the door.

"Good evening, sir," cried George, cheerfully, as he entered.

"There's a note on the table, evidently for you," said the father, indicating with his hand the terrible missive. "The clerk gave it to me and I brought it up."

"Excuse me, sir," and George read Dick's brilliant literary effort. He read it twice,

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watching the Dean furtively from the corner of his eye. He was wondering if his father had read the note. Why, in the name of fate, had his bronco-headed friend, Dick, sent it to the hotel and not to the club? The Dean gave no sign. Perhaps he hadn't read it. But George felt that he must prepare for that eventuality, so he said: "It's about some hay out on the Indian Reserve that I can buy for my cattle. The Indians put up hay, you know, for all the ranches. My friend mentions a girl's name, and I fancy her brother's got the hay to sell. She interprets, you know — especially if her brother's away."

It was a floundering sort of diplomacy, this jumble of George's; but when a man is suddenly thrown into deep water he doesn't always swim his very best. Besides, there was the great chance that his father had not read the note.

The clergyman gave no sign—he preserved an undemonstrative silence, but next morning, when his son galloped off to purchase the apocryphal hay, he thought out a line of action which he conceived would straighten this tangle without scandal.

He rather startled his son on his return by declaring that he meant to spend two or three days out at Deanery ranch. The news was almost too good for George's belief. With his father safely out of the way he could go on practising for the Ranch Plate. Surely the gods had clasped George to their hearts.

"I wish to look more closely into this ranch life," declared the Dean.

"The cattle will be scattered now, I'm afraid," said George.

"All the better," answered his father, "for I shall be in no danger from short-tempered bulls; I really want a quiet rest."

Before George and his father started for the ranch the Council learned of this happy turn of affairs. Young Ruthven did not have to make any excuses to get back to the important business on hand, for the Dean was equally anxious to get rid of him—he had some business of his own to look into. So George, after seeing that his father was particularly comfortable, and leaving instructions that the whole business of the temporary ranch staff was to be the making of the reverend gentleman's stay pleasant, so that he might abide contentedly with them, returned to town, and prepared for his big *coup* with Gray Bird on the morrow, Wednesday.

Dean Ruthven was full of the great undertaking he had in hand. He had determined to go quietly to the Indian Reserve, find this Indian girl, Sunflower, and to use his moral influence to have her break off the unhappy alliance with his son. He would even pay her a large sum of money.

What he would do with his son afterwards he could not determine; but first, the cruel infatuation must be disrupted.

George Ruthven had said in leaving that he would gallop out in the morning to see his father.

That night the Council were as men who had escaped an avalanche. Diligently they prepared for the financial collapse of all who did not believe in young Ruthven's ability to win the Ranch Plate.

The Council knew that Gray Bird would surely win. Even Whirlwind might win, despite her uncertain temper. At any rate, Ruthven had entered them both—they would both start, and the money that would come to the Council's coffers would be like a great remittance from the old land.

Now on Wednesday morning, which was the race day, the Dean, full of his project, casually learned from one of the men at the Deanery Ranch that the Indian Reserve was close by—a matter of four miles.

The son came out early; solicitously took extra precautions for the comfort of his respected parent; spent a little time in the stable, and went back to town with the cheerful information that his father had no intention of visiting Cargelly that day.

When the cowboys rode out on to the range, the Dean, in lieu of his own clerical frock coat, slipped on a corduroy jacket belonging to his son, went quietly to the stable, and saddled a dark brown mare he discovered there. It was Whirlwind, but Dean Ruthven knew nothing of her racing life.

He had some difficulty over saddles, rejecting a heavy Mexican affair with disdain—it was like putting an easy-chair on a horse—as cumbersome. There was nothing else but an English-made saddle, looking suspiciously light; but it would do for an easy canter of four miles.

The Dean had ridden much in his young days, and his gentle seat and light hand pleased the nervous Whirlwind; she was like a lamb with him. "What a lovely beast," he muttered.

At the Indian Reserve he found a group of red-painted buildings; he had expected

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to find only Indian wigwams. It was a distinct relief. If they contained white people, by diplomacy he could possibly gain much help.

"What do you mean, you hound? Have you come here to insult my sister?"

Whirlwind had been there before, so she took her rider to Colonel Sloan's door as straight as Fate might have desired.

Hospitality made everything easy; besides, the Dean first of all was evidently a gentleman. "Just a little call," the reverend gentleman explained.

Whirlwind was stabled, and in the evolution of events many things came to light. The visitor was Dean Ruthven. Colonel Sloan was the intimate friend of the Dean's most intimate friend in London; ten minutes' conversation developed that; also the invitation to luncheon which followed was eagerly accepted.

The Colonel's sister, Marion, who was the Sunflower—only, of course, the Dean knew it not—charmed him as she did all others; he almost forgot his mission in the pleasant surroundings.

Colonel Sloan and he pulled together as though they had been friends all their lives. Into the clergyman's mind came the light of a cheerful prospect. Providence had surely sent him straight to the Agent. This firm-mannered gentleman would help him, he knew. If the Indian maid, Sunflower, were obdurate and refused to listen to reason, no doubt the Colonel, with his authority, could send her to some other reserve—Kamchatka, or any other far-distant place.

So, as soon as the pleasant-voiced Marion had withdrawn from the room, Dean Ruthven, in hesitating policy, broached the subject of his visit.

"My dear Colonel Sloan," he commenced; "may I—may I—ask you to help me in a matter which is giving me great uneasiness—a most delicate subject, I assure you?"

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"With all my heart, my dear sir," answered the gallant Colonel. "I am at your service—you may command me."

"Well—to tell you the truth—my son George has, I fear, contracted an unfortunate alliance. No doubt it's one of those reckless infatuations which young men are prone to, and probably he hasn't any serious intentions; but in that case it is, if possible, even worse—quite dishonourable; I assure you, my dear Colonel, I consider it dishonourable on his part."

Colonel Sloan was listening with well-bred interest, passing his hand leisurely down the back of a fox-terrier that had jumped on his knee. He felt flattered by the confidence of this church dignitary; also he knew young Ruthven fairly well by reputation.

The Dean continued: "Yesterday, quite by accident, or, perhaps it was the finger of Providence, I discovered the existence of this intrigue."

Maid Marion came into the room at this juncture, and the Colonel, skilled in resourceful diplomacy, gave her a commission that required her considerable absence. When she had gone the Dean proceeded:

"This is a matter that possibly concerns someone in your charge, Colonel—the girl, I mean."

The Colonel started visibly, but tipped the fox-terrier from his knee to conceal his confusion.

"You, no doubt, will have an influence over her," said the Dean, with futile imbecility, "so I shall confide in you to the utmost extent."

The Colonel coughed and lighted a cigar. What in the world was coming!

"Now, I think it must be broken off at all costs," declared his tormentor; "at all costs. In fact, I am prepared to pay a large sum of money, if necessary, to prevent this mésalliance."

"Quite so," interjected Colonel Sloan, in a dry voice.

"For you see, it would never do; would it, Colonel?"

"I think not."

"No, it would break his mother's heart. Fancy taking a girl of that sort home to England—if his intentions were really honourable, which I fear they are not. I know I should feel the disgrace very keenly."

"Everybody would," declared the Colonel, emphatically.

"Quite true. I have no doubt you know the girl I refer to, for, as I have said, she is in your charge."

"Possibly," commented the Colonel, dryly; "you haven't yet mentioned the young lady's name."

"She's not exactly a lady," corrected the Dean; "I refer to a girl known as Sunflower."

The Colonel sprang to his feet with an exclamation horrible in the ears of a conscientious churchman.

"What do you mean, you hound? Have you come here to insult my sister through me—and over your profligate son?"

The Dean was also on his feet, the light of a dreadful fright in his watery grey eyes.

"Insult you, my dear sir—your sister—what is all this—what are you talking about?"

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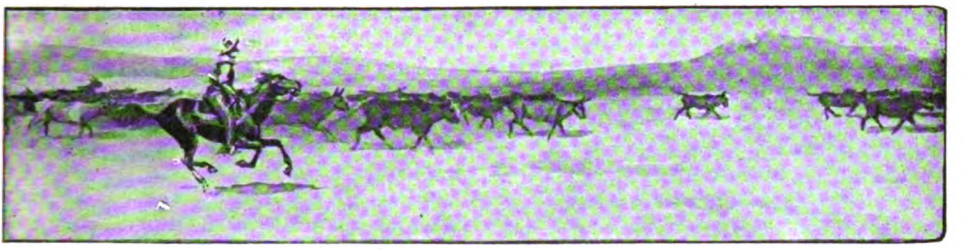


"Yes, my sister, Sunflower—Marion."

The stricken Dean moaned. "I understood that Sunflower was an Indian girl—a squaw; at least, I thought she was. This puts an entirely different face on the matter—please forgive me—I—I—oh, what shall I say? Forgive me—I will explain."

The explanation was tortuous, broken, full of deep humiliation, contrite repentance, and in all the misery of it a glorious sense of relief that his son had not taken up with a squaw, but was evidently in love with this beautiful girl of good family. Peace finally reigned, for the Colonel was a man of much sense, and felt not like humiliating this churchman who was so thoroughly in earnest over his son's welfare.

"I am so glad I came, in spite of the terrible blunder I made," wept the Dean. "I do hope that—that—we shall understand each other better—I may say, be closer united. Your sister has quite won my heart, and I hope she has won George's also."

At that moment a stranger knocked at the door. When admitted he explained that he had come for the brown mare the Dean had ridden. She was wanted in Cargelly.

"Impossible!" declared Dean Ruthven. "How am I to get back to the Ranch? In fact, I think I'll ride her into Cargelly now"—and he turned and smiled on Colonel Sloan. Yes, that was his best plan—he would ride the mare into Cargelly.

But the messenger was obdurate.

"All right," declared the Dean, blithely, "I'll ride into Cargelly on her—I'm most anxious to get there at once." He nodded pleasantly at the Agent as an indication that he meant to do something of interest to him.

"She's got to be led in, sir," objected the man; "Mr. Ruthven has her entered in a race to start at——"

"Heavens! a race!" gasped the Dean; "my son racing!"

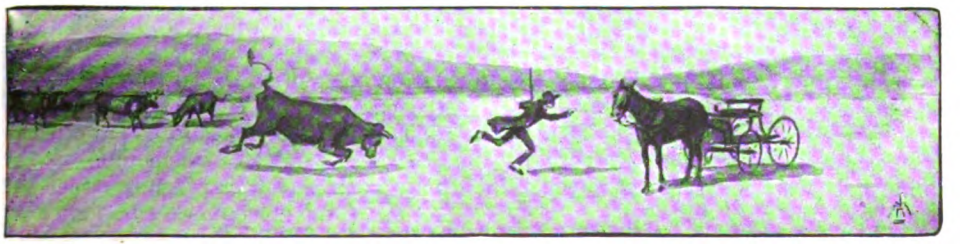
Also the messenger got a shock; he didn't know that the clerical purloiner of Whirlwind was Mr. Ruthven's father. He should have been better schooled when he was sent for the mare.

"Excuse me, my dear sir," the Dean said to his host; "I must stop this race. I'll take the mare there myself," he added fiercely to the newcomer.

Into the saddle clambered the Dean; eagerly he galloped towards Cargelly. At his side rode the messenger. From time to time he consulted his watch; would he be in time to stop it? For, as they sped, the man explained, idiotically enough, that the son was riding Gray Bird in the race, and that the messenger himself was to ride Whirlwind.

With easy swing the thoroughbred mare cantered over the smooth prairie. If it had not been for the cowboy galloping laboriously beside her she would have gone faster.

"There's plenty of time, guv'nor," cried his companion; "don't knock the mare about." He had an idea that, perhaps, he would yet outwit the Dean and secure Whirlwind for the race. He even thought of throwing his lariat over the churchman and pulling him out of the saddle. But he gave up this idea. Many things might happen; the mare might get away; even the Dean might break his neck.



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Four miles off, the square, unadorned houses of Cargelly rose on the level prairie like huge packing-cases. A motley multitude of twisting figures could be seen to the right. That was the racecourse—even the Dean surmised that.

Would he be in time? His watch told him it was twenty minutes to four.

As they drew nearer the brown mare pricked her ears wistfully. The scent of a speed battle came to her nostrils, and she rattled the bit restlessly against her white teeth. Straight for the race mob galloped the Dean. Swifter glided the prairie under the two horsemen, for Whirlwind was warming to the race taint that was in the air.

"What time—is it—guv'nor?" panted the man at Dean Ruthven's elbow.

"Two minutes—to four," he gasped in answer.

"They're at—the—post," pumped the other as the wind drove into his set teeth. He could see a dozen horsemen grouped near a man with a red flag, straight in front of them. The starting-post for the race, which was one and a quarter miles, was at the point where their trail cut through the course.

Young Ruthven was one of the horsemen. He was in a rage. What had become of Whirlwind? He had sent his man, Ned Haslam, a good rider, too, out for her—Ned was to have ridden Whirlwind. She would gallop better for Haslam than anyone else.

He thought that, perhaps, Ned might have her at the post waiting, for there was no weighing out to be done—the race terms being for gentlemen riders, catch weights over one hundred and forty pounds. He had not declared her a non-starter, and his two horses were coupled in the betting. But neither Haslam nor Whirlwind was at the post.

As Gray Bird swerved away from the starter's flag, and swung around on his hind feet, young Ruthven caught sight of the two horsemen.

"Hold off for a minute," he cried eagerly to the starter; "here comes Whirlwind at last. She'll be under your orders in another minute and can start."

One of the Winnipeg riders uttered an objection.

"She'll have all the worse of it," retorted George, "for her idiotic rider has got tangled up in some delay, and has had to gallop the mare."

"I'll wait," said the starter, "line up, and get ready."

There could be no technical objection.

George beckoned with his whip for Whirlwind's rider to come to the post. The Dean answered with a shout when he recognised his son.

"Back there—line up!" called the starter. "Whirlwind must start as soon as she gets in the bunch—I can't wait."

Nobody recognised the Dean in his tight-buttoned corduroy coat—not even his son; for they were busy trying for the best of the start.

"Hold on!" called the Dean, as he swung on to the course from the trail.

"Go to the deuce!" yelled the starter; "I've no time to let you breathe your horse."

Even if the starter had wished to delay matters the Dean would not have been of the party, for Whirlwind, trained to the quick start, keen for the strife that had been of all her life, rushed through the eager, straining horses, carrying them with her.

"Go!" yelled the starter, dropping his flag as they flashed by him all in a bunch.

Down went the second flag! It was a start, a beautiful start!

As the Dean flashed by, his son George recognised him. Great Cæsar! Had the guv'nor gone mad! It was like a nightmare; he rode as one in a dream. But in front of him was the terrible tangibility of his clerical father riding in a wicked horserace. Of course the guv'nor was crazy, but—and he took a pull at Gray Bird's head—he couldn't afford to throw away the race on that account.

At his flank raced the mare from Edmonton; behind, half a length, thundered the two from Winnipeg. Past the crude grand stand on the first round they swung in this order. Whirlwind had the lead and she meant to keep it; that had always been her idea of a race. Speed she had in plenty; but when horses were in front they threw fierce-cutting sand in her face, and the snapping of the riders' shirts in the wind, and the cracking of their whips, bothered her.

How she liked the jockey on her back! His strong pull on the bit steadied her round the curves; firm-braced in the saddle, he sat quiet—just as a jockey should, she reasoned.

In the Dean's face was the horror of a lifetime compressed into a tiny tablet. With set teeth and braced knees he pulled strong

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at the mad brute's head. "She's running away with me," he muttered. "I shall be disgraced for life!"

Hard on the right rein he tugged as Whirlwind hugged the circling rail on the left. If he could only pull her off the course!

"That's right," whispered the mare; "steady me a bit wide." Out of her large, wise eye she watched the horses behind. Ha, ha! Such sport! They would never catch her.

"Good old girl!" muttered George as the strong brown quarters in front of him gathered and straightened with the easy motion of a steam piston. Now the broad hoofs scattered the gravel back in their faces; truly she was a picture.

He eased Gray Bird back after they passed the stand on the first round. The Regina horse slipped into his place at the mare's heels. On his right pounded a big bay from Winnipeg; half-a-length back was the grey mare from Edmonton running under a strong wrap.

Madly the grand stand cheered as Whirlwind, still in the lead, swung into the straight. "Who is the jockey?" someone asked. "Thought Ned Haslam was to ride for George Ruthven; that's not Ned."

"He's a mighty good jockey, though, whoever he is," another answered.

A quarter of a mile from the finish the Winnipeg horse, Cyclone, far-reaching in his big stride, was lapped on Whirlwind's quarter. George saw this: that was what he was lying back for—to see things and put them right. Into the flank of Gray Bird he drove a spur, and the horse, quivering with the strain of his giant muscles, pushed past the white-faced chestnut that was running him neck and neck, and crept up until his long, sloping shoulder touched the huge thigh of the Winnipeg Cyclone.

Never before had such a race as this been seen at Cargelly. The stand watchers rose to their feet—stood on their very toes in excitement. Would the mare last out—the gallant little Whirlwind? Surely she would, for her jockey, sitting with set face, riding with superb judgment, had not moved on her; not once had he raised his whip. Surely he knew that his mount had plenty in hand, or

There was an aftermath of reproach. Willingly George promised to race no more.

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he would have urged her with whip and spur.

"Cyclone will win!" said a Winnipeg man, his voice tense with excitement.

"I'll lay you a thousand the mare beats him!" said Major Lance huskily.

"Done!" cried Winnipeg.

Cyclone's big nose was at Whirlwind's shoulder now, and they were a furlong from the finish.

"If my rider sits tightly," murmured the mare, "that brute will never catch me."

The Dean sat tightly—there was nothing else in it for him to do; a false move on the tiring mare, well he knew, might throw her under the feet of the galloping horses. All the evil that could come to him, all the disgrace, had materialised at the start; therefore, he sat tightly and waited.

George pushed Gray Bird still farther up, fairly lifting him at every jump. He could not win, he felt convinced, but a little bustle at the side of Cyclone might juggle his stride a bit.

Ah! what a race it was home to the finish post! The big horse, strong galloping, lashed and cut with whip and spur, strained and far-stretched his strong muscles to overtake the smooth-gliding little brown mare but a neck in front. Even the neck lead shortened, and still the grim figure on Whirlwind's back swerved her not a hair's breadth from her stride. Now it was a head, just a small brown head in front. There was only silence in the grand stand, no noise in the air at all—nothing but a muffled roar of hoofs pounding the turf, and the sharp crack of a whip on Cyclone's ribs.

Only the judge sighting straight across the two finish posts knew whether a bay or brown nose caught his eye first. In the stand a babel of voices yelled "Cyclone wins! Whirlwind's got it!"

Then, after a little waiting hush, number five went up. That was Whirlwind's number.

George galloped on and overtook the mare.

He threw himself from Gray Bird's back.

He led Whirlwind back. "Sit here for a minute, father, and rest," he said, lifting the old man down; and in a thrice he had the saddle on the back of the seat. It was the weighing scales. And the weight was sufficient—two pounds over the hundred-and-forty.

Eagerly the men who had amassed sudden wealth gathered about this new rider George had unearthed from somewhere. What a clever trick it had been, to be sure. Nobody but Major Lance recognised the man in the corduroy coat. George fought them off and carried his father from the course, leaving the care of the horses and all the rest of it to the Major and others of the Council.

There was an aftermath of reproach and exhortation and remorse on the part of the Dean, and contrition on the part of his son, and the assurance of an undoubted reformation. Willingly George promised to race no more, and where are there fathers without forgiveness in their hearts? There was not one in Cargelly, anyway, because at the end of all things the Dean knew, because he performed the ceremony himself, that Marion, the Sunflower, would guard his son's moral interests as only a good wife can.

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The door that a burglar laughs at.

BURGLAR PROOF— AND OTHERWISE.

Seasonable hints for householders gleaned from a reformed burglar

by Herbert Howard

THE holiday season is the harvest of the enterprising burglar, and the dark days of the late autumn and winter provide a happy hunting ground for the professional housebreaker.

The need, then, for securely guarding the house against uninvited visitors is one that appeals forcibly to everyone who values his own goods and chattels, and is willing to take a little trouble to protect them. The hints given in the present article are the results of a long experience of a very practical character.

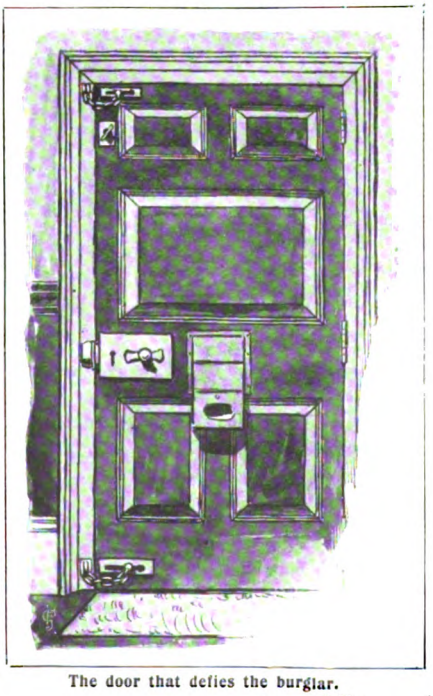
If any man knows better than another the relative value of the various modes of protecting a house, it is the professional burglar! He smiles at the futility of many a massive lock and bolt, while on the other hand he grinds his teeth with rage as he thinks of certain simple contrivances that have defeated his nefarious designs.

We therefore set out in search of a burglar who was willing to give the public a few "tips" on the subject; and for this purpose we of course needed one who had not only ceased to practise, but had so far repented of his evil courses as to be willing to put the public on their guard against the devices of his former colleagues.

Through the good offices of the Salvation Army Prison-gate Brigade—an excellent institution doing admirable work—we were soon introduced to a "gentleman" whose name was on everyone's lips a few years ago in connection with a daring burglary at a certain nobleman's house in the West End of London. Since that time he has led a very secluded life at the expense of an unappreciative country, and has only lately been released on ticket-of-leave.

He was quite willing to give our readers the benefit of his experiences, and what follows is the substance of his remarks about good and bad methods of protecting one's house.

The weakest point about a house is usually a window, and for that reason it is one of the most convenient modes of entry for the burglar. The ordinary window-catch is the most foolish contrivance possible, and must have been invented by somebody who wanted to break in with as little trouble as possible. You have merely to insert a thin putty knife between the sashes and the catch can be pushed back without much difficulty. An attempt is sometimes made to prevent this by the insertion of a screw



The door that defies the burglar.

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or other contrivance behind the catch, so that it will not slide back. In this case the judicious use of a jemmy, or crowbar, under the bottom sash will simply force out the screws—always very slight affairs—by which the catch is fastened to the window, and thus the difficulty is overcome without any noise or trouble.

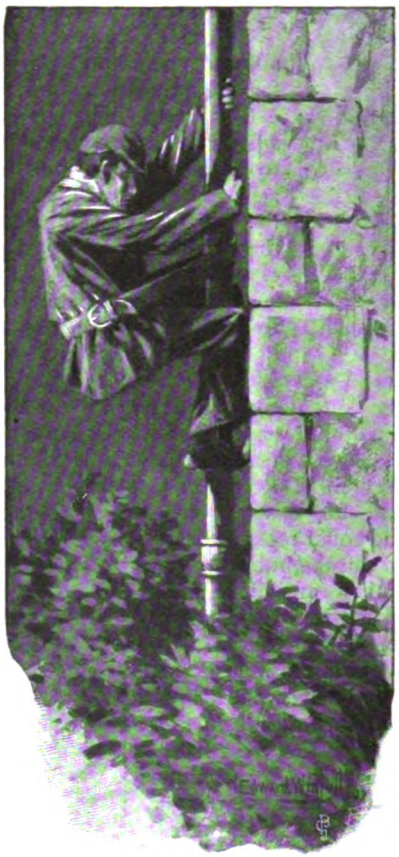
The only really secure mode of fastening a window is by means of a strong thumbscrew passing through *both* sash frames on either side. This screw should work through metal plates let into the sashes.

These screws, if properly placed, will resist the application of the crowbar, and, as they are quite inaccessible from the outside of the window, they can only be tampered with by removing the panes of glass. This can be done noiselessly by pasting a sheet of thick paper over the glass before breaking it; but the business takes some time, paste is not always handy, and the burglar does not often care to risk a delay.

An even better plan is to place the screws at the top and bottom of the window, when they can be entirely concealed inside the window frame, a small section of which slides out for the purpose. This effectually baffles the burglar, whose only plan then is to remove sufficient of the glass and frame to leave a space large enough for him to climb through—a business that very few professionals will undertake, owing to the amount of time that it occupies.

The door next calls for attention. Usually it is fastened during the day by a light latch, which yields at once to a very mild amount of pressure with a jemmy. For purposes of protection this latch is utterly worthless. The large old-fashioned lock, especially if mortised into the door, is much better. Certainly it can be forced, but only with great difficulty, and it is apt to make a noise like the report of a pistol when it gives way. The best plan, from the burglar's point of view, is to attack the doorpost and try to force out the socket into which the bolt of the lock shoots.

Locks used frequently to be picked, and skeleton keys were much in vogue in bygone days. Now, however, locks have been so greatly improved that they are seldom picked. The method used to be to test the lock with a piece of gutta percha, so as to get an impression of the wards, and then quickly cut out a key in copper. Now, however, locks are made more strongly, and a copper key will not often turn them, while the business of filing out a key in iron takes considerable time.



An unsafe water-pipe—it should be cemented to the wall.

Ordinary door-bolts present no difficulty to the burglar who has his tools with him. They are quickly forced out, screws and all, or they are silently cut through with a saw of diamond steel.

Chains are the best of all fastenings for doors. They are difficult to cut or force, and they are apt to rattle and make a noise, which is the thing of all others that a burglar dreads most. The presence of the loose chain is not usually discovered until the lock and bolts have been forced, and the first indication of it is generally an audible one. The business of cutting a chain is a troublesome and risky one, owing to the difficulty of keeping it still. There is a special tool for the purpose, but it is not much used.

A glass-panelled door, especially if it has no shutters, is a thing of delight to the intruder, who can only too easily remove the glass and so get access to the lock and bolts. A letter slot without a box is also a helpful contrivance, as it enables

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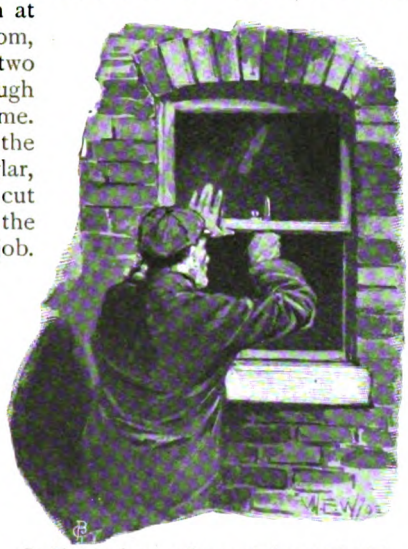
him to insert a strong wire loop with which to pull back the latch.

The best way to secure the house door is to provide it with a chain at the extreme top and bottom, in addition to one or two thumbscrews passing through the door into the frame. This will effectually defy the best efforts of the burglar, unless he is prepared to cut out the framework of the door—a long and risky job.



Pushing back an ordinary window-catch with a knife.

If a lock is put on the door it should be a massive steel one, and of the best make, and should be let into the door and door-post; not merely attached with screws. Bells and burglar alarms on doors are of little use. Their presence is generally detected, with the result that they do not sound when most needed. Of course, if they *do* ring, the burglar does not wait for any further developments, but quits the scene with all speed!

The ordinary window shutters are quite useless, both on account of their weak construction and of the primitive simplicity of the usual fastening, which can be undone without any trouble. Iron shutters are, however, a good protection, but only when fastened by screws in the way we have described.

Areas are a frequent means of approach, and the gates should never be left unfastened after dark. They are best secured by means of a strong steel chain and padlock. The latter should be of the best quality, and burglars particularly detest those made by Messrs. Chubb. The much-vaunted American locks, though very ingeniously constructed, are far less effectual, as the front of the case can be easily torn off, and the bolts shot back.

Inner doors, especially of rooms that contain valuables, should always be locked at night. But the key must be taken away! Many people have the idea that by leaving the key in the lock—of course on the inside of the door—they are making it impossible for the lock to be picked from the outside. As a matter of fact they are simply putting the key into the burglar's hands.

Examine the average door, and you will find that when the key is in the lock, the end of the barrel slightly projects from the keyhole on the other side of the door. Now the burglar has in his tool bag a neat little instrument, resembling in shape a very small piano key, with which he is able to grip the projecting end of the barrel, and so turn the key round and unlock the door!

The best of all fastenings for the bedroom or other inner door is a simple wedge of wood pushed under the bottom of the door. If this is correctly shaped and properly placed, it is absolutely impossible to open the door from the outside without cutting a piece out of the panel, and no burglar will risk this with a person sleeping near at hand.

It is, however, sometimes practicable to pass a knife or other article under the door,

A "safe" window, *i.e.*, one fastened with thumb-screws.

and so push the wedge back. To prevent this it is only necessary to place some obstacle in the way. A strong screw passed into the floor will serve, especially if it passes

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through a hole in the wedge. The best plan of all, however, is to fasten a small slot to the floor against which the wedge can rest, or to

The skylight is a favourite entrance.

have the wedge fitted into a small notch in the floor. Only prevent the wedge from being pushed back, and you have complete protection. A couple of small wedges of this kind should be included in the baggage of all travellers who find it necessary to put up at places about which they are at all doubtful.

Burglars have a poor opinion of so-called "burglar alarms"—which generally fail to act when they are most wanted—but there are certain things that help to keep undesirable visitors at a distance.

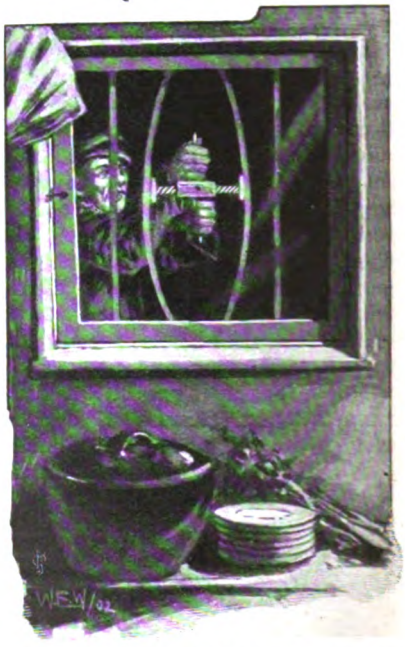
No burglar will enter a house where there is a crying baby, but unfortunately the baby does not always cry on the night when the "crib" is to be "cracked."

A sharp terrier, kept indoors at night, is also a good protection, though occasionally a bit of poisoned meat inserted through the letter-box has proved too tempting for the four-footed guardian. Dogs kept in kennels out of doors are of very little use, as it is an easy business to end their career beforehand. By the way, when your dog dies mysteriously, keep a sharp lookout for burglars the next few nights!

In a country house the special point of danger is the portico or verandah giving access to the bedrooms on the first floor. The *modus operandi* of the burglar is usually to master the arrangements of the house beforehand, and to arrange to pay a nefarious visit to the bedrooms when the entire household are assembled for dinner. The time generally chosen is when guests are being entertained.

During dinner most of the servants, and all the members of the family, are downstairs and the bedrooms are deserted; but jewel cases are apt to be left about by people after dressing, with the intention of putting them away at bedtime. Thus the burglar has a fair chance both of being undisturbed and of securing plenty of valuable "swag."

Ivy and creepers are a great assistance in climbing up the pillars or sides of the verandah, but up-to-date burglars often use a



Forcing window bars with a pocket screw-jack.

neat telescopic ladder, which can be hooked to the window-ledge. In all country houses the bedroom windows should receive careful attention.

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In towns the roof is apt to be the point of attack for various reasons. In the first place the burglar is not so often noticed by the perambulating policeman as he might be when entering by a door or window. Then the roofs are easily reached by means of any empty house in the terrace. Above all it is extremely easy to escape by way of the roof, even if the house is surrounded by police.

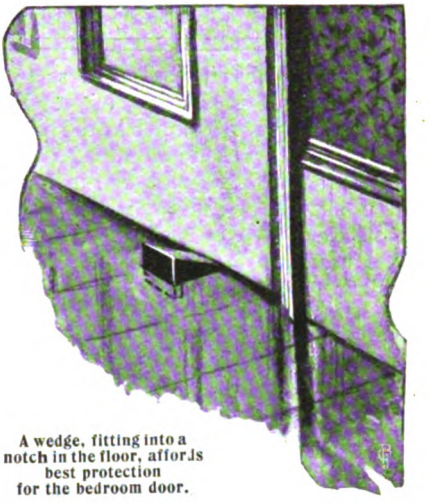
All skylights and roof doors should be very securely fastened, and the steps leading to them removed when not in use. If any house in the same row happens to be empty, double precautions should be taken.

Another frequent source of danger is seen in the stack pipe, especially if it runs near a window. By means of a stout climbing strap the burglar will easily swarm up the pipe, and so gain access to the window. To prevent this, carefully cement up the space between the stack pipe and the wall for about ten feet from the ground, and a very common source of danger is removed.

The window bars which are supposed to be such a protection to basement windows also call for remark. They are usually set from four to six inches apart, and are then of very little use, for a miniature screw jack is made for the profession which will force these bars sufficiently wide apart to allow a thin man to enter. To circumvent this, one has only to bear in mind that the smallest of these screw jacks is four inches long. If, therefore, the bars are set three inches apart, they cannot be forced.

When going away for the holidays, it is a great mistake to shut up the house. This is simply to make public announcement that the place is unoccupied, and may be entered with safety. The wiser plan is to make it look as much occupied as possible, and to give notice to the police that you are going away. The next-door neighbours—if you know them to be above suspicion!—should also be warned.

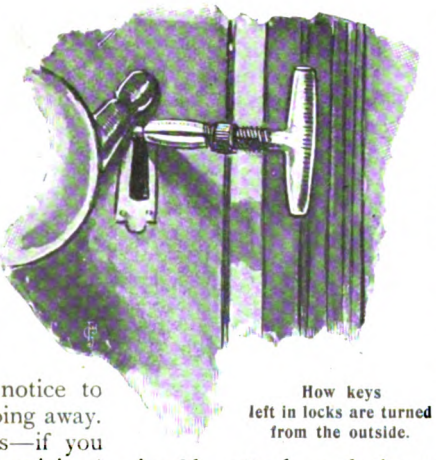
The question is often asked, where is the safest place to keep one's valuables? Our advice is to keep them at your banker's; but if it is really necessary to have them in the house, then the best place is the least likely one.



A wedge, fitting into a notch in the floor, affords best protection for the bedroom door.

Our communicative burglar gave us two pathetic instances of wasted labour and disappointment that had befallen him. One night he went through a saddler's premises with extraordinary care, but without result, owing to the fact—which subsequently leaked out—that the cash was kept in an old saddle!

The other case was that of a wealthy merchant's house, which was visited in pursuit of cash and securities. None could be found, though the house was thoroughly ransacked. It was afterwards found that they were concealed in a dummy book placed among the volumes in one of the library bookcases.



How keys left in locks are turned from the outside.

It is not altogether the wisest plan to keep one's valuables in the bedroom, for the simple reason that a determined burglar, who has learnt their whereabouts, will not hesitate to visit the bedroom, in which case it is very possible that the occupant will not wake up next morning!

The ordinary exposed safe of course invites attack, and the really "burglar-proof" one has yet to be invented. Our burglar tells us that he has found nitro-glycerine, skilfully applied, a most effective persuader in the case of an obstinate safe! The best plan is to conceal the safe in the wall behind some object that will thoroughly hide it.

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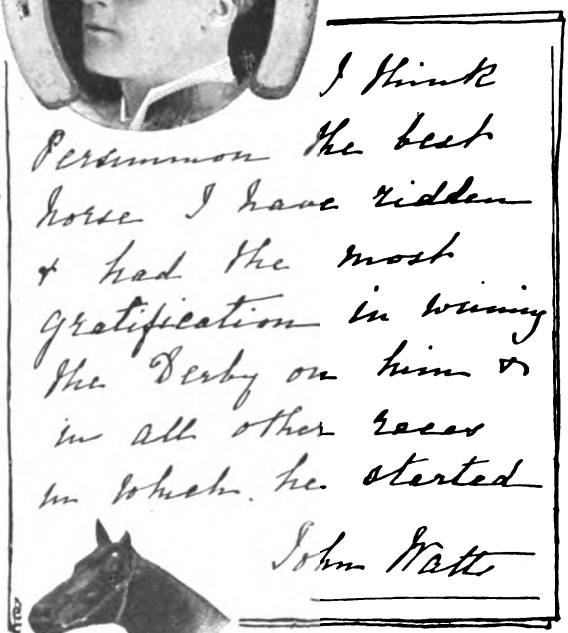
MY GREATEST RACE.

Famous Jockeys describe their Most Gratifying Victories.

COULD a plebiscite be taken as to the respective popularity of a Prime Minister and a pet performer in the pigskin, it would, in turf parlance, be long odds on the equestrian. There is no one in England in any profession or capacity who is so much the cynosure of all eyes as a successful jockey. His features are as familiar to the hundreds of thousands of racegoers throughout the country as those of "Bobs," and he is freely discussed and criticised by a pet diminutive of his christian name.

Photo, Sherborne.


I think Persimmon the best horse I have ridden & had the most gratification in winning the Derby on him of in all other races in which he started
John Watts

Photo, Clarence Hailey.

John Watts and Persimmon, winners of the King's Derby.

A jockey's life is by no means a bed of roses, and although the "stars" of the silken jacket annually receive princely retainers, running well into four figures, and earn additional thousands in riding fees (one of them was recently handed a cheque for £2,000 to ride in one race in America), they thoroughly earn their money. The majority of them have probably passed through very hard times as stable boys or apprentices; as a rule they do not spoil them in training establishments — although the boys are far better treated than in the days of kicks and ashplants.

When, after years of hard work, he has graduated and earned a reputation which, alas, is the good fortune of few aspirants, a jockey's busy life from March to the end of November is by no means an enviable one. Constantly travelling from one end of the country to the other, he frequently rises with the lark and walks to the course to ride a morning gallop or two. Probably he is offered a mount on a likely winner, if he can at scale during the afternoon "do" the weight at which the horse is handicapped. This means partaking of the breakfast of an anchorite—say a shrimp or two, a small square of dry toast, and a glass of champagne to wash the sumptuous repast down.

If he be very indulgent he may, after the racing is over for the day, banquet off a few ounces of fish, a sample of dry toast and a little white wine. Then, being thus nicely nourished and refreshed, he will most likely have to travel a hundred miles or so, to be in time for early morning exercise in another part of the country.

There is a vast difference between the present generation of jockeys, in regard to their earning capacity, general bearing and integrity, and that of fifty years ago. In the old days, a present of £10 was deemed a sufficient gratuity after a crack jockey had succeeded in winning an important race. Now cheques for £500 or even twice that amount are not uncommon presents given by racehorse owners, from the King downwards, to their successful riders.

Habitual racegoers, who have leaned on the rails as the five-furlong sprinters covering their sixteen yards a second thunder by like a flash of lightning amidst the deafening crack, crack of the whalebone whips, sometimes wonder with a shudder what would

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happen in the event of a stumble, and endeavour to conceive the agonising moments a jockey must undergo when he is down, and the others are charging pell-mell behind him. Jockeys and spectators alike can tell of miraculous escapes they have witnessed, but more than one famous rider has had the life battered out of him by the racing hoofs. Happily, few flat race jockeys have, during recent years, met with fatal accidents whilst following their risky vocation. That our jockeys are as hard as nails admits of no doubt, and this is due in a great measure to their athletic training and the abstemious lives they lead. Not one man in a thousand could have survived the fearful fall sustained by Fred Webb whilst riding St. Angelo at Manchester some years ago. Also, either of the falls encountered by Tom Loates on Troon and Birch Rod would have settled the account of anyone but a jockey; indeed, in the former accident the horse Troon was actually killed.

Photo, Sherborne.

T. Cannon, the "Prince of Jockeys."

The invasion of the American jockeys has by no means interfered with the enormous popularity of the home-made article, and with the sporting public, Herbert Mornington Cannon—or "Morni," as he is familiarly called—is still a prime favourite. Although only twenty-eight years of age he has actually ridden in the years 1890 to 1900 no fewer than 1,524 winners—truly a splendid record! "Morni's" marvellously-timed rushes are well known to racegoers, but never, during the whole course of his career, has he ridden with such remarkable brilliancy as he exhibited during the Doncaster St. Leger meeting of 1894, where, during the first three days' racing, he caught the judge's eye first in ten events, including the Great Yorkshire handicap on Bushey Park, the Portland Plate on Grey Leg, and finished up by carrying off a sensational St. Leger on the famous outsider Throstle, who started at the long odds of fifty to one against. Mr. John Porter, who trained the St. Leger winner, had another candidate in the stable, Match Box, and this thoroughbred, who had run second to Ladas in the Derby, was supposed to be the only one capable of lowering the colours of the favourite, Lord Rosebery's Derby winner. Throstle was supposed to have no chance, and "Morni" begged to have the mount on her stable companion, but his request was refused, and he was fated to ride the winner. On the morning of the race, while at exercise, the wilful Throstle, carrying G. Chaloner, bolted, as was her wont, and had to be led back. Mr. Cannon said in a letter referring to this momentous victory, "You can imagine I did not fancy the mount. However, she ran her race quite smoothly in the Leger, and never attempted to bolt; but I did not take her to the front until a hundred yards from home; but that was sufficient for me to win by three parts of a length."

Photo, Sherborne.

John Osborne, whose sensational win on Pretender in the Derby of 1869 caused great discussion.

Photos, Sherborne. [Mimi.

"I think Mimi and Canterbury Pilgrim are the two best horses that I have ridden."—Fred Rickaby.

"Morni" is very fond of cricket, and when he has a day off from the sport of kings, invariably wends his way to the Oval or Lords. Always cheery and smiling, he has yet a look of grim determination during a desperate finish, and sits his horse like a statue—if the animal prove unsuccessful it cannot be put down to lack of jockeyship. The racing public are good judges, and a Derby or a Bank Holiday crowd will follow this rider to a man. Five o'clock rising,

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cocoa, a slip of dry toast, and generally plain, wholesome food with no fat, constitute his diet. Long walks, with sweaters, swimming, or cold baths, boxing and cricket, and bed at eleven when possible, which is Cannon's *regime*, are calculated to keep a man in the pink of condition and in excellent spirits.

A good tale is related about "Morni," although we cannot vouch for its veracity. Whilst

Photos, Sherborne.

Sir Visto.

One of Sam Loates' most gratifying wins was the Derby on Sir Visto, Lord Rosebery's horse.

riding in a race at Epsom, his mount slipped up and the famous horseman was precipitated over the rails, and gracefully deposited smiling, in the lap of a charming lady, lunching in a brougham. The lady instantly recognised the unexpected guest who had called upon her in such an unusual manner. She was noted for her great charm as a hostess, and instantly exclaimed, "*So* glad you have called upon me, Mr. Cannon! Will you take a glass of champagne or claret?" "Morni" achieved the ambition of every jockey by riding Flying Fox to victory in the Derby.

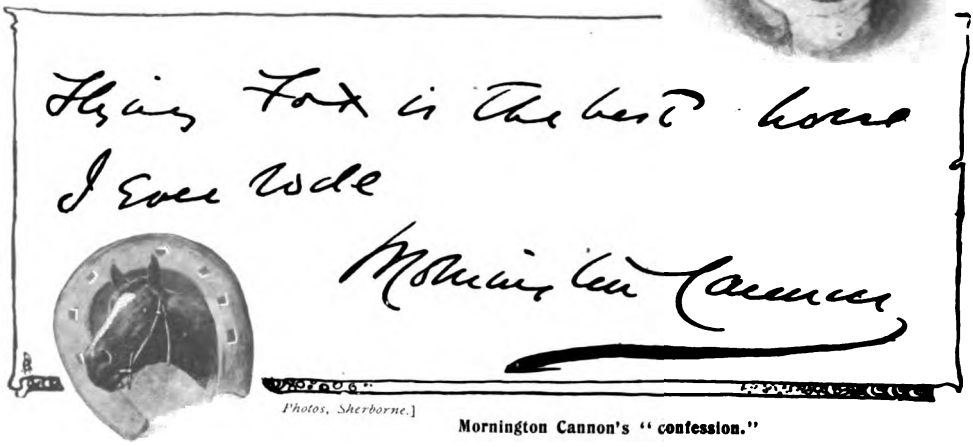
No one was a greater favourite than Charles Wood, "the people's Charlie," and the public gave him a magnificent reception when he won the Blue Riband of the turf on Galtee More, four years ago—this being his third success in this event. Another important event in his career was his dead heat in the Derby of 1884.

There have only been two dead heats in the entire history of the great Epsom race, one being run off when Cadland proved the victor, and the other when the judge failed to separate St. Gatien, steered by Charles Wood, and Harvester, ridden by Sam Loates. The stakes, in this later instance, were divided between the two contestants.

Although he rode the winner of the Derby thirty-three years ago, John Osborne is invariably the first to appear at morning exercise, when he has any candidate running; in fact, he has usually galloped his string of thoroughbreds, and gone home to breakfast ere the modern school of trainers have started to lace their boots.

A finer horseman than John Osborne never carried silk, and his name is writ large in the annals of the turf. During his long and honourable career no race he rode in gave rise to so much controversy as his narrow defeat of Welborn Pero, when he rode Pretender in the Blue Riband of 1860. Half the spectators disagreed with the verdict of the judges, and contended that the second horse had won, and heated arguments were indulged in for many years by those who saw the race.

Tom Loates, whose two brothers are the celebrated jockeys, Sam



Photos, Sherborne.]

Mornington Cannon's "confession."

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and Charles, has unfortunately been able to do but little riding lately. His success on the Duke of Portland's Donovan in the Derby was highly meritorious. Tom Loates selects this race as his greatest achievement for Donovan. "He was a chance mount first favourite for the Derby, and I was a light weight jockey to be entrusted with such a great responsibility, and, what is much more to the point, rode him to victory. You can easily understand that it was my red-letter day as a jockey."

"I consider Troon the best horse I ever rode." —Robert Colling.

Photos, Sherborne.

He later supplemented this with his win on Isinglass, in the same race, the three "ten thousand pounders" the Princess of Wales' Stakes, Eclipse Stakes, and Jockey Club Stakes. In training for these great races he jumped out of bed as soon as it was daylight, and took a tepid bath, a brisk walk and a ride or two at exercise. His food consisted of cocoa, coffee or tea, plenty of fish, or the lean of a mutton cutlet, with a little claret or white wine. He smoked an occasional cigar, used dumb-bells frequently, and by way of recreation favoured cycling and billiards.

Sam Loates has keenly rivalled his brother for popularity on the course, especially that at Epsom. His two most brilliant performances in the contest for the blue ribbon of the turf, he considers, were in 1884, when he ran a dead heat with Wood, and a few years later when he carried off the honours with Sir Visto. Yet he does not place his predilection upon either of these two mounts, but considers "Harvester to be the best Derby horse I ever rode. Concerning the dead heat (1884), after we had passed the post, in reply to Wood, I said that I did not think I was beaten, even if I had not actually won. Another Derby, that of Sir Visto, caused me the most gratification, for you must remember that not only was it a great local victory, but Lord Rosebery was also Prime Minister at the time, and with the exception of that of Persimmon, I never saw a more enthusiastic scene at Epsom."

Tom Cannon is famous the world over. He has been aptly christened the "Prince of Jockeys." In addition to his many victories in England, he witched our friends the French with his splendid horsemanship in many of their prineipal events, riding the winner of the Grand Prix on as many as five occasions.

Under these circumstances he finds it a difficult matter to distinguish his best race, for he says: "I can hardly tell which of the many finishes I like the best through my riding career, but as far as I can recollect, I fancy Isonomy for the Manchester Cup, Enthusiast for the Two Thousand, and Sweetbread for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. I was also very proud of Thurio and Little Ducks finishes for the Grand Prix of Paris."

As the father and mentor of his four sons, Tom, Mornington, Kempton and Charles, he would have achieved fame, but Sam Loates, John Watts and many others have also passed through his master hands.

Photos, Sherborne.

Tom Loates achieved several of his most famous successes upon Isinglass.

A stronger or more resolute finisher than Fred Rickaby seldom bestrode a racehorse, and his remarkable efforts on the rank outsider, Sirenia, in the Duke of York Stakes, and Jubilee, will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness them. Yet he does not place his choice upon this mount, for when questioned upon the subject he promptly replied: "I think Mimi and Canterbury Pilgrim are the two best horses that I have ridden."

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John Watts has a large number of famous victories to his credit, including five St. Legers, and four Derby victories on Merry Hampton, Sainfoin, Ladas, and our present King's champion Persimmon, and with reference to the latter, he writes: "I think Persimmon the best horse I have ridden, and had the most gratification in winning the Derby on him, and in all other races in which he started."

Photo, Sherborne.

"Tiny" White places his preference upon Sailor Prince.

Upon the courses in the North of England Robert Colling is a familiar figure. When requested to select his favourite horse he promptly answered: "I consider Troon the best horse I ever rode. Had he been a sound horse, and capable of being thoroughly wound up—I think he was a snuffer. I was also much pleased by winning the Stewards' Cup on Marvel."

Troon, as already mentioned, finally ended its racing career in a fall, by which it was killed.

Another famous jockey, who is a prime favourite with the frequenters of the turf, is A. White, familiarly known to the admirers of the kingly sport as "Tiny." One of his greatest successes was on the mount Sailor Prince, in 1886, but animated controversy raged among the spectators as to whether he actually passed the post first. But White settles once and for all the doubts expressed about this race. He says: "In my race on Sailor Prince, we raced from the Red Post, head and head, which is nearly two furlongs from the winning post. There was no question about it being all out, as I won by the shortest of heads."

Probably there are very few racegoers who are aware that John Porter, the trainer of so many Derby winners, himself once rode in the great English race. But it is now a considerable number of years since the veteran bestrode a mount in a great event. His work lies entirely in the province of training, and in this direction he has achieved several conspicuous and most gratifying successes. Although the trainer scarcely comes within the purview of this article, yet John Porter is so well known, and so many of the horses that have passed through his hands have ridden to victory, that his greatest success possesses special interest.

"Ormonde was the best Derby winner I have trained, and I think the best racehorse I have ever seen," he replied to our interrogation, "and the greatest disappointment I have experienced was the day I discovered he was a roarer. My greatest triumphs were winning the Two Thousand with him and the Eclipse Stakes, the first time with Orme, nine weeks after he was poisoned and at death's door."

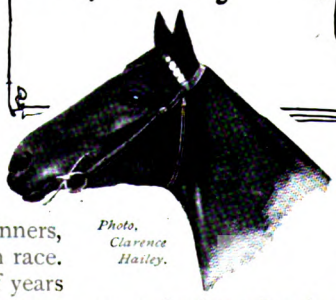
There are several other famous victories of our crack horsemen which might be recorded, such as that of Kempton Cannon on Sir William Ingram's Comfrey in the Cambridgeshire, when he, after a desperate finish, beat Tod Sloan on St. Cloud by a head; of Otto Madden's, when riding the hundred-to-one chance, Jeddah, upon the latter beating his stable companion, Dieudonnè, in the "Silent" Derby.

Photo, Sherborne.

Charles Wood.

The races which gave me the most pleasure to win were those in which I won on Galtee More, after my return to the turf, namely Two Thousand, Derby & St Le Ger

Yours truly
C. Wood



Photo, Clarence Hailey.

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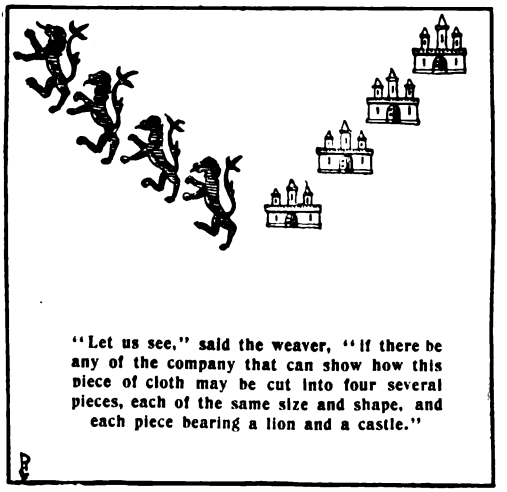
Some further Adventures of the famous Pilgrims.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.

THE PUZZLE OF THE SQUIRE'S YEOMAN.

CHAUCER says of the Squire's Yeoman, who formed one of his party of pilgrims, "a forester was he truly as I guess," and tells us that "his arrows drooped not with feathers low; and in his hand he bare a mighty bow." When a halt was made one day at a wayside inn, bearing the old sign of the "Chequers," this yeoman consented to give the company an exhibition of his skill. Selecting nine good arrows, he said, "Mark ye, good sirs, how that I shall shoot these nine arrows in such manner that each of them shall lodge in the middle of one of the squares that be upon the sign of the 'Chequers,' and yet of a truth shall no arrow be in line with any other arrow." The illustration will show exactly how he did this, and no two arrows will be found in line, horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Then the Yeoman said: "Here then is a riddle for thee. Remove three of the arrows, each to one of its neighbouring squares, so that the nine shall yet be so placed that none thereof may be in line with another." By a "neighbouring square" is meant one that adjoins, either laterally or diagonally.



"Let us see," said the weaver, "if there be any of the company that can show how this piece of cloth may be cut into four several pieces, each of the same size and shape, and each piece bearing a lion and a castle."

THE NUN'S PUZZLE.

"I trow there be not one among ye," quoth the Nun, on a later occasion, "that doth not know that many monks do oft pass the time in play at certain games, albeit they be not lawful for them. These games, such as cards and the game of chess, do they cunningly hide from the abbot's eye by putting them away in holes that they have cut out of the very hearts of great books that be upon their shelves. Shall the nun therefore be greatly blamed if she do likewise? I will show unto thee a little riddle game, that we do sometimes play among ourselves when the good abbess doth hap to be away."

The nun then produced the eighteen cards that are shown in the illustration. She

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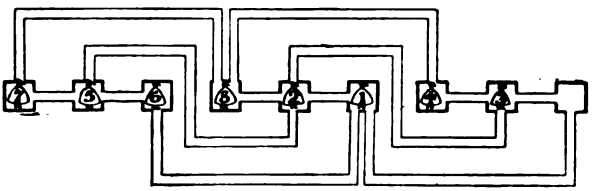
explained that the puzzle was to so arrange the cards in a pack, that by placing the uppermost one on the table, placing the next one at the bottom of the pack, the next one on the table, the next at the bottom of the pack, and so on, until all are on the table, the eighteen cards shall then read "CANTERBURY PILGRIMS." Of course each card must be placed on the table to the immediate right of the one that preceded it. It is easy enough if you work backwards, but the reader should try to arrive at the required order without doing this or using any actual cards.



Saith the Sergeant of the Law: "Here be nine dungeons, with a prisoner in every dungeon save one. I desire to know how the prisoners can, in as few moves as possible, put themselves in the order 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8."

THE MERCHANT'S PUZZLE.

Of the Merchant the poet sayeth, "Forsooth he was a worthy man withal." He was thoughtful, full of schemes and a good manipulator of figures. "His reasons spake he eke full solemnly, sounding alway the increase of his winning." One morning when they were on the road, the Knight and the Squire, who were riding beside him, reminded the merchant that he had not yet propounded the puzzle that he owed the company. He thereupon said, "Be it so. Here then is a riddle in numbers that I will set before this merry company when next we do make a halt. There be thirty of us in all riding over the common this morn. Truly we may ride one and one, in what they do call the single file, or two and two, or three and three, or five and five, or six and six, or ten and ten, or fifteen and fifteen, or all thirty in a row. In no other way may we ride so that there be no lack of equal numbers in the rows. Now, a party of pilgrims were able to thus ride in as many as sixty-four different ways. Prithee tell me how many there must perforce have been in the company." The Merchant clearly required the smallest number of persons that could so ride in the sixty-four ways.

Quoth the Yeoman: "Remove three of the arrows, each to one of its neighbouring squares, so that the nine shall yet be so placed that none thereof may be in line with another."

THE MAN OF LAW'S PUZZLE.

The Sergeant of the Law was "full rich of excellence. Discreet he was and of great reverence." He was a very busy man, but like many of us to-day, "he seemed busier than he was." He was talking one evening

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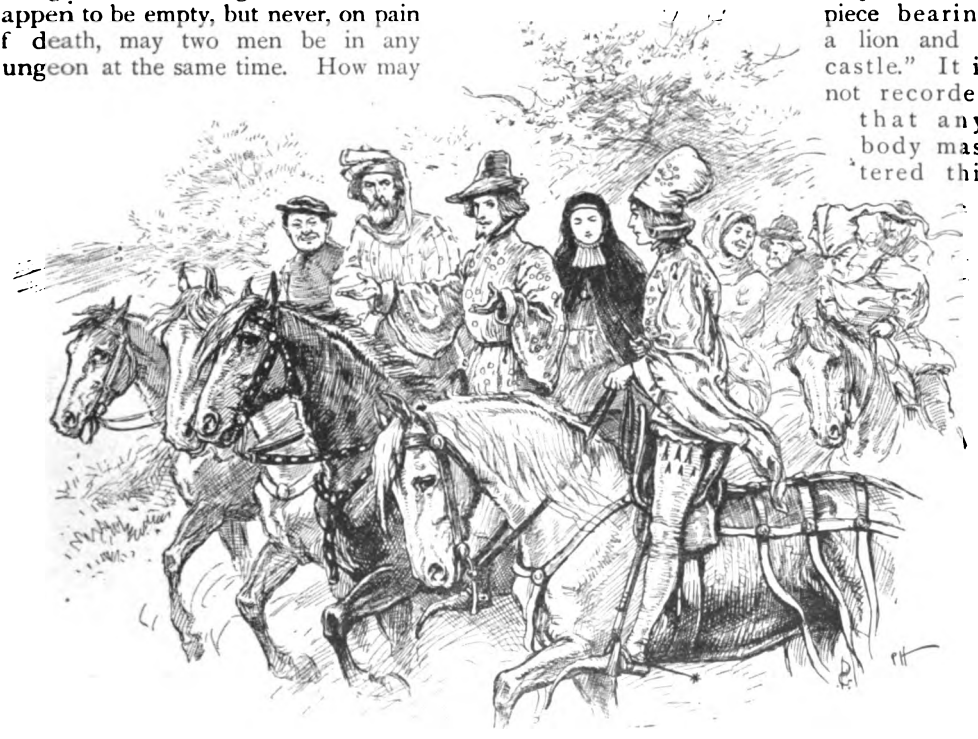
of prisons and prisoners, and at length made the following remarks: "And that which I have been saying doth forsooth call to my mind that this morn I bethought me of a riddle that I will now put forth." He then produced a slip of vellum, on which was drawn the curious plan that is now given. "Here," saith he, "be nine dungeons, with a prisoner in every dungeon save one, which is empty. These prisoners be numbered in order 7, 5, 6, 8, 2, 1, 4, 3, and I desire to know how they can, in as few moves as possible, put themselves in the order 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. One prisoner may move at a time along the passage to the dungeon that doth happen to be empty, but never, on pain of death, may two men be in any dungeon at the same time. How may it be done?" If the reader makes a rough plan on a sheet of paper and uses numbered counters he will find it an interesting pastime to arrange the prisoners in the fewest possible moves. As there is never more than one vacant dungeon at a time to be moved into, the moves may be recorded in this simple way, 3—2—1—6, and so on.



A party of pilgrims were able to ride in sixty-four different ways in rows: one and one, two and two, and so on; the rows containing an equal number of persons. How many pilgrims were there?

THE WEAVER'S PUZZLE.

When the Weaver brought out a square piece of beautiful cloth, daintily embroidered with lions and castles, as depicted in the illustration, the pilgrims disputed among themselves as to the meaning of these ornaments. The Knight, however, who was skilled in heraldry, explained that they were probably derived from the lions and castles borne in the arms of Ferdinand III., the King of Castile and Leon, whose daughter was the first wife of our Edward I. In this he was undoubtedly correct. The puzzle that the Weaver proposed was this. "Let us, for the nonce, see," saith he, "if there be any of the company that can show how this piece of cloth may be cut into four several pieces, each of the same size and shape, and each piece bearing a lion and a castle." It is not recorded that anybody mastered this puzzle, though it is quite possible of solution in a satisfactory manner. No cut may pass through any part of a lion or a castle.

THE COOK'S PUZZLE.

We find that there was a cook among the company, and his services were no doubt at times in great request, "for he could roast and seethe, and broil and fry, and make a mortress and well bake a pie." One night when the pilgrims were seated at a country hostelry, about to begin their repast, the

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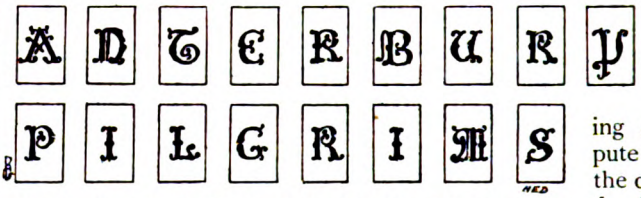
cook presented himself at the head of the table that was presided over by the Franklin, and said, "Listen awhile, my masters, while that I do ask thee a riddle, and by Saint Moden it is one that I cannot answer myself withal. There be eleven pilgrims seated at this board on which is set a warden pie and a venison pasty, each of which may truly be divided into four parts and no more. Now, mark ye, five out of the eleven pilgrims can eat the pie, but will not touch the pasty, while four will eat the pasty but turn away from the pie. Moreover, the two that do remain be able and willing to eat of either. By my halidame, is there any that can tell me in how many different ways the good Franklin may choose whom he will serve?" I will just caution the reader that if he is not careful he will find, when he sees the answer, that he has made a mistake of forty, as all the company did, with the exception of the Clerk of Oxenford—who got it right by accident, through putting down a wrong figure.



Arrange the pack of eighteen cards, with one letter on each, in such a manner that by placing the uppermost one on the table, and placing the next one at the bottom of the pack, alternately, until all are on the table, the cards form the words in the illustration.

Strange to say, whilst the company did perplex their wits about this riddle the cook did play upon them a merry jest. In the midst of their deep thinking and hot dispute what should the cunning knave do but stealthily take away both the pie and the pasty. Then, when hunger did make them desire to go on with the repast, finding there was nought upon the table, they called clamorously for the cook.

"My masters," he explained "seeing you were so deep set in the riddle, I did take them to the next room where others did eat them with relish ere they had grown cold. There be excellent bread and cheese in the pantry."

The solutions of these puzzles will be found in the next issue of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

The cook presented himself at the table, presided over by the Franklin, and on which was set a warden pie and a venison pasty, and said "Each may be divided into four parts. Five out of the eleven pilgrims can eat the pie but will not touch the pasty, while four will eat the pasty but turn away from the pie. The two that do remain be able and willing to eat of either. By my halidame, is there any that can tell me how many different ways the good Franklin may choose whom he will serve?"

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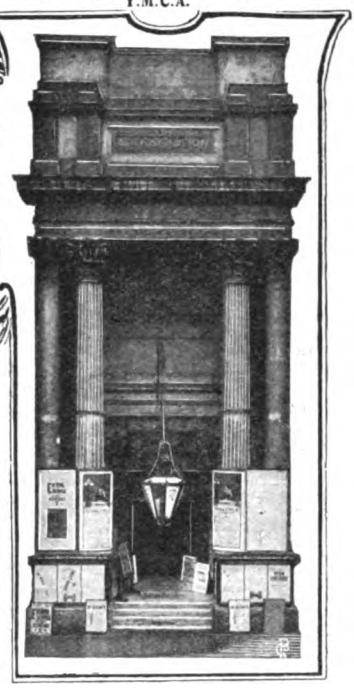
SIXTY YEARS OF THE Y·M·C·A



Exeter Hall, the Headquarters of the Y.M.C.A.

The romantic story of an institution that, starting with twelve members, has spread over the whole world.

BORN in the teeming brain of a young London warehouseman, the Young Men's Christian Association has, in the lifetime of its founder, covered the world. First started by twelve lads in a shop under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, it has to-day over half-a-million members. Its agencies are at work from the goldfields of the Klondike to the rural settlements of New Zealand. Alike in old Rome and in newest Japan, among the students of Indian colleges, in the heart of the city of Chicago, and among Britons and Boers in South Africa it enrols its recruits.

Its founder still lives. He has long been head of the firm which he once entered as humble apprentice. Seven years ago Queen Victoria knighted him for his services to the manhood of our nation. Eighty years old, white haired, but still active, he may yet be found on most days in his little office in St. Paul's Churchyard.

It was here I saw Sir George Williams, and here he told me the story of how his work began. "When I was a young man," he said, "there were few, or none, of the agencies for helping the young fellows in business houses that now exist. There was little restraint, and so many went wrong.

"Some of us consulted together to see what could be done to better things. We had prayer meetings and Bible readings in our rooms at 72, St. Paul's Churchyard, and at last we determined to call in men from other business houses near by to extend our own little meetings.

"The first gathering took place on June 6th, 1844. There were twelve of us present—a good number, twelve," the veteran added in a quiet aside. "But though only twelve, we formally elected our two secretaries and our treasurer. I do not think we had a president; three officials out of twelve members were enough for us. Then we started meetings, our first purpose being to reach the young men in the drapery houses. From St. Paul's Churchyard we soon had to go to a coffee house on Ludgate Hill. When that was too small, we went on to Radley's Hotel, near Blackfriars Bridge. We could not get rooms big enough for our meetings. I think our gatherings must have been bright and hearty, for many men would come miles, as soon as they could leave work, to reach us, and then might have to stand up during all the time of the meeting. I was usually made chairman, and after a time the head of our firm, Mr. Hitchcock, joined us and gave us the greatest help.

"And so we advanced. From the men in the warehouses and drapery establishments we went on to others. The year of the Great Exhibition saw an extension to other lands. We prepared papers describing our work, which were distributed at the Exhibition. Many of the foreigners who then visited London became interested, and some of them started similar institutions in their own countries. Then from temporary premises we obtained a permanent home in Aldersgate Street, and the Association was firmly established."

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At first the Y.M.C.A. was a purely religious body, and to this day religion remains its most prominent characteristic. But its conductors found if they were to do their proper work, they must provide for every side of a man's life. So from this sprung a network of varied agencies. Reading-rooms were perhaps the first step. Then came educational classes, then athletic clubs, and various branch activities almost impossible to count.

The most conspicuous illustration of this is seen at Exeter Hall. This hall, long famous as the chief centre for May Meetings, was purchased by the Y.M.C.A. in 1880, at a cost, including alterations, of £55,000. Here a costly and sustained effort is made to cater for the young men of central London. One section meets young fellows newly come to London, and finds homes and friends for them. In the Social Agency, one finds winter lectures, many of them by the best-known public speakers of the day, musical evenings, and employment agencies; there are holiday homes at the seaside, rowing clubs on the river, and a gymnasium at the head-quarters. The educational classes would almost need a chapter to themselves, were they to be described fully. Particular callings, such as banking and the textile trades, are specially catered for, and a hundred subjects, from Portuguese to political economy, are on the class lists.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that this movement is seen at its best in London. The capital of England presents, perhaps, its most unpromising field. The high rents for accommodation, and the difficulties of attracting young men here bar the way. The London Associations have, many of them, a hard fight to live. It is in the provinces, and especially in American cities, that the Y.M.C.A. is seen at its best.

The Manchester Association has long been noted; Glasgow has made a big attempt to provide residential accommodation for young men; Newcastle has the best-equipped building in the country, one that will successfully bear comparison with the great American buildings.

America, both the United States and Canada, is the most fruitful field for this work. Here the Association has taken a position in the life of the community such as it has never attained in England. In most American cities, the Y.M.C.A. is as much a public affair as the Fire Brigade or the newspaper. Its building is well in evidence in a central street, and business men generally go to it and use it for their dealings with young men.

The Y.M.C.A. at the Front. A group of members enrolled in the Yeomanry.

In Chicago, for instance, the central premises alone cost £400,000, and are thirteen stories high. Part is let out as offices, thus providing an endowment for the work. The interior fittings are highly luxurious, and the gymnasium is on a scale which makes any gymnasium in London seem insignificant.

Here may be seen, all day long, big business men, stockbrokers and financiers, coming in quickly, in the midst of their work, slipping on their flannels, having half-an-hour's active exercise, then a bath and back to work again.

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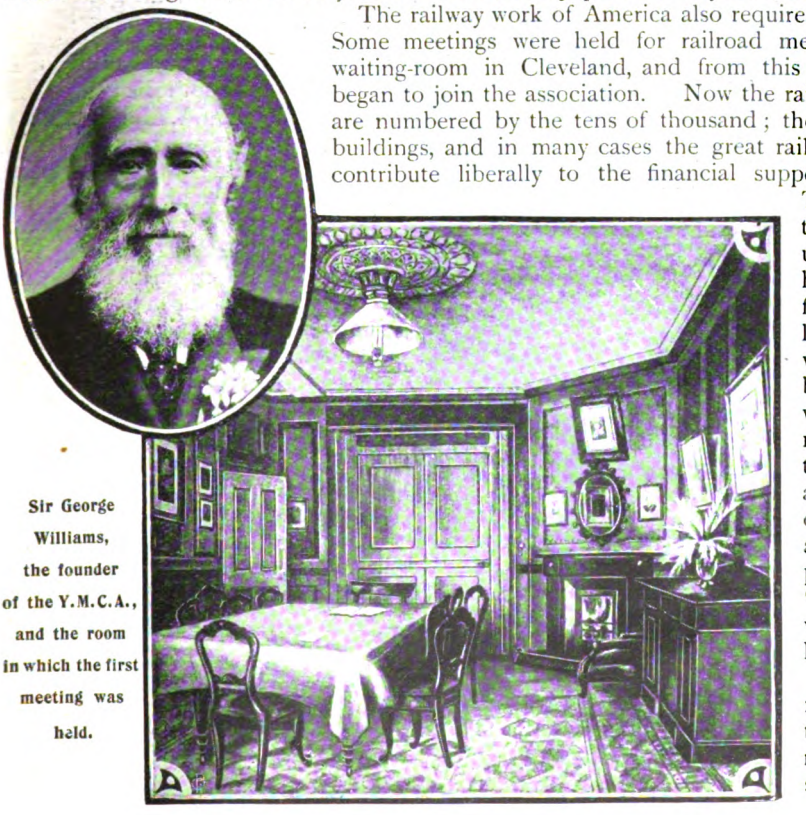
An English visitor recently expressed amazement at this. "I could not imagine London brokers or bankers breaking in the middle of their day for a swing on the horizontal bars, or for a practice with Indian clubs," he said. "These men wouldn't do it either, if they could help it," his Chicago conductor quickly replied. "They only come, as a rule, because of the doctors' orders. The rush of business life has so tried them that they are compelled to exercise to be able to keep on working."

Ingenious cards for introducing recruits into the ranks of the Y.M.C.A.

America saw the birth of the inter-collegiate work, which has now become an important branch of the movement. The original idea of directing efforts specially to the young fellows in business houses had soon been outgrown. It was found that college men are so much a set by themselves that they must be exclusively catered for if they are to be touched. The college work owed much to Mr. Moody, the famous evangelist, and has been taken up with enthusiasm by some of the most enterprising young men in America. It has largely helped to initiate the most remarkable missionary volunteer movement of modern times. There is a briskness and brightness about it which is wonderfully refreshing. To-day the work is reaching the educated youths of India and Japan in a way no other agency could.

The railway work of America also requires special mention. Some meetings were held for railroad men in a passenger waiting-room in Cleveland, and from this men in all parts began to join the association. Now the railroad associations are numbered by the tens of thousand; they have their own buildings, and in many cases the great railroad corporations contribute liberally to the financial support of the work. These railroad sections, besides the usual agencies, have such special features as railway libraries, from which books can be taken out anywhere on the line; rest rooms, where train-men can sleep at any time within easy call, baths at all hours, temporary hospitals, "first aid for the wounded," and the like.



Sir George Williams, the founder of the Y.M.C.A., and the room in which the first meeting was held.

To the Englishman, accustomed to our slower ways, nothing is more striking than the

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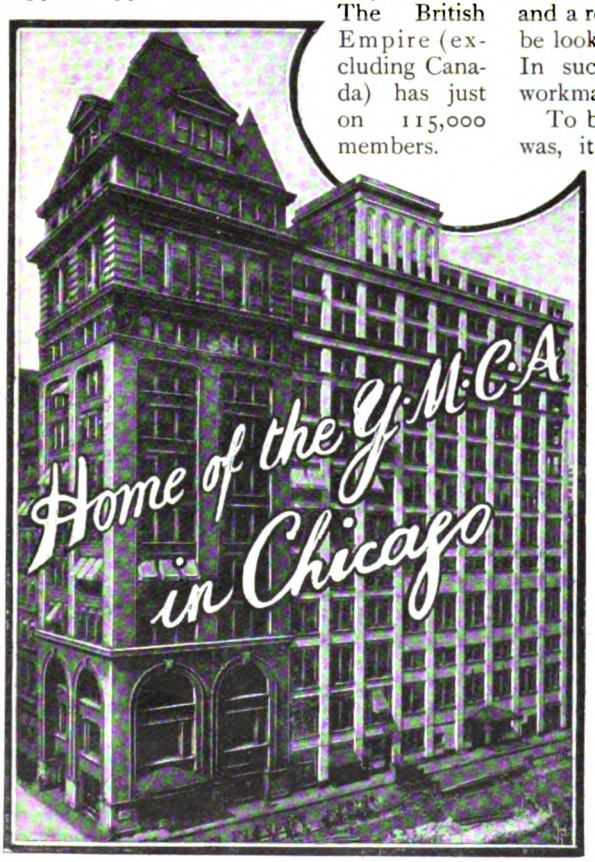
enthusiasm and go of the American Associations. They are supported with a liberality which puts the work of other lands in the shade. The American business man makes his money easier than we do, and is more free in spending it, whether on such objects as this, or for personal purposes. In England, the danger has always been lest the movement should drift into the hands of one small section; in Canada and the United States this has been guarded against. Out of a total of 536,916 for the whole world, America supplies 255,000 members—nearly one half. The British Empire (excluding Canada) has just on 115,000 members.



The work throughout the world is well-organised. There is a Central International Committee, with an Executive Commission at Geneva, and National Secretaries in twenty nations. Then each country has its own National Council. In England Sir George Williams is the president. The danger of such Councils, of course, is that of necessity they drift into the hands of elderly men of recognised standing, and thus the young men feel themselves shut out. The English Council includes a great army of distinguished philanthropists, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, to business men such as Lord Overtoun, and Mr. Crossley, of Manchester; scientists such as Dr. Gladstone; and soldiers like Lord Wolseley.

Besides the National Council, there is the administrative body over each local Association or group of Associations. Each Association is, within certain wide limits, self governing, and conducts its own work as seems best to it. Thus at Exeter Hall clerks and city men are specially catered for, and a rough-coated mechanic would, perhaps, be looked on curiously in the reading-room. In such a place as Hackney, the young workman is, however, much in evidence.

To bring young women in the Y.M.C.A. was, it was felt, to destroy its reason of existence. So a sister organisation was started solely for young women. To-day it rivals the older body in the extent of its work and the good it does. There are those who hope that in coming years the two Associations may run together. This has been often proposed, but the many risks such a striking departure might involve have up to now prevented its receiving any favour in the eyes of those at the head of affairs.

That the Y.M.C.A. has accomplished all the work possible for it, no one would pretend for an instant. The field, in this land especially, has only yet been partly occupied. There are yet many new ways to be devised, and new century work will need new century methods. But behind it is a solid record of accomplished good, of which any organisation might well be proud. And if to-day the young beginner in life has a chance to go ahead, to better himself both physically and intellectually, to find help in trouble and strength in times of strain, such as half-a-century ago his father never knew, the thanks are largely due to the Y.M.C.A.

Some may cavil at the title of this article. The first Y.M.C.A. was started in 1844, which was only fifty-eight years ago. But the little meetings in St. Paul's Churchyard from which the movement really sprung were held in 1841-2, and they were, in the truest sense, a Young Men's Christian Association.

Fred. A. McKenzie.

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A Little Discussion for both Married and Single.

By Lavinia Hart.

IT is a mistake to suppose that the ideal husband is the handiwork of the ideal wife. He is not. He is a species distinct, rare, coveted, and not dependent for fundamental principle upon the woman he marries.

The ideal husband is essentially a twentieth-century innovation. The virtues which make him ideal now were not virtues in the past. His liberality would have shocked his ancestors; his attitude of equality towards the sex of his mother would have wounded their vanity, and his wholesome unselfishness, resulting from these virtues and acting like leaven in the loaf of marital happiness, would have taught them lessons filled with greater spiritual truth and beauty than orthodox creeds and Puritan customs.

One hundred years ago, men and women knew but little of each other. Women feared and obeyed their husbands; men protected and directed their wives. Women's work was limited to housework and the needle, which occupation had nothing in common with the ambitions of men. Women's education was limited by inferior and incomplete schooling facilities, with sometimes a course on the melodeon, to make her amusing. Women had no legal status after marriage. When they dropped their names for those of their husbands', they dropped all individuality.

Can women be censured if, confined in a measure already too small, they did not grow? Can we marvel that they did not idealise when even the practical was beyond their reach? Could they have climbed to the heights with every means of ascent shut off, while men, who made the laws of society and state, refused to place the steps for them?

The ideal wife does not make the ideal husband. When man reaches a marriageable age, his habits have taken firm root, and his tendencies are so closely knit together that they admit of little stretching. But the ideal wife has a great deal to do with the ideal husband of the future; for the mother is the woman who makes the man. To her comes the responsibility of laying the corner-stone for future homes or the mockeries of homes. To her comes the opportunity to bend the twig while it is tender, and start it firm and straight on its upward growth. The ideal mother gives to her sons a heritage of mental, physical and spiritual health, and devotes her energies, during their childhood, to developing that heritage to the full extent. First she teaches them the value of physical health, for this very practical branch of ethical training is the rock on which the ideal rests.

Physical health is the soil from which spring flowers of mental and spiritual loveliness. From it grow, with a luxuriant naturalness which cultivation cannot bring, cheerfulness, self-control, truth, faith, generous impulse, and poise in the judgment of human nature and human motives. The mother who neglects either to develop the physical health of her children or to impress upon them its importance, does not fulfil the duty which parenthood demands, and lays up for herself, for them and for their future families misery and disappointment.

Nor is indifference to these rules, or ignorance of them, the only means by which infant constitutions are ruined and infant possibilities laid low. There are more sons pampered into selfishness by the over-indulgence of their mothers than can ever be coaxed or threatened into generosity by the wives who must bear with them. Men, even the worthy ones who will make sacrifices in the big things, which women cannot nerve themselves to meet, are proverbially selfish in all those little things that make or mar the

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life of every day. Yet men do not realise that they are selfish, because it has come to be a part of them, made so in the days when their mothers, not they, were responsible for their ethical acquisitions.

A kindly Providence shields a mother's eyes from the glare of her own errors. She never knows that she stifled her boy's best instincts before he was able to protect himself. She never suspects that the time to prepare him for the great outside world was when he began to creep over the carpet, and cry for everything his chubby fists could reach. Nor is she apt to believe that her influence was on the wane when the little legs got strong enough to play ball. It was then that Johnny found new interests and was governed largely by the fellows he met in the playground, their attitude towards him, and his own receptiveness. After this, the education of Johnny, the forming of his character, the fixing of his standards, the tenor of his habits, are governed almost entirely by influences outside his home. His mother is outnumbered. But the amount of pitch that will cling to Johnny when he wades through it, and the amount of good that will sink into his soul when he contacts with it, will be regulated by the discipline of his creeping, toddling years, when his mother drew upon his soul and mind the outline-map of what the future man would be. And Johnny, in the years that follow, will fill in that outline, with better or worse material as the case may be, within the limitations of the boundary-line his mother set down.

When he begins to think of matrimony, Johnny will have ideals. At least, he should have, if he be a normal, well-poised, progressive young man. His earlier ideals will be transitory. They will hover about a face from which gleam eyes of Johnny's favourite colour, a tiptilted nose, dimples, curly hair; and perhaps she must have an accomplishment or two—French and German fluently, a gift for music, and enough of a voice to sing for his amusement only. And if she possesses the crowning glory of knowing how to make apple-duff as mother made it, she will surely be his affinity, and they will be happy ever after.

The men who would make ideal husbands must exercise great care in the choosing of their wives. Though wives cannot make ideal husbands, they can mar them. One mismated, quarrelsome couple can do more harm to the institution of marriage than can be undone by ten who are quiet and content.

The prospective husband who really is seeking to realise an ideal life must look for inward, rather than outward, beauty in the girl he marries. Not that outward beauty is worthless. All beauty counts, for beauty, of one kind or another, is the point toward which the ideal is striving. But no woman whose intellect is awakened, whose soul is pure, whose motives are good, whose ambitions are lofty, can possibly be ugly to look at. Beauty is like love, it cannot be hidden. When every thought of the mind makes an instant impression on the face, when every good impulse softens the expression and every bad one hardens it, when every smile and every scowl, every tenderness and every harshness, leave their several imprints, can the beauties of mind and heart be separated from the beauty of feature? Not only is the woman of ideal type spiritually beautiful, but, inheriting the most graceless and irregular features, they must surely acquire a beauty of finesse and expression, which will outwear the beauty of feature and increase as the love for good develops in her soul.

With regard to the material conditions that influence matrimony, they are not to be lightly handled. While no marriage can be ideal without love, which should be its prime incentive, neither can any marriage whose only bond of sympathy is sentimental love attain perfection. An equal plane, and preferably a high

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plane, of intellectual understanding is essential. The bond created by two hearts that grow together through mutual affection is no stronger than the bond that is cemented by the development of two minds progressing along the same path of mental activity; particularly when that intellectual affinity is augmented by reciprocated love.

A safe rule for the seekers after the ideal to follow is to marry in their own set. A girl who has been gently bred should marry a man who understands the niceties of life. When such a girl marries a man who has not had the advantages of gentle birth or breeding, and who has not acquired an understanding of these things' worth, her future happiness is bound to be marred by a series of daily shocks, sufficiently petty in their nature to wear off all the romance from her love. For of petty things are the hours and days and lives of women made up; and the little kindnesses or the little hurts are what constitute her happiness or misery. When a gentle refined girl marries an uncouth man of gruff habits and coarse ways, she begins her married life by chiding herself for noticing such little things, and ends it with nervous prostration.

There are many other conditions that should be considered before marriage, which, though they be no substitute for love, can greatly affect its lasting quality. One of the most important is the matter of money. A very practical consideration to enter into a treatise on ideals! But who shall say where the ideal commences and the practical leaves off? Moreover, the ideal never can be reached except through practical means. Human love is for human beings, and must be regulated by human necessities and conditions. A hungry lover lacks ardour and presents a very weak case. A lover with frayed clothes and worn boots is a butt for unpleasant comparison. A lover who offers himself with empty hands to the woman of his choice is an affront to her dignity and worth. If she be wealthy and accept, he will pay the penalty in humiliation. If she be dowerless and accept, he will pay the penalty in seeing her want. The man who is worthy to win a woman will work for her. There is a means to every end. If a woman wants you, she will wait. If she will not wait, she is not worth working for; but someone else probably is.

The ideal husband is essentially a provider. The feeling of protection he maintains towards his wife is one of the best feelings he knows. As women prize their gentleness, so men prize their strength. The husband likes to feel that his wife is dependent upon him for happiness, for protection, for maintenance; and the fulfilment of these requirements makes him ideal. The ideal wife will never become so strong in her physical or mental culture that she will not concede to her husband's superior strength. The spirit of dependence upon man is in every woman; and its degree is regulated by the womanliness within her and the worthiness of her husband.

A good woman will live within her husband's income. A good man will supply an income sufficient to provide properly for his wife. And this constitutes another cause why a man should marry a girl in his own set, rather than one who is socially better situated, unless she have an income which she is willing to devote to requirements beyond his means. Many marriages that might otherwise be successful fail because men marry out of their station in life and the impossible burdens they take on plunge them into debt. Ideal marital happiness has no more insidious foe than debt. It eats at the very roots of content; it poisons the whole family tree.

It is only when the practical is neglected that it jars. If we do not wish the squeak of machinery to interfere with the pleasure of our ride, we must oil well the wheels of our motor.

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A HALFPENNYWORTH OF ROMANCE.

By Marie Manning.

A SHORT STORY. Illustrated by ALEC BALL.

I.

THE 'bus started across Waterloo Bridge at a brisk trot. The unusual speed of a member of the most leisurely of public conveyance fraternities was attributable to the fact that Murphy, who held the ribbons, had just refreshed himself at "The Coach and Horses," — Mr. O'Rourke's corner establishment—the popular resort of the 'bus drivers whose routes extended through the Strand.

It was not a matter of life and death that Thornton should catch that particular 'bus, but if you had seen him rush along the south side of the Strand in order to do so you would certainly have thought that such was the case.

He gave chase, though the evening papers were again printing their favourite hot weather announcement that it was the warmest day experienced for over thirty years, and boarded the vehicle, heated and dishevelled.

Murphy had well-defined views regarding the relationship of capital to labour. They found expression—after a visit to "The Coach and Horses"—in driving straight across the bridge, unmindful of brandishing umbrellas and sundry "Hi's!" At such times Murphy felt that the down-trodden working-man was not without compensation. Of course, if a man wished to make an acrobat of himself, chase the 'bus and swing on, as Thornton had done—Murphy had no objection.

But on the particular trip in which Thornton thus distinguished himself, Murphy suddenly caught a glimpse of a would-be passenger that made him pull up his horses with a jerk, and break his record. She—of course, this epoch-making passenger was a woman—stood on the kerbstone making vague passes in the direction of the oncoming 'bus with the point of a ruffled white parasol. She seemed to confer the grace of a victoria on the great, clumsy vehicle by her mere passive presence, and Thornton, as he caught a glimpse of his red, perspiring countenance in the adjacent scrap of mirror, alternately cursed his stupidity in chasing the 'bus till he presented such a deplorable spectacle, and rejoiced in the sprint that had been the means of making him her fellow-passenger.

She opened her purse and began to poke about in it for her fare. She puckered up her mouth, which brought about the bewildering co-operation of two dimples, and when Thornton could tear his attention from these items to go on with the entangling inventory, he found a pair of brown eyes that completed his undoing. They had warm tints, like sherry that is held to the light, and the brown hair matched the eyes to perfection—indeed, a conscientious shopper could not have matched them better had she given a whole morning to it.

She was still engrossed in an apparently futile search for change, and while Thornton hoped with fruitless optimism that she might not have it—and he, perhaps, would have the privilege of paying her fare—she cut short his hopes and fears by rising and depositing a halfpenny in the box beneath the driver's seat.

"Oh-h-h—! rat-tat-tat-tat!" and the point of the ruffled white parasol sharply knocked the window.

"Phwat is it?" and Murphy applied his watery blue eye to the little round hole in the glass, *viâ* which change and communications were passed between the driver and passengers.

"Driver," she said, "I've made a mistake. I've dropped a sovereign in the box instead of a halfpenny, and you must get it out for me."

"Begorra! I can't do that, miss. Sure, the box is locked, and phwat goes in, shtays in."

She vindictively regarded the box—a picture of bewitching rebellion against the total depravity of inanimate things. She pounded it with her little white-gloved fist, she peered through the dingy glass, but the coins within huddled stupidly in a heap.

Thornton knew it was his chance to acquit himself by suggesting some brilliant solution of the problem. But as he struggled to live up to the opportunity, vouchsafed by the gods, he could only mop his head and think.

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"But you must do something, really." She half-entreated, half-commanded Murphy. "You really must."

"Sorry, miss, but there's nothing to be done but for you yoursilf to ride to the ind of the journey; and mesilf will report the intire ochurrince to the clerk; an' fwhin he orthers the box opened yoursilf can claim the gold piece."

"But I can't ride to the end of the journey," she protested. "I'm going to Waterloo station, and must catch my train."

"Thim's the rules of the company." And Murphy turned to his horses as if it were useless to argue further.

Then Thornton had his inspiration; not a brilliant one, certainly, but an expedient that at least suggested good intention — and kindness.

"Pardon me — it does seem a trifle complicated—but couldn't the matter be arranged this way—I am not in the least pressed for time, and if you will permit me to give you a sovereign, I will ride to the end of the route and claim yours."

She hesitated, blushed, then thanked him with the entangling accompaniment of the dimples. "It was so stupid of me," she said, with just a suggestion of confidence, "but I thought the sovereign was a new halfpenny. I didn't realise till afterwards that I had a gold coin in my purse."

Thornton mumbled something about his pleasure in rendering so trifling a service. Murphy, with his eye glued to the hole, assured her that he would explain the situation to the clerk, and she left the vehicle outside Waterloo station.

When they reached the stables Murphy clambered down from his seat and with a "Come on, you, now," which did not signify the disrespect it implied, but rather the fellowship shared by the participants in some unusual adventure, led the way to the office.

"Driver, I've dropped a sovereign in the box, instead of a halfpenny."

The clerk heard Murphy's recital of the facts with reserved scepticism, that made Thornton long to throttle him. He fetched the box, however, turned out the coins on

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the top of his desk, and, spreading them flat with the palms of his hands, prepared to search. There was no glint of gold among the halfpennies thus revealed, and the clerk began a coin-to-coin hunt, deftly checking off each with the tip of his middle right finger into the palm of the left hand.

"There ain't no sovereign 'ere," he said, after checking off the last halfpenny.

Murphy broke into a perfect crescendo of laughter. "Do you moind that now, th' little hussy, to go and do a dhirthy thrick like dthat, an' her wid th' face av an angel!"

Thornton silenced him, and after explaining to the clerk, who appeared to have some difficulty in maintaining his official dignity, that it was undoubtedly a mistake, and that the young lady would probably call to rectify it, left his card.

On his way out, he heard Murphy entertaining a group of drivers with a recital of "the very latest fraud—and you'll do well to be afther watching out for it."

In leaving his card, Thornton had decided that he had no right to prevent the young lady from repaying an obligation that would be irritating to a sensitive girl. Besides, there was the latent hope that should she remember to write to the 'bus company he would thus discover who she was, and an acquaintance begun under such unusual circumstances might—but poor Thornton, who had just lost a sovereign, was certainly entitled to a few thoughts of his own.

But as he received no word from the 'bus company, he even went the length of reading the "personals" in the daily papers, in the hope of finding something beginning: "Will the gentleman who assisted a lady in the 'bus travelling over Waterloo Bridge——?" But it was inconceivable to think of a girl like that employing the "personal" columns in any exigency. So the episode drifted into Thornton's limbo of experiences, where he found a little grim humour in ticketing it as an "It might have been."

II.

Mrs. Severle had a *chef* who prepared his dishes in such a way that made a man think twice before declining an invitation to one of her dinners. When Thornton received one, he never thought at all, but accepted it with an alacrity that proved there were compensations even in the lonely lives of bachelors.

Thornton entertained too high a regard for Mrs. Severle's fashionable and epicurean dinners to decline the invitation.

It is an old and truthful adage which says that the Fates have a grim sense of humour, especially when it comes to mortal affairs; and the veracity of the precept was adequately proved in this instance.

On this festive occasion Thornton was seated beside Mrs. Severle's charming young niece, Miss Meredith, and, strange to relate, he was far more interested in her than the tasty courses placed before him.

But there was every excuse for this fascinating attention rivetted upon the young lady by Thornton. He saw that Mrs. Severle's niece had dimples, and eyes like sherry held towards the light, and hair to match them—.

Thornton started. The 'bus episode of some months previous flashed across his mind.

Thornton and Miss Meredith had parried a little tentative dinner conversation during the earlier courses, and she had summed him up to the imp of her inner consciousness as "A plain, boiled man, heavy, and liked to give undivided attention to his dinner." She had summed him up thus critically, not knowing what havoc she was making of an estimable bachelor's digestion—not to say heart. The while he wrestled bitterly with the demon of wounded vanity—how could she have forgotten him so utterly?

Thornton was determined to bring the conversation round to Waterloo Bridge 'buses, or lose faith in himself as a strategist. To this end, he made a wide detour round automobiles, stopping just long enough for a word on their delights, dangers, and disadvantages. Then came the decline and fall of the horse, and the chance of an improvement in the condition of equine survivors, now that the ignominy of carriage drawing had been taken from them.

She listened vaguely. Why had Aunt Serena sent her into dinner with such a bore? 'Buses, horses, automobiles—the man must be the president of a 'bus and tramcar company! She stifled a yawn, but Thornton knew of its passing by the flash of those dimples—they nerved him to persist in the teeth of failure.

He hoped to see the day when the Waterloo Bridge 'buses would be run by electricity! She looked even a trifle more bored, and helped herself to salad. They had actually reached this stage of the dinner, and Thornton had made no more progress.

"The condition of the 'bus horse was

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pitiable, slipping on the frosty road in winter, dropping with the heat in summer—" he continued.

"Ah," she decided, "he belongs to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—nothing can stop him."

Thornton rattled on, making no visible progress, feeling himself beaten, yet hating to acknowledge it.

"'Buses," she said at length, a trifle wearily, "are a sorry subject to me."

"Do I look like the missing man?"

"A sorry subject to you? Why?" he inquired hastily.

"Well, I have spent several months

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in trying to find a man who once sat opposite me in a Waterloo Bridge 'bus."

"Happy man," said Thornton, and he meant it.

"He's anything but a happy man," said Miss Meredith, "inasmuch as I 'did' him—so my brother calls it—out of a sovereign."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Severle, "please don't tell that story again. You are getting to be like the ancient mariner. I begin to fear that you will yet stop people going to weddings—or was it funerals?"

"But, please, Mrs. Severle, I've never heard it," pleaded Thornton.

"You don't know what you have to be thankful for," said Tom Meredith, her brother, from across the table. "We've heard nothing else for months past. At first she used to send me running after strange men in theatres and such places, to ask if any of them were the man; but of late I've objected to the practice."

"It has all the delights of matching a ribbon, with the added delight that the ribbon is never matched," said Mrs. Severle. "It represents a continuous shopping performance."

"Do I look like the missing man, Miss Meredith?" asked Thornton.

"That's the difficulty; I never looked at him—I was in such a hurry."

"If you will permit me, Miss Meredith, I will tell you a 'bus story after dinner," Thornton said, as Mrs. Severle gave the signal to the ladies.

A few minutes later Thornton and Miss Meredith were seated on an oaken settee in an alcove in the library, and he had commenced his 'bus story.

"It was at Waterloo Bridge that she got on, and she carried a ruffled white parasol and dropped a ha'penny in the box, and she thought it was——"

"Mr. Thornton!"—but it was too delightful to let everyone know immediately, so they lowered their voices and kept it to themselves.

"Has Thornton been going in for anything particularly good lately?" asked one of the men. "He looks about ten years younger."

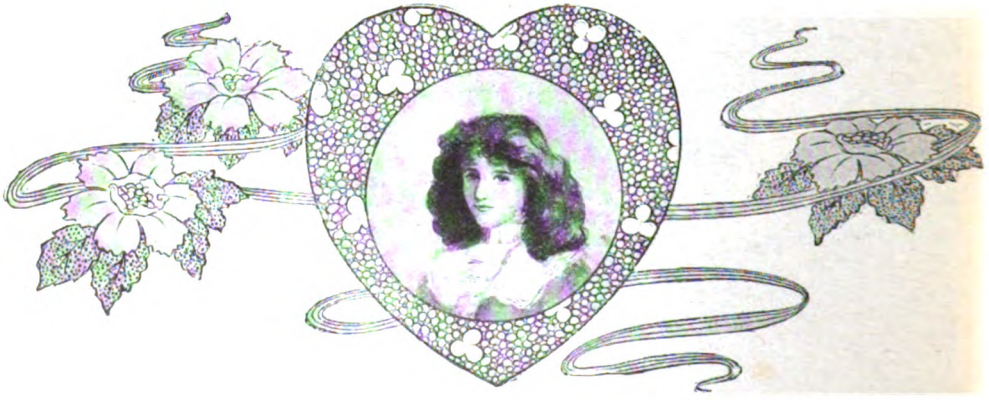
"He's talking to Miss Meredith—isn't that enough?" said another, rather sourly. The latter had expected to talk to Miss Meredith himself.

Just then, in the sudden drop of conversation, they heard Thornton say, "You don't agree with Mrs. Severle that the ribbon will never be matched, do you?"

Her answer was too low to be heard.

"Idiot!" said the other man, "to talk to a girl like that about ribbons!"

It was announced in the spring.



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6,000 MILES THROUGH UNKNOWN TIBET.

A Wonderful Journey over Trackless Deserts as described by the Great Explorer, Dr. SVEN HEDIN, to his Friend,

L. Le. Mesurier.

Illustrated with the explorer's own photographs, now published for the first time.

WHEN the history of Sven Hedin's last journey through Tibet comes to be written, it is hard to imagine a class of readers whose interest will not be thoroughly awakened, for there is material to fascinate all—the ordinary seeker for an exciting story of adventure, the earnest geographer, and the scientist. The privations experienced and the remarkable discoveries made by this Swedish explorer in the heart of Asia are of fascinating interest. Comparatively little is known about the vast area of country lying north of the Himalaya mountains, and therefore the fruits of Dr. Hedin's investigations are of inestimable value to the world at large. By his untiring efforts and perseverance, the interior of unknown Asia is being as surely unravelled and mapped out, as Darkest Africa has been brought to the light of civilisation.

The expedition, which Dr. Sven Hedin has just completed, has occupied no less than three years, during a great part of which he was completely cut off, not only from all civilisation and all communications with the outer world, but even from an intercourse with human beings except the few faithful followers of his caravan. During these three years of unremitting effort 6,000 miles of country were traversed, all of which, with the exception of 400 miles, was over completely new ground, territory hitherto unknown not only to Europeans but to Asiatics themselves. All these thousands of miles have been carefully mapped by Sven Hedin, on an enormous scale, covering many hundred pages, each of which is a work of the most delicate map-making art.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Sven Hedin, we are permitted to make use of certain photographs of his journey to embellish this article.

In the April of 1899, while Sven Hedin was in St. Petersburg, he had an interview with the Tsar and presented a copy of the Russian edition of his book "Through Asia"—a description of his previous explorations—to His Majesty, who has always been deeply interested in the work of the young traveller. This sympathy His Majesty emphasised in a very practical manner on this occasion. When the Tsar heard of the projected expedition, for which the King of Sweden and Norway, Dr. Hedin's constant friend, was supplying the funds, the Russian Emperor volunteered to equip the explorer with an escort of Cossacks.

Dr. Sven Hedin, after his return from Tibet.

Dr. Sven Hedin thanked the Tsar warmly for this assistance, but demurred that His Majesty was taking too much trouble. But Nicholas II. answered kindly: "I desire that you should have every possible surety on your journey. Take my Cossacks; they are the most useful men you could have."

Dr. Hedin thereupon gratefully accepted the royal offer, and when on the 24th of June in the same year he left Stockholm and started on his way through Russia, he was duly provided with an escort of four Cossacks. Later on Dr. Sven Hedin had cause to congratulate himself on their acquisition,

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and to endorse the Emperor's high recommendation of them, for their faithful and intelligent services proved invaluable. Two of the Cossacks were pure Russians and members of the Greek Church from Western Siberia; the other two were Buryats from Transbaykalia and adherents of the Buddhist faith.

All four Cossacks were excellent hunters, and whenever there was anything to shoot, whether bird or beast, they never failed to bring in plenty of fresh supplies for the larder. One of them proved to be an excellent cook, and Dr. Sven Hedin declares he turned out most savoury appetising dishes in the deserts. Moreover, they were expert photographers, and could be trusted not only to take the negatives, but to develop and print them. Dr. Sven Hedin's principal personal equipments for his momentous journey comprised a telescope, but he never used it, as the cold was too intense to permit of anything but being rolled up in a mass of fur rugs on the ground. He carried neither camp table nor chair. All his writing and mapping were done as he sat cross-legged on the ground. He allowed that this was tiring at first, but contended that one easily got used to it, and that it was necessary so as to economise weight as much as possible. The caravan included six camels laden with flour, and two carrying nothing but candles. A large amount of tinned provisions were also taken in case of fresh supplies of food failing. Two camels were laden with the sinews of war. These were in the form of heavy Chinese coin, which was always negotiable in any part of Central Asia, including Tibet, owing to the fact of its being made of pure unalloyed silver. The coins taken were "yambaws," large pieces of silver worth approximately Rs. 120—or £8 sterling in English money—and pieces of ten, five, or three liangs, each liang being equivalent to a fiftieth part of a "yambaw."

A corner of the buried city in the Gobi desert overwhelmed by sand storms 800 years ago, discovered by Dr. Hedin.

Having passed through Transcaspia Dr. Sven Hedin reached his starting point, Kashgar, on the 17th of August, 1899. His first trip was to Lilik, on the Yarkand Darya, where he stayed a week and purchased a large ferry boat and ample provisions for an expedition down the river. This water excursion lasted some two and a half months, by the end of which time he had reached Yankikul, and was prevented from going further, owing to the river being, in the month of December, completely blocked with ice. The explorer accordingly left the great bulk of his camp at Yankikul, which became his head-quarters for some time, and, choosing a small band of four men and nine camels, he started to explore the worst part of the great Gobi desert. Here, indeed, everything was barren to the superlative degree. Sand dunes rising three hundred feet high were the only features of the landscape, and it was fortunate for the party that no wind arose to start a blinding dust storm.

The camels were laden with blocks of ice, in order to ensure a supply of water by melting it whenever required. This combination of intense cold with absolute waterlessness strikes one as something quite new in the annals of travelling, and suggests a singularly weird picture. Dr. Sven Hedin succeeded in crossing the desert to Chertchen,

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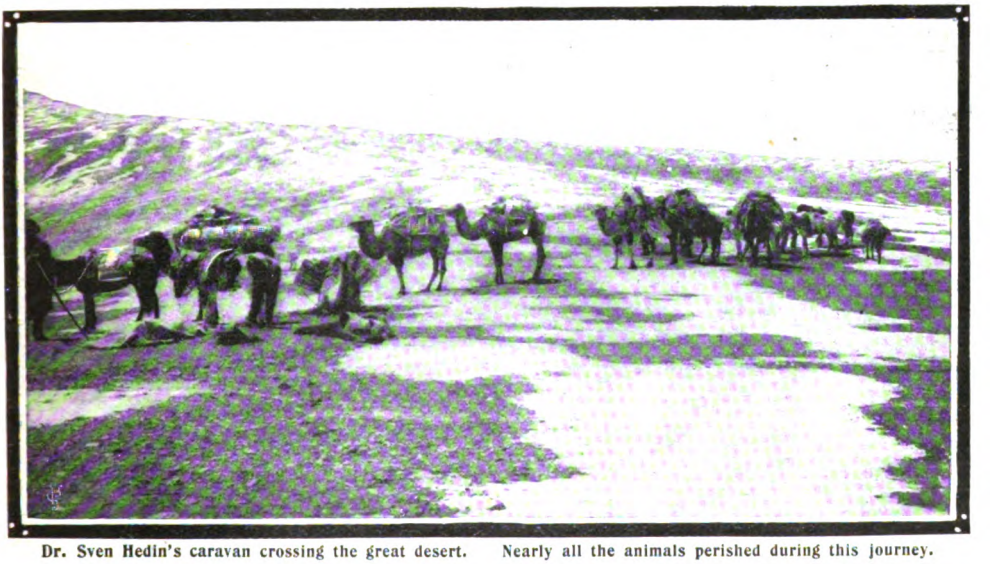
and returned by a new route to his main camp, but his little party were worn out with fatigue and exhaustion. He halted, therefore, a few days in order to select a fresh working caravan, and then marched off again into the desert, where no signs of human life existed.

It was on this travel that unexpectedly occurred one of the most dramatic incidents of the journey. As the little party marched along over this empty, desolate tract, which seemed of so little promise, Dr. Sven Hedin suddenly observed that he was walking over the half-buried ruins of a house. Had his course happened to lie fifty yards to the right or to the left, in all probability nothing would have been noticed, and a most interesting discovery would have been lost to the world. The caravan was promptly halted, and a close inspection of the ground commenced, which revealed not one house but many; in fact, a deserted city of which no one had any previous knowledge or suspicion, either by record or tradition.

This was a find indeed, but it was impossible to halt at this time long enough to fully excavate the place. The scorching suns of April in Asia were beating down upon them, and all that could be done after a few days' labour was to mark the place of the treasure-trove and to decide to return later. Dr. Hedin returned in the following December, when most interesting manuscripts were discovered buried under one of the houses. These were shown by Dr. Hedin to the Chinese Amban of Charklik, who deciphered them, and came to the conclusion, from evidence they contained, that the city was a Mongolian one under Chinese Government, which must have been abandoned at least eight hundred years ago. Our photograph illustrates one corner of the city, after excavation had freed it from some of the accumulated débris by which it had been almost concealed.

During the period intervening between the first discovery and his subsequent return to this buried city, Dr. Sven Hedin continued his journey, finding the wild camel on his way, and proceeded southwards to the new Lopnor Lake. This extraordinary piece of wandering water has shifted almost one geographical degree from its ancient bed, and at a later period Dr. Hedin made a detailed survey of both the basins, with accurate levelling measurements, and of the plane of the desert lying between. These proved that, though the surface of the ground declined slightly and very gradually away from the older bed of the lake, yet the original bottom was actually deeper than that of the new lake, and Dr. Hedin believes that the water is already beginning slowly to revert to its former site. From Lopnor he returned by a different road to Yankikul—he rarely travelled twice by the same route, unless with some special object of investigation in view—and rejoined his caravan.

He now abandoned Yankikul, and dispatched his whole following to Northern



Dr. Sven Hedin's caravan crossing the great desert. Nearly all the animals perished during this journey.

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Tibet, while he himself re-embarked in his ferry boat and continued his voyage down the Yarkand Darya, which by this season was free from ice. This time he was able to follow its entire course, which terminated in the new Lopnor Lake, and here he parted with the heavy ferry boat, for which he had no further use, and presented it to the Lopliks (dwellers on the Lopnor Lakes) for general public use, with which they were hugely delighted, never having seen such a large vessel before.

The Explorer's great camp among the mountains of Tibet.

Dr. Sven Hedin then crossed the mountains and joined his great camp in Northern Tibet. The bare, sharp outlines of the high mountain pass where the tents were pitched, shown in our photograph, are extremely characteristic of Tibet, and the picture gives a particularly good idea of the barren treelessness of the country. The round tents are those used by Dr. Hedin himself and the Cossacks. They were built of thick grey felt for warmth and to keep out the fierce Tibetan winds. The two white tents were occupied by the Mohammedan followers.

Here Dr. Hedin selected a small new caravan, carefully picking out the best and strongest men and transport animals from all his available material, and started a three months' journey through some of the most trying country which it was his fate to explore. This expedition traversed entirely through very high altitudes and exposed positions. Dr. Hedin himself, who seems to have been gifted with an iron constitution and adamantine nerves, did not suffer from the hardships experienced at such heights, but one of his men died, as did four camels and all the horses. Out of sixteen sheep taken for provisions, nine were eaten by wolves crossing the first pass, which gives some idea of the difficulties attending such an adventure. The illustration on page 615 gives a glimpse of the little caravan starting out complete across the unknown sandy waste, out of which, alas, so few of the faithful dumb beasts were ever to return to their comrades. The party persevered, however, and discovered some large salt lakes, which they crossed in a collapsible boat made specially for Dr. Sven Hedin in London. This little craft proved of invaluable assistance to the explorer. He always found it reliable and easy to carry, weighing only half a camel's load. When he travelled in his ferry boat he invariably used the collapsible boat as a sort of advance guard to give warning to the heavier craft of sandbanks, rocks or treacherous currents, which might await them in the unknown waters ahead. After carefully mapping the new lakes he returned by another pass to his main camp.

It was now the autumn of 1900, and in November the indefatigable explorer started again through North Tibet, and came to the vast lake of Koom Kul. This took a full day to cross and had not previously been included in any map. He made careful soundings of it throughout, and declares its shores, like the rest of Tibet, to be absolutely barren. The sight of a patch of grass by some neighbouring fresh spring was welcomed by all as a surprising and a delightful vision.

In the following December he made another grand tour through North Eastern Tibet, from which he descended towards the country of the Seirting Mongolians, where, as a contrast to the usual absence of humanity, he encountered numerous nomadic tribes.

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It was on this occasion that he re-crossed the Gobi desert to explore more thoroughly the buried deserted city, and examined the Lopnor Lake phenomena scientifically. In the meantime his caravan had orders to strike camp, and march slowly to meet him at Charklik on the new Lopnor Lake.

At Charklik Dr. Sven Hedin prepared for his last and perhaps greatest, or at any rate, most hazardous section of his journey. In May, 1901, he started travelling southwards through Tibet until he reached the country of the wild yak. There he established a big fixed camp and assumed the disguise of a Mongolian pilgrim. Accompanied only by one of his Buryat Cossacks and a Mongolian Lama, he set forth on a perilous attempt to reach Lhassa, the sacred city of Tibet.

He journeyed on successfully for two days to a place where the local inhabitants informed him that he was within one day's post (by runners) of Lhassa, and only five days distant from it by slow caravan marches. Here, however, Dr. Hedin was stopped by orders from Lhassa, where the authorities appeared to be perfectly well informed of his movements, and declined to believe in the pilgrim disguise, or to allow him to proceed.

Further progress proving absolutely impossible, Dr. Hedin turned back, escorted by a Tibetan guard—jealously anxious to make sure the retreat was a *bona-fide* one—and rejoined his camp. After a pause, and further consideration, Dr. Sven Hedin then decided on a new attempt, and set off, this time without disguise and with the whole caravan, in a completely new direction, by which he hoped to work round to Lhassa. The party travelled through a novel and most interesting country, of which the greater part was water, not dry land, but the Lhassa object of the journey was again foiled. This time five hundred Tibetan soldiers barred his approach with instructions to stop his advance at all hazards.

Dr. Sven Hedin, reflecting that the purposes of his journey were geographical and scientific research, rather than a sensational entry into Lhassa, and perceiving also that such an entry was impossible by diplomacy but only by brute force, which he had neither the means nor the inclination to employ, accepted the inevitable and civilly agreed to withdraw. Nothing, could have exceeded the kindness, friendliness, and help given to him by the Tibetans, once they were convinced that the inviolability of their sacred city was to be respected. They supplied him with transport and supplies at most reasonable rates, and proved themselves amiable comrades and fellow travellers. They carefully escorted Dr. Sven Hedin and his caravan for ten days' marches towards the Ladahki frontier, the escort dwindling in number day by day as the Tibetans became assured of the genuineness of Dr. Hedin's intention to proceed directly on his way without further attempts on Lhassa, until as they approached Leh, the British frontier station, the band, which had at first consisted of some two hundred armed men, was reduced to twenty.

Dr. Hedin setting out on the unknown lake of Koom Kul in North Tibet in his collapsible boat. This lake takes a whole day to cross and has never been recorded upon any map before.

On this last march from the neighbourhood of Lhassa to Leh two men died, and also thirty camels out of thirty-nine, forty-four horses out of forty-five, and the whole of his seventy asses. Dr. Sven Hedin arrived in Leh, British territory, some seven and a half months after the starting of his final expedition towards Lhassa.

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The lady's head apparently floating in mid-air.

FAMOUS ILLUSIONS EXPOSED.

The Box Trick and other Modern Mysteries from Behind the Scenes.

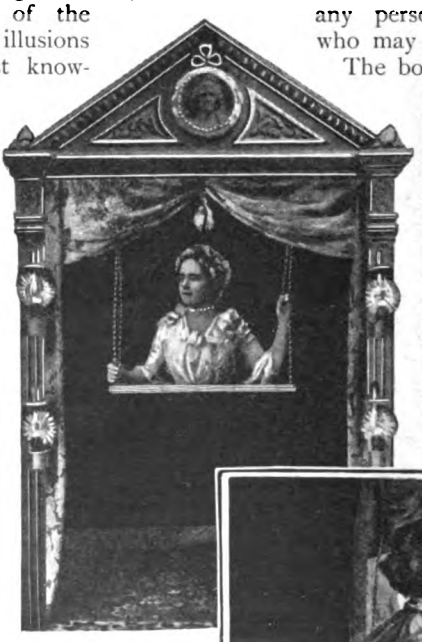
By W. J. Wintle.

Side view showing how the illusion is produced, the head being placed through a hole in a slanting mirror.

THIS is an age of disillusionment, and the simple conjuring tricks that bewildered our grandparents have no longer any mystery for the rising generation; but there still remain some of the larger and more elaborate illusions that puzzle even the most knowing of their spectators.

We are enabled—through the courtesy of Mr. H. Bate, of Hove, Brighton, who is a large manufacturer and exhibitor of various illusions—to give for the first time a series of photographs taken by himself, showing a number of high-class illusions, in actual operation, and to explain how the business is done.

Those who have seen the box trick exhibited will remember that a massively-constructed, brass-bound chest is offered for the inspection of the audience, who can find nothing unusual about it except the presence of sundry small holes in the top and sides, which serve to supply air to the person who is presently to be shut in it. The box will stand the closest inspection without fear of its secret being discovered.



An illusion in which the bust of a lady apparently rests on a swinging trapeze.

Side view showing how the lady is supported.

An assistant next appears on the platform with a large canvas bag, inside which he is placed and the mouth of the bag is securely tied. The sack, with its living contents, is then placed in the box, which is at once locked and securely corded by any persons from the audience who may wish to do so.

The box is then concealed from view for a few seconds. When the box is again revealed the occupant is seen sitting upon it with the closed and sealed bag lying beside him. Both box and bag are at once submitted for inspection and the cords and seals found intact! Then how in the world did the man get out? But the mystery is easily explained.

When the assistant gets into the bag the exhibitor always gathers up the mouth and usually turns the string a few times round it before inviting the spectators to tie and seal it. In this operation a little deception takes place. The assistant has in his pocket a plug of wood covered with the same material as that of which the sack

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is made. This he thrusts up into the mouth of the sack, which is tied tightly round it.

As soon as the box is locked he pulls out the plug and is thus enabled to get his hand out and to pull the cord over the mouth of the sack, when he is at once able to escape. Then he puts the plug in his pocket, carefully gathers the mouth of the sack together and replaces the cord, the knots and seals upon which have not been interfered with. This is done while the box is being corded and sealed.

All that remains is to get out of the box, and this is a very simple business. All the boxes used for this trick have a secret opening—usually in one end—sufficiently large for a man to get through without difficulty. This fits with such perfect accuracy that detection is quite impossible during the short time in which the box is submitted for inspection by the audience.

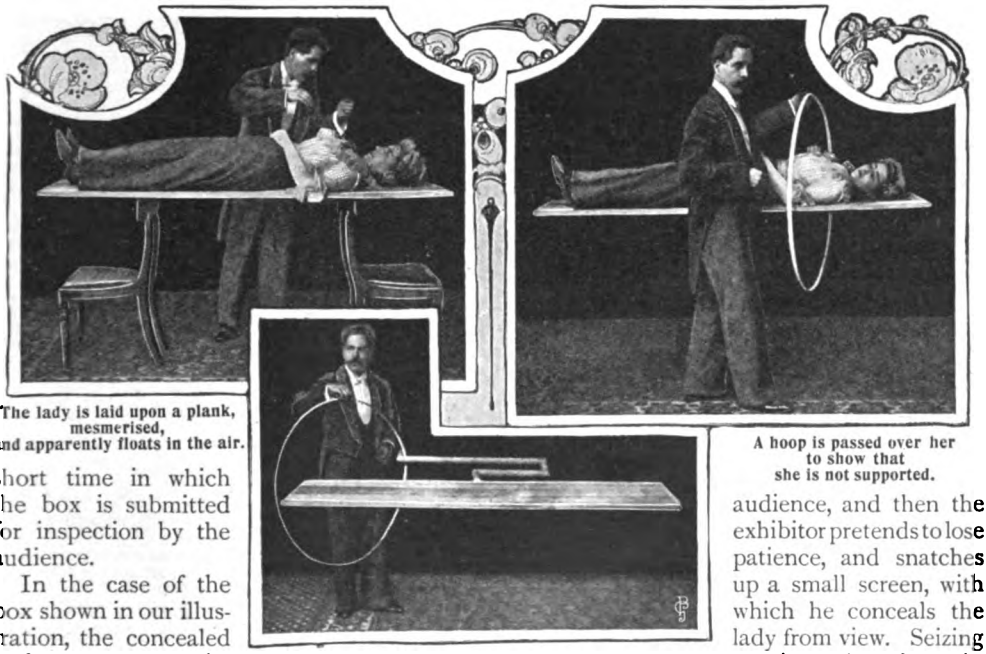
In the case of the box shown in our illustration, the concealed lock was operated by a flat piece of steel, which entered a small slit concealed from view by the panelling of the box.

All that the man in the box has to do is to open the secret panel, then slip out and close it after him. A fairly slim man is always chosen for this work, so that he has no difficulty in getting past the cord that goes over the end of the box.

Another illusion, in which a person mysteriously disappears, is known as Vanity Fair, and is one of the most baffling puzzles that could be contrived. A large mirror or pier glass about nine or ten feet high stands on the stage. About three feet from the ground a small shelf is placed against the mirror, the bottom of which is about eighteen inches from the floor.

After the glass has been duly inspected by anyone who cares to come upon the platform, the performer introduces a young lady, who is usually somewhat small and slender, and assists her to mount upon the shelf. She at once turns round and proceeds to adjust her hair with the help of the mirror.

Of course, the performer asks her to face the audience, but she again turns to the mirror. This bit of by-play—from which the illusion gets its name—is repeated two or three times, to the amusement of the audience, and then the exhibitor pretends to lose patience, and snatches up a small screen, with which he conceals the lady from view. Seizing a pistol, he fires it, then pulls the screen away, and the lady has vanished!



The lady is laid upon a plank, mesmerised, and apparently floats in the air.

A hoop is passed over her to show that she is not supported.

The solution to the trick, showing the iron bar supporting the plank.

The whole affair is most bewildering, for the top, bottom, and sides of the mirror have been in full view of the audience all the time. Only the middle of it has been concealed for a few seconds. The secret of the illusion lies hidden behind the small shelf, which is so placed as to conceal the fact that the lower part of the mirror is made double, the bottom of the upper part being concealed from view by a second sheet of silvered glass placed

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in front of it. The shelf fits against the line of junction, and enables the mirror to be examined by the audience. As soon as the screen is placed before the lady on the shelf, the mirror slides up about a foot into the top of the frame, which is purposely made very deep and either elaborately carved or covered with drapery. The bottom of this mirror is cut away in the middle, leaving a hole about 18 inches square, which was previously concealed from view by the double glass at the base. Through this hole the lady instantly slips, and escapes by a board which has been pushed forward from behind the scenes while the "Vanity Fair" by-play was going on. The glass then slides down again, the screen is removed, and the mirror appears just as solid as it was before.

The famous box trick. The man is tied up in a sack and locked in the trunk, and the latter is concealed from view for a few moments.

Another of the most astounding feats of modern magic is that of making a person or object apparently float in the air.

The *modus operandi* in this instance is usually pretty much as follows. A couple of ordinary chairs are placed on the stage—well towards the back, which is draped with black cloth—and upon these is laid a broad, thick plank. A young lady is then introduced and is assisted to place herself in a recumbent position on the plank. The exhibitor next proceeds to make sundry passes in the orthodox fashion and soon pronounces his subject to be in a profound mesmeric trance.

He then draws aside the chairs, and the plank, with the lady on it, remains apparently suspended in the air. To prove that the plank is not supported, the exhibitor takes a large hoop and passes it backwards and forwards over and around the plank. Yet there is an attachment.

When the box is again revealed the man is seen sitting upon it, but the cords and seals are intact.

As soon as the lady is placed in position on the board, a carriage, placed behind the black curtain and supporting a strong iron bar, twice bent upon itself, as shown in our illustration, is pushed forward by an assistant so that the iron bar—which is covered with black cloth—comes out through a slit in the curtain while the exhibitor is pretending to mesmerise the lady. The bar has at its end a very strong clip, and the performer, while making his hypnotic passes, guides this on to the board. The chairs are then removed and the board remains suspended by the invisible iron bar.

How the man escapes from the box.

How the exhibitor passes the hoop over the lady and the board in order to show that there is no attachment, will best be understood by the illustration on the preceding page, in which the bar has been painted white in order that it may be seen.

The hoop is passed along from one end until it reaches the bend where the bar passes

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through the curtain. The performer then passes it round the end of the board and himself walks behind, passing the ring along in the opposite direction. Next it is brought back again, and the effect is such that the average spectator is convinced that the hoop has been *bonâ fide* passed over the lady and the board from end to end!

The Decapitated Head is an illusion that never fails to evoke surprise on the part of the spectator. Three rods, usually of brass, are arranged as a tripod supporting a small circular table. On this rests a plate containing a living head!

The explanation is a very simple one. The entire space between the rods is filled by two triangular mirrors, which form an angle with one another facing the spectator. In the angle behind the mirrors sits the lady whose head appears through an opening cut in the plate and in the top of the table. Our photograph, on the next page, shows exactly how it is done.

When the spectator thinks he is looking between the rods at the back of the stage he really sees nothing more than a reflection of the two sides in the mirrors.

Another very effective illusion, arranged upon the same principle, shows the head and bust of a lady supported on a three-legged stool, resting on a small table. One can apparently see not only between the legs of the table to the back of the stage, but through the space between the stool and the table.

The "Vanity Fair" illusion. A lady stands before a mirror—

—She is concealed for a moment by a screen.

When the screen is pulled away she has disappeared.

The hole in the mirror through which the lady slides.

In this case the three-legged stool is arranged with mirrors precisely as in the tripod illusion, but the table—which has four legs—is managed differently. A large mirror is placed diagonally under the table, joining two opposite legs. Thus the spectator really only sees three of the legs, the fourth being simply the reflection of the first.

As shown in our illustration, the lady sits on a small stool placed behind the mirror, which effectually conceals the lower half of her body from view. Her head and arms are free, but she must be careful not to place her hand on the table beside the stool, or a reflection in the mirrors will at once reveal the secret. She can, however, put her hand on the table, provided she keeps it immediately in front of the

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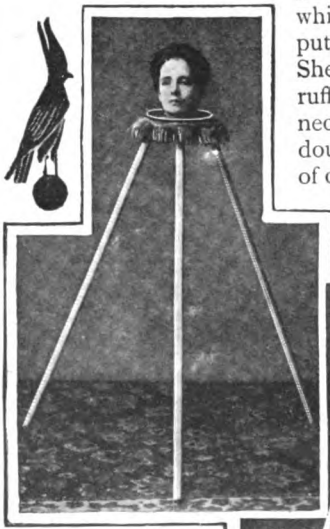
stool, in a line with the leg, and in this way she can take up articles and give convincing proof that she is neither a wax figure nor a mere optical illusion.

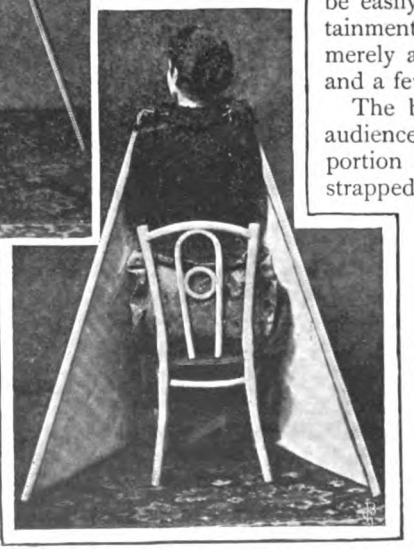
The Floating Head has always been a favourite illusion with exhibitors, and has occasionally been used for bogus fortune-telling purposes. A large box is arranged as a miniature stage of the type usually associated with marionettes or Punch and Judy. In the middle appears a lady's head, apparently suspended in space. The head smiles and talks, but it seems to be floating in the air, no trace of any support being visible.

This is really the simplest of all the mirror illusions. A mirror is fixed to the front of the box, and slopes back at an angle of 45 degrees. The top and upper portion of the sides of the box are reflected in this mirror, and appear to be the bottom and lower part of the sides. Thus the box seems perfectly empty.

In the centre of the mirror is a round hole, through which the lady puts her head. She wears a large ruffle round her neck to serve the double purpose of concealing the hole and preventing any reflection of her head in the mirror.



The decapitated head—



—and the hidden lady to whom it belongs.

The popular illusion known as Thauma is generally a great puzzle even to people who are familiar with the principle of mirror illusion, for in this case the upper part of the body of the lady rests on a swinging trapeze, which is kept in slight motion. It is obvious that no mirrors can be used in this case. Where, then, is the rest of the lady's body?

By a clever arrangement of mirrors, the space beneath the table appears empty, and the bust is apparently severed from the body.

The illusion is, as a matter of fact, far simpler than any of those done with the aid of mirrors, and can be easily set up at home for the entertainment of an evening party. It is merely a question of a little black cloth and a few bright lights!

The bust seen on the trapeze by the audience is a dummy to which the upper portion of the lady's body is securely strapped, her head and arms appearing in the proper positions. She can slightly raise this bust by pulling on the chains, and a sword can then be passed between the bust and the trapeze.

The rest of her body reclines almost horizontally on a board, which is attached in front to the trapeze. The board, the lady's body, the back and sides of the stage, and everything that is not wanted to be seen are covered with opaque black cloth, preferably velvet.

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EZRA MARTIN: EVERY-DAY HERO.

A Pathetic Short Story.

By Clara Morris.

Illustrated by H. A. HOGG.

HIS name was Ezra Martin, and undoubtedly he was a pirate. When he was away and I thought of him suddenly, little cold creepies went all up and down my back, and when he came home and held out his hand to me, something jumped quickly right up from my side into my throat, he frightened me so—ever so much more than ghost stories.

The strange thing was that in that houseful of boarders, no one else seemed to know that he was a pirate. Of course, at that time he was an engine driver on the Great Southern Railway, but he had been a sailor and had sailed right round the whole world, and had crossed somebody's line, and doubled capes, and had killed whales that have lamp-oil in them, and thrown harpoons, and dragged anchors, and had seen monkeys without hand-organs, and parrots flying about quite wild in real woods. And he was swarthy-dark, with black hair and black, black little eyes that always had a tiny red spark in them, and he wore gold earrings—pirates always do that, always! And his beard? Oh! Captain Kidd in my picture-book had quite a common, honest-looking beard compared with Ezra's great bushy, wicked-looking one. And he had a long scar across his forehead, and he never wore a white shirt or an overcoat.

He always wore dark-blue clothes. His trousers were very tight at the knee and very wide at the foot, and he seemed to have a lot of trouble to keep them from falling off, because he was hitching them up nearly every time that he moved. He wore blue flannel shirts and in the winter a thing he called a "pilot-jacket," and he carried a knife in a leather sheath, and the knife had spots on the blade—ugh!

Of course, he was very brave—pirates have to be, but anyway I heard one of the boarders say Ezra was the bravest man he ever saw, because he dared to call the landlady "mother," right to her very face. She wasn't his, or anybody's mother, which was a good thing for somebody. She just married old Mr. Martin, and he died very soon; then when she was Ezra's stepmother, Ezra turned pirate.

I was afraid of her. I slept in a small bed in her room. She used to put her hair on the bedpost, and her teeth in a glass. I always covered up my head then for fear she might do something to her eyes—lay them out on the mantelpiece perhaps, which would have scared me to death. Ezra told me not to be afraid of her, when she raved and scolded so. He said she was all right, only I mustn't rub her the wrong way. And when, on my word of honour, I assured him I had never, never rubbed her any way at all, he roared with laughter, slapped his leg and "shivered his timbers," as pirates do.

But besides being an engine driver and a pirate, he was a living picture gallery. Yes, just that. Every other Sunday, he was my panorama. He would turn slowly round, showing me all the lovely pictures pricked on his chest and shoulders and back and arms in blue and red and green inks. And he'd explain himself as he turned.

The first time he held out his hand to me and I saw a great scaly dragon on it, blowing red-ink venom up his sleeve, I knew he was a pirate. Not because of the ink—lots of people wear dots and stars and things—but because of the dragon. But I liked best the big eagle on his right shoulder—which Ezra said was "a noble old bird."

Though he was such an interesting man, my pirate spoke very little to the boarders; indeed, with one exception, he was the most silent person I ever knew. I make the exception in favour of a young friend who was born dumb. And I was very proud when Ezra would draw me to his knee and teach me to tell the time by his gold watch, though at the same moment fright at being so near the sheath-knife sent me shivering all over. When he gave me those lessons, he always sat on the edge of the wood-box behind the stove in the sitting-room. He never sat on a chair if he could help it—except at table. He always

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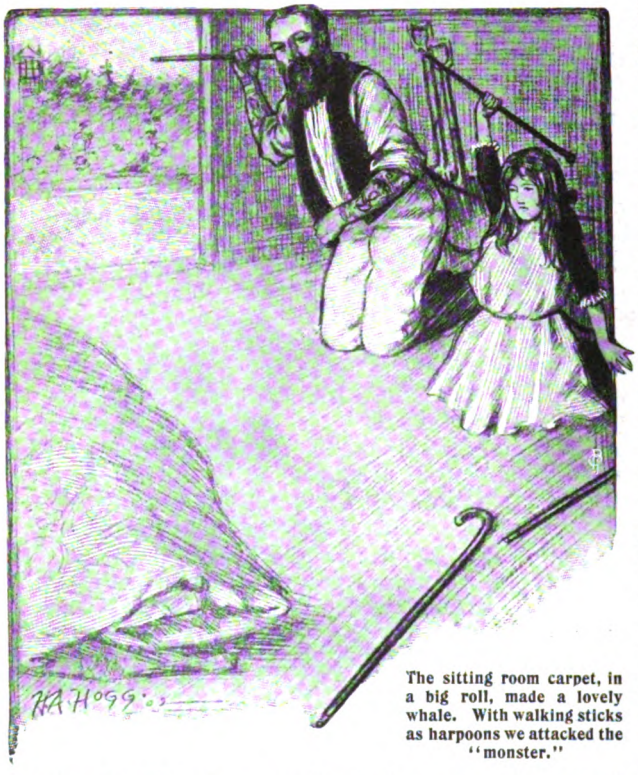
seemed most comfortable and most cheerful when he sat on something with a very sharp edge. When he was away, I tried to sit on the same things, but they brought tears to my eyes. In the porch he always sat on the railing, in the sitting-room on the edge of the wood-box, in the kitchen he was so happy if he could find a full wash-tub, for that gave him such a nice sharp edge to sit on, and then he would surely talk to me. All his best stories he told me from that tub, and one very ugly one about the unnatural cat they had on the ship he used to sail on.



The sitting room carpet, in a big roll, made a lovely whale. With walking sticks as harpoons we attacked the "monster."

I had said I did not know sailors had pet cats on board, and he said there was but one cat, but it was quite enough, and he would hardly like to call it a pet cat, even though it was more popular with the officers than with the men.

I asked if it was a pretty cat, and he pulled his big beard hard and said, "Well, no! He was strong and remarkably well-made, but he wouldn't care to call a cat-o'-nine-tails a pretty creature!"

Of course, I cried out that a cat could not have nine tails, but he said their cat had —that he had seen them with his own eyes, and, he added after a little pause, he "came mighty near feeling 'em, too."

"Would he have scratched you?" I asked, and Ezra said: "Scratched?—would he have scratched me? Why, child, he would have cut the skin from my body—but there, don't look so frightened; there are very few of those cats left now; the race is almost gone."

I began to pick up some of his words, from talking with him so much, and one day he was so tired he fell asleep, and by and by I called out: "Mr. Ezra—Mr. Ezra! wake up please. All hands have been piped down to supper!" and after that he always called me his "mate."

That made me very happy, but one thing worried me all the time. I wanted him to understand that I knew he was a pirate and that such a dreadful fact made no difference in my affection for him. But whenever I'd try to give him a hint, I'd get frightened and stop.

He taught me time-telling and how to tie a hangman's knot and a sailor's knot, and to make figures. At last one day when I was lonely, unhappiness made me bold, and when my pirate came I looked right into his glittering eye and asked, "If you please, how did you use to make people walk the plank?"

Of course, he understood then that I knew his secret. His hand went up to his beard, he looked at me a moment, then he stooped down and brushed his clothes, and his shoulders shook, and I saw that he was frightened; so I went quite close to him and put my hand in his, and after a minute he said, "Well, mate, I'll get a bit of board and show you right here in this tub of water, with that wooden bowl for a ship, if you'll furnish a passenger to drown."

My china doll was too little and light, he said, so I got a bottle and filled it with salt and dressed it in my handkerchief, ready to meet its awful doom. And then—and then, that most piratical proceeding known as "walking the plank" was made so thrillingly plain to me that when the plank tipped and my passenger went down into the

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water, I gave a scream that brought out three or four people to see what had happened to me.

He was always kind to helpless or distressed creatures, yet being a pirate he had to use some bad words, though they were mostly

He shouted back, "You jump! I stand between 'Betsy' and the people behind."

sailor's words—which is quite different from just common land bad words—which are, of course, very wicked indeed. He told me a good deal about the first kind. One day, while he sat on a sharp-edged barrel with its head knocked in, he said: "It's not wickedness, but necessity, makes the sailor swear. You couldn't keep the finest ship ever built on a straight course without cursing at her."

He also remarked that if any sailor was ever known as "Bilge-water Jack,"—or "Bill"—that didn't mean that he was the dandy or howling swell of the ship. As to the land-swears, he scarcely ever used them, and I used to think that if he had suspenders and didn't have to hitch his trousers so much, perhaps he wouldn't have used bad words at all.

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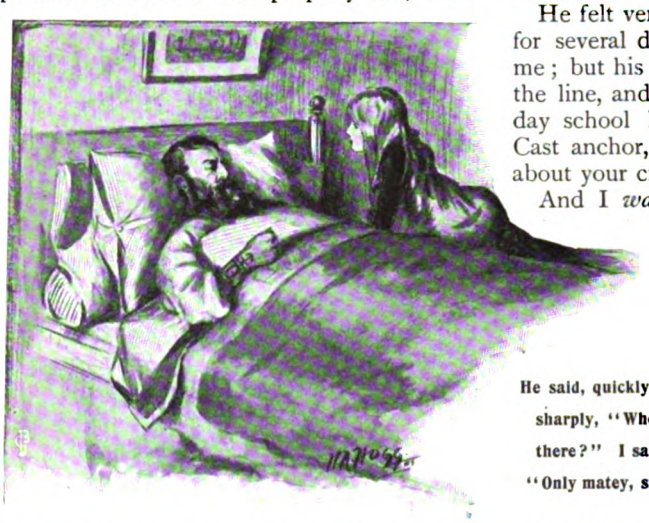
I think I have said he was an engine driver on the Great Southern Railway, but I didn't say how much he cared for his engine. He always called her "Betsy," and he used to say she enjoyed having her toilet made as much as any lady would.

He was very angry one day when one of the firemen called her "Cranky 44," and Ezra said "It's the tomfoolery of just such lubbers that spoils 'Betsy's' temper. Why," said he, "when she's just been cleaned and polished and oiled and properly fed, she'll



He said, quickly and sharply, "Who's there?" I said, "Only matey, sir."

fairly smile at you. Every man on the road knows that '44' works all right for me. But with the others she's cranky, and with one or two of them she'll jerk and plunge and rock and slide and act like the very dickens—and one of these days she'll smash one of 'em, you see if she don't. Anyway, I wish they would be kept away from her. It takes days to get 'Betsy' quieted and running right again, taking hold of the rail and sweeping along smoothly as satin, swiftly as lightning. When she's sane and in her right mind, she understands the responsibility we share between us—for you see, matey, it's not freight but human beings we're dragging around curves and across bridges—and they are all trusting us so. And the very worst of 'Betsy' is that when her back's up she don't care a—well, she don't care how many people she may hurt, so long as she smashes the person she's got it in for."

Then one day Mr. Ezra came in looking awfully bad. Why, he sat right down on a chair and stayed there for a minute or two before he found it out—so, of course, that showed something bad had happened. And just as he changed to the wood-box, Mrs. Martin came in, and he looked up and said "Well, mother, 'Betsy's' done it this time—her reputation's gone now, I suppose, for good! She smashed big Tom Jones last night—both legs broken—fireman hurt—track torn up I don't know how many feet, and—eh, what's the matter with my hand? Oh, that's from knockin' over one of the boys who was calling 'Betsy' 'Murderer 44.'"

He felt very bad about the accident, and for several days he scarcely spoke, even to me; but his next Sunday was at our end of the line, and when I came home from Sunday school he shouted out "Ship ahoy! Cast anchor, mate! Then spin us a yarn about your cruise in church waters!"

And I *was* glad! After a while I asked him how "Betsy" was, and he shook his head and said, "Bad, matey, bad! She's strained worse than they think she is—and she's as nervous as a runaway horse that knows it's killed its master. She won't mind me yet, no matter how gentle I am—but jumps and snorts and takes her curves only holding the inner rails, while her outer wheels go whirling in the air!" He shook his head again and sat on the edge of the box in frowning silence. I leaned against him and softly turned back and forth the gold ring in his ear. At last he heaved a great sigh and said, "Well, what is to be—will be. I'm mighty fond of 'Betsy,' and she may smash me if she wants to, but she mustn't smash the men and women behind me! No, she mustn't expect me to back up her tantrums *that* far." Then, to "change the subject to something pleasant," as he said, he showed me how to tattoo people with India ink and a needle; explained the nature and use of the "belayin'-pin"; and took some trouble to convince me that "spankers" were not things carried for the correction of disobedient children. After that he told me to lay a straight course for the wood-shed, and he would show me how to harpoon a whale, adding that the information might be useful to me some day.

"Why, Mr. Ezra, there is no whale," I said rather foolishly.

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But he scowled awfully and asked, "Do I look like the lubber that asks people to a harpooning when there's nothing to harpoon?" and he hitched his trousers so hard I thought they'd go clear up to his shoulders, and told me to "heave ahead!"—when I was so scared I could scarcely stand.

But lo and behold! the sitting-room carpet that came home from the cleaners lay in a great big roll out in the wood-shed, and made a lovely whale. So, with pieces of clothes-line about our waists tied to the boarders' walking sticks for our harpoons, we boldly left our big ship, entered our open boats and attacked the "monster." My harpoon struck almost everything except the whale. But he said the sea was heavy and young whalers often had that luck. But he *was* mad when I excitedly told him my oar was caught in the beast's gills; and he walked right off the whale's back and across the blood-stained waves and boxed my ears when I said the whale was "a-squirting" instead of "spouting."

He whispered, "Such an honest little craft!" and kissed me twice.

Still, it was a lovely, *lovely* day — we never guessed it was to be our last. We lost two or three of our crew, and had our boats stove in—indeed, few whales make so stubborn a fight for life as this one did—and she had just stopped churning the reddened waves when our dinner-bell rang, and, hot and happy, I rowed back to our big ship; and as we went in to dinner Mr. Ezra promised that on his next trip home he would show me how pirates were said to "run down and board a rich merchantman."

"Oh," I cried, "that would be too good to be true!" and alas, my words were to come true.

I had on my clean apron, and I was watching for my pirate's return, when a strange man came in—all torn and crumpled and dirty, with cuts on his pale face and his arm in a sling. He asked for Mrs. Martin and he said, "I'm Ezra's fireman, mum, and——"

Then he stopped and his eyes went all about the walls, but wouldn't look at her at all. And she sat down so hard that the windows rattled, and she said, "You're Ezra's fireman? Then what are you here for? What's happened? Are you dumb?"

I touched the man, and in a small voice gasped: "Please, sir, is it 'Betsy'? Has she hurt Mr. Ezra?"

And he said, "Yes, her."

And Mrs. Martin said, "Then he's—he's dead—I suppose?"

But the crumpled, dirty man said: "No! he isn't dead—but he wishes he was. You see, it was this way: He wouldn't leave his engine! I saw what was comin', so did he! I called, 'Jump! jump for your life, Ez! He had one hand on the lever, with the other he gave a hitch to his trousers, and shouted back: 'You jump and be——! I stand between "Betsy" and the people behind!' I jumped then, and am here all right.

"Ezra stood at his post, and went down in the crash. The people he saved are callin' him a hero, but he's as blind as a stone. It was the steam, you know, that did it—for

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the Lord's sake, take the child to her mother, if she's got one!"

* * * *

Oh, it was dreadful! Mr. Ezra lying so still in the bed and the room so dark, and the mediciny smell always there! And then when the light was let in, and the smell of drugs went away, I used to creep in as stealthily as a little cat and watch and cry and cry; and sometimes, thinking he was all alone, he would roll his head and say, "God —oh, God!"

Then one day, he heard me sniff, I suppose, for he said, quickly and sharply: "Who's there? Who is it, I say?" And I said, "Only matey, sir." And he held out his hand to me, and I came and sat on the bed, and we talked and talked, and after that he called for me every day—and I'm dreadfully afraid I put on airs about it, though I hope not.

Then a day came when I had to bid my pirate "good-bye." He was well again and had already acquired many of the pathetic tricks of the blind. He was going to Australia with a friend, who had a small interest in a mine, and the friend thought that even as Ezra was, his knowledge of engines would be of use. The carriage stood at the door. Everyone had said "good-bye." I followed him through the hall to the porch. He turned in the doorway and shook hands a second time with Mrs. Martin—whose false front was all crooked and whose face was working. I had a great weight on my chest and a pain in my throat. I did not know what that meant then, but I thought he was forgetting me—and now I know the pain and weight was sorrow.

Suddenly he stopped and held out his hands vaguely before him, and softly said: "Matey! I thought I heard matey's patter behind me in the hall? Are you there, mate?"

I was at his knees in a moment, and then he picked me up and my arms were around his neck in a strangling hug, my face was buried in his great black beard. My pirate whom I loved—and of whom I had but one doubt! Oh, if that doubt could be driven away! He tried to turn away, but I held him fast—this was my last, last chance! I raised my face—I gulped and gasped out my question. "Dear Mr. Ezra," I said, "when you were a pirate, d—did"—I almost choked over it—"did you ever make a lady passenger walk the plank?" He hid his face in my neck a moment, then in a shaking voice he said, "Mate, I give you my solemn affidavy that I never, in my goriest hour, made a gentle female thing walk the plank—nor held the poison-bowl to her lips—nor yet the dagger to her throat—and that's the truth!" And then he burst into a laugh that fairly shook him from head to foot.

The man waiting at the carriage door said, "Come, Ez, you'll be late!"

He felt his way down the two steps to the gate—he stopped—the laugh was gone. He turned and silently held out his arms. I sprang and caught him about the neck. He held me with one arm—he passed his hand over my hair—my face. He whispered, "Such an honest little craft!" and kissed me twice, then gently set me down; and from his poor, scarred, closed lids two tears slipped down and hid themselves in his great beard. I just heard his "Good-bye, little mate!" and he walked towards the carriage. The man caught his arm and pulled him to the door. Mr. Ezra hitched his trousers, stepped in and was gone. That he never killed any woman on the sea shows he was a kind man, though for all that—of course, you see for yourself that he had been a pirate.

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W. W. Read.

Mitcham Green—Surrey's famous cricket cradle.

[*Portraits, Hawkins.*

SOME FAMOUS NURSERIES OF COUNTY CRICKET

M. Read.

Where King Willow has Recruited his Greatest Exponents.

T. Richardson.

By George A. Wade.

LEAVING out of consideration the great public schools, which are not intended to come within the purview of this article, there can be little doubt that the really celebrated places which have provided a series of great cricketers for the past forty years may be readily counted on the fingers of both hands.

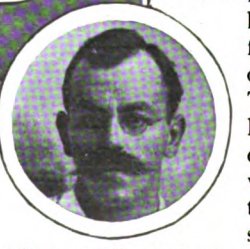
In Yorkshire, the champion cricketing county, there are three principal and very famous cradles of cricket, viz.: Kirkheaton village—the old "Lascelles Hall"—near Huddersfield; the district between Leeds and Bradford with the outlying villages in the neighbourhood of those towns; and the city and suburbs of Sheffield.

Bramall Lane Ground, Sheffield, which produced the two hitters, Jessop and Dr. Thornton.

G. L. Jessop.

Portraits, Hawkins.

Dr. Thornton.



Kirkheaton is a very "hotbed" of county cricket. It is a small country place in a manufacturing region, where the oldest pitch of the great former Lascelles Hall club was a disused quarry—a village where sporting "Tykes," even thirty years ago, were so enthusiastic in the cause of cricket, that the workers in the mills often played the game in the dinner hour instead of eating—and a Yorkshireman must be indeed enthusiastic about anything if he neglects his meals for it.

Is it small wonder, then, that giants of cricket were, and are still to-day, produced at Kirkheaton? Look at that marvellous list of names familiar to all followers of the summer pastime, names of men who have hailed from this cradle. Their fame looms large even in wider circles than Yorkshire county cricket. Allan Hill, Ephraim Lockwood, William Bates, John Thewlis, David Lockwood, Luke Greenwood, George Hirst, Wilfrid Rhodes and many others. Allan Hill was the greatest fast bowler England possessed for many years until one, Tom Richardson, arrived on the scene; Ephraim

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Lockwood's praises as batsman and fielder Dr. Grace has sung times without number. Among the present generation Geordie Hirst is almost universally allowed to be the finest all-round cricketer England has produced within the last ten years; and Wilfrid Rhodes is claimed by many great judges to be one of the finest bowlers that cricket has ever known. There is one thing in which Kirkheaton stands unique—no English village in any other county has a similar boast—it has sent no less than twenty-one cricketers to play for its county, besides Wrathmell, who, though a "Tyke," Tunnicliffe, hails from Pudsey, on that "Leeds and Bradford Road." Morley, outside Leeds, gave Robert Peel, Mr. Ernest Smith, and W. Middlebrook to the county; and "Ted" Peate came from Yeadon, a neighbouring "hotbed" of cricket; while at Batley, not far away, Louis Hall, Yorkshire's greatest stone-waller, first displayed his prowess with the bat.

Then, what cricketer does not know the "man fra Sheffield?" Playing cricket comes as natural to a Sheffielder as does joining the cutlery line. That dear old Bramall Lane ground, what tales it could tell of youngsters

Photo, Frith. [*Portraits, Hawkins.*

The Trent Bridge Ground—Nottingham's celebrated cricket nursery.

never played for Yorkshire. Well may the Huddersfield folk be proud of what they have done for Yorkshire cricket.

Then there is that "Leeds and Bradford Road"—a district where every two or three houses on the way have a little cricket club of their own, as "Tykes" humorously tell you. From this "Leeds and Bradford Road" region the promising recruit finds his way to the county grounds at Leeds or Bradford in due time, is coached there, and the world soon hears of a new man who will help to maintain the fame of Yorkshire on the cricket-field. From Leeds came Mr. F. Stanley Jackson, Mr. T. L. Taylor, and Schofield Haigh; whilst "Long John," *alias* destined for celebrity. Was there not one there called "Happy Jack?" Did he not become one of the world's greatest hitters, and Yorkshire's biggest one? Is not the imperishable name of George Ulyett coupled with the select few such as C. I. Thornton, Bonnor, Ford, Lyons, and G. L. Jessop as the greatest "hitters" cricket has ever known? Then did not Sheffield produce a prince of wicket-keepers, George Pindar, the great forerunner of the "Hunters, of Yorkshire?" And has one not heard of a certain "Ted" Wainwright, who has pulled many a match out of the fire for the county of broad acres? All these, and many others, together with the Wolstinholms—Yorkshire's famous presidents

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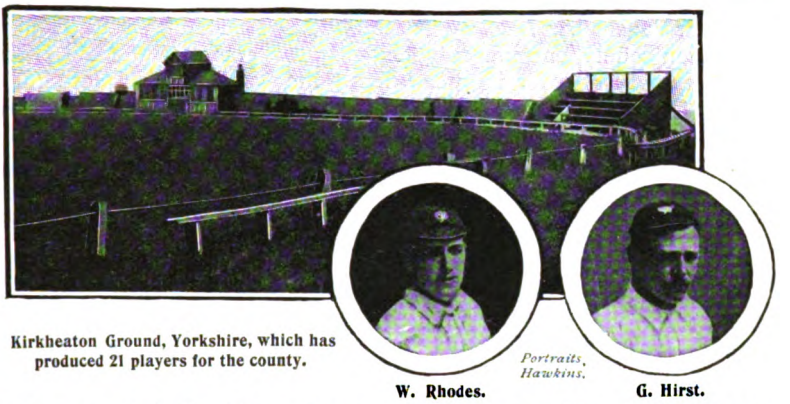
and secretaries—all hail from the cutlery town. Well may the city on the Don stand high on this roll; for years the terms "Sheffield" and "Yorkshire County" seemed synonymous, so far as cricket was concerned.



Kirkheaton Ground, Yorkshire, which has produced 21 players for the county.

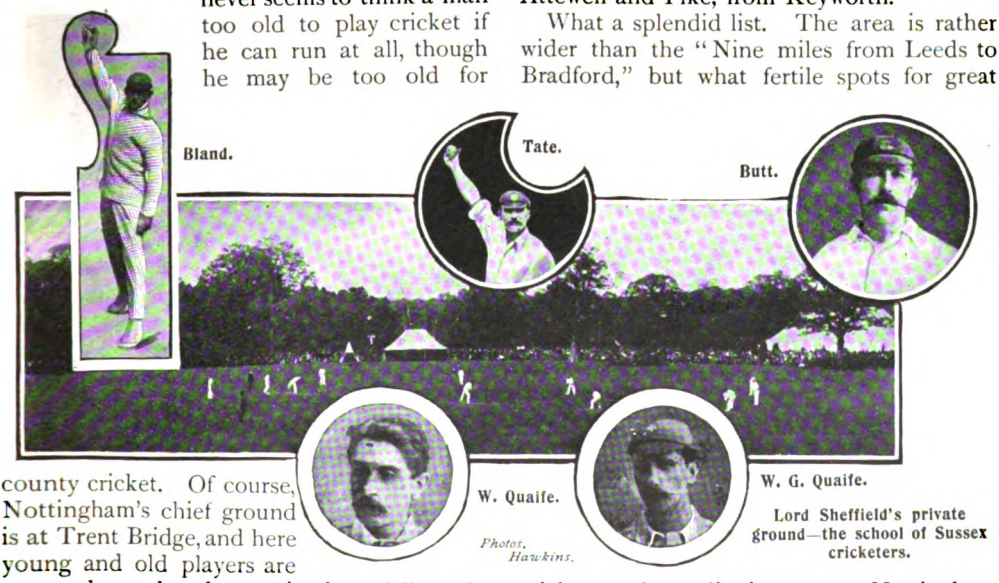
Portraits, Hawkins.

W. Rhodes. G. Hirst.

Now let us come to Nottinghamshire. All Notts plays cricket; from Bawtry on the north border to Stanford on the south, every village and town has its own club, and each could be dealt with at great length, did time and space allow, as a cradle of bat and ball. But two districts specially stand out apart from the rest: these are Sutton-in-Ashfield in the west, and Nottingham town and suburbs in the south.

Nottingham town and district have given many grand cricketers to England. The whole neighbourhood simply teems with clubs of the summer sport, and with players of every rank and age. Notts, like Yorks, never seems to think a man too old to play cricket if he can run at all, though he may be too old for county cricket. Of course, Nottingham's chief ground is at Trent Bridge, and here young and old players are ever welcomed, and are trained carefully to do battle for their native county later on. For Notts, like Yorks again, relies upon native talent; it produces so many fine players of its own that it has no need to scour other parts of England to seek recruits, as some counties do. Look at the men Nottingham town and district have given to cricket. From the lace town itself came William Gunn; John Gunn; Mr. A. O. Jones; Scotton, perhaps the greatest stone-waller England ever possessed; and Gutteridge. Arthur Shrewsbury came from Lenton; George Parr, Richard Daft, and H. B. Daft, from Radcliffe-on-Trent; W. H. Lockwood, of Surrey fame, from Hyson Green; Sharp, of Lancashire renown, from Ruddington; Iremonger, from Wilford; the Oscrofts, from Arnold; Alfred Shaw, from Burton Joyce; Attewell and Pike, from Keyworth.

What a splendid list. The area is rather wider than the "Nine miles from Leeds to Bradford," but what fertile spots for great cricketers these districts are. Nottingham town has, naturally, many advantages over Sutton-in-Ashfield. Its grounds are far better; its population much bigger from which to make a selection. Sutton's old



Bland. Tate. Butt.

W. Quaife. W. G. Quaife.

Photos, Hawkins.

Lord Sheffield's private ground—the school of Sussex cricketers.

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ground is now built over—it has succumbed to the present railway station—and the present ground is not one of the best. But Trent Bridge boasts one of England's finest cricket-grounds, with all due deference to the one near Vauxhall, in London. Notts, like the champion county, encourages young players in every way all over its area; hence the facility with which, like the champion county, it sends out men to other counties who make the fame upon which those places of their adoption often rely. Yorks and Notts are the only counties which insist upon their players being natives.

Yorkshire's other famous training ground at Leeds.

In Surrey there is no small area or town that can be put on a footing with those already spoken of. Surrey's best native nursery is the long stretch of small villages extending from Mitcham to Reigate, which is rather a large area. Mitcham is the most noted cricket nursery in this area.

Mitcham Green is a spot beloved of cricketers: a place favoured by Australian teams for practice when visiting our shores. From Mitcham came Mr. Arthur Wilson, formerly of Derbyshire fame; and—greater still—one of the three finest bowlers the world has ever seen—Tom Richardson. Jupp, one of England's former great wicket-keepers, also hailed from the near district. And Mitcham also gave to its county the certain brothers Read, whose names are not unfamiliar yet to followers of the summer sport. So it will be realised that Mitcham holds a high place in Surrey cricket annals.

Sheffield Park, in Sussex, has legitimate title to be included in famous cricket nurseries. It is true that cricketers are not born there, but they are made. Lord Sheffield was the pillar of Sussex cricket during the decade or so before the coming of "Ranji" and Fry. By his support, encouragement, and training of young and promising players at his famous private grounds he was a real benefactor to the southern county.

Cannot Sheffield Park point to such players as the Quaifes, Bland, Tate, Butt, and others, as fair specimens of what it has turned out? From this place also Lord Sheffield fitted out his various teams that visited Australia.

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The HOUSE OF COMMONS—AN IRISHMAN'S PROTEST.

TO ENGLISHMEN, SCOTCHMEN, IRISHMEN, and OUR COLONIES!

AN IRISHMAN'S ELOQUENT PROTEST.—Richard Lalor Sheil once startled the House of Commons and the country when the word "alien" was applied to him as an Irishman. "On the field of Waterloo," he exclaimed, "the blood of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen flowed in the same stream and drenched the same sod—when the cold grey morning dawned they lay stiff and stark together; in the same trench their bodies were laid; the green corn of spring bursts even now from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, are we not to be partakers in glory? Are we to be told we are aliens from that noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured?" The effect of the speech both inside and outside the House was electrical.

THE MORAL.

"I need not be missed if another succeed me;
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper;
He is only remembered by what he has done."

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED

WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

"I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of 'FRUIT SALT,' which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries."—(Signed)———, Captain, Retired Pay, West India Regiment, Spanish Town, Jamaica, 9th April, 1900.

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To bring you Good luck

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NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

IT PREVENTS DIARRHŒA, AND REMOVES IT IN THE EARLY STAGES.

You cannot overstate the great value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in keeping the blood pure and free from disease. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of Life is immensely increased.

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FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.—"You may be interested to know that I have used 'FRUIT SALT' for more than fifteen years, and it is the only medicine I need. It was ordered for me by a most eminent Physician, and I have recommended it to very many from time to time.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) Rev.——, September 20, 1900.

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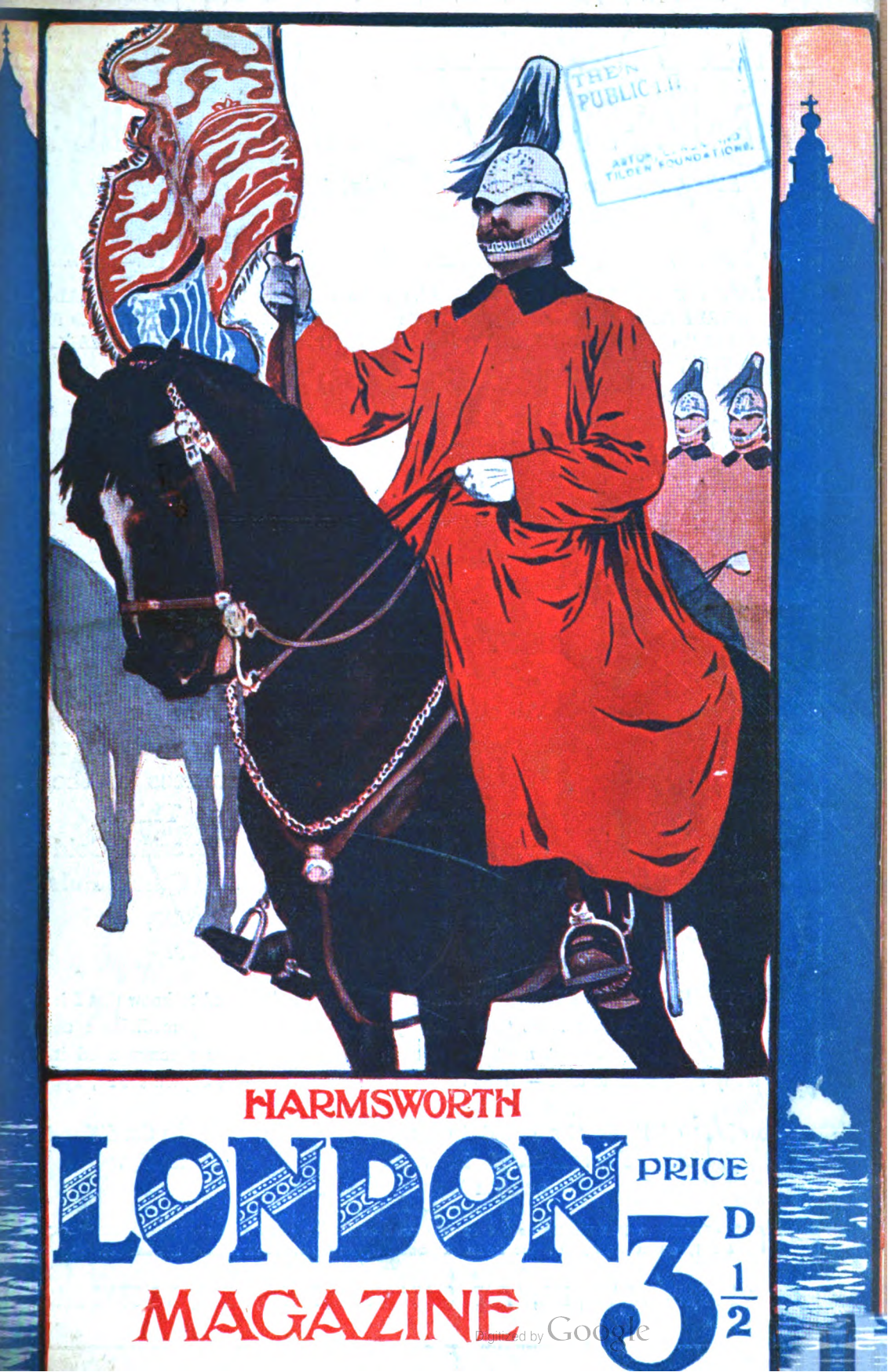

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THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to All.—Tennyson.

"Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE.—*Ruskin.*

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE and you CREATE for the World A DESTINY more SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY.—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN,
THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

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Yours truly,
(Signed) THOMAS MARSH.

1st July, 1901.

ON THE THEORY that "seeing is believing," John A. Smith, of Milwaukee, U.S.A., wants everyone to try his remedy for the **CURE OF RHEUMATISM** at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute **50,000 FREE SAMPLE PACKAGES** among all persons sending him their address. Mr. Smith has suffered all the agony and torture from **RHEUMATISM**, tried all the remedies known, and yet utterly **failed** to find relief. At times he **was** so helpless that he had to take to morphine, and after considerable doctoring he **gave** up in despair. He began studying into the causes of **RHEUMATISM**; after much experimenting, he finally hit upon a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The **result** was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his **new**-found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends and relatives and neighbours suffering from rheumatism were **next** cured, and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one, as nearly **everybody** had tried a hundred or more remedies, and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin **wrote** him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a **sample** he would try it, but as he had suffered forty-one years and wasted a **fortune** with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy **anything** more until he knew it was worth **something**. The **sample** was sent, he purchased more, and the result was **astonishing**. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea, and ever since that time he has been sending out **free sample** packages to all who apply. The result is that he is now the happy possessor of **THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS** from people throughout the world who have been both greatly benefited and **ENTIRELY CURED** by "Gloria Tonic." Prominent physicians had to admit that **"GLORIA TONIC"** is a positive success, among them Dr. Quintero, of the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recommended by the United States Consul. In thousands of other instances the result has been the same. It **CURED** many cases which defied Hospitals, Drugs, Electricity, and Medical Skill.

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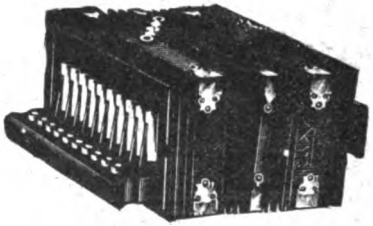

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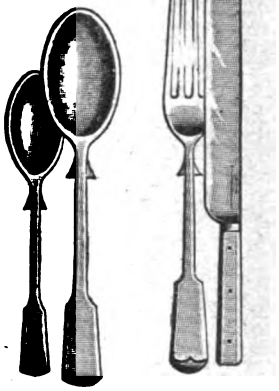

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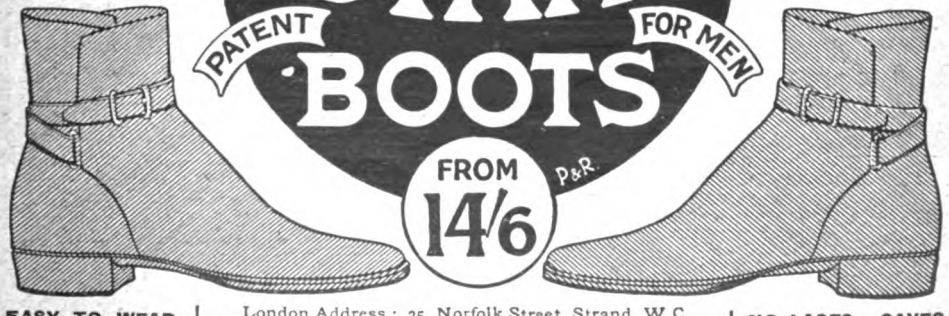

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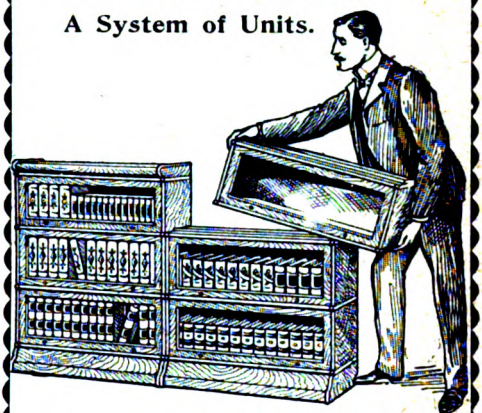

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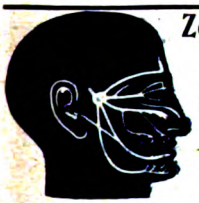

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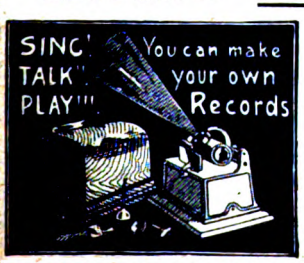

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HOW PEOPLE ARE INFLUENCED.

Startling Words from the Committee Appointed to Investigate Hypnotism for the Benefit of Journal Readers.

REV. PAUL WELLER,
Gorham, N.Y.

G. S. LINCOLN, M.D.,
101, Crutchfield St.,
Dallas, Tex.

F. H. STOUFER,
Sec. and Treas. of Railway
Conductors, Pueblo, Col.

JUDGE HENRY SCHAFER,
Flemington, N.J.

Hypnotism is no longer a myth, a fanciful creation of the mind, but a reality, a most potent power, capable of producing infinite good. For the purpose of ascertaining the exact value of this much-talked-of power, a committee, composed of a physician, a well-known jurist, a prominent minister and a leading railroad man, was appointed to investigate Hypnotism.

The committee carried on a series of investigations in regard to the power of hypnotism to influence the actions and deeds of people in the everyday walks of life.

The first step taken by the members of the committee was to master the science in every detail, so that they might state from personal experience the good or evil this strange power might produce. They wrote the New York Institute of Science, of Rochester, N.Y., the greatest school of Hypnotism and Occult Sciences in the world, and received full and complete instructions in regard to how hypnotism may be used to influence people in business, how to use it in treating diseases, etc., etc. In a few days they mastered these instructions and were full-fledged hypnotists.

It was clearly demonstrated that hypnotism may be employed so that the person operated upon is entirely unconscious of the fact that he is being influenced; and, all things considered, the committee regard it as the most valuable discovery of modern times. A knowledge of it is essential to one's success in life and well-being in society.

Dr. Lincoln says, after a thorough investigation, that he considers it the most marvellous therapeutic or curative agent of modern times.

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OUR WORLD-FAMED 8-DAY DOUBLE AUTOMATIC CALLER

Costs 26/- ONCE in a Lifetime

and never fails to get the owner out of bed eve.v morning at the same time.

Both Bell and Gong ring on and on till he stops them.

Requires winding but once a week, and re-sets itself every night for the morning call.

SOLID OAK CASE. HIGH-CLASS MOVEMENT.

DIMENSIONS:—Height 17-in.; Width 11-in.; Depth 5½-in.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

A Week's Free Trial allowed with each Clock, and cash returned if not satisfactory.

Respectable men in regular employment desirous of taking up an agency for our goods should apply for terms and particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue, containing upwards of 2,000 illustrations of Watches, Clocks, Silver Plate, Domestic and Useful Articles sent free by post.

FATTORINI & SONS, H.M. Dept., **WESTGATE, BRADFORD.**

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A NEST FOR REST

FOOTS' MARLBOROUGH RECLINING CHAIR,

Adjustable to 100 Changes of Position.

Rigid or Rocks at Pleasure.

Comfort for the Invalid. Luxury for the Strong.

Conforms to every position of comfort and ease, and can be adjusted by yourself while on the Chair. The turn of a knob does it instantly. The back can be lowered to any position from upright to flat and rises automatically when desired. The seat will tilt to any angle. The leg-rest can be raised to seat level or detached and used as an independent footstool or ottoman. An adjustable Reading Desk and Table fitted when required. Springs all over. The Ideal Chair for restful reading.

Send for Catalogue No. 3. Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON,
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171 New Bond Street, London, W.

The Main Point is SAFETY

Foots' Bath Cabinet

Is unlike all others as it is heated from the OUTSIDE, and is therefore the one

ABSOLUTELY SAFE

Cabinet with which Ladies and Gentlemen can enjoy privately at home the delights and benefits of either hot air, vapor, medicated or perfumed baths. It opens the pores, removes the poisonous impurities, cures chronic diseases, ensures perfect cleanliness and improves the general health. No assistant is required. Can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space when not in use.

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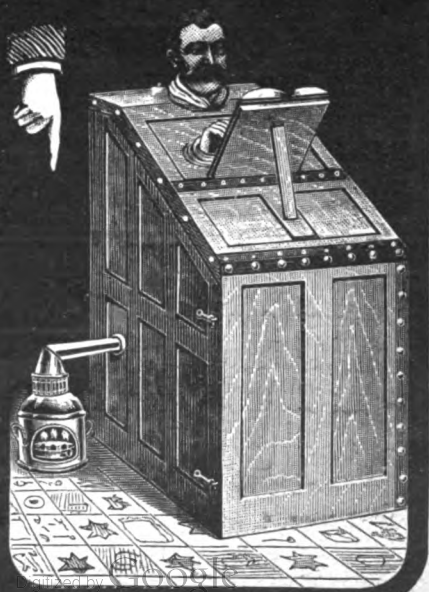

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SHOULD NOT FORGET
SECCOTINE
(Regd. Trade Mark).

It is useful in the house a thousand ways. Can be kept in the work-basket, and is always ready. Will mend a brooch, or the kitchen table, or a pair of shoes, or anything.

A 6d. Tube will last a long time.

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Never Lets Go. Clean, Effective, Cheap.

WRITE FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

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FOR ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION. White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled 2 sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56-in. wide, 6s. 9d. per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 50-in. wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4s. 0d. each. Samples of Materials on approval. Roman Carpets, *Tapestries*, Cretonnes, Art Silks, Art Linens, Plushettes, Art Serges, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares and Mantel Borders. *Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c., post free.*

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CYCLES £4 19 9

A sound, handsome cycle, complete with double-tube pneumatic tyres, warranted **only £4 19s. 9d.** In appearance and strength they are equal to cycles often sold at £10 to £12. **Our prices are marvellously low** for perfect machines. Buy now and save money. **Catalogue free.** We fit Clincher, Dunlop, Rimlock and other noted tyres. **Address:**

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TRIAL BOTTLE. **6D.** Per Post, 7D.

SHADEINE colours grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN, and GOLDEN. Contains neither lead, silver, mercury, sulphur, etc., is

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Guaranteed not to burn or produce an unnatural tint, is permanent, washable, and free from grease.

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Of Every Description Direct from Manufactory.

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Latest Designs and Improvements.

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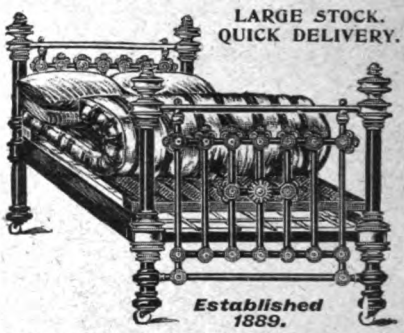

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IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

(UNDRESSED) **WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.**

The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **Twice,** and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one—a boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. In ordering, please state size of collar. Made in two qualities :—

The "RANELAGH," to open in front or behind as preferred. Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ¼ doz., **11/6**; ½ doz., **22/6.** Post Free.

The "ADELPHI," made with wide heavy Dress front, one stud hole, fitted with patent side tabs and flexible waistband to prevent unsightly bulging. (See above illustration.) Sample Shirt, **4/11**; ¼ doz., **14/6**; ½ doz., **28/6.** Post free.

Reversible Print Shirts for business wear ; short front, one stud-hole, open in front only. Sample Shirt, **3/6**; ¼ doz., **10,3**; ½ doz., **20/-.** Post free. Patterns on application.

Every Gentleman should send for our No. 2 Booklet.

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR. To introduce our Best Four-fold Irish Linen Collars, we will give ONE SAMPLE COLLAR to every purchaser of our Improved Shirt. DESCRIBE SHAPE, and depth and size required. All Collars are made to fit our Improved Shirts.

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers,
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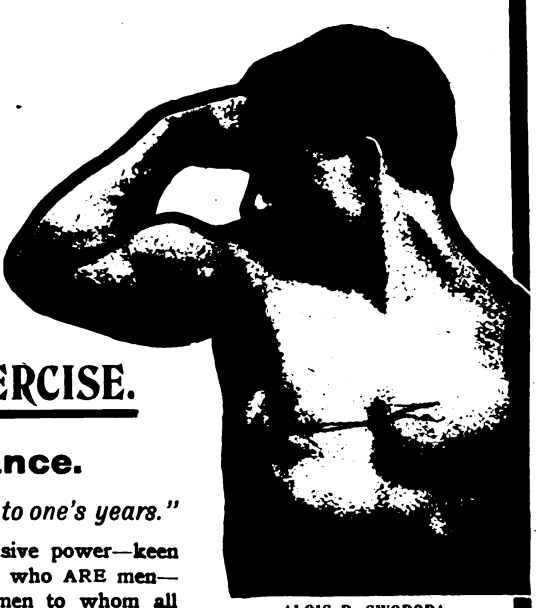
Swoboda System

OF PHYSIOLOGICAL EXERCISE.



ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
Originator and Sole Instructor.

The Best Life Insurance.

"Adds not only years to one's life, but life to one's years."

A heart strong and vigorous—lungs of expansive power—keen nerves and powerful muscles—these make men who ARE men—men with healthy bodies and active brains—men to whom all things are possible. Such men do I develop.

The degeneration of a race is ever to be deplored, and in view of the strenuous life of this busy twentieth century, the maintenance of a high standard of health has monopolised much of the time and thought of our leading scientists. My system solves the problem—it produces healthy men, women and children. It embodies the ideal principles of attaining and maintaining the highest conception of perfect manhood and womanhood. It is not an embryonic theory, but a tried and tested method of physiological exercise, based upon scientific facts and a thorough knowledge of anatomy.

If for a few weeks my instructions are faithfully followed, I will not only guarantee a magnificent muscular development and improved physique, but with it a condition of vigorous health scarcely dreamed of by hitherto weak or partially developed men or women. No drugs—no artificial stimulants—no pepsin or digestive bitters are needed by my pupils. I give you an appetite always ready for meal time, and a digestive apparatus able and willing to assimilate your food and fill your veins with pure, rich blood, a heart strong and vigorous to pump that blood to every part of the body, lungs that supply to the full the oxygen needed, and nerves so true and keen that daily work is a pleasure and the capacity for physical and mental exertion proportionately increased. Your sleep shall be sound and dreamless, and the morning light shall find you equipped for the duties of life as you never were before.

All this have I done for thousands. I can do it for you, because my system is based upon natural laws, as rational and logical as those which govern the universe.

My system is taught by post only, and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever, and but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring.

A SINCERE ENDORSEMENT.

"Louisville, Ky., U.S.A., *Jan. 22, 1901.*

"Mr. ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill.

"Dear Sir,—I am glad an opportunity has been given me to add my testimony to many good ones you already have, in regard to the merit of your system of physiological exercise. In two months' time, by conscientiously following the exercises outlined by you, my muscles have been developed to a remarkable degree, as also has my general health been improved. I appreciate very much the individual attention which you gave my case, and will say that if there is anybody in this section desiring any information in reference to your system, refer them to me, and I shall take pleasure in recommending your exercises in the highest degree.

"Wishing you success, and again thanking you for the benefit I have derived from your system,

I am, yours respectfully,

(Signed) "F. M. LOSEY,
"Secretary and Treasurer National Foundry and Machine Company."

By this condensed system more exercise and benefit can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

Pupils are both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition, individual instructions are given in each case.

Write at once, mentioning this Magazine, and I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and a detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 22, WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

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MR. GEO. R. SIMS TELLS A JOKE.

"I never mind," writes Mr. George R. Sims in the *Referee*, "telling a story against myself. A gentleman of Holland wrote to me for a copy of a recitation, and, being ignorant of my particular whereabouts, addressed his envelope 'Mr. ——' (respect for the anonymity of journalism prevents me printing my real name), 'Poet, London.'

"But where do you think the postal authorities delivered the letter? At the *Referee* Office? No. At Opposite-the-Ducks Villa? No. At the Authors' Club? No. At none of these places, but at the offices of 'Tatcho.'

"Oh! St. Martin's-le-Grand — St. Martin's-le-Grand! I never gave you credit for such a refinement of cynicism as that. I am not a poet—not even a minor one. In my wildest dreams I never aspired to be anything more than a writer of rhymes. I have too profound an admiration for the poet's art to call rhymed narrative arranged for the purposes of dramatic effect, poetry; but surely, surely you might have delivered a letter with such an address to my private house. ***To hand it to stern commercial men who preside over the destinies of 'Tatcho' was cruel. Proud in the consciousness that all I have done has been done in the interests of my brothers and sisters and the great cause of suffering humanity,*** I have forgiven the postal authorities, and have sent them information that they have no more right to send my letters to 'Tatcho' than they have to send Lord Playfair's to 'Bovril.'"

"TATCHO" The Great Hair Renewer

Arrangements have been made whereby in addition to the regular sizes, your own Chemist or Stores will supply

THE LARGE TRIAL BOTTLE OF "TATCHO," 4/6 SIZE FOR 1/10

In making this arrangement the Company is acting with the knowledge that such distribution of large Trial Bottles is making the Preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it to every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

NOTE.—If it is more convenient to order direct from the Company's Depot, cut out the Coupon and post it with the necessary remittance to the "TATCHO" Offices, 81, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

"To the HUNDRED THOUSAND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my Recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair,

Greeting. Know All of You,

In consequence of the immense demand for my remedy—'TATCHO'—and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, I HAVE BEEN COMPELLED to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the Preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself.

COUPON.

H.M.

February, 1902.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS IN THE "REFEREE."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.
"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring-matter or any harmful ingredient.
"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world in Bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s.

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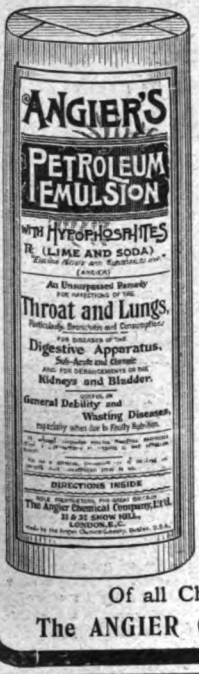
Weak Lungs Consumption



We now know as a positive fact that Consumption, if treated in time, is curable. We know, too, that besides pure air and perfect sanitary surroundings the most essential factor in effecting a cure is improvement in nutrition. That is just what Angier's Emulsion does. By its soothing, healing and cleansing action it keeps the digestive organs in a healthy condition to perform their functions naturally. It promotes a healthy appetite and greatly increases the power to assimilate ordinary food, thus improving nutrition as nothing else will. At the same time it soothes and heals the lungs and air passages, and relieves the cough, night sweats and diarrhœa. Angier's Emulsion is prescribed by eminent lung specialists, and is used in the large Consumption Hospitals. Moreover, the Consumption Hospitals use it more and more every year, which is the best possible proof of its value.

A FREE SAMPLE

On receipt of 3d. for postage. Mention *London Magazine.*

CAUTION.—Ours is the original Petroleum Emulsion. It is made with a special oil obtained from particular wells and carefully purified by our own process. Imitations made with ordinary petroleum cannot have the same effect. Be sure to get

Angier's Emulsion

Of all Chemists and Drug Stores, **1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,** and **4s. 6d.**

The ANGIER CHEMICAL COMPANY, LTD., 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

FALLING EYELASHES

spoil the beauty of the fairest face, and deprive the eyes of their defence against dirt and dust. The eyelashes are strengthened and restored by **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT,** a remedy with 300 years' reputation. Supplied by chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each. A little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight" will be sent to any applicant by STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London. All who suffer from any eye trouble should send for it.

ART IN THE HOME

Everyone admires **CRYSTOLEUM PAINTING with ALSTON'S MEDIUMS,** to which 45 Prize Medals have been awarded. Everyone can learn how to do this beautiful work. New Book of Instructions, **1/-.** Glasses, Photographs, and all requisites supplied. No sandpapering necessary, and no previous training needed. Write for Price List and all particulars of ALSTON'S NEW METHOD.

F. ALSTON, GRIMSHAWE STREET, BURNLEY.

THE GEM TURKISH BATH CABINET

FOR RUSSIAN, TURKISH, PERFUMED, OR MEDICATED HOME BATHING.

Good health is worth more to you and your family than gold or diamonds. On it depend your success and happiness. *Don't wait to get sick.* Prevent disease—that is the watchword of all intelligent people. Order a **30s.** Gem Cabinet to-day. Use it once or twice a week, and you will keep your system in a pure and healthy condition. *It will prove to be the cheapest and best investment* you ever made. The best Cabinet on the market; fitted with the simplest and safest alcohol stove. Valuable Book 106 pp. free.

THE GEM SUPPLIES COMPANY, LD.,
Dep. J., **121, Newgate St., E.C.**

HAVE YOU **ECZEMA?** OR ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

If you have, do send to the Antexema Co. 83 Castle Road, London, N.W, naming this paper, for a Free Trial Sample of "ANTEXEMA," and get it cured.

"ANTEXEMA" THE STANDARD SKIN REMEDY.

A Clever Idea

GLOSS Just Like CHINA

There's no difficulty in getting a china-like gloss on linen, if you go the right way about it. The right and easy way is to use Redford's china Gloss. Don't add this to the starch, but rub on linen before ironing and you get a beautiful polished surface. No sticking and no trouble. A shilling box lasts for months, and will be sent post free for **1s.,** Foreign Postage extra. Send post card for Sample, Redford & Son, Oxford St., Liverpool.

To ASTHMA Sufferers

Instant relief is gained in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of

POTTER'S DATURA ASTHMA CURE

Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1s. each. Free Sample sent on receipt of Post Card to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, Artillery Lane, London, E.

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PERSONAL MAGNETISM

"Circumstances, I make circumstances."
—*Napoleon.*

PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN EVERY

Successful Life.

Although you may not be aware of it you are unconsciously influencing and being influenced by others constantly. For want of a better name this mysterious mental influence may be called personal magnetism. If you learn its nature and how to use it you have a great advantage, just as the educated have an advantage over the ignorant.

NAPOLEON enslaved Europe through personal magnetism. Look at the successful men and women of past and present times; thousands of their contemporaries possessed brighter minds, better ideas, and were far more clever, but they lacked that "mysterious something"—that power to influence, attract and attain—they lacked **personal magnetism and the strong character which it evolves.** This strange difference between people has caused scientific psychologists to investigate the cause and they have succeeded. **Anyone can develop the power** of personal magnetism or personal attraction.

FREE BOOK. If you are interested, we will give you a most remarkable book, dealing with this subject, ***absolutely free.*** It gives you information of greatest interest to anyone wishing to improve his mental, physical, moral, social, or financial condition. **WOULD YOU** understand the mysterious power that influences others—develop the charm of personal magnetism that attracts the friendship of mankind—possess the magnetic healing power—possess the power of thought transference? Would you change depressing environments to happier and more successful ones—realise high ambitions—welcome new ideas that would change and brighten your life—increase your income? Would you be rid of fear and have perfect courage, self-confidence and will power? The great **"NEW THOUGHT"** movement of the last few years has made these things possible. Hundreds of thousands of cultured people in America and many in England are practising the principles of this new and glorious scheme of life. Get out of the rut! Develop your latent power! Escape the smothering effects of humdrum, disheartening and conventional ideas, and live a higher, happier, and more useful and more successful life. If you are at all interested take the first step ***now.*** Send for the most unique book of the day, ***"The Power Within."*** It is a new book just out. You never saw a book like it before. It is given away ***absolutely free*** to anyone sincerely interested. Send name and address plainly written. Address our London Rooms—**PSYCHIC RESEARCH CO., Dept. 304, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, LONDON, E.C.**

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CAN BE CARRIED IN THE POCKET.

No Wires. No Acids. No Liquids. No Danger.

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Superbly mounted and finished in Green and Gold. **No. 43,** including battery, Post Free in United Kingdom. **21/-** Re-fills, 1/6 each.

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Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

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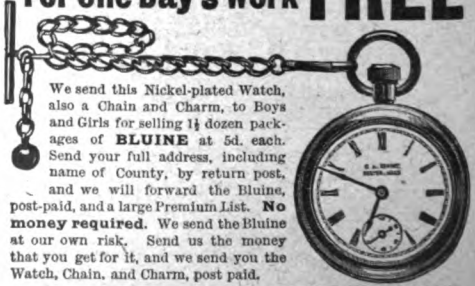
WAVERS

TO THE DEAF.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen year's suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free. Address, D. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

WATCH and CHAIN For One Day's Work FREE



We send this Nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, to Boys and Girls for selling 1½ dozen packages of **BLUINE** at 5d. each. Send your full address, including name of County, by return post, and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. **No money required.** We send the Bluine at our own risk. Send us the money that you get for it, and we send you the Watch, Chain, and Charm, post paid.

BLUINE Manfg. Co., Dept. H ***WE TRUST YOU.***
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DOCTORS ORDER IT.

SAFEST, BEST, MOST CERTAIN REMEDY.

ENSURES EASY TEETHING.

PROMOTES DIGESTION.

PREVENTS CONVULSIONS.

ESTABLISHES THE CONSTITUTION.

ALL BABIES LIKE IT.

INSTANTLY STOPS SICKNESS,

FLATULENCE, AND PAIN.

OF GREAT VALUE IN DIARRHŒA.

IMITATIONS ARE INJURIOUS.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Stores, 1s. 1½d.

For all Disorders of Infants & Young Children.

GIVES A PERFECT BUST.

Remarkable Treatment that Develops the Bust Six Inches and Rounds out the Figure. Perfectly Safe and Harmless Home Treatment Fully Described Free to All.

Every woman who through sickness or worry or any other cause lacks the natural development of bust, can easily regain a perfect figure by a new and remarkable treatment that quickly enlarges the bust to full proportion. Mrs. Andrews writes:—"Am fully satisfied with using Diano. My chest measurement has increased six inches. My general health has much improved." Miss Morton writes:—"Diano acting splendidly, already developed two inches." Mrs. Crook writes: "Diano has had wonderful effect, bosoms are getting quite full." Miss Gould writes: "My figure is perfectly developed by Diano. Shall not require any more." These ladies have intimated their pleasure to give their experience to others (full address will be given to *bona-fide* applicants). *It is a home treatment* that any lady can easily use in her private apartments and is guaranteed to give the desired result without the slightest inconvenience. By sending your name and address to LADY MANAGER, T.S. ESPANOLA MEDICINE CO., (Dept. 25) 202a, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W., you will receive FREE full description of this remarkable method which will enable you to attain perfect bust development at home at a very slight expense. The description is mailed to you free in a perfectly plain and sealed envelope and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely the bust can be developed, and it will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

"The desire to possess Beauty is keenest where refinement is strongest."

The 'Allenburys' Foods.

A PROGRESSIVE DIETARY, suited to the growing digestive powers.

YOUNG INFANTS thrive and sleep well, and are contented and happy, being saved from the disorders and digestive troubles common to those fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

Milk Food No. 1. From birth to three months of age. — **Milk Food No. 2.** From three to six months. — **Malted Food No. 3.** From six months and upwards.

Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management FREE.

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No. 848.

HAMILTON'S
IRISH HOMESPUNS

No other material clothes and comforts the wearer so well; no other resists wear and climate so successfully.

Suitable for smart and every-day costumes and suits. Guaranteed hand spun and hand woven from pure wool only. Price from 1/9 yard. Patterns free.

IRISH TWEEDS.

It is only by seeing patterns you can appreciate their dress and wearing qualities. Purity of texture and quality of wool guaranteed.

The width and cost per yard are given on each pattern. Write for assorted box of Homespuns and Tweeds free.

THE WHITE HOUSE, PORTRUSH, IRELAND.

"Don't Shout,

I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody."

"How?"

"Oh, something new—

The Murray Ear-Drum

I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—they're invisible.

"I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

The Murray Ear-Drum

is really a substitute for the working parts of the natural ear. Has no wire. Contains no rubber, metal, nor glass. Invisible, easy to adjust, comfortable and safe. Totally different from any other device. Descriptive pamphlet sent upon request.

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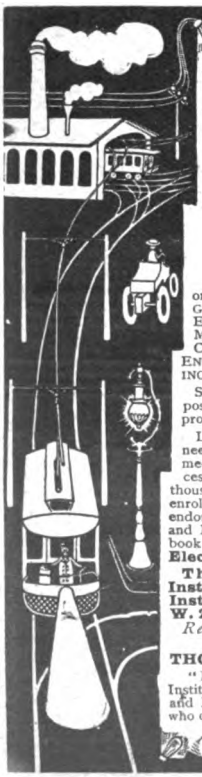
205, Regent Street, London, W.



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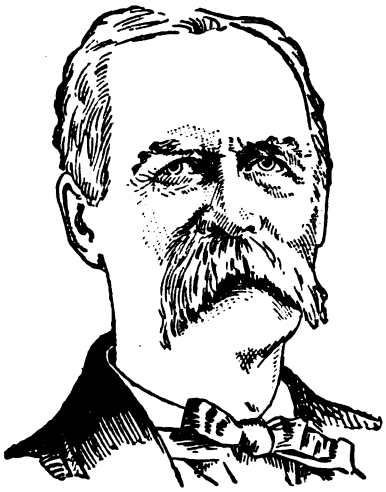

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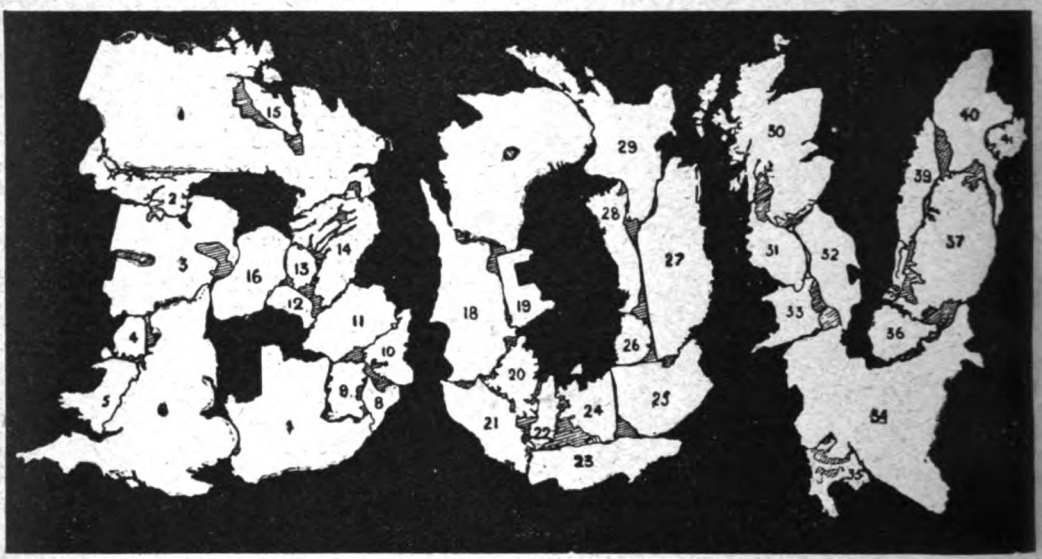

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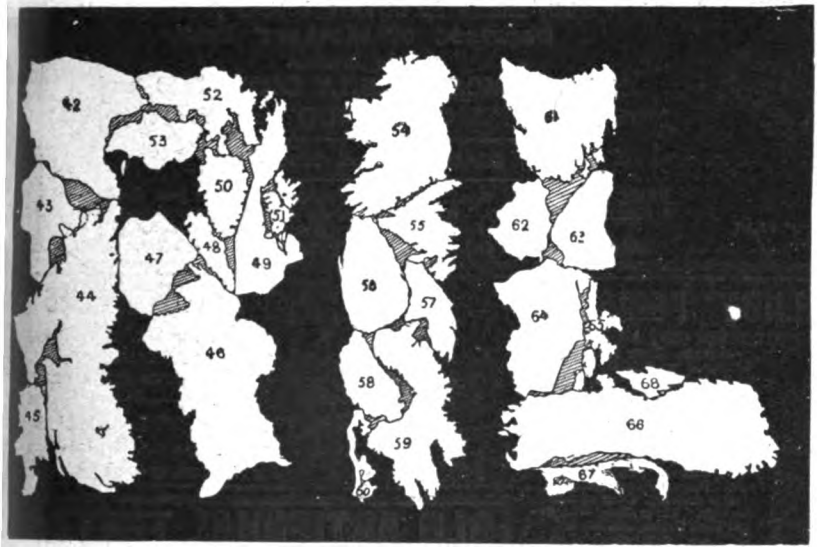

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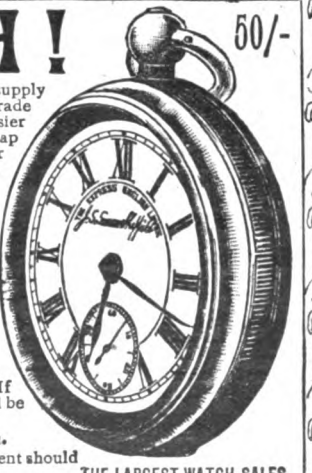

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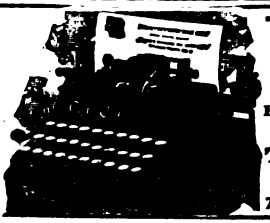

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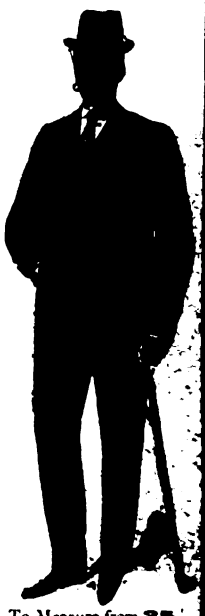

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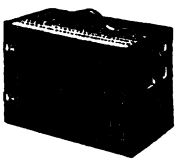

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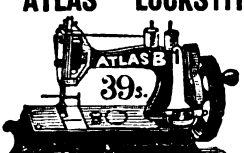

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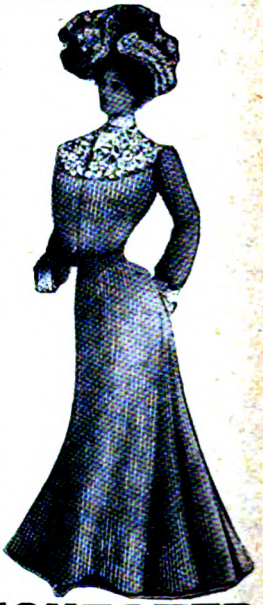

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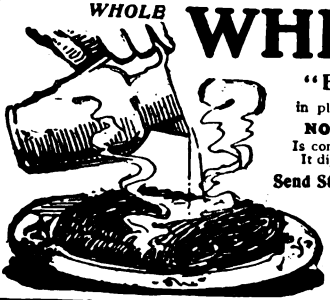

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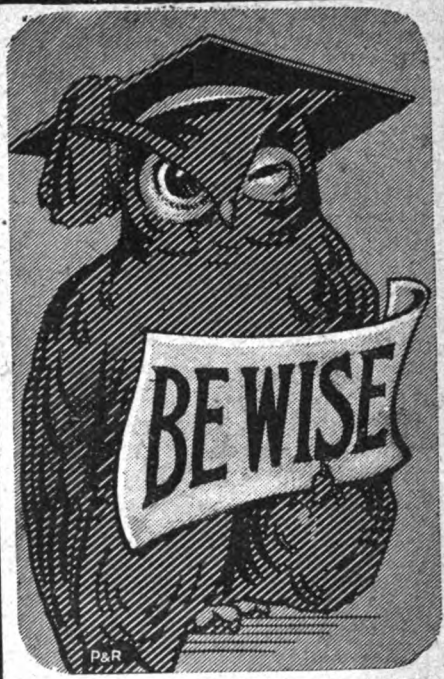

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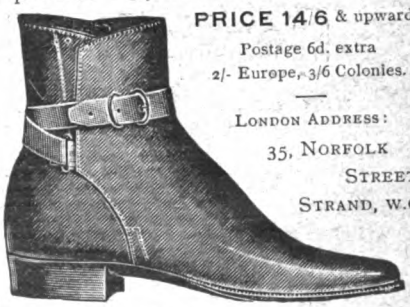

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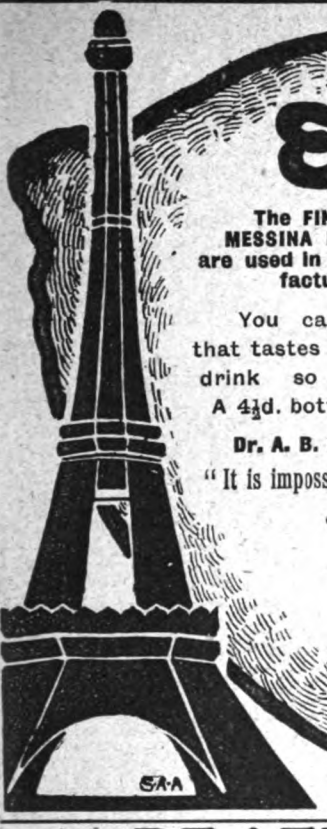

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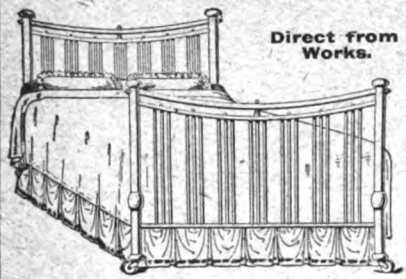

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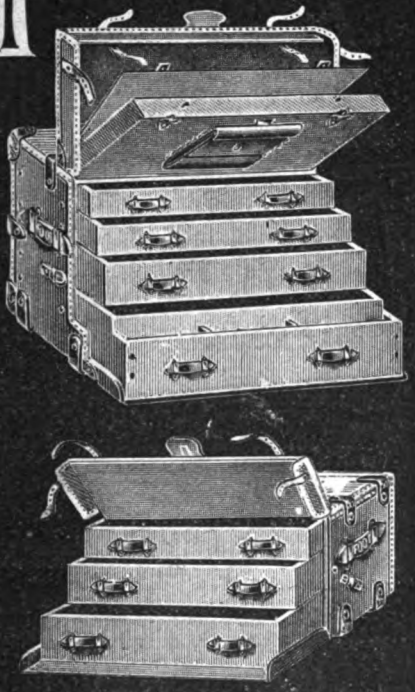

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THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

CASH FOR IDEAS. The Editor is always glad to receive ideas for articles and pictures. All readers are invited to contribute to this Magazine. Designs and suggestions for covers are always welcome.
PICTURES AND PHOTOGRAPHS are essential to all articles, and must be bright and interesting.
All Stories, Articles, and Photographs submitted to the Editor for consideration must bear the names and addresses of the senders, be typewritten and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, otherwise they cannot be considered or returned. MSS. must be folded, and not rolled.
It must be understood that while every care is taken of MSS., they are sent at the Author's risk, and the Editor is not responsible for their safe custody or return.
Communications should be addressed to the Editor, London Magazine, Carmelite House, London, E.C.

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A SCIENTIFIC DISCOURSE

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A RECORD OF FACTS, PRINCIPLES AND DISCOVERIES.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its Relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"THAT our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally, as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt, the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the 'Ills that flesh is heir to,' suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and **it is painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting ailment.** This important **desideratum** medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise he had many years ago satisfied himself upon—namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

That nerves which can be handled, and seen by the naked eye, controlled the movements of our muscles, has been known ever since the earliest days of anatomy. But it is only of quite recent times that it has become evident that *every* function of the body directly depends upon definite nerves coming from the brain for their proper working.

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications.

He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health.

He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain-matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy.

From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with this weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost.

Such a thought was no less than prophetic, but, simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, for the following reason:

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, &c., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether, or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus as a **Food,** rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System,** Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood*, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System, cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

"As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid, and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, forced the conclusion we have maintained upon us:—

"1. PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

"2. The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

"3. In the brain and nerve matter of those who have, during life, been characterised by great powers of mind and body, and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found in the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

"4. The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

"5. Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great

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portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

"The same may be affirmed of persons who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system.

"We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the 'prime of life' were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence; enterprise and speculation have become less and less; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and a once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, desponding, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necroencephalus (softening of the brain), and general inanition have gradually terminated in death. In some such cases as these we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient, and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who had died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

"Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion. We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence. In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

"If, then, in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS, and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard.

"The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described we have called **'Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus,** because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar, and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament. Where, however, the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the 'plain,' and which we have named the **'Ironised' Syrup of Free Phosphorus."**

For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the **"Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus"** has been found to be wonderfully successful.

In the course of many years' private practice, Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. These were introduced at a later period, and are prepared to meet respectively nearly every condition of illness and suffering. Details of these various kinds will be found in the attached list.

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EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN AGE."—"Doubtless the 'Christian Age' enters many a home where there is some weakly one whose feeble health makes existence a burden, or perhaps it is a disease considered incurable, which is wasting away life. Wherever there is such a case, we sincerely wish one of Dr. Birley's Preparations of Phosphorus might have a fair trial. These preparations are the result of scientific studies and experiments extending over many years, and the success which has already attended their use has been almost marvellous."

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Said May to Jones, I have no leisure
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